

ideals, generous to his foes, the highest type of man and gentleman, as well as an artist of originality and power.

Burne-Jones painted in all over two hundred pictures, beside executing an almost astounding amount of work in pure design. He also illustrated many books, among them the splendid edition of Chaucer's Poems, issued by Morris from the Kelmscott Press in 1897.

Hope's Quiet Hour.

The Sabbath Was Made for Man.

I am the LORD your God; walk in My statutes, and keep My judgments, and do them; And hallow My Sabbaths; and they shall be a sign between Me and you, that ye may know that I am the LORD your God.—Ezek. xx.: 19, 20.

"This is the day of prayer:
Let earth to heaven draw near;
Lift up our hearts to seek Thee there,
Come down to meet us here."

In these days there is a tendency to forget that the Fourth Commandment is part of God's Law, and that those who break it suffer great loss. Our Lord has told us that the Commandment: "Remember that thou keep holy the Sabbath day," was not intended to be a heavy burden, but was a gift of love from the Father to His dear children—"the Sabbath was made for man." Those who refuse to spend God's holy day with God, are doing great injury to their own bodies and souls.

Bishop Thomson says that you may safely write over thousands of graves this epitaph: "He kept no Sunday." He declares that strong men are cut down in their prime, and the doctors give a dozen names for the cause of their untimely death—softening of the brain, paralysis, heart failure, nervous exhaustion—but, sifted to the bottom, the real fact is that the men kill themselves by breaking Sunday—"Business men, statesmen, lawyers, students, are all getting into the habit of going out at a moment's warning, dropping dead as they stand, in a way that has never been known before."

There are two very good reasons for keeping the rest-day of the week as clear as possible from everyday work. One reason is because it is our duty to God, and the other reason is because it is our duty to ourselves. The Fourth Commandment is the link which joins together our duty towards God and our duty towards man. We owe at least one-seventh of our time to God, as we owe at least one-tenth of our money. Of course, we belong to Him, with all that He has been pleased to give us; but He has given back to us for common use much the largest part of both time and money. If He did not claim any of it, we should probably soon forget that it was not our own, but only lent to us; if we were asked to devote a month at a time especially to the worship of God, we might forget Him for a good part of the year.

But once a week our Father calls us to visit Him in His own House, to stop for a few hours the rush of work which wears out body, brain and spirit, to regain the peace which gets so used up in rubbing against our neighbors.

Those who hunger and thirst after steady progress upward, can never afford to let their Sundays become secularized. If our bodies are refreshed for the week's work by a real rest on Sunday, if our minds are inspired by being turned in a higher and nobler direction, if our souls are our spirits revived and quickened by close communion with God and with the angels, we are like ourselves—trying to climb to a higher level.

Our best hope is that if men keep God's Day, they shall be a sign between Him and His people, and they shall know that they are in God which is the eternal security. (Ezek. 3: 3) that we should to those men who are weary, opportunity of resting and communing with the Almighty, of knowing the thoughts of the Almighty, of knowing in the likeness of Him who is God.

We all want to be like Him, and should



Summer.

[Burne-Jones.]

prize very greatly this invitation to draw near to Him Whose very Presence never fails to uplift our hearts and souls. It is not enough to go to church. We might do that regularly, and yet often come away with little added strength or refreshment. We want to make the church a "Tent of Meeting," like Israel in the wilderness. We seek to be made whole—to grow strong, and beautiful in spirit—therefore we must reach out, like a poor woman long ago, and touch the hem of Christ's garment. Many others were pressing near to Him in body, but only the one whose spirit was eagerly reaching out after Him was healed. "Who touched Me?" He cried. The disciples thought that multitudes had touched Him, but the Master knew better. He always knows when one here and there in a crowded congregation has reached out consciously to touch His hand or grasp the hem of His garment.

If we heard that next Sunday our Lord would be visibly present in a certain church, ready to cheer and counsel and help all the weary and heavy-laden, that church would be filled to overflowing. I am afraid we don't quite believe His promise to be "in the midst" of every little group of worshipping disciples.

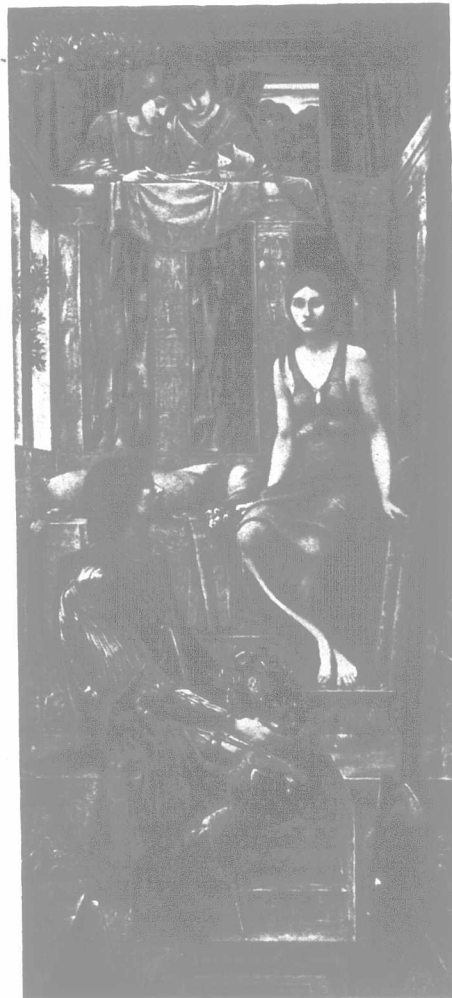
Perhaps we think: "If Mr. So-and-So is the preacher, I can always realize that Christ is present." But how unjust it would be if Christ only came to meet His friends when a very special preacher was there to draw Him. No matter how dull the sermon may be, our unseen Master is always present where two or three are gathered together in His Name. If you are not one of the two or three—if you have not only missed the help He is eager to give you, but you have missed the opportunity of worshipping Him in family fellowship with your brothers and sisters—if you are reading this "Quiet Hour" when the time is even now inviting you to meet Him in His own House, do not suppose that He will overlook your absence from the crowd. He loves you too much to fail to miss you?

That is why, why don't the men go to church? It is a very sad one. They are looking for higher ideals

and for nobler lives. Who can help them to climb?—there is only one answer to that question. To drop the habit of church-going is to cut one's self off from one of God's greatest channels of grace. To really go to church on Sunday—to go there, I mean, in mind and spirit as well as in body—is to draw very near to God, and to start the week with new courage and vigor.

Especially should we try to be in our places when our dear Master keeps the Feast with His disciples, drawing very near to us at His own Holy Table. There He presses His own Life into our souls, and we can reach out in wonderful fellowship, touching Him and the other members of His Body, the Church. There we can touch the hand of a friend, who is far away in body, but very near in deepest spiritual reality. As we touch the hand of our Lord, we can feel within His tender grasp the presence of another loved hand. We can go away rejoicing that in Christ there is no sea to part loyal hearts, no death to drop a cold and clammy mist between those who love each other.

If you want to touch Christ, if you want to keep in close fellowship with a loved friend, then come regularly and often to the Holy Supper. Why should you be afraid of coming too often? When



King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid.

[Burne-Jones.]

the Master was on earth, did He ever reprove anyone for trying to get too near Him? He is "the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever"—how can you think He has no welcome for you? If you lift up your heart to seek Him, it is because, all your life, His Heart has been seeking you.

The Sabbath was made for man—and, if ever man needed rest for body, mind and spirit, it is in this restless, strenuous age. Our souls, especially, grow weak, weary, and unfit for service, just because we too often allow Monday or Saturday to spoil the quiet sunshiny peace of Sunday, just because we pay no attention when our Master tenderly pleads: "Come ye yourselves apart . . . and rest awhile."

"Come ye yourselves apart and rest awhile,

Weary, I know it, of the press and throng;

Wipe from your brow the sweat and dust of toil,

And in My quiet strength again be strong.

"Then, fresh from converse with your Lord, return
And work till daylight softens into even:

The brief hours are not lost in which ye learn

More of your Master and His rest in Heaven."

Many of our hours are more or less wasted, but those we spend consciously with God bring great gain to our own souls, and to the souls of others. The nearer we press to Him, the more He can reach out through us to touch the nations. Only by walking with God can we keep in close touch with our fellows.

DORA FARNCOMB.

The Beaver Circle.

Our Senior Beavers.

[For all pupils from Senior Third to Continuation Classes, inclusive.]

The Longest Word.

"What is the longest word in the English language?" asked Uncle Tom. "Valetudinarianism, I suppose," replied James, who had taken a prize in spelling.

"No," spoke up Susie; "it's 'smiles,' because there is a whole mile between the first and last letters."

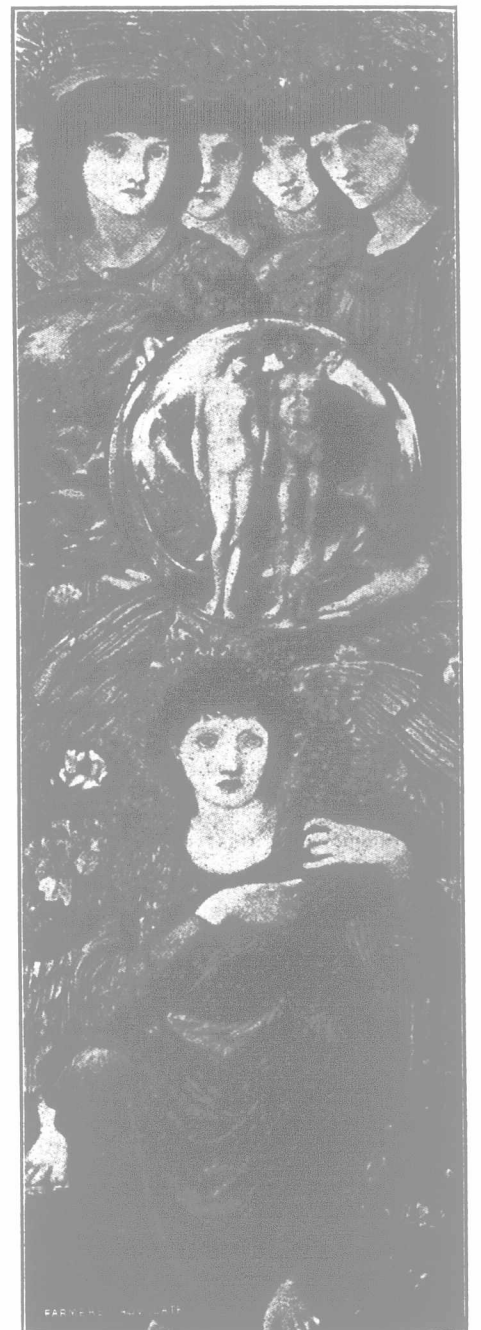
"I know one," said Jack, "that has over three miles between its first and last letters."

"What word is that?" asked Uncle Tom.

"Beleaguered," cried Jack, triumphantly.

"I know one," said Philip, "that is longer than that. 'Transcontinental' has a whole continent between its beginning and ending."

"Interoceanic" beats them all," exclaimed Elsie, "for it contains an ocean, and an ocean is larger than any continent."—Lippincott's.



Sixth Day of Creation.

[Burne-Jones.]