

HOPE'S QUIET HOUR

WHAT WILL YOU HAVE?

"What will you have?" quoth God. "Pay for it and take it."

—Emerson.

This morning I received a letter from one of our readers asking for a chat on the subject of Psalm xxxvii., 4, 5: "Delight thyself also in the LORD; and He shall give thee the desires of thine heart. Commit thy way unto the LORD; trust also in Him; and He shall bring it to pass." Thanking the writer of the letter for her kind words—as I thank the other friends who help on the "Quiet Hour" by their sympathy and prayers—I shall do my best to carry out her wishes.

It is a great thing to have the assurance that God is pledged to give us the desires of our hearts, for, of course, we all want to get what we have set our hearts on. But there are conditions, you see—it is a covenant with conditions attached. Those who "delight" in the Lord and trust themselves and all that they have in His hand, can safely expect to have their desires granted; for they are desires he wants to satisfy. It is impossible to delight in God, and trust in Him, without setting one's heart on personal holiness and the power and opportunity of service. Because our beloved is beautiful, with the beauty of shining holiness, we want to be holy too. Because we love God, we must love our fellows, and love is always eager to serve.

What will you have? If your heart's desire is only to attain some coveted pleasure—a pleasure that perishes as you grasp it—why, you will have to begin all over again, as soon as it is attained, and perhaps years will have been wasted with nothing to show for them. If your heart's desire is to become very rich, then you may waste the whole of life in piling up wealth, and go out through the door of Death into the mysterious life beyond, with a starved soul, "naked and all in rags." What profit will it be then to a man to have "gained the whole world," if his glorious possession—the soul—he shrivelled and weak, mean and stunted and miserable? If your heart's desire is to win the praise and admiration of your fellows, in country or city or continent, that also will seem a very paltry ambition when you look back on life's journey from the door of death. It really makes less difference than we are apt to imagine whether we are praised or blamed—except so far as it affects our daily life's struggle. If praise is an encouragement and inspiration to climb higher and do better, then it is a gain. If it should make us rest on our oars, then it is a serious loss. If blame and criticism crush out effort, arouse bitterness or cool enthusiasm; then its consequences will be disastrous. But if it should open our eyes to our faults and warn us to trust less in ourselves and more in God; then it will be a great advantage. So the matter lies in our own hands. Praise may be a gift or a catastrophe, and so may blame—or anything else that comes our way, for that matter. We all possess the Midas-touch, which can convert what we touch into living gold—the gold of strong and beautiful character. As Van Dyke reminds us:

"All the bars at which we fret
That seem to prison and control,
Are but the doors of daring set
Ajar before the soul."

But if you delight in the Lord, and if your heart's desire is to climb nearer to Him in unstained purity of heart, while reaching out a helping hand to struggling comrades beside you, then the promise of the text is all your own. God will most certainly give you your heart's desire, little by little, as you are able to hold it—but it must continue to be your

heart's desire. While a man wants anything with all his might, he will work steadily nearer to it. To want goodness, and the power of service, only by fits and starts, will be to slip back weakly. Steady effort in any direction means steady progress. Are you steadily pressing towards your goal? Then you must be nearer it than you were last year, and God is pressing into your hand the gift you asked him for. A man who was discouraged by repeated defeats, was once walking purposelessly along the street, ready to give up the battle altogether. He stooped to pick up a piece of crumpled paper at his feet, and read on it these words: "If you are tempted to turn back, go on, sir; go on!" He was not really beaten—people never are—he only thought himself beaten. He took courage, and, with Hope instead of Despair as his counsellor, came out the victor.

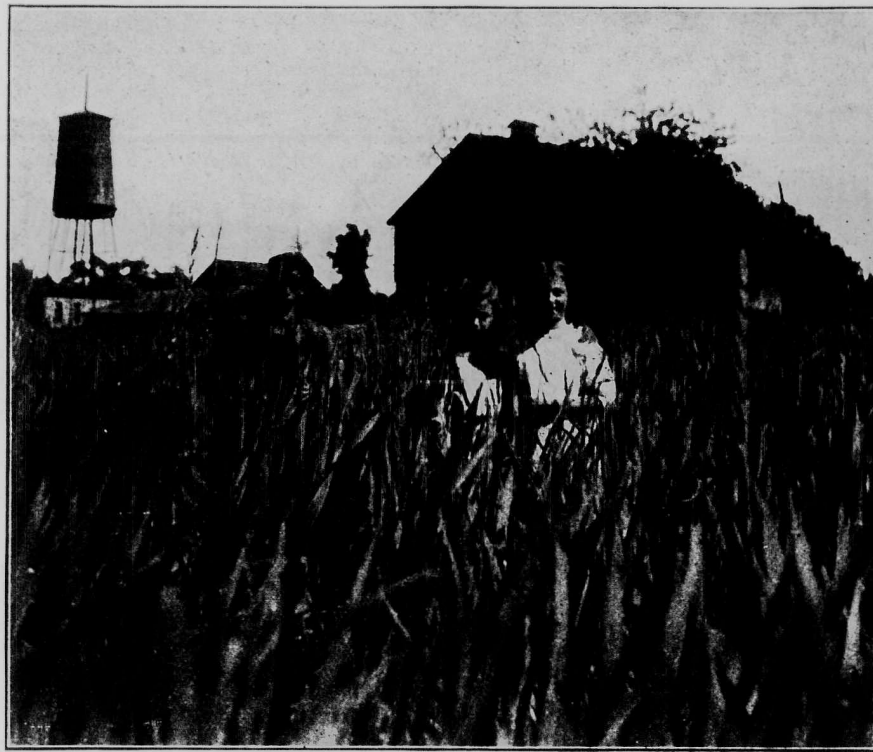
Does God often give the touch needed for the direction of His children? Does He guide His people through the wilderness as unerringly as Israel of old? Have we also the pillar of fire by night and the pillar of cloud

sire regarding it—which is that it may help all who read it to see more clearly the Vision of the King in His beauty. A daring ambition, is it not? but I will go forward like Jonathan, saying: "It may be that the LORD will work for us: for there is no restraint to the LORD to save by many or by few."

I am very sure that if we try to keep the desires of our heart's fixed on God and goodness, He will never fail to give us plain directions, so that we may steer safely towards the haven where we would be.

"Ah! if our souls but poise and swing,
Like the compass in its brazen ring,
Ever level and even, true
To the toil and the task we have to do,
We shall sail securely, and safely reach
The Fortunate Isles, on whose shining beach
The sights we see, and the sounds we hear,
Will be those of joy and not of fear."

We must all walk by faith and not by sight, even in everyday matters. The farmer plants his seed, trusting that God will send the sunshine and rain, and trusting also that there is life in the seed itself, which will reach



THE FLOWER GARDEN.

by day, so that we can say undoubtedly: "God told me to do this!" Why, of course, we have. Sometimes we make mistakes, but that is when we have not committed our way unto the Lord, and have been too eager in going our own road to see the way He was pointing out. May I give you a leaf out of my own experience?

Last fall I was tied to my sofa for many months, and my opportunity of service seemed to have grown narrow. Suddenly a thought came to me: "Why not write a book?" was the insistent message that seemed ringing in my ears. At first I laughed at the idea, but it came again and again, until I felt that to push it aside would be to refuse an opportunity which God had given me of delivering a message from Him. How could I ask Him to open the door for service and then turn my back on the door? He had opened wide when He shut others? I grew more uncomfortable while I debated the question, and only found life peaceful again when I made up my mind to go ahead. Some may think it very presumptuous to say that God told me to publish the book—"The Vision of His Face"—which is now ready. But, in my opinion, it would be far more presumptuous to publish a book unless God very plainly directed me. I have committed it to Him, trusting that He will fulfill my heart's de-

out and assimilate nutriment from everything within reach, and will grow thereby. He needs quite as much trust as the sower of spiritual seed. A man starts out in business and must spend large sums on his building and stock-in-trade, trusting that he will gain in proportion to his careful but generous outlay. Many years are spent in obtaining a good education—at the cost of patience, work and money—in faith that in the years to come the life will be enriched according to the way the foundation has been laid. We live through the winter in faith that the summer will come—and prove our faith by preparing for it beforehand. We spent youth in preparing to make use of the opportunities which faith promises us in the future. Don't let us allow faith—faith which has helped us to conquer in our daily fight—to tremble as we move very near to the veil which hides the new life from us. We are being educated here for greater opportunities in the future. Let us commit our education to the great Master, in sure faith that He can and will make all things work together for good, so that we may gain our heart's desire—yes, even when it seems impossible; like Abraham being fully persuaded that what He promised He is able also to perform.

DORA FARNCOMB.

INGLE NOOK

THE MEMORY OF A LAUGH

Dear Dame Durden,—The very first visit I make to your nook I come begging. Did you ever hear of anything in worse taste? Well if you'll let me in this time, I'll promise not to teg every time. And what I want is "A Pig Tale." It was a very humorous short story that appeared in a special edition of the Advocate, I think it was in the exhibition Number, 1904. I saved it so well that I don't know where it is and as it is a most laughable yarn, I am hoping that some of the good chatters might restore it to me. I would be so glad to have it again. To my mind, anything that produces a good wholesome laugh is to be treasured. We can't afford to lose any fun.

I'm going to try for your china, too, but please wait until our gardens are in order; we farmer's wives are so busy now.

Bright be the Nook and the faces therein.

Sask.

Herberta.

(Can you wait for your story for a few weeks? I'm off on a hurried and unexpected trip to Toronto to hear the addresses at the International Council of women and won't have time till my return. It will be impossible to find a copy of an issue so far back except in the files, so I'll have to get it copied for you. No, we can't afford to lose any fun. Good luck to you in your venture for the china. The offer holds good till the sets are gone. Come again. D. D.)

AN ADOPTED ONE

Dear Dame Durden,—"I want to be adopted too," said a little boy of a large family, when his little brother was adopted in a nice home, but I really think, dear Dame Durden, you have a very wise and sensible family, of ladies at least. I wish to answer to "Bertal" in regard to the seeder and cultivator. It is certainly a grand little implement worth many times its money. I would like to ask the member about the "Old Trusty" incubator. Where can it be had, and who else has tried it? With regard to women's rights to vote, I think dear members, there would not be many votes bought, as I know to be a fact where they had liquor and thereby won a great many their way. If you will notice no nation rises higher than its women. Some men are certainly unfit to vote; they know nothing more than what is told them by some politician. I am not altogether in favor of women ruling the ballot box, but I do think that the men should be sorted too. And I think that the law of the part share of the women can be greatly improved. Where we came from, women got half and nothing could be mortgaged or sold without her signature. My husband says that is the law for the west where the women have the hard frontier time.

Do any of the members try to give the chickens black tea for bad bowels, a simple remedy but a good one. Always put a little salt in drinking water, not any more than you would like yourself. Too much is injurious, but nothing is better than a little. I thank the dear one who told how to prepare peas for winter. Can anyone tell how to can green beans? But I am asking so much and not giving, that I would not be surprised to be found in the W. P. B.

Alta.

Adopted.

Canned Green Beans:—One gal. beans strung and broken, 1 pint pure vinegar, ½ cup white sugar. Boil half an hour in a gallon of water, reckoning the time after the water begins to boil. Seal in glass self-sealers that have been thoroughly sterilized in boiling water, and use new rubber rings.

We are glad to adopt you into our "wise and sensible family", and