

THE QUIET HOUR

GOD'S MESSENGERS.

Be not forgetful to entertain strangers for thereby some have entertained angels unawares.—Heb.xiii.: 2.

I planned a plan, and duly made
A plan to fill one little day.
Pleasure and toil were gauged and
weighed,
This hour for work and that for play,
And each for each made room and
way.

I set my wilful feet to tread
The wilful path self-chosen as right,
Resolved to walk unhindered,
Nor turn to left, nor to turn to right.

But interruptions all day long,
And little vexing hindrances,
Each weak, but all together strong,
Came one by one to fret and tease,
And balk my purpose, and displease.

Friendship laid fetters on the noon,
And fate threw sudden burdens down,
And hours were short and strength
failed soon,
And darkness came the day to drown,
Hope changed to grief and smile to
frown.

Then I said, sadly, "All is vain;
No use there is in planning aught,
Labor is wasted once again,
And wisdom is to folly brought,
And all the day has gone for naught."

Then spoke a voice within my soul:
'The day was yours, and will was free,
And self was guide and self was goal,
Each hour was full as hour could be—
What space was left, my child
for ME?

"Where was the moment in your plan
For work of mine which might not
wait?

The need, the wish of fellow man,
The little threads of mutual fate,
Which touch and tangle soon or late?

"These 'hindrances,' which made you
fret,
These 'interruptions,' one by one,
They were but sudden tasks I set,
My errands for your feet to run.
Will you disdain them, child, or shun?

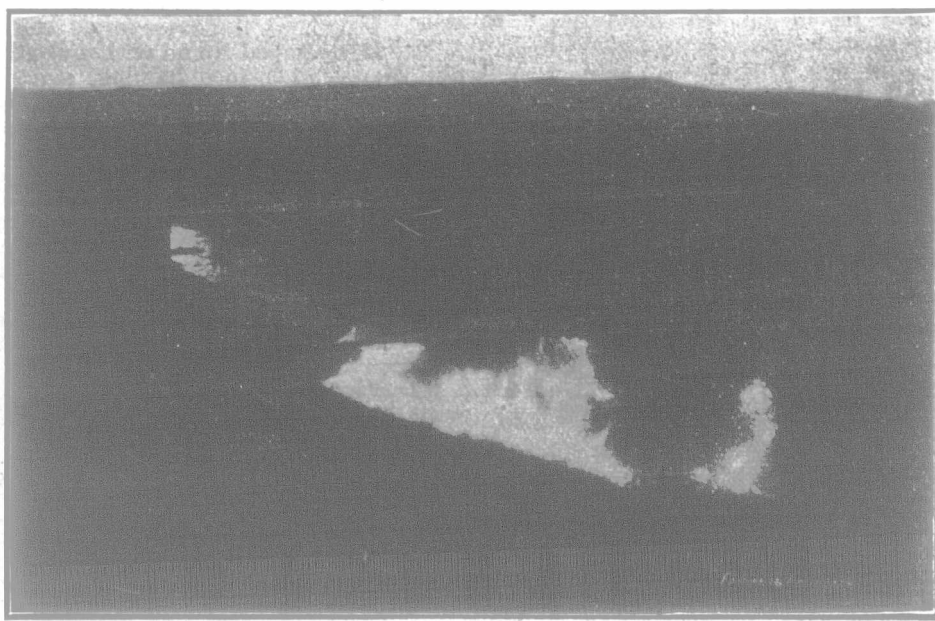
Oh, blind of heart and dull of soul!
I only felt, the long day through,
That I was thwarted of my goal,
And chafed rebelliously, nor knew
The Lord had aught for me to do!

"Forgive me, Lord, my selfish day,
Touch my sealed eyes, and bid them
wake
To see Thy tasks along the way,
Thy errands, which my hands may
take,
And do them gladly for Thy sake."
—SUSAN COOLIDGE.

We read in the Book of Genesis how
Abraham and Lot, with eager hospital-
ity, entertained strangers, who proved
to be angels in disguise. Is it not often
so in real life? Someone has said: "No
one knocks at my door who is not sent
by God." An "angel" is a messenger
sent by God, so everyone who comes
into our lives must be one of His messen-
gers. Let us keep our eyes open so that
we may not entertain His messengers
"unawares".

Shall we glance for a moment at some
of these messengers. First, there is the
gift of each new day, which comes to
us fresh from God's hand. Let us
meet it always with a "glorious morning
face," and the gladness of a child-like
heart. This day is a wonderful gift
from our Father's hand—we can live
grandy to-day if we will. What a
difference there is in the way different
people greet the day. Some come
to breakfast looking cross and half
awake, and at once begin to grumble
about the weather, or to groan dolefully
over past, present or possible future
troubles. Others are like the morning
sunshine, fresh and bright and glad;
inspiring their fellows to thank God
and take courage. We can all be like
that if we will, and those who welcome

each day as a messenger from God will
be themselves God's messengers of hope
and joy to all around. It is worth while,
isn't it? Let us open our eyes each
morning to the vision of Christ's face
and, at once, answer His call to work
in His vineyard, doing the work He
sets before us, not the work we think
seems grander. Perhaps He is testing
our obedience, intending to give us the
work we want when the day is a little
more advanced, and we have grown
stronger and more able to do it well.
And let us try to keep our morning
freshness all day long, coming to our
Master often, that He may pour new
life and gladness into our souls, and
refresh us with His peace that passeth
all understanding, and the rest which
He promises to all the weary who come
to Him. Then if we keep the morning
brightness of each day until the evening
so we shall keep a young heart until
the end of life. God can make all



WHERE STREAMS MEET.

The junction of the Qu'Appelle with the outlet from Long Lake, at Craven, Sask.

Photo by J. A. Neate, Lumsden.

things new every day, if we will only
let Him, as He makes the earth new
every spring, and our lives new every
morning.

Then there are the special providences,
which come to each of us straight from
God's hand. I don't mean only such
unusual things as a narrow escape from
death or a recovery from illness, but the
everyday providences which enter into
all our lives. The multitudes, fed
miraculously by the power of Christ,
might marvel at the sudden multiplying
of the bread. But that was only a
lifting of the veil to teach us that He
is always working wondrously. Let
us consider the multiplication of the
seed we scatter so thoughtlessly in the
earth. What but the power of God
could change one grain into many, or
bring fruit, flowers and vegetables out
of the dark earth which looks so dead.
We marvel over the signs shown to
Joshua and Hezekiah, but how much
greater is the everyday wonder, and the
power which keeps our earth and all
the heavenly bodies hanging upon
nothing, and sends them swinging
through space in perfect harmony and
order.

Though we may not now have the
variations in God's order of Nature
which we call "miracles"—the visible
barring of His wonder-working arm—we
have the far grander certainty that He
is working invisibly every moment in
every corner of His infinite universe.
Our Lord has made this very clear,
definite and practical, by telling how
God clothes each lily and blade of grass,
watches over the safety of each tiny
sparrow, and is far more particularly
interested in each event in the lives of
His children who are "of more value
than many sparrows." All things work
together for the good of those who love
God, not accidentally, but because they
are all special providences, intended to
perfect character and make life happy.
But God does not do everything for us.

A growing plant reaches out into its
environment, drawing strength and
nourishment from earth and air, from
sunshine and storm from rain and snow,
from dew and frost—while these same
influences only hasten the decay of a
dead plant or kill a weak one. So a
healthy soul continually reaches out
into its environment and extracts
strength and spiritual nourishment from
everything God puts in its reach—joy
or sorrow, pain or pleasure, work or
play, friends or enemies, hindrances
or privileges. They are all messengers
sent by God with gifts for the hungry,
growing plants in His garden. A
healthy soul reaches out and takes the
gift from the hand of each messenger,
and so grows stronger every hour. It
is true and just that "whosoever hath
to him shall be given, and he shall have
more abundance: but whosoever hath
not, from him shall be taken away even
that he hath." Those who already
know the gladness of God's love are
ever reaching out to gain more of that
priceless knowledge; while those who
don't reach out for more grace are gradu-
ally losing what God has already given.
The water of life is freely offered to all
who are athirst, but it is only obtained
by those who are in real earnest in their

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