

Hope's Quiet Hour.

"Enquirer's" questions about "Saints" have already been carefully answered by our readers, and space can no longer be reserved for discussion of that subject. In regard to her question about the Scriptural authority for the title "Reverend," as applied to ordained ministers of God, it is impossible to find room for all the answers received. The general impression of the writers seems to be that the title is only rightfully given to God, of Whom it is written, "Holy and Reverend is His Name,"—1's. cxi., 9,—and that it is giving His glory to a creature to apply it to a man.

And yet, when St. Paul says: "I magnify mine office," he is really glorifying God. He evidently thinks that to be an ambassador of God, sent by Him, is a far more honorable position than any merely earthly dignity. As for the statement made by some of our correspondents, that God "never delegated His honor to another," what then does our Lord mean by saying, "He that heareth you heareth Me; and he that despiseth you despiseth Me; and he that despiseth Me despiseth HIM that sent Me.—S. Luke x., 16. If you will look up the context of that mysterious and tremendous assertion, you will see that it was not addressed to the Apostles (though the same statement had already been made about them,—S. Matt. x., 40), but it was part of the commission given to the seventy disciples who were sent "before His Face into every city and place, whither He Himself would come."

One of our correspondents objects to the usual token of respect being used, saying: "A minister is not any more holy than any other saint." But the title of honor has absolutely nothing to do with the question of personal character; it simply shows that God's ambassador is treated with the respect due to one who is sent by the King of Kings. Any messenger sent by King Edward would be treated with honor here in Canada—I hope. At least, any failure in respect to him would be a sign that we either did not honor our Sovereign, or did not acknowledge the commission of his ambassador. The traitor, Judas, was one of the men sent out by Christ, and to him, as well as to the others, these words were spoken: "He that receiveth Me receiveth Me, and he that receiveth Me receiveth Him that sent Me."—S. Matt. x., 40.

The ministers of God are constantly called "elders" in the Bible, and that title of respect is much the same as the modern "Reverend." The Bible authority is, however, seldom required for such titles as "Mr., Mrs., Esq., etc.," yet few people refuse the usual expressions of civility on that account. In fact, we are bound to follow the customs of our country, to a considerable extent, translating the spirit of an injunction into its modern equivalent. For instance, because the Bible commands men to remove their "shoes" on holy ground, they don't remove their shoes, but their hats—in this country. In some countries, travellers are expected to remove their shoes even yet, and there they do it as a matter of course.

Another of our readers asks a question about the life after death, whether a soul in bliss "will miss dear ones who are shut out." Our Lord, in the parable of the rich man and Lazarus, shows that even a soul which has grown hard, by years of selfishness, will after death be eagerly anxious about the spiritual welfare of brethren out of sight. Is it likely, then, that one who has been living a life of love should forget dear ones? If death could kill love, it would indeed be the King of terrors. "But how can a loving soul rejoice while a loved one is in pain?" God only knows. He, Who is Infinite Love, is also the God of Joy, although the souls He loves are suffering. Surely it can only be because the suffering is itself a proof of undying Love, if anything can destroy God's perfect love for a soul He has made, then His Name is not rightly called "LOVE," for His love must have limits. A soul that really trusts Him can trust all dear ones in His care, also, knowing that He still loves them and is always doing what is wisest and best for them. Is God's love weaker and poorer than the love which He has poured into the heart of a mother

for a wayward child? Is He less willing to save to the uttermost?

"I would help him, but cannot, the wishes fall through. Could I wrestle to raise him from sorrow, grow poor to enrich. To fill up his life, starve my own out, I would— . . . Oh, speak through me now! Would I suffer for him that I love? So wilt Thou—so wilt Thou!"

Another correspondent asks about the possibility of reaching a soul through prayer, and says: "If I pray to Him to reach this wanderer, and trust Him, will He do the rest? Can it be possible that God can save this precious soul by my asking? If I pray to God for my friend to become a Christian any time before he dies, I'll have patience to wait that long. Oh, if I thought that one prayer would be answered, I'd die happy to-night."

The power and value of intercessory prayer is a great mystery. We know that God loves any soul we may be praying for, with a love which drowns our poor affection as the sunlight drowns a candle's flickering glow, we know that Christ ever liveth to make intercession for each of us; and yet our prayers are mighty to help—if offered with and through those of our Elder Brother. They may be very poor and imperfect, and yet they are never overlooked or despised when offered "with the prayers of all saints upon the golden altar" before the Throne of God, because "much incense"—the prayer of the Great High Priest—is mingled with them.—Rev. viii., 3, 4.

If your friend should die, apparently unrepentant, what need is there for despair? The mother of the penitent thief might have thought her son had died impenitent, if that wonderful appeal from the cross of shame had only been whispered from the heart of the dying man into the ear of his listening Father. How many souls, who show no outward sign of trust in Christ, may have heard His voice saying: "To-day shalt thou be with Me in paradise." The seeds of holiness may have taken root in the soul, even though men know nothing about the hidden growth—and there is all eternity ahead. Do you think souls cease to grow when they step out into God's nearer presence? If "to depart and to be with Christ" means to cease growing into His likeness, then I should think it would be far better to stay here, where progress is possible. Why did our Lord, after His death, preach to "spirits in prison"—spirits "which sometime were disobedient" ages before—(1 St. Peter, iii., 18-20)—if they were in a hopeless state? St. Peter says that there was a good reason for preaching the gospel "to them that are dead, that they might be judged according to men in the flesh."—iv., 6. Of course, we know that we are on probation in this life, while the opportunities which may lie before us after death are not revealed. It is only at our deadly peril that we treat carelessly the offer of salvation held out before us here. God is not mocked—we must expect to reap the harvest which we are sowing in ungodly or in prayerful fashion. But those other souls are not ours to judge. They belong to the son of Man, Who loves them. We are not to doubt His love, nor to despair of His power. Neither are we permitted to question the wisdom of His dealings with any soul. "We can always trust."

I cannot tell you how prayer can help the friend you long to see strong and noble—but I do know that it is the strongest power for good that any of us can use. I know that I should as little expect to do any good through this weekly chat without praying over it, as I should expect to have a harvest if I put seed into the ground and God failed to breathe into it His quickening, reproductive power. If we do our small and unimportant part, trusting "the increase" to higher hands, there is little need to fear that God will fail to do His mighty part. But don't be satisfied with asking only for the eternal safety of your friend. God wants you to "make your petition deep." Let us apply Bishop Brooks' advice to our intercessions for others. He says:

"Pray not for crutches, but for wings! Oh, do not pray just that God will keep

you from breaking down, and somehow, anyhow, help you to stagger and stumble through; pray for His light and life to come and fill you, that you may live like Him; that you may tread temptation under foot, and walk across it into holiness; that you may be enthusiastically good; that you may shine forth with His light on other lives."

Use that prayer also for your friend—and expect God to grant it in all its greatness.

DORA FARNCOMB.

The Ingle Nook.

[Rules for correspondents in this and other Departments: (1) Kindly write on one side of paper only. (2) Always send name and address with communications. If pen-name is also given, the real name will not be published. (3) When enclosing a letter to be forwarded to anyone, place it in stamped envelope ready to be sent on.]

I was looking over some pictures of very pretty houses accompanied by some very convenient plans this morning, when the thought came, "What about those who cannot have a new house this summer, and never expect to have one?" For 'there are many such. Dame Fortune is a very fickle lady. She does not smile on all alike, and many who try hardest never seem to find the secret of how to win her favors.

Of course it would be delightful to have a new house, to plan for it, and then see one's dreams taking form in brick and stone and mortar. Still more delightful would it be if one were able to furnish the new house prettily with all the delightful things that are now to be found if one looks long enough. There is a pleasure in possessing pretty things, especially to a woman, whose artistic sense is usually rather strongly developed; and it is well that this taste exists, and that, under present conditions, so many are able to gratify it. The money so spent is sure to benefit others beside the final possessor,—the merchant, the salesman, the manufacturer, the agriculturist or stockman from whose domain the cotton or wool was first obtained.

But if we cannot have the new house or the pretty new furnishings, there is really no reason for caring much, especially in the country. I have often thought that life in the city would be much less pleasant without pretty things in the houses, because, you see, there are not so many things to make up for them. You can't see the sky, really, and you grow very tired of brick walls. The parks are often fine, but then you usually have to go a distance to see them. In the country it is different. You have only to step outside to see the whole dome of the sky, with its shifting clouds, its dawns and sunsets, things infinitely more beautiful than anything that man can make; and you have miles of green grass, and vistas of trees beside. If you are wise, too, you will have some flowers about your door, and trees not far from the house, and vines clambering over everything that would otherwise be ugly. Even in winter you may have about you the evergreens, the red-twigged dogberry bushes, and barberry and brier, with their red berries.

Indoors, too, there may be an air of comfort and refinement, no matter how plain the furnishings. Refinement does not depend in the least upon wealth—indeed, wealth may pave the way to the very opposite, as the vulgar, garish taste displayed in many a home where money shouts aloud on every hand, bears evidence,—but nothing but refinement can ever speak from the plainest home where cleanliness reigns, where there are plants in the windows and books on the shelves.

I often wonder that more people do not realize the value of books from a mere furnishing standpoint. Now, I know you will not misunderstand me. I know you will not imagine for an instant that I mean that anyone should buy books merely as furniture. What I do mean is that nothing can give the air of "homeyness," if I may coin a word, that books give; and that, if once you learn to care for reading, no other in-

vestment can begin to give you as much pleasure.

Give me a room with a fireplace in it, a table, some rocking chairs, books, and a few plants, and I care little what else you take away from it. A few dollars will supply all the rest that I really want; paint for the floor, short scrim curtains for the windows. I should like, too, perhaps, a rag rug in old blue or olive green, but that costs so very little. By the way, why do not farmers learn to build fireplaces for themselves? All the new town-houses of the better class have them.

Some people seem to have a mortal terror of spending any money in books, as though that were wasting it; and yet books cost so little, comparatively, and may be collected with quite long intervals between. If people only could realize how much an even fairly well-stocked private library could mean to them,—even twenty volumes of the right kind!—how many hours, otherwise gloomy, it could pass pleasantly away; how great the richness it could bring into life; how much ease in conversation it could ensure on chance meetings with people who know! Meet a stranger who has read the same books you have, and immediately you are on friendly ground, and your lips are unsealed. Above all, think of the enlightening of your own mind by the opening of so many doors as these books afford. You are no longer tied down to your own dooryard, or to the happenings in your own neighborhood; you are kin to all the world; you have interests everywhere. The world is yours if you will, but you will never encompass it all; there will be enough interesting things to last you all your life.

I hope to live right in the country again some day, and sometimes I plan the books I must have; indeed, I have started my library. So far it is chiefly literary, but if I were right in the country I think I should choose the nature books first, the books with colored illustrations of birds, wild flowers and weeds, and butterflies. They cost more than others, perhaps, but they open a door to the world closest at hand. Then I should buy some little volumes by John Burroughs, and thence off into many new fields of literature and art, and home economics. Possibly many would place the home economics first, and truly some would need to place it so.

A boy came into my office yesterday to look at some of the bird books,—a Normal School student he is, and such an enthusiastic lad,—some lucky school will have him for teacher before long. He has a passion for nature study, and I just thought when listening to his description of some of his books, and of his tramps about his home, that a real interest in, and a little understanding of, the things of the fields and woods is all that is necessary to make a great many boys and girls in love with the country. "It is just paradise around home!" he said.

Now, I must stop this ramble. Please forgive if I have crowded someone out this time.

DAME DURDEN.

Removing Liquid Soot.

Dear Dame Durden,—This is the first time I have written to your paper for help. I would like to know how to remove that black liquid from a chimney on a pair of cream linen lace curtains? Stovepipes had been removed, but continued heavy rains soaked them with it.

I wish to thank you for your many helps, but sweetest of all for the "Quiet Hour." Kindly don't think of giving this writing up, as I think you know my need week by week.

My people have taken "The Farmer's Advocate" almost continuously since it was founded, and it's just as welcome in our home to-day.

READER.

I have just telephoned a druggist about your curtains. He says it will be a very difficult matter to remove the stain, as it means the removal of both creosote and carbon. Washing with a strong washing soap will take out the creosote, but the carbon is insoluble. Perhaps some of our readers have found a method?

I will pass your verses on to Hope—Hope is not Dame Durden, you know. I am sure she has no intention of giving up writing the Quiet Hour, nor would "The Farmer's Advocate" like to let her go if she wished to.