

Quiet Hour.

Jesus I Look to Thee

BY R. WALTER WRIGHT.

Jesus, I look to Thee

By foes and fear oppressed,
If Thou but cast a glance on me
My inmost soul is blest.

I look to Thee, and trust

That Thou dost save me now;
I am but weak and helpless dust,
A mighty Saviour, Thou.

Thou art the Lovely One,

My constant source of rest,
Like Thy belov'd disciple John,
I lean upon Thy breast.

Deep are the mysteries then,

My enraptured soul doth see,
Sweet are the secrets that I share,
My Saviour Friend, with Thee.

The wondrous flow of love

From Thy great heart to mine,
My nature's inmost powers move
In sympathy divine.

My soul has passed within

The halo of Thy charms,
Free from the galling power of sin
In thine encircling arms.

Then let my soul repose

Long as on earth I roam,
Where'er my wandering body goes
This be my spirit's home.

And when from earth I fly

Winged with a love divine,
Jesus, I still shall see Thee nigh,
And claim Thine ever mine.
Merriton, Ont.

Co-workers with God

BY C. B. KEENLEYSIDE.

A few years ago I spent a summer in the Rockies. Early one July morning I started with a young school teacher to climb Mount Rundle. Rundle is that razor-back peak lying just east of Sulphur Mountains in the Banff National Park. The slope on the western side is gradual, but on the east precipitous. The summit is about 11,000 feet above the sea and a mile above the valley. As we started in the dawn the whole base of the mountain was ablaze with wild flowers. There were the sweet briars and the buttercups, the field daisies and the violets, the asters, golden-rods, phlox and geraniums, making the mountain fairly glow with beauty.

For a thousand feet or so, we climbed through the tall timbers—great trees that have stood for centuries proclaiming God's power. Then, for perhaps another thousand feet we made our way amongst the shrubs and underbrush, the vines and the creepers, and then came a belt of mosses, and after the mosses a few hundred feet with only lichen, making grey the face of the mountain. And then, for probably two thousand feet, we climbed over bare rock, void of

all verdure, rearing its nakedness to the skies.

About three in the afternoon we came right out on the very summit of the mountain, and there I found, blooming all alone two thousand feet from any other plant life, a wee golden flower no bigger than my finger. There it was, standing up against gravity and loneliness, with no eye to see it but God's, doing its best to be lovable and make the whole top of that great barren mountain fairly glow with beauty.

Position was nothing to that flower, neither were talents. Nature placed it there to cover the mountain barrenness, and that was its mission in life.

Paul says we are "God's co-laborers." Yes, co-laborers like the flower, with God, in helping to make this world beautiful and more like heaven.

London, Ont.

A Little Heart Flower

Oliver Wendell Holmes used to say that there lived a little flower in his heart called Reverence, and he found it needed watering once a week. This saying may be taken as a quiet "apologia" on behalf of reverence—a grace which he may have regarded as in danger of vanishing. It may also be taken as a plea on behalf of weekly worship; and, if we are to believe a great deal that we hear, this also is one of those things the need for which is not now very strongly felt.

The two—reverence and worship—are in point of fact closely related. Reverence does tend to worship, and worship does, or ought to, increase reverence; or, as Holmes puts it, water the little flower. Mr. Ruskin looks upon reverence as "a function of the human spirit"; with the result "that if men can get nothing else to reverence they will worship a pool or a stone or a vegetable."

The reverence we feel and cultivate in worship certainly reacts upon character. It helps to sweeten and mellow the disposition, and dignifies the daily intercourse of life. And perhaps the most that can be done to counteract the general drift in the direction of irreverence is that each one for himself should abide much in the secret place of the Most High.—*Selected.*

Common Days

One of the chief dangers of life is trusting occasions. We think that conspicuous events, striking experiences, exalted moments, have most to do with our character and capacity. We are wrong. Common days, monotonous hours, wearisome paths, plain old tools and every-day clothes tell the real story. Good habits are not made on birthdays, nor Christian character at the New Year. The vision may dawn, the dream may awaken, the heart may leap with a new inspiration on some mountain-top, but the test, the triumph, is at the foot of the mountain—on the level plain.

The workshop of character is every-day life. The uneventful and commonplace hour is where the battle is won or lost. Thank God for a new truth, a beautiful idea, a glowing experience; but remember

that, unless we bring it down to the ground, and teach it to walk with feet, work with hands, and stand the strain of daily life, we have worse than lost it; we have been hurt by it.

A new light in our heart makes an occasion; but an occasion is an opportunity, not for building a tabernacle, and feeling thankful, and looking back to a blessed memory, but for shedding the new light on the old path, and doing old duties with new inspiration. The uncommon life is the child of the common day, lived in an uncommon way.—*Maltbie Davenport Babcock.*

Communism with the Highest

We only retain our fine perception of anything when we keep in communion with the highest of its kind. What I mean is this: "You can only retain a fine sensitive literary perception by holding fellowship with the classics. You cannot retain a fine literary perception by merely confining your attention to the daily press. If a musician wants to keep a scrupulously accurate taste he will have to walk arm-in-arm with the greatest in the musical world. If we want our sense of the sacred to be preserved in justness and refinement, then we have got to keep in communion and fellowship with the highest. If we are to retain our reverence we must hold communion with the venerable and sublime. It has been ordained by the Almighty that if the vision be periodically fixed upon the hills, that temporary vision of the hills will lend influence to the life upon the plains. When reverence begins to die, when he begins to take away his eyes from the hills—the specialties—then, I say, his regard of the commonalties begins to decay."—*Rev. J. H. Jewett.*

A Gospel of Joy

The oppressive heathen religions, with their fatalistic doctrines, show their effect in the unradiating countenances of the Chinaman and East Indian. But Christianity has something better—a gospel of trust, joy, and hope. We must really make our doctrine of Providence something more than a theory—more than a piece of theological lumber in the attics of our minds. The Christ, who sang a song before He went to His Gethsemane agony, should teach us to get more out of God than we do. He must mean more for us and stand for more. Let it be said with the highest reverence, but with the fullest truth, that a God we men cannot use is worthless to us as a Deity. He invites us to use Him and to get the most out of Him, saying that hitherto we have asked nothing. Too much dependence on man demoralizes, but dependence on God makes us godlike. We say we trust in God and then go around with knit brows. We say we have faith, but it is evidently only a kind of intellectual assent to something, and not a vital and comforting trust and confidence in the Father who careth for us. We hear Jesus say, "Come unto me and I will give you rest," and we hug our burdens still and sweat and groan. We are dull scholars