

THE QUIET HOUR.

"Only for Jesus."

Only for Jesus! Lord, keep it for ever. Sealed on the heart and engraved on the life! Pulse of all gladness and nerve of endeavour. Secret of rest and the strength of our strife.

"The Dove in the Heart, or the Perfect Peace of God."

(Continued from page 329.)

The Peace of God keeps also the will, whose unrest is found in unfixing and vacillating purposes. No man can be at peace until his choice settles finally and fixedly on God and goodness. As well try to get a magnetic needle to rest until it settles steadily toward its pole, as to seek rest for a human will until its resolves center upon Him who is the Pole of all true decision. The best human resolution, without God, fails at the critical point of temptation and trial, as the seven green withes and new ropes failed to hold and bind Samson. All history is full of broken pledges, and the pavement to perdition is a mosaic made of their fragments. What is temptation but an appeal of sin to the will? And when the temptation is mighty enough to subdue and overcome the resolve, it turns the whole man about as the bit turns the horse, or the rudder the vessel. How and where shall we find stability of determination? What shall hold us firm in the hour of trial when all our best resolves are put to the proof? Let us learn from the Psalmist: "O God, my heart is fixed, my heart is fixed"!

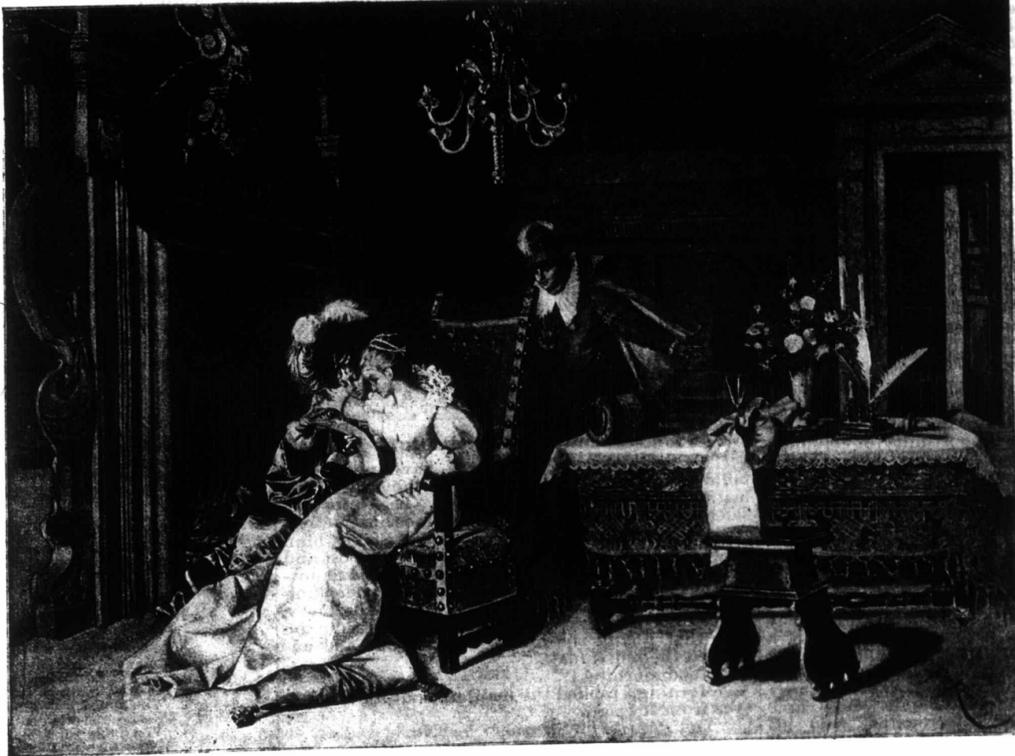
My heart is fixed! fixed on God, fixed by God, fixed in God. That is the secret both of man's victory and the devil's defeat. . . . What rest for the restless will; to wind about the throne of God, to root itself in the Rock of Ages; to make one final choice of God, so that no room remains for doubt or hesitation! There is the secret of peace—to settle with one's self and with God, forever, that He is my Master, whose I am beyond recall, whom I serve without ceasing or attempting compromise with any other master! The greatest saints have at some time come to this, the crisis of final surrender. Some have written out their full commitment, their last will and testament, in which all things are absolutely given up and handed over to God, spirit, soul, body. But whether in form or fact, that self-surrender, that final commitment, that last resolve, is necessary to the perfect peace of God. So long as one inch of doubtful or disputed territory remains, Satan has a foothold and advantage ground. There is no greater peril to a believer than the neutral territory where doubtful indulgences lie, where duty and inclination dispute for supremacy, where no final decisive battle has yet been fought that makes that no longer neutral ground. . . . From the hour when a child of God says, "Henceforth I am wholly the Lord's, nevermore to find any pleasure save in Him, nevermore to leave open any door of doubtful self-indulgence," all compromise with conscience is at an end. The peace of a will fixed on God is ours, for no chance of a parley with sin and self remains. Here, in the territory of fixed resolve, where God's will is so supreme that even doubtful indulgences are treated as sins, or at best as "weights" to be "laid aside"; here is the great defeat-ground of the devil, and here the days of heaven come down to earth to bless the true followers of Jesus with the perfect peace of God. Perfect peace is in this song of salvation linked inseparably with perfect trust. "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee. Trust ye in the Lord forever!" Trust is simply faith in action, perfect trust is faith making a full and final committal of everything to God. . . . The nature of trust is hinted in the etymology of the word, which is closely akin to the word true. True, truer, truest,—TRUST. What is trust but reliance upon the truth of another? and because God is the truest of all beings, we trust Him implicitly and absolutely. It becomes a question of the utmost importance, therefore, how our trust in God may be so perfected, as to perfect also our peace in God. The secret of perfect trust is very simple, yet but few learn it.

We seek by many mistaken ways an increase of faith, and find only disappointment. Our greatest mistake is looking within rather than without. Mrs. Fletcher tells of a convert's dream: how he seemed to be deep in a well, and looking up could see through the narrow rim of the well's mouth a star that seemed to let down silver lines of light to lift him up. If he looked up steadily, he felt himself rising; if he looked down into the well, he felt himself falling; and by simply keeping his eyes fixed upward he rose out of the well. The dream is a parable: if we look up, we go up; if we look down, we go down. Faith is never perfected by a morbid introspection, but by "looking away unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith." To get our eyes off self and on Him, that is the simple secret of increase of faith. He is the Rock of Ages. The feet that stand on that Rock have a sure resting place, immovable, eternal; and amid the wreck and ruin of all that can be shaken, this Rock is found to be unshakable. Thus stayed on Thee, O God, the mind is kept in perfect peace, because in perfect trust. . . .

O my soul, wouldst thou have the perfect peace of God, the Holy Dove, in thy secret chambers? Then must thou trust Him even in the darkest hour, and whatever His will be, say, "Thy will be done?"

REV. A. T. PIERSON, D. D.

"Take my life, dear Lord, and use it: Wholly Thine, so let it be! Filled each moment from Thy fullness, Moulded, guided, ruled by Thee. All the mingled, broken story Of the past Thou readest well;



THE CONFIDANT.

All the changeful shade and sunshine Of the future Thou canst't tell. Glad and free with Thee I leave them, All my longings lost in one: Higher, closer, nearer, draw me To Thyself till years are done."

To be dependent on others for sympathy and comfort makes you weak; to be self-dependent makes you weaker still, for that fails you in the day of your greatest need; to become independent is a dream of your pride, for no such thing is possible; to become dependent on God makes you strong—yea, clothes you out of His own Almightyness, and draws you up into His safety and refuge. E. H. SEARS.

The child-like faith that asks not sign, Waits not for wonder or for sign, Believes because it loves, aright, Shall see things greater, things divine. Keble.

Welcome Laughter.

Learn to laugh. A good laugh is better than medicine. Learn how to tell a story. A well-told story is as welcome as a sunbeam in a sick room. Learn to keep your own troubles to yourself. The world is too busy to care for your ills and sorrows. Learn to stop croaking. If you cannot see any good in the world, keep the bad to yourself. Learn to hide your pains and aches under a pleasant smile. No one cares to hear whether you have the earache, headache or rheumatism. Don't cry. Tears do well enough in novels, but they are out of place in real life. Learn to meet your friends with a smile. The good-humored man or woman is always welcome, but the dyspeptic or hypochondriac is not wanted anywhere, and is a nuisance as well.

UNCLE TOM'S DEPARTMENT.

The Confidant.

FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY PIO RICCI. Common to all feeling human hearts is the sentiment of the old Latin saying that "Of no worldly good can the enjoyment be perfect, unless it is shared by a friend." Truly

Friendship's another element of life: Water and fire not of more general use. To the support and comfort of the world, Than friendship to the being of our joy.

But friendship, is for the sharing, and thereby the lessening of sorrow, as well as for the fellowship, and thereby the increase of joy: for it is a notable and blessed ordinance of human nature that in our hearts the emotion of joy is enlarged and that of pain diminished by mutual participation. What may, in the best sense of the word, be called sentimental friendships, are perhaps most common among the gentler sex, and prevail especially in young life. And very beautiful are such fusions of being. The twin spirits are never happy apart: all their occupations, their duties, their pleasures, their reading, their studies—everything that admits of companionship is pursued in common, and all the while the deepest as well as the most trifling thoughts and feelings are exchanged and become equally the property of both. The friends are "like a double cherry, seeming parted, but yet a union in partition, two lovely berries moulded on one stem, with two seeming bodies, but one heart." Such would be an ideal instance of maiden friendship. The young ladies of our picture we may fancy to be bound by a tie of this nature. One of them has received an epistle that gravely concerns her happiness, and is now sharing the secret of its contents with "her other self." The frilled and feathered gallant in the background betrays rather an unseemly curiosity with reference to the subject of the confidence,—so much so that we cannot help suspecting that he has a personal interest at stake. Possibly jealously may prompt him to discover who has been writing so seriously to the lady in whose estimation he would fain stand first; or, more probably—for his expression is almost too complacent for that of a jealous person—he is himself the author of the epistle, an amorous valentine, and he desires to learn its effect upon her whose charms it celebrates, and whose sweet pity it invokes. His clandestine behavior in the circumstances may be justified on the plea that "all's fair in war," for if he is a lover not yet

accepted, he is practically laying siege to his lady's heart, and may be pardoned for the use of all current military expedients to insure its capture.

The artist has bestowed particular care upon the accessories of his picture. The rich and stately furniture of the apartment and the elegant draperies have received masterly treatment at his hands.

A Late Eclipse.

On the morning of the late eclipse, Captain Von S —, of the Fusiliers, issued the following verbal order to his company, through his sergeant-major, to be communicated to the men after forenoon parade:

"This afternoon a solar eclipse will take place. At 3 o'clock the whole company will parade in the barracks yard Fatigue jackets and caps. I shall explain the eclipse to the men. Should it rain, they will assemble in the drill shed."

The sergeant-major, having set down his commanding officer's instructions in writing, as he had understood them, formed the company into hollow square, at the conclusion of the morning drill, and read his version of the order to them, thus: "This afternoon a solar eclipse will take place in the barracks yard, by order of the captain, and will be attended by the whole company in fatigue jackets and caps.

"The captain will conduct the solar eclipse in person.

"Should it rain, the eclipse will take place in the drill shed." Newmarket, Ont. A. R.