

## The Quiet Hour.

### The Love of God.

God's boundless Love and arching sky  
Above us when we wake or sleep,  
Above us when we smile or weep,  
Above us when we live or die.

God's tireless Love! Beside the cot  
Of her sick child the mother sleeps,  
The Heavenly Father ever keeps  
Unweary watch—He slumbers not.

God's patient Love! Misunderstood  
By hearts that suffer in the night,  
Doubted—yet waiting till heaven's  
light  
Shall show how all things work for good.

God's mighty Love! On Calvary's height,  
Suffering to save us from our sin,  
To bring the heavenly kingdom in,  
And fill our lives with joy and light.

God's changeless Love! The wandering  
one  
Forsakes, forgets, dishonors; yet,  
Repenting, going home, is met  
With no reproach—"Welcome, my son!"

God's endless Love! What will it be  
When earthly shadows flee away,  
For all Eternity's bright day,  
The unfolding of that Love to see!

—*Maltbie D. Babcock.*

### Influence of Prayer.

Dean Farrar tells us that his mother's habit was, every morning immediately after breakfast, to withdraw for an hour to her own room and to spend the hour in reading the Bible and other devotional books, and in meditation and prayer. From that hour, as from a pure fountain, she drew the strength and sweetness which enabled her to fulfil all her duties and to remain untroubled by the worries and pettishness which are often the intolerable trials of narrow neighbors. He says he never saw her temper disturbed, nor heard her speak one word of anger or calumny or idle gossip, nor saw in her any sign or any sentiment unbefitting to a Christian soul. Her life was very strong, pure, rich, and full of blessing and healing. And he says it was all due to the daily morning hour spent with God in the place of prayer.

### God Knows Best.

My life is not what I would have chosen. I often long for quiet, for reading, and for thought. It seems to me to be a very paradise to be able to read, to think, go into deep things, gather the glorious riches of intellectual culture. God has forbidden it in His providence. I must spend hours in receiving people to speak to me about all manner of trifles; must reply to letters about nothing; must engage in public work on everything; employ my life on what seems

uncongenial, vanishing, temporary waste. Yet God knows me better than I know myself. He knows my gifts, my powers, my failings, and weaknesses, what I can do and what I cannot do. So I desire to be led, and not to lead—to follow Him. I am quite sure that He has thus enabled me to do a great deal more, in what seemed to be almost a waste of life, in advancing His kingdom, than I would have done in any other way. I am sure of that.—*Norman McLeod.*

### "Do You Pray?"

A writer to the *Congregationalist* tells the following: What a lesson it holds for those of us who are striving to help our little brothers and sisters to know the joy of God's love, but too often take a roundabout way in doing it!

The minister had come to my father's—a mile and more from the town—to hold an evening meeting. He sat before the open kitchen fire in an old armchair, used only when a meeting was held in the house. It was the first remembrance I had of him. He drew me to him, and after a few slow, gentle words, in a low, serious voice, said, "Do you pray?" It was fourscore years ago this last winter; but where he sat, the words and tone he used, are to me as of yesterday. And though I have lived to hear from him my ordination charge and to make a memorial tribute at his funeral in the sixty-fourth year of his ministry, that three-word question and the answer given tarry in the memory as making a crisis in my soul's life.

The question sought for the main fact of spiritual life, and the answer given made the first avowed confession of that life. Very faint the pulses, but after all these years the distinct conviction is that a new life in the soul began with that question and the reply to it. It declared a daily duty, which, since that day, with but one short interval in boyhood, has never ceased. The scene, the question and answer by the minister's chair are to memory the beginning of a Christian life, if ever truly begun.

### A Ready Reception.

F. B. Meyer once said that too many Christians are in the habit of telephoning to heaven for a cargo of blessings and then not being on hand to receive them when they come.

We ask God to fill our hearts, and then either forget to empty them of their worldly contents, or leave them closed altogether. We ask Him to bless our efforts in certain fields, and then neglect to make the effort ourselves.

If a great benefactor sends out a manifesto, that he will give out bread at a certain time and place to all who come prepared to receive it, he naturally takes it for granted that those who do not come for it do not want it.

Too many of us expect God to come to our very doors, and, in some cases, force an entrance, that He may lay us with needed blessings, and yet He has promised to do no such thing. He has declared that He stands at the door of the heart and knocks, but He enters only when we open

the door and make room for Him. We are not in condition to receive the cargo of blessings until we are ready to comply with the conditions on which they have been promised.

### Our Spiritual Coupons.

Perhaps the most gross neglect on the part of Christians to-day is the failure to clip our spiritual coupons. Unlike those of earth, these are worthless in less than thirty days after maturity; they are payable only at the office of present opportunity; they are cancelled the moment the office is closed, and the office closes every day with many coupons unredeemed. By prayer, by Bible study, by devotion, by struggle, by building the life four-square, do we administer the trust in our own lives; and only thus. To get Christ's work into our hearts is to get our interest in Christ's work. The compound interest of heaven is paid to those alone who keep the trust by administering it to themselves daily, hourly. Christians who, careless of their trust, pass their dividends, never possess them. Theirs is an unjewelled crown.—*Rev. Nehemiah Boynton, D.D.*

### "Resisting Power."

Doctors tell us, in these days of germs and toxins, that the thing that counts most in a case is the "resisting power" of the patient. Some men or women can pass through an epidemic, or even be inoculated with its peculiar poison germs, and yet shake off infection, unharmed. Others, apparently just as healthy, succumb to the first contact with disease, and sink under it in spite of the best nursing. "Resisting power" is an individual affair, and many surprises come to doctor and nurse as the frail-looking patient pulls through and the robust-seeming one dies. Medicines can only aid the "resisting power"; they can never take its place. It determines, in the end, life or death in every case. Is there not a moral parable here? Is not the important thing in every soul its "resisting power"? Every soul must fight out its battle alone. Advice, help, sympathy, are all outside things. Our struggle with moral sin is our own struggle, and the wisest teacher, the tenderest mother or friend, is powerless to fight it for us. In the last analysis, our "resisting power" is the thing that settles moral life or death for us. How much of it have we? Are we strengthening our souls daily to resist evil? Are we determined to resist it, always, to the uttermost? If not, when the temptation comes, with its subtle infection, it will find in us its easiest victim, and destroy us at its will.

### Guard Your Thoughts.

Says Ruskin: "What fairy palaces we may build of beautiful thoughts, profound against all adversity, bright fancies, satisfied memories, noble histories, faithful sayings; treasure houses of precious and useful thoughts, which care cannot disturb nor pain make gloomy, nor poverty take away from us—houses built without hands, for our souls to live in!"