

THE QUIET HOUR.

"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace,
Whose mind is stayed on Thee,
Because in Thee he trusteth."
The staid in purpose—
The purpose propped by leaning on Jehovah:
For him Thou wilt keep peace—peace,
For in Thee he is trusting."

"The Dove in the Heart, or the Perfect Peace of God."

"Perfect Peace!" What is this supreme gift? Joy expresses less fully the perfect state of God, for joy is fitful, impulsive, and often transient. It is like the play of waves that rise and fall, advance and recede, while *peace* reminds us of those lower depths which are never disturbed—the "cushion of the sea," thousands of fathoms down, which rests in eternal quiet upon the ocean bed.

Let us hear what St. Paul says of it: "Be careful for nothing, but in everything, by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God, and the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus." Here God's own peace is represented as a divine sentry, or camp of soldiers, guarding the soul as a garrison. The whole man is surrounded by this heavenly host, which is van-guard and rear-guard, on the right and on the left—"heart and mind;" that is, the whole nature kept within this holy garrison that keep off the foes of our peace.

Who has not known the heart and mind devoid of peace? The peace of the mind is found in fixed convictions. There can be no peace where there is unsettled belief. We have all seen a bit of paper, or a feather, borne on the wings of the wind, tossed to and fro, up and down, resting a moment on the ground, only to be caught up and whirled hither and thither, having not enough weight to settle anywhere, and having nothing with which to hold its place even when it finds a resting spot. And so is the man who has no settled belief, who is doubtful, uncertain, caught by every caprice of men, every new notion and strange doctrine, and tossed to and fro by the unrelenting wind of changing doctrine.—(Eph. IV., 14.) The peace of God, first of all, keeps the mind of the true believer by guarding his faith. He may not know much, but he knows whom he has believed, and is "persuaded that He is able to keep what he has committed to Him against that day." He has learned to believe something, and to believe intelligently, firmly, immovably. His mind is at rest, anchored to the truth as it is in Jesus.

This is an age when doubt is not only common but fashionable, when to question is regarded as one mark of an inquiring mind, and faith is to many only another name for credulity. Science deals largely in conjecture, and some would have us believe nothing as certain, except that there is nothing certain to be believed. Agnosticism sets up its altars in the modern Athens, with the inscription: "God cannot be known." The "first families" in the intellectual world have chosen as their device a shield bearing simply an interrogation point.

There can be no peace where the mind is not at rest in some fixed belief. If no certainties are to be found in faith, no peace is possible. But *certainly is within our reach*. There are thousands of simple-minded believers, who, amid all the doubts and questionings of the philosophers, are not perplexed or disturbed by even uncertainty. They have found Christ in prophecy, in history, but best of all, in the heart where He has come to dwell. The Holy Spirit has been their teacher, and they have learned by experience what none of the princes of this world ever knew, what the natural man does not perceive, and the carnal mind cannot and will not receive.

There is a seen and an unseen world. With the one our senses make us acquainted, with the other we cannot have any communication through these channels. But the soul has its senses, and they are far more delicate and subtle than those of the body. By them we are enabled to "look at" things unseen and eternal, to "hear" what the still small voice of

God speaks, to "taste" and see that the Lord is good, and to "handle and see" that it is Jesus Himself. Never was there a day when men were more unsettled in religious opinion, and when even professed preachers and teachers of truth seemed more busy trying to undermine the foundations of all certainty in faith. Our only hope is in such a close walk with God as shall keep us in touch with Him. The mind must be so "stayed" on God that we shall feel the Divine support on which we lean hard, and by which we are held up. We must "enter into the closet," and on the wires of prayer send up our messages to the throne of God, and get back the answers that prove the circuit to be complete. We must "search the Scriptures," and find their testimony to Christ; we must "do His will," so that we shall "know the doctrine"; we must so "love" Him and keep His words, that God shall come to us and make His abode with us. Then we shall find that peace of God which keeps the mind of the believer. Our faith, rooted in the truth, will hold us fast when winds of doctrine blow.
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MINNIE MAY'S DEPARTMENT.

Bits of Wisdom.

A young girl once heard a bit of wisdom from the lips of a very aged woman—a woman who had rounded the full term of ninety years, and with eyes still bright and clear, looked out upon the inrolling waters of eternity. The girl was impressed by the



A DIFFICULT TASK.

emphasis with which the venerable dame said to her: "Bessie, never insist on having the last word."

The determination to have the final word leads to more quarrels and more bitterness of feeling at home than almost anything else in domestic life. The fact is, that one may so control her tongue and her eyes that she may allow her opponent the pleasure of this coveted concluding thrust, and yet placidly retain her own opinion, and in the homely colloquial parlance of the up-country, where one finds strong-willed people living together in great peace, with the most pronounced diversity of characteristics, "do as she's a mind to."

A Judge of Music.

A concert was given at a German Court in honor of some foreign prince. At its close, the illustrious guest asked for a repetition of the first item on the programme. The first piece was accordingly played over again, but the visitor failed to recognise it as the one he had liked best. Suddenly the musicians fell to tuning their instruments, during which process all the company stopped their ears, with the exception of the foreign monarch, who exclaimed, in a rapture of delight: "That is my favorite piece!"

A barrister came into court one day with his wig all awry, which caused a general titter amongst his brother lawyers and the bench: on which he turned to Curran, and said: "Do you see anything ridiculous in my wig?" Curran drily answered: "No: nothing but your head!"

A Difficult Task.

FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY A. MORADEI.
(ETCHED BY P. TEYSSONNIERES.)

By a common instinct persons who excel in any work or accomplishment are prone to make light of those who are awkward in the same. A sort of professional pride pervades the whole range of arts, fine and common, and the professionals always have a superior feeling towards the untrained laity. Life itself is a great art, and success therein is a strong temptation to arrogance and superciliousness. But this all-embracing art is divided into numberless tributary arts: every industry, or trade, or regular employment becomes an art. Thus, housekeeping is an art, as new beginners often find out at serious cost. Sewing, also, is an art, and an essential feature of this art is needle-threading: if the latter is not itself an art, most assuredly there is considerable art in it. Now, the great majority of the gentle sex have training enough in this delicate task to be more or less skilled in it; but men for the most part are, for want of practice, sufficiently awkward to excite the derision of the feminine expert.

The good-natured man in our picture has rashly allowed himself to be drawn into the service of threading a needle for one of this pair of mischievous girls; or, perhaps, he recklessly accepted their challenge to essay the task. In any case, we behold him in the midst of the trying ordeal. The girls give him such encouragement as may be derived from tantalizing comments and mocking applause at his painstaking failures. But he keeps his temper, and is apparently resolved to succeed at all hazards. He is now drawing a most careful, though rather long-ranged, sight upon the needle's eye, and seems to feel hopeful that this time he may hit it. Meanwhile, the time lost by the sewers is well compensated by the fun they are having at the expense of their awkward friend.

Signor Moradei has given us a thoroughly characteristic scene.

The good-natured rillery on the countenances of the girls, and the serio-comic look of the man, are rendered with rare truth and spirit.

A Boy's Essay on Tobacco.

Tobacco grows something like cabbage, but I never saw none cooked. I have heard men say that cigars that was given them election days for nothing was mostly cabbageleaves. Tobacco stores are mostly kept by wooden Injuns, who stand at the door and fool little boys by offering them a bunch of cigars which is glued into the Injun's hands, and is made of wood also. I tried to smoke a cigar once, and I felt like Epsom salt. Tobacco was invented by a man named Walter Raleigh. When the people first saw him smoking they thought

he was a steamboat, and were frightened. My sister Nancy is a girl. I don't know whether she likes tobacco or not. There is a young man named Leroy, who comes to see her. I guess she likes Leroy. He was standing on the steps one night, and he had a cigar in his mouth, and he said he didn't know as she would like it, and she said: "Leroy, the perfume is agreeable." But when my big brother lighted his pipe, Nancy said: "Get out of this house, you horrid creature; the smell of tobacco makes me sick." Snuff is Injun meal made out of tobacco. I took a little snuff once, and then I sneezed.

The Quiet Toiler.

'Tis not he who parades
His deeds before the world,
Holding aloft their worth,
Whose memory lives imperiled
In the hearts of a people when
The years have died away,
But rather the man who toils
On quietly day by day.

'Tis he who, at his task—
Be it high or be it low—
Strives, with never a thought
Of self and praise, but wholly
Lost in the love of Duty,
Who deems no man his debtor,
And quietly toils each day
To make the world ever better.

—GEORGE NEWELL LOVEJOY.