

THE QUIET HOUR.

Ruling the Tongue.

"Thou must be true thyself.
If thou the truth wouldst teach.
Thy soul must overflow, if thou
Another's soul wouldst reach.
It needs the overflow of heart
To give the lips true speech.
Think truly, and thy thoughts
Shall the world's famine feed.
Speak truly, and each word of thine
Shall be a fruitful seed.
Live truly, and thy life shall be
A great and noble deed."

We all know that the tongue is an unruly member, very hard to control. We have found that out by sad experience only too often. Perhaps that was one reason why people who were trying to lead holy lives used to run away from society altogether, fancying they were safe from temptation if they never had anyone to speak to. Living a hermit life in a cave may be one way of keeping the tongue out of mischief, but it is rather an unsatisfactory way. Besides, it is not open to most of us, even if we cared to adopt it.

St. James says that every kind of beast, bird, serpent and fish can be tamed, "but the tongue can no man tame." This is certainly discouraging, especially as he has already stated that any man who seems to be religious is only deceiving himself unless he succeeds in bridling his tongue. He seems to think that if any person is able to perform this almost impossible task, he will be able to control all the rest of his body: "If any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man, and able also to bridle the whole body." If this is a proof of perfection, then we are very far indeed from being perfect. How seldom does a day pass without our saying something which would have been better left unsaid. Often and often we would gladly recall the words as soon as they are spoken, but that is impossible.

"Boys flying kites haul in their white-winged birds:
You can't do that way when you're flying words.
'Careful with fire' is good advice, we know;
'Careful with words' is ten times doubly so.
Thoughts unexpressed may sometimes fall back dead,
But God Himself can't kill them when they're said."

Think of all the quarrels you have heard of, or have been mixed up with. Have not nine-tenths of them, at least, been caused by words? One person has said foolish, spiteful or unkind things about another, behind his back, and some kind friend has taken the trouble to repeat these words to the injured party. And, just here, I should like to remark that if tale-bearers were only sat upon as decidedly by grown-up people as they are by school-boys, the world would get on much more comfortably than it does.

"Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth!" Fires of anger and hatred, which rage for many years, are generally started by words, and fresh fuel is constantly being heaped on the conflagration by more words. What about ourselves? Are we always perfectly blameless in such cases? If we don't start the blaze, do we never add a few sticks when we are discussing the matter? We know well enough that such discussion seldom does anything but harm, and we don't want to do harm. Why, then, are we always so eager to discuss irritating subjects?

Do you know, I believe when we try to control our tongues we generally make the great mistake of beginning at the wrong end. The tongue is a sort of indicator of disease within. When a doctor looks at a man's tongue, and finds it foul and unclean, he doesn't go to work with cleansing washes to purify it. If he could cleanse it in that superficial fashion, the patient would not be helped very much. The hidden trouble would be as bad as ever, and presently the tongue would again reveal it. You might keep constant watch over the tongue, so that it could never get coated or furred, and that would be as sensible as binding and gagging the sentry at the door of your castle so that he might not be able to disturb you by giving warning of danger. I think one reason St. James lays so much stress on the necessity of keeping the tongue under control is because language is a very important outward sign of the condition of the heart within. We can't see what a man's thoughts are like, but his words will, sooner or later, reveal the purity or impurity of the fountain from which they flow. "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh."

The tongue is a pretty safe index of both body and soul. By looking at it, one may judge of a man's physical condition, and by listening to the words it utters, one may judge of his spiritual condition. If the tongue is constantly uttering spiteful, malicious or unkind words, it is very plain that the fountain of the heart is tainted. If we loved

others, we should not wish to speak evil of them. What is the use of cleansing the tongue, if the darkness and corruption within are allowed to grow worse and worse? So, I say, we are apt to begin at the wrong end, when we try to control our words rather than our thoughts. Watch must be kept over the door of our lips, of course, but if all our thoughts were brought into subjection to Christ, words would fall into line naturally and easily. God's great gift of love should be earnestly prayed for, and striven for, every day. Watching our words alone will never cure the evil. You can't grow grapes on thorns, or figs on thistles, although you might be able to tie them on so cleverly that the world would be deceived for a time. But God can never be deceived. He looks at the heart, and will not be satisfied with disciples who say unto Him, "Lord, Lord," but bring forth no fruit of love, joy and peace. We have need, then, to be careful with words, for they are sharp-edged tools, and may do terrible mischief if they are carelessly handled. But we have more need to be watchful over thoughts, for they are the material from which words are made. "Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life." Evil within is sure to come to the surface sometimes, therefore one whose words are always perfect must be holy in thought as well as in act. Only one Man was ever perfectly sinless, and even his enemies saw the outward sign of this holiness, saying, "Never man spake like this Man." When a paralyzed man was lowered to the feet of the Good Physician, He was not satisfied with healing the bodily disease only, which was an effect rather than a cause, but went to the root of the matter. He first healed the soul, saying, "Thy sins be forgiven thee"; then, that all might see the outward and visible proof of that invisible healing, He said,



"SKETCHING FROM NATURE."

"Arise, and take up thy bed." So it is with this disease of evil-speaking—it is an effect rather than a cause. When the soul is healed and cleansed, the tongue will soon bear witness of the fact. Very truly has the wise man said, "As he thinketh in his heart, so is he." We may try to conceal our real character, but it cannot be hidden long. As Emerson says, "Use what language you will, you can never say anything but what you are." Hope.

"Sketching from Nature."

The clever painter, A. Weisz, has here given us a charming picture. The easy attitude of the youthful artist as she carefully measures with eye and pencil the scene to be copied, is very natural and graceful, and the earnest face and simple dress are in perfect harmony with the whole surroundings. That faithful dog, too, keeping guard over his dear young mistress, is a striking figure, and we can notice the mingling of patience and watchfulness in his face and posture. The broad expanse of sea, with just a tiny vessel in sight; the beach and cliffs, and the shadowy background, all speak of vastness and loneliness, yet of a restful calm that sort of majestic calm which nature alone can portray.

Spread of the English Language.

Writing on the decline of the French language, M. Jean Finot points out that at the end of the last century French was the language spoken by the greatest number of civilized people, whereas now it stands fourth. English is spoken by 116,000,000, Russian by 85,000,000, German by 80,000,000, and French by 58,000,000.

Travelling Notes.

THE VOYAGE HOME.

We feel that it is only polite to the Pacific Ocean to say that its conduct was so admirable on our return voyage that we could scarcely believe it really was the same turbulent and utterly demoralizing element we traversed last December, so we take our abuse back, and we won't do it again. After the first few days, during which one generally feels a little—little—rocky—(may we say? We don't mean slang, of course—but everyone must see that the term is eminently appropriate)—and also you have to get acquainted with your fellow passengers, and, as it were, shake down into your places. There is usually enough shaking! Well, after these preliminaries, we certainly had a delightful few weeks. All sorts of fun went on—games, prizes, etc. An imaginary birthday was instituted, with congratulations and everything in order, the ship presenting the honored lady with a magnificent cake, grandly iced, and filled with silver bits, nutmegs, thimble, etc. Then we had a mock trial. The prisoner at the dock (the only unmarried lady amongst the passengers) was accused of "riotous behavior, with intent to seize the ship!" Out of this an inexhaustible fund of amusement was obtained. The men worked all day over the case, and the examination of the witnesses was killing funny, the counsel for the defense being especially clever. Also we had a judge in wig and gown, which made the whole thing most realistic. With these diversions, accompanied by the loveliest weather, the weeks slipped by, and then we had a day at Honolulu, which seemed even more perfect in beauty and climate than when we were there before. Certainly Honolulu is aptly termed "the Paradise of the Pacific."

Again we walked and dived and shopped, and again we were astonished at the state of entire up-to-dateness to which this comparatively small and new city has arrived—and all this civilization amidst such a glory of tropical luxuriance! The three chief hotels—the Royal Hawaiian Hotel, the Eagle House, and the Arlington—are run on the American plan, and have every convenience, and, if the traveller prefers, cottages can be hired on the grounds of the first mentioned, and one has still the privilege of enjoying the hotel verandas and listening to the nightly band concerts. A traveller remarks, "One difference between these hotels and those of New York and other cities is, that the lovely palms, plants and flowers grow in the yard instead of in the corridors and office." Well, one might linger and linger (with tropical tardiness) over this most fascinating island, but we must remember that we have written a little about it before and so beware of possible repetition. We were fortunate to be able to land at all this time, for there has had to be such strict quarantine in consequence of the Bubonic plague, which is, however, now stamped out. We had to be examined four different times (tongues and pulses) during our return voyage. Tourists who have been going round the world have been terribly disappointed at not landing in so important and lovely a spot, but the law of quarantine was strictly adhered to. Upon returning to our ship, which was now covered with garlands, we found our passenger list had been considerably augmented, and chiefly with a Minstrel Troupe of about twenty-five members, which was a most exhilarating diversion. They had a brass band and a stringed orchestra, and were good enough to give us an evening's entertainment of songs, dances (including a genuine cake-walk), and, in fact, all the amusing features of a good variety show. A collection was taken up for a poor widow with eight children in the steerage, and amounted to over \$50.

Incidentally it might be mentioned that anyone, especially ladies, taking a tour of this kind, has to be provided not only with an almost unlimited stock of clothing, but of various grades. For instance, we left Australia in the short-day, chilly season, glad to put on some warm underclothing. In a few days the heat was so intense that the very lightest clothes were all one could stand, and white dresses pervaded the decks, cabins and saloons (gentlemen and ship's officers also in white); and everyone was groaning with the heat. Then it got quite cold as we neared Cape Flattery, soon becoming warm again. Personally, we would rather groan with the heat than the cold, although we mean no disrespect to our own dear "Lady of the Snows," as Kipling so wickedly called us!

After Honolulu, the voyage seemed very near its end. All things go by comparison, so the voyage of ten days, which used to sound rather long, seems quite short when it simply winds up a month of sea—sea—sea, the only change, or, rather, addition, to the view being an occasional whale, flying fish, loon, albatross or other bird. The break of the landing at Honolulu becomes doubly