

THE QUIET HOUR.

The Person of Christ.

"Go a little deeper," said the wounded soldier of Napoleon's body-guard, as the surgeon was probing to find the ball lodged in his breast: "go a little deeper, and you'll find the emperor."

In the study of Christian evidences, we now go a little deeper and touch the heart of the whole body of Christianity—the PERSON OF CHRIST. Here is the focal centre of all Christian evidence; when we reach and touch that heart, feel its divine throb, and know its divine love, our intellectual doubts vanish, and we are constrained to confess: "Truly this is the Son of God."

The universal verdict concedes to Christ at least a grandly complete manhood. Pilate stands as the typical judge, saying, as he points to Jesus, "Behold the Man." Christ seems to represent humanity in a very special sense, as a man, and, in its ideal perfection, as the man.

It is a grand fact that even the long test of nineteen centuries, and the close, severe, searching and microscopic criticism of these days, cannot find any flaw, not to say vice, in the Christ. Nearly two milleniums have passed since Jesus was moving among men. Whatever praise or blame, friends or foes attached to Him in those days, we are able at this remote time to form a fair judgment of His character and career. And the question rings out, "What think ye of Christ?" Has any one ever dealt a successful blow at the blessed One, whom the reviling tongue calls "the Christian's idol"? Point out one vice, one real blemish, in that character or life! Examine as with microscopic eye, but the more minute the examination the greater the disclosure of beauty.

Here is the ideal of manhood, in mind as well as body. He left all ideals behind, in his reality. We think no more of the Roman notion of heroic virtue, the Greek notion of culture; in presence of Jesus, these fade as stars grow pale at morning. "Whether realized in fact, or regarded only as an ideal, the conception of Jesus is the greatest miracle of the ages." This humble Nazarene taught the race a new law of progress, viz: self-oblivion. And since that cross was set upon Calvary, every grand step of advance for the race has been "from scaffold to scaffold, and from stake to stake." He led the way in helping men to live, by Himself dying, and the ideas He embodied have been ever since "fighting their way against the original selfishness of human nature." There is that in the PERSON OF CHRIST which has won almost involuntary homage from even sceptical minds.

The existence of Jesus Christ is the pivot upon which turn the history and destiny of the world. This one man, born in poverty and bred in obscurity; without rank, wealth, culture, or fame; who was hated by the influential men of church and state, and died as a criminal, by their united verdict; even whose tomb was the loan of charity, to save His body from being flung over the walls to the accursed fires of Topheth. This one man somehow sways the world! We date our very letters and papers, not "Anno Mundi"—the year of the world—but "Anno Domini"—the year of our Lord. Even creation is forgotten, as the epoch from which all is to be reckoned, since that babe was born in Bethlehem of Judea—as though all history had a new birth then. What shall I do then with Jesus? However I may account for His existence or explain His character and career, whatever I think of His words and works, as divine or human, He is Himself the miracle of history! Science and philosophy vainly try to account for Him or interpret Him. He stands absolutely alone in history; in teaching, in example, in character, an exception, a marvel, and He is Himself the evidence of Christianity. It is, therefore, no wonder that the Word of God is full of this wonderful personage. In the British navy yards, where all the cordage, from the huge hawser down to the finest strands, has braided into it a peculiar scarlet thread, you cannot cut an inch off without finding it marked. So everywhere, woven into and through the Word you may find the scarlet thread—and beginning anywhere, preach the blessed Christ.

One of the most sublime facts in connection with this wondrous PERSON OF CHRIST is the strange hold that He has upon the millions of believers at this remote age. After eighteen centuries have passed, a large proportion of the human race, the most intelligent and the most lovely, can say of Christ, "Whom having not seen we love." Millions are living for Him, and would die for Him. They believe that this unseen presence inspires their faith, hope, love, life; that with this unseen Saviour they hold daily communion; they go through the valley of tears, leaning on His arm; and fear not the shadow of death, cheered by His smile. This fact is absolutely without a parallel—look back through the centuries and see the blood of Christian martyrs flowing in torrents, while they kiss the hand that, in slaying them, opens the door to Him.

A public life of three and a-half years, ending with a death of shame at thirty-three; yet to-day swaying a world's history and destiny! Simple as was His speech, even yet His words move and mould the world. With an indifference to the lapse of time which reminds us of the indifference of the telegraph to the stretch of space—at this remote

day, His simple word melts millions of wills into His. He says, "Follow me!" and on through flood and flame, over land and sea, move the true hosts of God's elect, in obedience to His word.

The voice of truth and duty calls on you, in tones of thunder, to choose this day what you will do with Jesus. You cannot, dare not, be indifferent to the issue. He is or He is not "the way, the truth, the life." If He be, then better you had not been born, than to wander from this way, deny this truth, forfeit this life.

—[Selected from "Many Infallible Proofs."]

MINNIE MAY'S DEPARTMENT.

MY DEAR NIECES:—

We have bidden a cheerful good-bye to the old year, for we regarded it in the light of a friend; it gave us storm and sunshine, joy and sorrow, life and love, aspirations and hopes, and the fullest freedom and opportunities to be our own best and truest selves. And we are all the better and braver for the strife, though we have not always come off victorious. The new year in all the freshness of its youth lies before us: the same aspirations, the same hopes, the same opportunities for doing good animate us. The greatest happiness comes from the greatest giving, and if we cannot give gold we can give love and kindness, both of which are dear to the human heart. In our journey through life we can lighten many a load by word and deed, and make the hearts of our fellow-toilers light by timely assistance or friendly advice. The Greeks made green grass the first element of a lovely landscape. Let us make love and unselfishness the first element of our lives, beginning in our own homes, where trials arise daily, and by slow degrees it will add fresh interest, broaden our understanding and sympathies, and soon we will feel we are doing what we can to make life better for ourselves as well as others. To those neices who, from choice or necessity, have gone amongst the noble army of toilers, let me extend a word of sympathy. After their bright home holiday, the routine seems doubly hard. But let not dull routine daunt you. Do not be an automaton. By faithfulness you may hold a position for a lifetime, but this is not all. You can make of a position what you will. A faithful clerk is a stepping-stone to success. Master the details of your work. Leave nothing unlearned regarding your employment. Never answer private letters during business hours, nor receive your friends while working at your desk. Though nothing will be objected to, it is not right. The time is not your own, and you must not expect privileges denied to men. And these digressions interrupt business, and you cannot concentrate your energies upon work readily after such interruptions. Take all the sleep you can at night, and let no social enjoyment interfere with it. You cannot bring a clear head to business next day if not sufficiently rested. Dress neatly and wear no jewellery. Do not draw your pay before it is due, nor spend it in advance. Look after your health and give a certain amount of every day to exercise and fresh air. Select your associates. Girls are too often careless of their companionship, and are always judged by it. No matter where you are be respectable, and that and all it implies will always command respect.

"The purest treasure mortal times afford
Is spotless reputation; that away,
Men are but gilded loam or painted clay."

MINNIE MAY.

P. S.—The prize article on "Home Nursing" will be published in next issue.

Consideration for Others.

We too often commit the great, though natural, error of thinking persons of no importance to us. No persons can be unimportant as long as they live amongst us, for we are liable to be affected for good or ill by them. We are so bound up in interests with them as one of the human family, that what hurts one hurts all, and we suffer or enjoy as our neighbors do. How often it has happened that a beggar has brought to a city some infectious disease that has carried off thousands, the disease perhaps contracted by filth, and the enforcing of cleanliness and sanitary precautions upon him might have prevented it. It is a terrible form of admonition, but is it not a just one, considering we are one family and ought to cherish one another? We cannot change the arrangements by which we live and breathe, so we must act by them. Let no one say or think another is of no importance; the poorer classes tell powerfully upon the highest, and everyone, according to his gifts, is continually operating for good or ill upon all around him.

It is odd enough that a sheep when dead should turn to mutton, all but its head, for while we ask for a leg or a shoulder of mutton we never ask for a mutton's head. The flesh of a calf is transmitted into veal, that of the hog into bacon and ham; while the sports of the chase usually result in game. But there is a fruit which changes its name still oftener. Grapes are so called when fresh, raisins when dried, and plums when in a pudding.

UNCLE TOM'S DEPARTMENT.

MY DEAR NEPHEWS AND NIECES:—

We offer a prize of \$1.00 for the best original fairy tale, a 1 communications to be in our office by the 15th of February. The prizes awarded for the best answers to puzzles in 1893 are as follows: 1st prize, Josie Sheehan; 2nd, Henry Reeve; 3rd, Geo. W. Blythe; 4th, Addison and Oliver Snider; 5th, I. Irvine Devitt.

UNCLE TOM.

Amusing Parlor Games for Winter Evenings.

BY HENRY REEVE, HIGHLAND CREEK.
THE EYE OF ISIS.

This is played by taking newspapers and placing them over a clothes horse, and cutting holes large enough and high enough for a person to look through. Several go behind the screen, and the company then guess, if they can, who the owners of the eyes are; they seldom are able, and the mistakes made are ludicrous.

THE HUNTSMAN.

This game is one of the liveliest winter evening's pastimes that can be imagined. It may be played by any number of persons above four. One of the players is styled the "Huntsman," and the others must be called after the different parts of the dress and accoutrements of a sportsman; thus one is the coat, another the hat, whilst the shot, dog, gun, and every other appurtenance belonging to a huntsman is represented. As many chairs as there are players, excluding the huntsman, should next be ranged in two rows back to back, and all the players seat themselves, and being thus prepared the huntsman walks around the sitters and calls out the assumed name of one of them; for instance, "Gun!" when the player gets up and takes hold of the coatskirts of the huntsman, who continues his walk and calls out the others one by one. Each must take hold of the player before him, and when they are all summoned, the huntsman sets off running round the chairs, the other players holding on and running after him. When he has run round two or three times he shouts out "Bang!" and immediately sits down on one of the chairs, leaving his followers to scramble to the other seats as best they can. The one left standing has to pay a forfeit. The huntsman is not changed throughout the game unless he gets tired of his post.

TIDDLEDY-WINKS HOPSCOTT.

A variation of Tiddledy-winks. A cloth mat is provided, on which is printed a hopscott diagram, and each player endeavors to jump his Tiddledy-wink from one square to another, until he succeeds in passing through each and back to the starting point, the first to do so winning the game.

"THEY CAN DO LITTLE WHO CANNOT DO THIS, THIS, THIS."

This game is played thus:—The party seat themselves in a circle; the first person then takes a stick in the right hand, and knocking the floor says, "They can do little who cannot do this, this, this," then passing the stick from the right to the left hand, presents it to the next person. Many think the catch is in the number of knocks, or in the words spoken, when it is merely in taking the stick in the right hand, and passing it with the left hand to the next person. A forfeit must be paid for each mistake.

THE GAME OF CONCERT.

This play is commenced by the company selecting a conductor. The players then seat themselves in a semi-circle, and to each is assigned an imaginary musical instrument, with instructions how to play on it. The conductor next orders them to tune, and then makes believe to wave a baton; he hums a lively air, in which all join, imitating by voice and gesture the instrument on which they are supposed to play, such as the violin, the flute, the cymbals, etc. After he waves his phantom baton, when all cease playing, and he calls "solos," all are now attention, and he makes believe to play on a particular instrument, imitating its sound and motion. Hereupon the person who is supposed to hold that instrument is bound to instantly join him in the tune and gesture; failing to do so, a forfeit is the result. A forfeit is also incurred when any instrument comes in at the wrong time. The object in this game is to make as much noise as possible.

GAME OF CROKINOLE.

This resembles the popular old English game of squalls, and is a game of skill, but is easily understood, and its leading features can be learned in two or three minutes by anyone. The game consists of a large, circular, polished board divided into three parts by concentric circular lines; in the centre is a small hole, and around the inner circle are placed a row of small posts—twenty-four small polished discs accompany the board—and the game is to shoot or slide the discs across the board by a snap of the finger, the object being to drive the opposing players' discs away from the centre, and at the same time place one's own as near it as possible. Any number from two to eight may play, and each may play for himself, or sides may be chosen. Great interest and amusement can be got from this game.