

## The Quiet Hour

### The Loom of Time

"Man's life is laid in the loom of time  
To a pattern he does not see,"  
While the weaver works and the shuttles fly  
Till the dawn of eternity.

Some shuttles are filled with silver thread.  
And some with threads of gold,  
While often but the darker hue  
Is all that they may hold.

But the weaver watches with skilful eye  
Each shuttle fly to and fro,  
And sees the pattern so deftly worked  
As the loom moves sure and slow.

God surely planned the pattern—  
Each thread, the dark and fair,  
Is chosen by His master skill  
And placed in the web with care.

He, only, knows its beauty,  
And guides the shuttles which hold  
The threads so unattractive  
As well as the threads of gold.

Not till each loom is silent  
And the shuttles cease to fly,  
Shall God unroll the pattern,  
And explain the reason why.

The dark threads were as needful  
In the weaver's skilful hand  
As the threads of gold and silver  
For the pattern which he planned.

—Grant Colfax Tullar

### Stupid, Indeed

Young farmers have often had occasion to notice that a cow standing up to her knees in clover in her owner's best field will cut her neck on a wire fence reaching after worthless weeds on the other side. Such a cow is stupid—for a cow. But she is not half so stupid as most human beings are who will reach through the fence of the Ten Commandments to get pain and trouble, instead of enjoying what God freely gives them.

### Like Stars

"Christians are called to be like stars—luminous, steadfast, majestic, attractive." So says Christina Rossetti; and the saying, though it takes the average Christian's breath is true. Christ, who was able to take a group of obscure Galilean men, no whit above others, for his apostles, and set them as stars in the firmament of history, can do the same to-day. It is not our original powers, but our lack of entire consecration of body and soul to Christ, that makes our light feeble, wavering, close to earth—a rushlight, not a star.

### Common Days

One of the chief dangers of life is trusting occasions. We think that conspicuous events, striking experiences, exalted moments, have most to do with our character and capacity. We were wrong. Common days; monotonous hours, wearisome paths, plain old tools and every-day clothes, tell the real story. Good habits are not made on birthdays, nor Christian character at the New Year. The vision may dawn, the dream may waken, the heart may leap with a new inspiration on some mountaintop, but the test, the triumph, is at the foot of the mountain, on the level plain.

The workshop of character is every-day life. The uneventful and commonplace hour is where the battle is won or lost. Thank God for a new truth, a beautiful idea, a glowing experience; but remember that unless we bring it down to the ground, and teach it to walk with feet, work with hands,

and stand the strain of daily life, we have worse than lost it; we have been hurt by it.

A new light in our heart makes an occasion; but an occasion is an opportunity, not for building a tabernacle, and feeling thankful, and looking back to a blessed memory, but for shedding the new light on the old path, and doing old duties with new inspiration. The uncommon life is the child of the common day, lived in an uncommon way.—*Maltbie Davenport Babcock.*

### Happiness Now

If the passing weeks teach us anything, it is that we should be getting our comfort and happiness out of life as we go on. Many think they will get it by-and-by, when they have achieved success, but how often, even when that end is reached, the anticipated glamour fades. Meanwhile, one has lost the best that life yields every day. In the long run, there can be nothing better than work and friendship, nothing sweeter than the love and confidence of little children, no richer rewards than a sense of duty done and service rendered. God has been as good to us this week, and will be as good to us next week, as He ever has been or can be, provided we will let His goodness touch and enrich our lives. Complications, distresses, disappointments, failures—yes, these are part and parcel, too, of our present life—and some day we may emerge from the shadow and incubus of them, but even while they press us down, why lose or ignore the sources of peace and joy right at hand!—*Boston Transcript.*

### Diamonds in the Rough

A little while ago I stood in a wonderful mine in Kimberly, a diamond mine. I was taken down 2,520 feet, and they gave me a pick, and I brought down some of that blue mold carrying the diamonds to my feet. Some of it crumbled, and I searched with the electric light, but I could see no diamond. Yet in that ground there are diamonds of countless value, and God put them there. Somebody was riding through your streets one day with Ruskin, and said: "What disgusting stuff this London mud is!" Ruskin said: "In that mud there are the sand and soot and water and lime out of which God makes opals and sapphires and diamonds." And if God can make opals and sapphires and diamonds out of London mud, he can make something out of the poor cripple who lives next door to you, if you will only help God to save him; and that is your business and mine now. Fasten your eyes on somebody. If they are crippled, you know not what it is there. Give it a chance. Smile on it, love it, help it; it will surprise you. There may be a lump of humanity all dwarfed, twisted, crooked; never had a chance yet, remember; cursed in its birth, made drunk in its mother's milk, born with the blood of the harlot, the drunkard and the thief in its veins. In God's name, have pity on such! Christ died for the worst. If you believe it, live as though you do, and help them back to God.—*Gypsy Smith.*

### The Value of Friendship

Friendship, like everything else, is tested by results. If you wish to know the value of any friendship, you must ask what it has done for you, and what it has made for you.

The friendship of Jesus could stand this test. Look at the Twelve! Consider what they were before they knew Him, and think what His influence made them, and what position they occupy now! They were humble men, some of them, perhaps, with unusual natural gifts, but rude and undeveloped every one. Without Him they would never have been anything. They would have lived and died in the obscurity of their pleasant occupations, and been laid in unmarked graves by the blue waters of the sea of Galilee. They would never have been heard of twenty miles from home, and would all have been forgotten in less than a century. But His intercourse and conversation raised them to a place among the best and wisest of the sons of men, and they now sit on thrones, ruling the modern world with their ideas and example.

Our friendship, too, must submit to this test. There are friendships so called which are like millstones dragging down those who are tied to them into degradation and shame. But