

THE QUIET HOUR.

Asking for Counsel.

"God's own hand is pledged to guide me,
God's own strength my strength shall be;
I have God's own eye to watch me,
God's own ear to hear my prayer,
God's own Word to give me orders,
God's own arm my loads to bear."

When King Hezekiah received a threatening letter from a great and powerful enemy, instead of giving way to despair, he did a very sensible thing. Going straight up to the Temple, he spread the letter before the Lord, asking for counsel and help, and very effectual help was given. First came the message concerning the King of Assyria, "He shall not come into this city, nor shoot an arrow there, nor come before it with shield, nor cast a bank against it." The promised deliverance swiftly followed, for "the angel of the Lord went out, and smote in the camp of the Assyrians an hundred fourscore and five thousand."

Our own much-beloved Queen knew that only God could give the wisdom needed to govern a great nation. She passed the first hours of her reign on her knees, praying for herself and her people. Surely her glorious reign proved the value of her constant practice of asking counsel from God.

When people feel utterly helpless they often turn to God, but that is not the only time to ask counsel. Sometimes we fancy that our own judgment is quite enough for the case, and, because we don't ask for wisdom, we make very serious mistakes. Do you remember how Joshua was deceived by the Gibeonites? It looked such a simple, easy matter to decide. Here were ambassadors claiming to have come from a far country. They were clever actors, and had dressed for the part with crafty skill. Their clothes were old and tattered; their bread was dry and mouldy; their goat-skin bottles old, and rent, and bound up. Who could have suspected that these apparently toil-worn travellers were near neighbors? Joshua and the princes were easily persuaded to make a league with them. Why? Because they "asked not counsel at the mouth of the Lord." If we form a habit of asking for wisdom and tact in small matters, there is not much danger of our neglecting to do so in important questions. It is hardly necessary to say that I would never dare to write the *Quiet Hour* without earnest prayer for guidance and help. Words which will be read by thousands are not to be lightly written. It is no wonder that I should echo the words of Miss Havergal: "O teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things Thou dost impart;
And wing my words that they may reach
The hidden depths of many a heart."

But can we always be sure that anything is of small importance? Is not even an ordinary friendly letter an opportunity of influencing another, an opportunity not to be lightly thrown away? Surely it is worth while to secure God's help when it can be done by a momentary prayer.

"Speak to Him thou, for He hears, and Spirit with Spirit can meet;
Closer is He than breathing, and nearer than hands and feet."

When members of the St. Andrew's Brotherhood are trying to influence a young man, they are advised to make their calls not alone, but with a companion. While one does the talking, the other prays silently. Thus they may be sure of directing their friendly campaign with tact, discretion and common sense, a most difficult quality to gain.

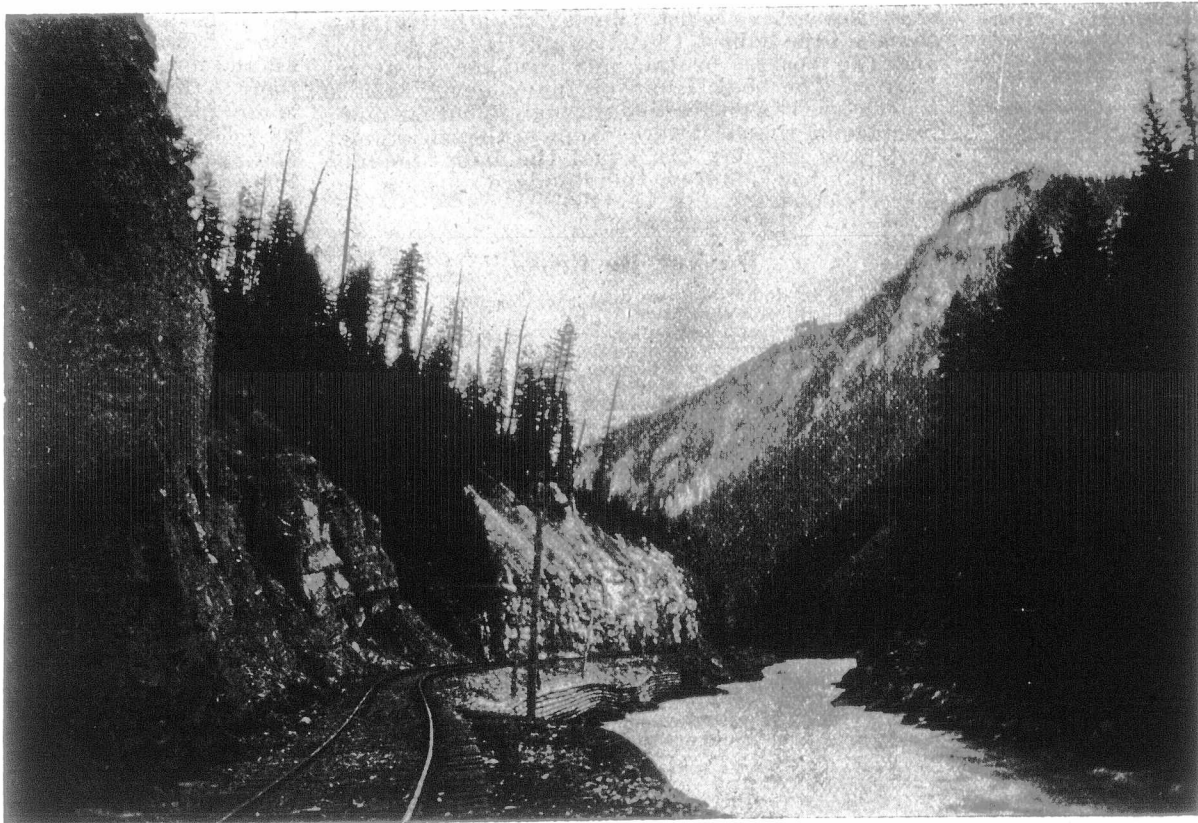
Those who make a habit of looking up to God many times a day, can answer for the truth of the promise: "Before they call I will answer; and while they are yet speaking I will hear." Every morning, when we wake, our eyes should open to the vision of Christ's face. Drummond says: "Five minutes spent in the companionship of Christ every morning—ay, two minutes, if it be face to face and heart to heart—will change your whole day, will make every thought and feeling different, will enable you to do things for His sake that you would not have done for your own sake or for any one's sake." It is not only wisdom and help that we may gain by putting all our affairs in God's hands; it will also free us from worry and anxious care. If we say, honestly, "O Lord, I am oppressed, undertake for me," and then trust Him to make all things work together for our good, confidence and peace will drive anxiety and worry out of the citadel of our soul.

"Hidden in the hollow
Of His blessed hand,
Never foe can follow,
Never traitor stand.
Not a surge of worry,
Not a shade of care,
Not a blast of hurry
Touch the spirit there.
Stayed upon Jehovah,
Hearts are fully blest,
Finding, as He promised,
Perfect peace and rest."

HOPE.

The Kicking Horse Canyon.

Near the "Great Divide," where the dancing waters part into two separate streams—the one to flow into the Pacific, the other into Hudson's Bay—the Canadian Pacific Railway descends with a rapidity only made possible by one of the many engineering triumphs to which we owe the opening up of the whole route. As it passes the beautiful lake, crosses the deep gorge of the Wapta or Kicking Horse River and seems almost to cling to the mountain sides, the traveller, breathless and awe-struck, looks down upon the water, which appears but as a silver thread a thousand feet below. Our picture does not show us the rock formation which, from a certain similitude to a horse with hind legs elevated after the manner of that animal when of a different mind to its rider, suggested the cognomen of Wapta, or Kicking Horse, to the Indian who thus named it; nor does it present to us the river in the wilder mood, but rather is it suggestive of the horse which, though champing its bit and with mouth still foam-covered from the late conflict of wills, has yielded to the inevitable and goes on its course without further useless remonstrance. Speaking of the great glacier field of the Northwest, which has been



THE KICKING HORSE CANYON.

aply called "The New Tourist Mecca," Mr. Duchesnay, Superintendent of the Pacific Division of the Canadian Pacific Railway, has aroused considerable interest in scientific circles and amongst prominent botanists by his recent discoveries. He tells also of the exquisite flora found upon the high level meadow which furnishes pasturage for the innumerable wild goats which make it their home. Mr. Duchesnay claims that the great Illiciliwaet of which so much has been written by leading explorers does not overshadow in magnitude and grandeur the glaciers to the north of Field. Trails have been blazed to "Look-out," and to a point opposite Wapta or Kicking Horse Falls, where the water drops over a ledge of 1,200 feet above the surface of the pool, and the C. P. R. are planning to erect platforms on the rocks for the benefit of the tourists who in increasing numbers are likely to visit this lovely part of our vast Dominion. The whole route is one of frequent surprises, and to every reader of the *Advocate* who can do so, we would say, if you would realize what a heritage is yours as a son or daughter of Canada, take the trip from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean by our Canadian Pacific Railway; or, if you cannot do this, read books and collect pictures, which, in some measure, will supply the place of a personal acquaintance with the varied beauties of the scenery. It is astonishing what an amount of travelling can be accomplished, book in hand, in a "rocker" upon one's veranda in summer, or in an easy-chair on a long evening in winter.

H. A. B.

A young fellow, having been asked by a recruiting sergeant if he wished to enlist in a Highland regiment, replied:—"Not likely; I'd rather go to a lunatic asylum." "Aweel," said the sergeant, "I've nae doot ye'd feel mair at hame there."

My Neighbors' Children.

BY MRS. EVERGREEN.

There is such a difference in these children. Mrs. Lang, my right-hand neighbor, has a family of fine, healthful-looking boys and girls; while Mrs. Hilton, who lives on the other side of our farm, has two pale, delicate-looking little ones. The contrast is so marked that I have often wondered at its cause. Both families living on farms, sharing the same advantages with regard to fresh air, good water, abundance of fruit and vegetables, etc., yet what a contrast! With a view of investigating the matter, I decided on paying a friendly visit to each house.

Visiting is not always pleasant at Mrs. Hilton's: she is so full of complaints, and of her own affairs. One has to hear all about Johnny's last illness, and Susy's not being able to go to school; about both children's delicate appetites, which must be pampered by all sorts of rich dainties, for they do not care for "common food"; about the heavy bills for medical attendance, and so on. However, wishing to make Mrs. Hilton a real, old-fashioned visit, I started off early in the afternoon, taking my knitting. It happened to be my neighbor's ironing-day, but as we were women, we could easily keep iron, needles and tongues going all together.

I noticed how deftly the iron smoothed out the pretty frilled aprons for Susy, and the hand-knitted lace on the pillow-cases.

At four o'clock my hostess said it was time to see about tea, and as her bread was a little dry, she would make some light cream biscuits. I begged her not to do so on my account, but the children said, "Oh, please do, mamma, and give us maple syrup with them!" (You see, not being well, the children were not at school.)

Besides these rich biscuits, there were doughnuts, two other kinds of cake, fruit, meat, pickles and pie on the table, and those children ate freely of everything but bread, which they thought was "too dry." I now began to see how to account for the pale faces and doctor's bills.

After tea the cows were milked and the calves fed. These calves were great pets, and deservedly so, for they were beauties, fat and sleek, fed on good, pure milk, and I said to myself (wishing that I had the courage to say it right out), "If those pale, thin children had taken a bowl of that rich milk, with that despised bread, for their tea, they would be stronger and more healthful." As I walked home across the fields, still knitting, I thought to myself, "Dear me! it would be almost better to be a calf than a child, on that farm!"

Not long after, I thought I would go to see how Mrs. Lang was getting on with her fall work. We had ex-

changed settings of eggs in the spring, and I wished to know how many chicks she had raised. Some way, I always like to go to Mrs. Lang's. She is so cheery and sensible, and her three boys and two girls seem so happy in their home, which is plain but comfortable.

We spent a delightful afternoon, talking of many interesting things. The children came in from school, and went cheerfully about their several duties. The eldest girl got the tea ready while the mother and I took a walk in the garden. When we were called to tea, I was secretly wondering what we were to have, as the mother had said nothing about preparations, but we sat down to a well-appointed feast: good bread and butter, buns, cold ham, apple sauce, and best of all, baked beans. I was greatly impressed with the dainty table-manners of the children, and the evident relish they had for the good, wholesome food. No bolting of rich food in this house, no signs of dyspepsia. Mrs. Lang seemed to have solved the problem of "plain living and high thinking," and her children showed the good effects of it.

An Irishman recently went to the market to sell a live cock, which had unfortunately lost an eye. While exposing the bird for sale, a man offered him two shillings for it. "Be off wid yer," exclaimed Pat; "two shillings for a cock like that." "Well," said the man, "it has only one eye, don't you know?" "Wan eye, did you say?" roared the artful owner. "Can't yer see the cratur is only giving me the wink not to take your offer?"

Scene—Road near Paisley. Minister meets John, who has of late abjured churchgoing. Minister—"Well, John, I haven't seen you at the kirk for some time past, and would like to know the reason?" John—"Weel, ye see, I hae three decided objections tae gae. Firstly, I dinna believe in bein' whaur a dae a' talkin'; secondly, I dinna believe in sae muckle singin'; and thirdly, in conclusion, 'twas there I got the wife."