

Quiet Hour.

Amid Life's Wild Commotion.

[From the German of Carl Julius Aschenfeldt.
Translator unknown.]

Amid life's wild commotion,

Where naught the heart can cheer,
Who points beyond its ocean

To heaven's brighter sphere?

Our feeble footsteps guiding,

When from the path we stray,

Who leads to bliss abiding?

Christ is our only way.

Who fills our hearts with gladness

That none can take away?

Who shows us, 'midst our sadness,

The distant realms of day?

'Mid fears of death assailing,

Who stills the heart's wild strife?

'Tis Christ! our Friend unfailing,

The Way, the Truth, the Life.

Christ is the Way.

Heaven often seems distant and unknown, but if He who made the road thither is our guide, we need not fear to lose the way. We do not want to see far ahead—only far enough to discern Him and trace His footsteps. . . . They who follow Christ, even through darkness, will surely reach the Father.—*Henry Van Dyke.*

Sowing, Reaping.

The most common actions of life, its every day and hour, are invested with the highest grandeur, when we think how they extend their issues into eternity. Our hands are now sowing seeds for that great harvest. We shall meet again all we are doing and have done. The graves shall give up their dead, and from the tombs of oblivion the past shall give up all that it holds in keeping, to bear true witness for or against us.—*Guthrie.*

Not a Covering.

The snow lay white and holy over all the earth, hiding every scar and sign of death. "It is a symbol of purity," said one, and he prayed, "O Lord, as thou hast covered the earth with whiteness, cover my soul with purity." But the sun shone on the snow, and it melted away, and the brown bareness of the dead earth with all its waste and defilement showed through again. Purity is not a covering like the snow. It is a new life within. It does not hide; it displaces. Where it is, sin is not concealed—it is destroyed.—*Forward.*

Cannot Be Finished.

There are some subjects we cannot finish, and it would be well, especially for the young minister, to remember this when preparing his sermons. The effort to exhaust a whole subject often has the result of exhausting the hearers, without giving them any clear understanding of any of its parts. Mr. Moody spoke to a Scotch audience on "Christ as a deliverer," and, walking away, he said to one

of his hearers, "I didn't finish the subject." "Ah, man," replied the Scotchman, "you didn't expect to finish, did ye? I'll take a'l eternity to finish telling what Christ has done for man."

The Evangel of Joy.

All those who have attended genuine revivals of religion have had abundant opportunity to witness the illumination of the countenance which the Christian religion produces. The conversion of a sinner is an event which awakens joy in heaven. See that unhappy man who has just discovered the sinfulness of his heart. His countenance is the picture of despair. His face is covered with clouds and darkness. See him going to the mercy seat bowed down with guilt and sin. There he surrenders his heart and life to God, and a change takes place. He begins to sing a new song. "O Lord, I will praise thee; for though thou wast angry with me, thine anger is turned away and thou comfortest me." He has a new heart and a new face. The countenance which recently was covered with darkness now beams with light. There is love, joy, peace, hope and heaven in his face. He has received "beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness."

The shining face is a great power for good. This is a dark world. The darkness may be dispelled by light. Christians who carry in their faces marks of worldliness, covetousness and selfishness will never drive away the darkness. They may preach and sing and shout and testify, but it will do no good. But Christians whose religion shines in their face will spread the light wherever they go. They may not say much nor do much, but the light of a peaceful and happy face will win men. A recent historian tells of a noble lady in Europe whose husband having died left her in darkness and gloom. The world lost its charm, the pleasures of the court became disgusting to her, and she walked in the valley of despondency. One day a shoemaker came to call upon her in the pursuit of his trade, and she observed that he wore a countenance more serene and peaceful than any she had ever seen. The glory that beamed from this humble cobbler's face threw her own unhappy soul into still deeper shadows. She asked him if he was happy. His simple answer was, "I am the happiest of men." After he went away the light of his countenance lingered with her, and she sent for him to come again and tell her the secret of his life. In simple, honest language this German Moravian told her the story of the cross and the love of God that filled his heart with perfect contentment and peace. This light won her to Christ. She was converted, became a Christian evangelist and went about Europe doing good. She was won, and through her hundreds more were won to Christ by a shining face. Let Christians carry the light of the glory of God in their faces into the streets, into places of business into places of sorrow, into the dark places of the city, and the world will come to the light.—*The Christian Advocate.*

Spiritual Invalids.

And so now many resign themselves to their low degree of Christian attainment. It is a case of religious sickness. They are spiritual invalids. I want to find some principle, something solid, something on which to stand the strain of life. Why is religion so disheveled? Why so made up of heterogeneous scraps? Why does every sermon we hear put out of mind every last sermon? It is because the religious life is without foundation, without a sensible, solid, natural principle on which to rest. I will try to point out that principle which may give permanency, stability, vivacity to the religious life of each. It is the principle that every effect produced upon the soul of man is dependent upon some pre-existing cause. Therefore there should be more praying over causes and less upon effects. Nature affords ample illustration. Nothing in the world happens by chance. There is a cause for everything we see or hear or feel. Not an action but can be traced back to a cause. So in religion. If a man possesses a religious joy or peace there is some definite cause that produces it. Fulfill these causes and joy or peace follow as sure as day the night. What Christian grace do you want? Perhaps a little more joy. You have been praying for it for years and have not found it. Joy is an effect; it must have a cause. What is this cause? In the parable of the vine Christ stated it clearly: "Abide in me. . . . These things have I written unto you that you may be full." How Christ loves everything upon some cause. If ye love me (a cause) ye will keep my commandments. "If ye abide in me and my words abide in you, ye may ask what ye will," etc. The conditionality of all God's promises is the point here. Where a cause is not stated it must be understood. All the promises are conditioned. Religion is the simplest thing in the world. Things here go on not by caprice, but by law, law absolutely simple, absolutely unerring. It is the everlasting lesson of science: law is sure and inevitable. Let us get into the Christian life a little science. Nature and the eternal truths of God are older than religion, and they pervade religion. Our common every-day lives are the means God implies by which we shall build our Christian lives. A farm or an office is not a place to make crops or money, but men. All the little things about our daily toil are the framework and scaffolding of our spiritual life.—*Henry Drummond.*

Of Vital Importance.

In the reaction against what is slurringly called "emotional religion" many persons appear to have gone to the erroneous extreme that there can be a high and noble type of religious experience without emotion. Except for a few dry-as-dust specimens of humanity, the thing is unthinkable. What has to do with the most momentous questions of human life is bound to awaken emotion, and deep emotion; if it does not, there is legitimate ground for supposing that the truth has never been truly apprehended or responded to. Religious emotion is of vital importance.