

The Quiet Hour

Memories of Christmas-Tide

The return of happy Christmas comes to gladden our hearts and make joyous all who have heard the sweet story of Bethlehem. So amid the festivities of Christmas-tide we gather sweet reminiscences of childhood days, and the hallowed influences of the Christ story. His birth at Bethlehem, and the hymns of the angels, "Peace on earth and good-will to men," that the shepherds heard on Judea's hills, and the family gatherings; what sweet memories crowd our mind, as we remember the festal board, and the evening-time, around the hallowed hearthstone, the sweet home life, where the Christmas tree was a centre of joy, or when we gathered in the old church, and listened to the Christmas carols, and in wonderment gazed upon the great Christmas tree, with its mysterious gifts to make happy child life, and teach us of God's greatest gift.—Mrs. F. D. Baker.

"Peace on Earth"

During the ages of poverty and unrest before Christ came, God looked at humanity, saw its indigence and restlessness. He looked down the centuries, saw us, saw what we needed, then sent angels to proclaim that His answer to the world's pitiful cry for help, for rest, was the Babe at Bethlehem.

The Babe grew to manhood; understood humanity; was touched with a feeling of its infirmities; gave Himself to lift its burdens and bring the promised "peace."

Before He went back to His home in glory, He looked at the riches in His Father's storehouse and sought the most valuable of all the valuable gifts to leave as His last legacy. He looked at His troubled disciples. He saw our

should be wiser and happier, because more grateful, if we were always mindful of our privilege in this regard. And should we not rate more cheaply any honor that men could pay us if we remember that every day we sat at the table of the Great King.—James Russell Lowell.

Fair With Christ

There are two reasons why you should be fair with Christ.

First: Because you need Him.

In a certain Austrian city they say there is a bridge which spans the river dividing the city, and on this bridge there are twelve statues of Christ: He is represented as a sower, and all the peasants passing over stop to worship Him here; He is pictured as a carpenter, and the artisans passing by bend the knee in adoration; He is a physician, and all the sick draw near if only He might heal them; again He is a sailor and all the seamen going forth to sea come to receive His blessing. This may or may not be true, but we know that there is everything in Christ we need, and we have but to claim it.

Second: He needs you to show forth His glory.

No one will really appreciate Christ until they see what He can do in a human life. He must show forth His patience, His gentleness, His forgiveness in your life and mine.

I went into the Sistine Chapel in Rome and with great difficulty studied the magnificent frescoing on the ceiling above me. Then after an hour of this painful work I noticed a man by my side looking into a mirror which he held in his hand, the position of which he was constantly changing. I stepped near enough to see that the mirror reflected the picture on the ceiling, and so the study of it was comparatively easy.

It is absolutely essential in these days that we should reflect the beauty of Christ, and many a man will be blind to all that He is unless he can see Him in our everyday living.—Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, D.D., in *Another Mile*.

The Rainy Diary

A young girl was looking over her diary for the old year. Suddenly she exclaimed, "What a rainy year last year must have been, mother! It seems as if my diary just overflows with rain, rain, rain. Hear this: 'A rainy day'; 'More rain,' 'Stormed all day,' 'A shut-in day on account of rain,' 'Showers,' 'Cold rain,' 'Showers,' 'Cold rain,' 'Rain and slush,' and so it goes. Isn't it funny? And yet it doesn't seem to have been such a stormy year, as I look back."

"Have you found any reference at all to sunny weather in your diary, Mabel?" asked her mother.

"No-o, I can't say that I have," replied the girl, hesitatingly.

"You see, you have taken all the pleasant days for granted, dear," said her mother, smilingly. "You don't mention the sunny days, but when there comes an occasional day of rain, you are careful to enter a complaint in your diary. Is that quite fair?"

"No, no—of course not!" cried the girl. "But, really, I never thought of it in that way. I see now that the reason why I mentioned the rainy days was because they came so rarely, not because they came so frequently. It was simply their not coming very often that reminded me to put them down! The sunny days came so regularly that I never thought to speak of them."

"There is something for you to bear in mind through life, dear," her mother reminded her. "In just the same way, our blessings of every kind so exceed our trials that we do not think to give our heavenly Father credit for them. We take our innumerable daily blessings for granted, but when anything goes wrong what a cry of complaint we raise! There may be no more than half a day of showers in a fortnight of sunshine, but it goes into our book of memory, whereas all the sunny days get not a line of mention. Think of that, my dear, when you are tempted to grumble or find fault with your lot."

God's Guest

I think I could be a perfect Christian if I were always a visitor, as I have sometimes been, at the house of some hospitable friend. I can show a great deal of self-denial where the best of everything is urged upon me with kindly importunity. When I meditate upon the pains taken for our entertainment in this life, in the endless variety of seasons, of human character and fortune, on the costliness of the hangings and the furniture of our dwellings here, I sometimes feel a singular joy in looking upon myself as God's guest, and cannot but believe that we