

□ The Quiet Hour

The Way of Holiness

(Isa. 33.)

BY R. WALTER WRIGHT.

Through the wilderness grim in its bleakness
Where mirages led many astray,
Despairing in thirst and in weakness—
Jehovah hath opened a way.

No earthly refinement or culture
Can lead to that pathway sublime,
Unscanned by the eye of the vulture,
Unknown to the creatures of time.

In their rangings the whelps of the lion
Its firm sacred soil never trod,
'Tis the pathway which leads up to Zion,
Called Holiness, cast up by God.

The unclean is not found there, nor dwelleth
The dragon with ravin-filled lair,
Its beauty all Sharon excellet,
Its verdure than Carmel more fair.

The way-faring pilgrim who travels
That road, though a fool, need not err;
The Spirit each mystery unravels,
And knowledge divine doth confer.

The cool breeze from Lebanon kisses
The dew-spangled vine and the corn,
Anemone, rose, and narcissus
Spring up at the touch of the morn.

Glad pilgrims pass o'er it unhalting,
Their feet are with victory shod,
With banners Jehovah exalting,
They march to the City of God.

Their courage and hope never fail them,
With peace are their bosoms possessed,
With music of seraphs to hail them
They enter the gates of the blest.

No more they know sorrow nor sighing,
Their eyes no distresses shall see,
They hear no adieus to the dying,
Their joy everlasting shall be.

Palmerston, Ont.

Detectives

Nancy put down Sherlock Holmes with a long sigh of regret. "I wish I were a man. I'd be a detective," she declared.

"Why not be a woman, and a detective?" Uncle Porter asked smiling; the picture of Nancy with her dimples and her daintiness as a Sherlock Holmes was certainly one to please the fancy.

Nancy tipped her head and looked at him doubtfully. Uncle Porter was a joy, but nobody ever did know just where his remarks would bring one out.

"I am sure that that would not be at all the same thing," she replied. "But you may tell me—I can see that you are aching to."

"Well," Uncle Porter declared, with a twinkle over Nancy's penetration, "there are a great many women detectives. Some of them specialize on dirt; they could 'run down' a speck of dust in the dark; others are remarkably skillful in seeing the faults of other people. I've heard them say that they knew there was something wrong about such and such a person—they just felt it"—Nancy, for some reason, colored brilliantly—"and, of course, very soon they discover the terrible thing. That, I am bound to say, is a cheap form of detection—almost anybody can

learn to do it in three lessons. But there's another splendid variety of detective—the one who can always find beautiful things in people no matter how disagreeable they seem to others. Your grandmother was like that; she was one of the real seers of life—she saw a child of God in everybody. Sometimes it takes genius to do that, Nan."

"Yes," Nancy answered, softly.

"Count Your Blessings."

A wealthy man a while ago was so pleased with a European oculist, who had saved one of his eyes, the sight of which he had lost for a while, that he gave him £5,000 for his services. If one eye is so valuable, of how much more worth are two seeing eyes, and a whole body all aglow with health, or at least free from painful disease? It is only by appointing or permitting the withdrawal of His good gifts to us God can sometimes teach us their value. We count our deprivations, our trials, most carefully; we name them one by one. We dwell upon them until the molehill towers like a great mountain. Why not do so with our blessings? The simple saint with only two teeth left, but who was thankful that they hit, was thoughtful. Think and thank are from the same root. From grateful thinking, hearty thanking always grows. But God's blessings are more than can be numbered and greater than can be expressed, yet such simple addition gives excellent spiritual discipline.

God Shall Supply All Your Need

"My God shall supply all your need, according to His riches in glory."

The Extent.—"Every need." Sum up your needs—of your heart for love, of your mind for knowledge, and of your spirit for immortality; needs which appear so capacious that a word could not satisfy them. You are lonely, weary, dissatisfied. But God can supply ALL needs, and make you gloriously content and happy.

The Measure.—"According to His riches in glory." Number the stars on the vault of heaven, the sand-grains that line the ocean-basin, and the daisies in spring meadows; it will be an easier task than to tell what are God's riches in glory. But whatever they may be, that is the measure of fullness out of which you are to be satisfied. God is not satisfied with giving satisfaction; He is determined that it should be secured by the admixture of the very best ingredients.

The Medium.—The apostle had just said that the gift sent by the hands of Epaphroditus was not only useful but fragrant. Perhaps part of that fragrance was due to its being ministered through his friend. The Spouse says that when she touched the handle of the closed door, which her Beloved had tried in vain to open, her fingers dripped with sweet-smelling myrrh which he had left behind him. So the gifts of God come to us all the sweeter, because contained in the Son of His love. It is in Christ Jesus, believer, that we and God's riches meet.

Not Aggravated Yet

The laundress had just finished loading the line in the back yard with the clothes that she had very laboriously scrubbed into spotlessness. Then somehow the line slipped and sagged and the clothes dragged on the ground.

The mistress of the house ran out to see the extent of the catastrophe. Desiring to show sympathy she said to the laundress:

"That's too bad! It's aggravating, isn't it?"

The washerwoman stoically compressed her lips; then answered deliberately:

"I ain't aggravated yit."

The mistress had known enough of the vexations of life to appreciate the significance of patience. She said admiringly:

"Well, if that sort of an accident doesn't make you mad, you are certainly a good woman."

But the simple-hearted laundress would not consent to