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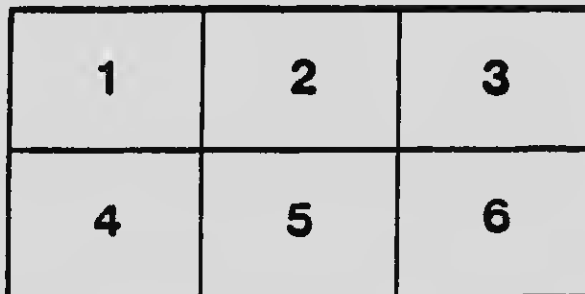
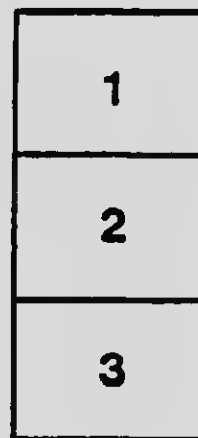
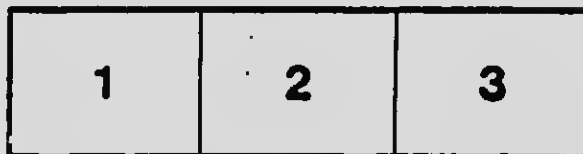
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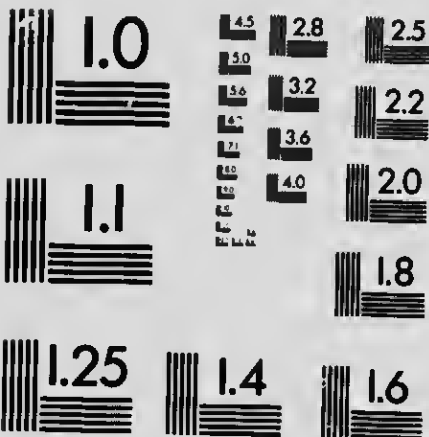
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The Quiet Hour



The Quiet Hour

Published by ALBERT E. REEVE.

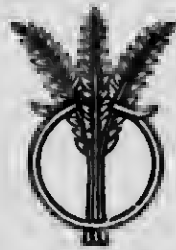
Vancouver, B. C., February 1st, 1911.

The Quiet Hour

*A short series of stories in verse
from the bedside of an
invalid*

BY

Albert E. Reeve



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PREFACE

BY A FRIEND OF THE AUTHOR

I have known Mr. A. E. Reeve for some twenty years, first on Vancouver Island, then eleven years ago in Vancouver city. At the opening of the Sixth Avenue Methodist church he and his wife were present. The following Sunday he was soundly converted to God, united with the Church, later, becoming leader of the choir, Mrs. Reeve being the organist. He was the first secretary of the Sunday School, and shortly after, became a local preacher, conducting prayer meetings in the city, and preaching at Collingwood, and at North and South Vancouver. He was an active and successful worker until the beginning of his illness, October 26th, 1905, continuing to work as long as he was able to walk.

And now, for sixteen months, lying totally disabled, having no power to move his body from neck to feet, he is a wonderful witness to the power of God to keep in perfect peace those who trust in Him. While passing through the fiery furnace of affliction, he has proved the blessed

Saviour's words: "My grace is sufficient." On his couch he lies, perfectly resigned, merely an instrument in the hands of God, and bearing testimony to all who visit him, to the mighty saving and keeping power of the Lord Jesus Christ.

In this way he has been a comfort and inspiration to many who have come in contact with him. In sending this little book into the world, he trusts and prays that those who read it may find it a source of spiritual comfort, leading to complete resignation to the will of God. For, though we may have trials in our earthly life, they are but a preparation for that everlasting life, a reward unto those who, though passing through much tribulation, remember the blessed Saviour's words, "Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world."

REV. A. E. GREEN

1076 Pender Street,
Vancouver, B. C.

A Prayer

G



OUR Father, which art in heaven, and yet ever present on earth with those who place their trust in Thee, we come into Thy presence with our hearts filled with joy. Thou hast made all things pure, where sin once did reign. Thou hast given sunshine in place of darkness; happiness in place of sadness; and, above all, that abiding peace which the world cannot give. Trials and afflictions may come, but Thy grace is sufficient for us, and Thy everlasting arms are round about us.

Keep us, we pray Thee, by Thy mighty power, and may our thoughts and actions toward our fellow men be full of unselfishness; and may we love one another even as Christ loved us. Teach us how to prepare on this earth for the life that is to come, for the night cometh when no man can work. These mercies we ask in the name of Jesus Christ our Saviour. Amen.

*"My soul is humble in me."
Lam. 3: 20*

Gratitude

Thou, O Christ, hast always taught me
Everything I know.
Thou, O Christ, art always with me,
Everywhere I go.
Wilt Thou then despise, forsake me,
In my hour of need ?
Ever open is Thy ear
When for Thy love I plead.

In Thy mercy Thou wilt guide me
Throughout every trial.
Always present to advise me
'Gainst the tempter's guile.
Humbly at Thy cross I kneel,
Bringing all my sin.
Jesus, Master, may I feel
Thou art entering in ?

Thou hast shed Thy blood for me,
Christ, my great Redeemer.
Crucified on Calvary's tree
For a worthless sinner.
Now I love my voice to raise
Ever for Thy glory.
Sing Thy name in prayer and praise,
Tell it forth in story.

When the way seems long and dark
Thou art always near,
Bidding me my courage keep
Filling me with cheer.
Trials and sorrows seem but naught
In the longest hour.
For salvation Thou hast wrought,
With Thy mighty power.

Then Jesus, Saviour, may I strive
Ever to be like Thee ;
May I upright walk through life
Leaving sin behind me.
Teach me, Master, how to pray,
And ever faithful be.
Till I reach those realms above
And Thy glory see.

*"I heard behind me a great voice."
Revelations 1: 10*

The Shepherd's Voice

Hark, what voice is this we hear,
That thrills us through and through?
'Tis Jesus Christ the Friend so dear,
Who bids us strength renew.
Whose blood can wash out every stain
And make us happy once again.

On Calvary's cross His blood was shed
That redeemed we might be;
'Twas there He suffered, hung and bled,
Sinner, for you and me.
How can we, then, resist the call?
Pardon and peace are free to all.

Without one plea, He bids us come
And lay our burdens down;
Welcomes us into His home,
And gives us each a crown.
No longer, then, can we say "Nay!"
For Christ with love has won the day.

*"Being grieved for their hardness of heart."
Mark 3: 5*

A Mother's Grief

Rebellious! yes, to the last degree,
And said unjust was He
Who dared to take away her son,
From his life of misery.

A patient sufferer he had been,
But never ceased to pray
To Christ, the Saviour, for that grace
Which helps us day by day.

His heavenly Father said: "Enough!
Thy earthly trials are done;
Each faithful servant earns a prize,
And thou a crown hast won."

The mother does not hear that Voice,
So full of grief is she;
Her thoughts are on the lifeless form—
Not on Eternity.

The Saviour speaks unto her now :
"Come unto Me and rest.
His earthly form will turn to dust ;
His soul is with the blest."

Our life is but a passing hour
Nearly closed for Thee ;
Just lay Thy sorrows at His feet,
And He will set you free.

*"Then cometh Jesus with them unto a place
called Gethsemane." Matt. 26. 36*

The Hours of Sorrow

Beneath the Mount of Olives lay
A garden fair to see ;
'Twas there the Saviour went to pray,
And suffered agony.
How sacred, then, this spot must be
To all mankind ! Gethsemane.

The scriptures they must be fulfilled
To give the sinner light ;
Hence, Jesus sweat those drops of blood
On that eventful night.
Hallowed ever must it be,
That sacred spot ! Gethsemane.

He said to His disciples three :
"Tarry, and watch ye here,
For I am mournful unto death
And the hour is very near."
Thus He prayed, 'neath the olive tree
In that Heav'nly spot ! Gethsemane.

"Abba, Father, all things with Thee
 Are possible, I know.
 Thy will be done, not Mine, I pray
 I'm ready now to go."
 In humility and love, thus prayed He
 To His heav'nly Father, from Gethsemane.

And thus, He drank the cup for all,
 That redeemed we might be :
 How can we, then, repay that debt
 To such a Friend as He ?
 And straight away to Calvary,
 Our Saviour went from Gethsemane.

To stir up strife in another's life
 Is never a victory won ;
 Better far to pray as the Saviour did :
 Thy will, not mine be done ;
 For each one of us will surely see
 The day we'll meet our Gethsemane.

*"Ponder the path of thy feet."
Proverbs 4: 26*

The Broad and Narrow Way

The devil and sin go hand in hand
Echoes of the depths below ;
If you would enter Satanland,
It's an easy road to go.

Christ and love go hand in hand,
A gift from heaven so dear ;
If you would enter Gloryland,
Your title must be clear.

The devil will try with all his might
To tempt you every hour ;
But Christ has overcome the world
And holds the reins of power.

Then wisely choose the path you take,
The narrow or the broad ;
The broad will lead you down to hell,
The narrow up to God.

*"The glory of all lands."
Ezekiel 20: 6*

Gloryland

When trials and afflictions in this world are o'er,
And we shall meet on that beautiful shore,
Gather around Him, His praises to sing;
Hail to our Saviour! hail to our King!

Oh! when the Master for me shall call,
Glorious day, brightest of all;
Close by His side and the doors opened wide,
Into that Gloryland, brightest of all.

Though friends may forsake us and health should
us fail,
Yet Christ never leaves us to weather the gale.
His voice may be heard o'er the turbulent sea:
Lo! here is thy refuge, for I died for thee.

Oh! how I long for Jesus to come,
To hear His dear voice calling me home;
To stand by His side, see the gates opened
wide,
Into that Gloryland, brightest of all.

*"Repent for the kingdom of Heaven
is at hand." Matt. 3: 2*

Salvation

A sinner once to Jesus came,
His heart bowed down with sin ;
He oft had heard the Saviour's voice,
But would not let Him in.

No thought of Christ had crossed his mind
Whilst winning himself fame ;
His friends were legion, and so kind,
Until misfortune came.

'Twas then he realized that wealth
Had never brought content ;
For, friends all gone and shattered health,
He to destruction went.

The devil led him by the hand
Along the gay, broad road ;
Which only ends in darkest night,
And hell for an abode.

But, still the sinner heeded not,
When, lo ! he hears the cry :
"Brother ! friend ! retrace thy steps,
For danger lieth nigh."

He stopped—and listened—looked around,
 But no one could he see ;
 So, hastened on, on pleasure bent,
 No thought of Christ had he.

When once again he heard that voice :
 “ Be not afraid, ’tis I ! ”
 The Friend of man, a Friend to you
 When danger lieth nigh.

That voice, it thrills him through and through,
 And answering, said he :
 “ A friend to me ? I have no friend !
 It cannot, cannot be ! ”

The voice replied in words of love :
 “ Come unto Me and rest. ”
 The sinner cries : “ My Saviour dear,
 Thou knowest what is best. ”

“ I lay my sins all at Thy feet,
 And pardon ask from Thee ;
 Thou blessed One, God’s only Son,
 For, Thou hast died for me. ”

*"Sorrow not even as others which have
no hope." 1 Thes. 4: 13*

A Mother's Hope

A mother sat in an easy chair,
Her thoughts were far away ;
For sorrow had come unto her there,
On a quiet summer's day.
At one cruel blow, her aim, her all
Had passed away beyond recall.

He always was his mother's joy,
The idol of her heart ;
He'd torment, tease her, or annoy,
She'd take it in good part.
Her heart was grieved, for, there was none
Could take the place of that dear son.

He'd barely reached to manhood's verge,
For, he was but nineteen ;
When sorrows o'er his mother surge,
For, death had come between.
That mother hopes, and not in vain,
In heaven she'll meet that son again.

Our Boy

What did you say ? A quiet boy ?
Well, you've got to guess again.
Yes, he always is his mother's joy :
After he gets the cane.

Oh ! he's a terror when he starts
Just like a bull let loose ;
For, up and down the stairs he darts
A-yelling like the deuce.

He scares the chickens and the hens,
Ties tin cans to the dogs.
He lets the geese out of their pens,
Feeds fresh eggs to the hogs.

He'll windows break, and doors will shake,
Tie crackers to the cat ;
Puts thistles in your feather bed
And hornets in your hat.

He mixes soap up with the cheese,
Pours oil into the stew,
And Epson salts into the flour,
And in the pie puts glue.

The only time when he is quiet
Is when he gets in bed.
At any other time of day
You'd wish that you were dead.

*"We have done that which was our
duty to do." Luke 17: 10*

Beatrice

Just a little careworn wife,
Watching every day
By the couch of him, whose life
Was fading fast away.

Just a little anxious wife
Always full of love,
Carrying out the duty
Laid on her from above.

Just a broken-hearted helpmate
Full of grief, was she ;
For, God had taken him home to rest,
To ever with Him be.

Just a crown of glory
For her, 'tis laid aside ;
Who never failed at duty's call,
But did it with great pride.

*"For ye are bought with a price."
1 Cor. 6: 20*

Ransomed

Ye are Mine, bought with a price,
Paid for, on Calvary.
For you, I made the sacrifice ;
My blood was shed for thee.

Great was the love I had for you,
Thus the Father loved me ;
Willing even to give My life
That redeemed you might be.

The price is paid, the debt wiped out ;
Heaven's gates are opened wide
To sinners, who believe that Christ
For them was crucified.

The day has come, just listen now :
He is knocking at the door.
See that the Saviour dwells with you
Before the night is o'er.

*"And filleth the hungry soul with
goodness." Psalm 107: 9*

All is Well

The shadows now are falling very fast,
But all is well.
My soul will soon be safely home at last,
And all is well.
Oh! precious Saviour, precious unto me,
Guide Thou my steps and lead them up to Thee.

I did not always hear the Shepherd's voice,
But now 'tis well.
And in this love my heart can now rejoice,
For all is well.
He gave me peace I never knew before,
And soon in heaven I'll praise Him evermore.

His loving presence fills my soul with joy
Since all is well
No earthly power can ever do destroy,
For all is well.
Thou blessed Saviour, who hast died for me,
In Thee I trust, may I Thy glory see. Amen.

*"A friend loveth at all times."
Proverbs 17: 17*

The Only Friend

Do you find life's troubles hard?
You need a friend.

Can you for ever be on guard?
You need a friend.

Does the sunshine ne'er break through?
Is there gloom, and darkness, too?
Ne'er a light beyond for you?
You need a friend.

Do earthly pleasures fill your life
Without a friend?

Can you always combat strife
Without a friend?

The world may roll along all right;
But when the shadows turn to night,
Are you sure you'll win the fight
Without a friend?

There is One Who's waiting now
To be your Friend!

If you will only Him allow,
He'll be your Friend.

First, you must cleanse your heart from sin,
Make all things pure and bright for Him:
Then, ask the Lord to enter in,
For, He's your Friend.

*"The glory of children are their fathers."
Proverbs 17: 6*

Two Little Tots

They were just two frolics, Billie and Sis,
But they loved each other dear.
Their quarrels were merely childish play
And ended without a tear.

They had never known a father's care,
For, on a couch, he lay
Unable to move a hand or foot
Throughout the whole long day.

Afflicted through some cause unknown,
Which science could not efface ;
And, if ever he should walk again,
'Twould be by God's good grace.

And so God sent into his life
Little chubby Sis, aged three ;
And Billie boy with large brown eyes,
Just over eight was he.

Sis, with her busy, prattling tongue
Made music merrily ;
Whilst Billie boy with shouts and laughs
Would fill the house with glee.

Just like two angels sent from heaven
To herald forth good cheer ;
For, in this world we may have trials,
But eternity is near.

God moves in a mysterious way,
And, what now we cannot see
Will all appear to us quite clear
When we reach eternity.

The story is closed, the trials are o'er,
For, the father died to-day.
The Saviour has called him home to heaven
Leaving two little tots at play.

*"Thou, Lord, art good and ready to
forgive." Psalm 86: 5*

The Wanderer

A mother sat by the fireside,
Her heart was full of care ;
Her cheeks were pale, her hair was grey,
No happiness was there.
Deep furrows ran across her brow,
Her hands were thin and white ;
Her thoughts were back on bygone days
On that cold, wintry night.

She sternly gazed into the fire
And pondered o'er the past.
Success had never crowned the life
Which now, was fleeing past.
As visions rose before her eyes,
She vainly tried to find
Where she had done one single act
To benefit mankind.

A selfish life had been her lot,
No kindness ever shown
To any friend who met reverse,
So hardened had she grown.
Just like a wanderer on the earth,
She ne'er had been content ;
For love and happiness were marred
In every home she went.

Her life was almost to a close,
And, ere it was too late,
The God above had given her
A chance to meditate.
See ! a vision brighter than the rest
Appears before her sight.
See sees the Saviour, Son of God,
On this cold, winter night.

Spellbound, she rises, then kneels down
In this, her hour of need :
Father, Saviour, hear my prayer,
I for Thy mercy plead.
Where darkness reigned, the sun now shines,
And everything is bright.
The balance of my days I'll spend
In making wrongs aright.

*"These words spake Jesus and lifted up
His eyes to heaven." John 17: 1*

The Prayer in the Garden

Father in heaven, the hour has come
For Thee to glorify Thy Son.
Oh! hear me now : Thy Will be done.
Thus our Lord prayed.

Thy glory shines forth as the sun,
The work Thou gavest me is done,
And all the world I've overcome.
Thus our Lord prayed.

I pray for these who now are Thine,
For, mine are Thine and Thine are mine ;
But, unto Thee I them resign.
Thus our Lord prayed.

Oh, sanctify them through Thy Word ;
Let truth on them be now conferred
To give to those who ne'er have heard.
Thus our Lord prayed.

In Thy hands then these now I leave,
And pray for those who shall believe
Thy Word, be willing to receive.
Thus our Lord prayed.

May all the world Thy love then see,
And those whom Thou hast given to me,
In Glory live eternally.
Thus our Lord prayed.

*"Be of good cheer."
John 16: 33*

A Cheerful Heart

Why not keep a cheerful face
And never look downcast ?
Why should you want to worry,
And nothing gain at last ?
Take my advice,
You'll find it true :
Never trouble trouble
Till trouble troubles you.

Give me the man who has a smile,
Whenever him you'll meet :
He'll quickly cheer your spirits up
And turn the sour to sweet.
Heed my advice,
You'll find it true :
Never hunt up trouble
Until trouble hunts up you.

A cheerful mind, a sunny life,
Brings only happiness ;
But he who borrows trouble
Will never win success.
Take my advice,
You'll find it true :
When you've no use for trouble,
Trouble won't use you.

*"That they which live should not henceforth
live unto themselves." 2 Cor. 5: 13*

A Selfish Life

He was a greedy, selfish father,
Who lived for self each day.
He'd eyes so sunken, cheeks so pale,
And hair just turning grey.
He never worried very much
About his feeble wife
Or daughter, who had yet to know
A pleasure in her life.

That daughter slaved from day to day
To keep that home so bright
For he, whose narrow, paltry mind
Could not tell wrong from right.
He claimed to be a friend of Christ,
But ne'er had heard His call ;
For Jesus Christ gave up His life
Not for Himself, but all.

Some day our labours here will end,
This very night, maybe ;
And he, whose life has selfish been,
Will never glory see.
Then love thy neighbour as thyself,
And do it now—to-day.
In thought, in action, and in words
Just help him on his way.

"Unto you, O men, I call: pride and arrogancy, and the evil way do I hate." Prov. 8: 1, 13

The Village Church

This story of a village church
 Is very strange, but true.
 Its definite location—
 Well, I'll leave that to you.
 This church was built some years ago,
 The date I cannot say.
 It may have been enlarged since then,
 But stands there still to-day.

How well I can recall the morn
 Its doors were open thrown
 To a little band of people ;
 But, they were all God's own.
 There they worshipped Him in truth,
 That Holy One on high ;
 Whose majesty and power extend
 Throughout the earth and sky.

The days and months soon passed away,
And each one did his share
In telling others of that Christ
Who would all burdens bear.
Daily, they offered up their prayers
That revived His work might be,
And sinners learn to seek the Lord,
Their sins to get set free.

And very soon their prayers were heard,
It was a glorious day ;
I still can hear the shouts of those
Whose burdens rolled away.
Praise God ! Amen ! Resounded forth,
Each heart was full of love ;
For God had blessed that little band
With fire sent from above.

Satan was very much displeased
To hear the people shout ;
And so he tried with all his power
To put that fire out.
Said he : " All followers of the Christ
Quite quiet should appear ;
Not sing, or shout, or pray aloud
For other folks to hear."

And so that fire which burned so bright
Began to fade away ;
And now, 'tis but a flickering spark
That may die out to-day.
A cultured preacher, well-trained choir,
Also an organ grand ;
Cushions, carpets, garments fine
Have now that church in hand.

O'er Jerusalem the Saviour wept,
What are His thoughts to-day
About that little village church
Where once He held full sway ?
Pomp and pride are nought with God,
As nothing in His sight ;
Throw off the sham, drive Satan out,
And let the fire burn bright.

*"They were judged every man according
to his work." Rev. 20: 13*

The Judgment Day

Have you ever thought of judgment day?
 'Tis drawing very nigh;
 Then you will stand before that God
 Who rules the earth and sky.
 See that your name is in life's book
 When it is opened wide;
 For, he whose name is not therein
 Will ne'er with Christ abide.

An awful day 'twill be for those
 Who never knew their God;
 Forsook the paths of righteousness
 And in the broad way trod.
 Not everyone that saith "Lord"
 Shall heaven's glory see;
 But they who've wrought the Master's will
 And done it faithfully.

No need to ask for pardon then,
Or for His mercy plead ;
For Christ will turn away His ear
In this, your hour of need.
Now is thy day, trim up thy lamp,
And keep it burning bright ;
That thou may'st dwell with Jesus Christ,
Be ever in His sight.

Don't waste your life on earthly things,
But look beyond the grave :
There may be dying souls close by
That you can help to save.
Judged on that day will each man be,
According to his works.
Cast into hell will be the fate
Of he who duty shirks.

Eleanor

She was a little blue-eyed maid
Not many summers old,
With pretty lips and rosy cheeks,
And hair like purest gold.
Though somewhat frail in body,
Which caused her weary days,
She was always like a sunbeam
Shedding forth its rays.

She was an angel sent from heaven
To spread joy everywhere.
She drove away your troubles,
Dismissed your load of care.
Thus keep her, heavenly Father,
Until life's trials are o'er ;
Then, re-unite us once again
In heaven, with Eleanor.

*"I know Thy works, and patience, and faith."
Rev. 2: 19*

Faithful Mary

Toil on, faithful one, thy day is nigh,
Perhaps, 'tis very near.
Just leave thy trust where it is placed,
And thou hast nought to fear.

Toil on, faithful one, in bygone days
Love's shadow crossed thy heart ;
But, thou wilt see him once again
In heaven no more to part.

Toil on, faithful one, thy earthly life
For others has been spent ;
E'er ready to make the sacrifice
For those on pleasure bent.

Toil on, faithful one, thy courage keep,
Selfish is humanity ;
But, when the Master calls thee home,
Rewarded thou wilt be.

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