

The Quiet Hour.

Tennyson's Practice of the Presence of God.

We know very little about Tennyson's inner religious life. The splendid biography, recently published, is remarkably silent concerning his religious experiences; but a favorite niece of his, who had many walks and talks with her uncle, has revealed in a recent magazine more of his innermost religious life than the world has ever before known, and proves that the great poet, though so reticent concerning his inner life, was in the deepest sense a Comrade of the Quiet Hour. As they were walking together on the beautiful downs on the Isle of Wight, with the sounding sea ever in their ears, and God's bright skies and great plains above and about them, he said to her: "God is with us now on this down, just as truly as Christ was with the two disciples on their way to Emmaus. We cannot see Him, but the Father and the Saviour and the Spirit are nearer, perhaps, now than then to those who are not about the actual and real presence of God, and His Christ with all who yearn for Him."

"I said," writes the niece, "that such a near, actual presence would be awful to most people."

"Surely the love of God takes away and makes us forget all our fear," answered Tennyson. "I should be sorely afraid to live my life without God's presence, but to feel that He is by side now, just as much as you are—that is the very joy of my heart."

"And I looked on Tennyson as he spoke, and the glory of God rested on his face, and I felt that the presence of God overshadowed him."—*Selected.*

The Waggon Will Come.

The waggons came and took Jacob away from that land of hunger, with its mere handfuls of the good things of the land of plenty, and bore him right into the heart of the country where his son ruled. He was met on the borders of the country by the son who had died to him, but still lived. He was welcomed by him with love's warmest welcome. He was presented to the king, who bade him dwell in the best of the land. There he stayed close to his son, nourished by him. No longer did he have merely a few of the good things, sent down from far away, as tokens of the abundance in store yonder; he dwelt now in the very midst of the storehouses and had all that he could wish.

We see how beautifully true all this parable is, in its application to Christ's believing ones in this world. Here our joy is very sweet, but we have only little foretastes of the heavenly good things. By and by the waggons will come for us to take us into the presence of Christ. Already they have come for some of our friends and have borne them to the land of life and blessedness. That is what

death is—God's chariot swinging low, to carry home the loved saint. When Jacob got into the royal carriage and it drove away, he was not sad. He was leaving his old walks and the place of his sorrows, he was going to his son. He was leaving famine and want, and was going to a land of plenty. That is what dying is to the Christian. We shall leave the place of toil and care to find rest. We shall leave the land of tears and separations, to go into the presence of the loved and lost, when

"The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since and lost awhile."

—J. R. Miller, D.D.

Value of Example.

I am glad to have God as an example and Christ as an example, but I am just as glad to have Moses and Paul and John. They are nearer to me than God and Christ. They serve for me a purpose which God and Christ do not. They are greatness and success rising right out of infirmity and sin like my own. They show me how near like God and Christ I can become. God and Christ as ideals frighten me; but when in Moses and Paul and John I behold how much of God and Christ a sinful man can incarnate, I take courage and press on to the goal of Christ-likeness. There is a tremendous inspiration in one good man. His hand is the hand of God taking hold of his fellow-man and lifting him up.—*David Gregg, D.D.*

Getting Rid of Our Burdens.

Getting rid of our load is getting rid of our burdensome selves: "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee." "God shall never suffer the righteous to be moved." No wonder the Psalmist promptly responded: "I will trust in thee." And why should we not trust Him, seeing he has promised to take and bear both ourselves and our burdens? He never does anything by halves, but rather by doubles and multiples. It never takes long to "cast" anything off from ourselves on to another. Away with thy burden, then, this instant! Away with thy weary, burdened, disheartened, disconsolate, groaning, sinking self! And when thy burden and thyself consciously go over to God, be sure to leave both henceforth with him. A great strong father can easily and will gladly lift his little child and all his bundles. Our Heavenly Father's arm is already lifting us.—*Rev. E. I. D. Pepper.*

"A Light Unto My Path."

A real Christian will be a true lover of the Bible. There is scarcely a better test. If the novel or the newspaper takes the place of the Bible on the table or in his mind, then it is clear that the world has taken the place of God in his heart. If a man's Bible be clean and bright and unsullied by use, undefiled by contact with daily life, his soul is not.

There is no better spiritual barometer to test the true condition of the soul's

atmosphere. He to whom the Bible seems wearisome, monotonous, uninteresting, has good cause for alarm. The neglect of it springs from coldness of affection towards its author and dislike of his rebukes.

Whoever wants to grow in grace simply must study the Bible. It is the way to gain stability of doctrine, so as not to be carried about by every wind of opinion.—*Christian Standard.*

The Soul's Need.

Jesus "came unto his own." To men forgetful of their godlike nature He came to tell them that they were the sons of God; and to men who could do without Him He came because they needed Him. Oh! my dear friends, by what high warrants does the Saviour claim us for His own! Because we are His Father's children, and because we are so needy, therefore our Divine Brother comes. He comes to you and says, "You called me." And you look up out of your worldliness, and say, "Oh, no! I did not call. I do not know you!" But He says, calmly, "You did, although you did not know it. That power of being godlike which is in you, crushed and unsatisfied—that summoned me; and that need of being forgiven and renewed which you will not own—that summoned me. And here I am! Now wilt thou be made whole? If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth."—*Phillips Brooks.*

Alone With Jesus.

Alone with Jesus! What a sweet and holy spot! What a blessed refuge to which the soul may betake itself from the charges of Satan, the accusation of the world, and the sorrows of life! Sweet spot for the heart to unfold itself, to tell its hidden tale in the ear of Infinite love, tenderness, and compassion! Alone with Jesus! How different a front would Christianity present to the world if the Lord's people were oftener there! What humility and gentleness and love would characterize all their dealings! What holiness stamped on every brow, that all might read! What few judgments passed on others, how many more on ourselves! What calmness and resignation and joyful submission to all the Lord's dealings! Be much "alone with Jesus!" Then will the passage to glory be one of sunshine, whether it be through the portals of the grave or through the clouds of heaven.—*F. Whitfield.*

The Passing Years.

The passing years enhance the preciousness of the cross. We thought we loved it, and the little hill of Calvary, and the garden with its sweet spring flowers, in those days, now receding far behind us, when we first found refuge beneath its outstretched arms. But as the shadows of life begin to fall, however slightly or evidently, its meaning unfolds itself. There is more than one manner of fruit on the tree of life; more than one point of view from which to behold it; depths as well as heights, lengths as well as breadths.—*Rev. F. B. Meyer.*