

THE QUIET HOUR.

Easter.

Christ is risen! Rejoice and sing!
Over the earth let your voices ring;
Lend to the anthem volume and might,
Breaketh the morning. Fast is the night,
Christ the lamb that for us was slain,
Lo, He was dead, but now liveth again.

Nation with nation unite in the song,
Gather the tidings and bear them along;
Let every creature that liveth now say:
Christ our salvation is risen to-day.
Christ, Who this world from sin hath freed,
Christ the Lord is now risen indeed. —H. O. F.

"He That Liveth, and Was Dead."

Again the great resurrection season is here, and all things seem to echo the words of their King: "I am He that liveth, and was dead." Each Sunday reminds us of that joyous Easter, "the first day of the week," for

"Sundays by thee more glorious break,
An Easter Day in every week."

Every day seems also to bear its witness to the power of life over death, light over darkness. We wake each morning, fresh and vigorous, from an unconsciousness which is the type and image of death. But, more than anything else, the spring-time brings always most direct and undoubted witness to the truth of the Resurrection, and one can hardly see "the trees and plants in spring" without being forcibly reminded of it.

Too often we think and act as though the gospel story had stopped with the Cross, and as though the Easter message had no interest for us. If it had been so, then indeed that first Good Friday would have been "the darkest day that ever dawned on sinful earth." If hate had proved itself stronger than love, if death had won the victory over life, if darkness had blotted out the light of the world, we should have had just cause for despair.

And yet how many who look to Christ for salvation, believing with all their hearts that He died for them, seem to overlook the gladness of the message that "He liveth." He was dead indeed, but the brightness of His resurrection—the rising of the Sun of Righteousness—blots out the darkness of the night. He died for us, but our grateful remembrance of that great sacrifice should not make us overlook the fact that He lives. We may, like Mary Magdalene, be so blinded by tears of love and sorrow, that we fail to recognize the living Presence waiting so near us. Perhaps you may say, "We do indeed believe in the Resurrection of Christ." But is it only a belief of the mind, or does it affect the whole life? Think a moment. Are you careful and troubled about many things? Are you anxious and worried about your worldly affairs? If you are, does it not seem as though you did not really believe that He liveth: watching over your life, perfectly able and certainly intending to make all things work together for your good? Remember the maxim: "Do the best you can, leave results to God." Every time you let your peace be broken by anxious, troubled care for the future, you are proving that your faith in His love and power is very weak indeed. More than this, you may shake the faith of others who look up to you and are trying to follow your example.

"No anxious thought upon thy brow
The watching world should see;
No carelessness! O child of God,
For nothing careful be!
But cast thou all thy care on Him
Who always cares for thee."

If things look dark before you remember that He liveth, and though He may test and strengthen your faith by trial, He can surely be trusted to give only what is best to His friends and disciples. If danger threatens you or those you love, remember He liveth Who can quench the violence of fire, calm the angry waves, heal the sick, and even raise the dead.

Is it not because fear springs from unbelief that we find "the fearful and unbelieving" ranked together in the Bible? We are commanded to "rejoice in the Lord always"; and good reasons for rejoicing are given in the words, "I am he that liveth," and "Lo, I am with you always."

Remember, then, you who profess to be His disciples, that melancholy, gloom, anxiety for the future, are plain, open proofs of want of confidence in your Master. If He can be trusted with the welfare of your souls, surely He can also be trusted with the less important earthly matters which cause you so much anxiety. You have explicit orders to "be careful for nothing; but in everything by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God." See that the thanksgiving is never neglected. And now let us contrast the desolation of "the man that trusteth in man" with the blessedness of "the man that trusteth in the Lord."

The prophet Jeremiah says of the former: "He shall be like the heath in the desert and shall not see when good cometh; but shall inhabit the parched places in the wilderness, in a salt land and not inhabited." While of the latter he says: "He shall be as a tree planted by the waters, and that spreadeth out her roots by the river, and shall not see when heat cometh, but her leaf shall be green; and shall not be careful in the year of drought, neither shall cease from yielding fruit."

Will you then do your planting in this desert of salt or beside the river of the water of life? I speak to farmers! Surely, in such a choice of location advice is hardly necessary. D. F.

Bachelor's Life in Manitoba.

Frying and baking till I'm nearly mad,
Patching and darning is twice as bad;
Working all day—cold just a fright,
Bitten half to death with Jack Frost at night.

Washing days come about once in thirty—
I should remark if the clothes weren't dirty;
I would take a twenty-horse power machine
To make the shirt sleeves or the socks look half clean.

This is "toughing it" in the "Great Northwest."
When at home we all thought it a land doubly blest;
I'll be blest, however, if the reality seems
Just to come up to those flowery old dreams.

We soon wakened up when but on the prairie,
Where for dinner we couldn't call Kate, Ada or Mary.
We just had to tackle bannocks and bacon—
If you think that's good grub you are greatly mistaken.

When tired of bannocks we fry flapjacks instead,
And the first meal of them you'll remember till dead;
For if prairie life didn't make good our digestion
Such diet then would be out of the question.

However, of game there is always abundance,
And good land to cultivate stretches around us;
So we'll just make the best of our humble lot—
For a strong, healthy chap this is just the spot.

So we'll brace up and hope that in years to come
A woman may brighten and cook in our home.
So now, my old schoolmates, to you I have shown;
So, if you are thinking of leaving your home,
Pack up your old duds, bid good-bye to your ma,
And try your luck baching in Manitoba.

West Hall, Man. —W. E. Robbins.

In her fine poem on "Spring," which we believe was first in competition for a prize of considerable pecuniary value, offered by an adventurous Chicago newspaper for the best original spring poem, Mrs. Blewett touches perhaps her highest point. The following extracts from it will show its quality. It first describes winter:

O, the frozen valley and frozen hill make a coffin wide and deep,
And the dead river lies, all its laughter stilled, within it, fast asleep.

The trees that have played with the merry thing and freighted its breast with leaves,
Give never a murmur or sigh of woe: they are dead—no dead thing grieves.

Then the glad some coming of the renaissance is indicated:

Spring, with all love and all dear delights pulsing in every vein,
The old earth knows her, and thrills to her touch as she claims her own again.

Spring, with the hyacinths filling her cap and the violet seeds in her hair,
With the crocus hiding its satin head in her bosom warm and fair:

Spring, with its daffodils at her feet and pansies a-bloom in her eyes,
Spring, with enough of the God in herself to make the dead to arise!

For see, as she bends o'er the coffin deep—the frozen valley and hill,
The dead river stirs. Ah, that lingering kiss is making its heart to thrill!

And then, as she closer and closer leans, it slips from its snowy shroud,
Frightened a moment, then rushing away, calling and laughing aloud!

The hill where she rested is all a-bloom, the wood is green as of old,
And the skinned birds are striving to send their songs to the Gates of Gold.

Leslie Keith, the Scotch litterateur, who was visiting Ireland in the fifties, saw the most squalid-looking beggar he had ever encountered, sitting with his back to the wall. Unlike his compatriots, this man was strangely silent, so Keith asked him if he were begging. "Of course it's begging I am," the man replied. "But you do not utter a word," said Keith. "Arrah, is it jokin' yer honner is wid me?" said the beggar. "Look here," and he lifted up the tattered remnant of what had once been a coat; "don't yez see how the skin is spakin' through the holes of me clothes and the bones cryin' out through me skin? Look at the sunken cheeks and the famine that's starin' in me eyes! Man alive, isn't it beggin' I am with a hundred tongues?"

The Dear Girl—"This custom of throwing rice at a newly-wedded couple is so idiotic." The Savage Bachelor—"Well, rather. Mush would be much more appropriate."

Puzzles.

[The following prizes are offered every quarter, beginning with months of April, July and October: For answers to puzzles during each quarter—1st prize, \$1.50; 2nd, \$1.00; 3rd, 75c. For original puzzles—1st, \$1.00; 2nd, 75c; 3rd, 50c.]

This column is open to all who comply with the following rules: Puzzles must be original—that is, must not be copied from other papers; they must be written on one side only of paper, and sender's name signed to each puzzle; answers must accompany all original puzzles (preferably on separate paper). It is not necessary to write out puzzles to which you send answers; the number of puzzle and date of issue is sufficient. Partial answers will receive credit. Work intended for first issue of any month should reach Pakenham not later than the 15th of the month previous; that for second issue not later than the 5th of that month. Leave envelope open, mark "Printer's Copy" in one corner, and letter will come for one cent. Address all work to Miss Ada Armand, Pakenham, Ont.]

1-LETTER RIDDLES.

(1) Why is the letter S dangerous to put on the head of one of your parents?

(2) Why is the letter D calculated to cause much merriment?

(3) Put my tail into my head and turn a prominent island into a baby animal.

(4) Add a letter to an animal and leave a remedy.

SIMPLE SIMON.

2-COMPOUND SUBTRACTION.

The following question is quite possible of solution, and yet the usual method does not seem to apply:
From 137 acres, 3 rods, 26 rods, 6 feet, 101 inches, subtract 137 acres, 3 rods, 25 rods, 30 yards, 8 feet, 136 inches. "OGMA."

3-TRIPLE ACROSTIC.

1, A boy's name; 2, denoting surprise; 3, barren; 4, a democrat; 5, clear; 6, a vowel, an article, and an exclamation; 7, an author. Primals and finals, the name of a popular American author. Centrals down and across spell the same. "DICK."

4-HOURLASS.

1, Hoarseness; 2, pertaining to vision; 3, a girl's name; 4, a vowel; 5, a party; 6, renown; 7, a bigot. Diagonals from right, "blooming;" from left, "called." "DICK."

5-SQUARE WORD.

1, A folding door; 2, a vowel, and judge; 3, reclined; 4, a neighborhood; 5, to come in. M. N.

6-SQUARE.

1, An expounder; 2, a bird; 3, a timber over a door; 4, given by vow; 5, a number; 6, to become less severe. "OGMA."

7-PUZZLE.

(1) 100,—50,—R,—1000,—. A river in

(2) United States.

(3) 1000,—,10000,1,n,1,—. What Canada is.

(4) 50,—,n,—R,—. A county of Ontario.

(5) 1000,—,H,—,10000,—. A county of England.

(6) 10000,—,n,—,R,—,50,—. Canadian city. M. A. A.

8-ADDED LETTERS.

Add a letter to a body of water and get a sort of fur.

" " a fondling and get a small, delicate person.

" " received and get taste or relish.

" " help and get an incursion.

" " a kind of fish and get a useful household article.

" " a boy's nickname and get a companion.

" " a body and get a mark.

The added letters spell the name of a genial public man. "ARRY AWKINS."

9-DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1, The name given to free cities under the old German constitution; 2, witchcraft among negroes; 3, an English prince; 4, a measure of time; 5, a weight; 6, a Chinese coin; 7, a prince; 8, disbelief; 9, a two-wheeled rig; 10, an oil obtained from the bitter orange; 11, the chief seat of government in India. Initials spell a noted poet; finals, one of his poems. PETER HYDE.

10-SQUARE DIAMOND.

(Down and across spell the same.)

1, Drudgery; 2, at one time and a consonant; 3, a piece of ice; 4, a reading; 5, rebukes; 6, formerly (curtailed); 7, a vowel. "DICKENS."

11-OBLIQUE.

Diagram.

.	1, A consonant.
.	2, Total.
.	3, A collection of ships.
.	4, To gain skill.
.	5, Cars.
.	6, Prettier.
.	7, A drink.
.	8, Red.
.	9, A pigpen.
.	10, A letter. "DICKENS."

12-ANIMALS.

1, h-m-s.	6, a-i.
2, d-r-u-e.	7, w-a-e.
3, e-r-t.	8, -l-c-t.
4, a-e-l-e.	9, e-e-a-t.
5, l-m-i-g.	10, m-r-n.

"UNA."

13-DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1, A pronoun; 2, eatable; 3, sound; 4, honorable; 5, Christmas. Primals and finals spell the name of a prizewinner of our Corner. "UNA."

14-MUDDLED AUTHORS.

Aacekthry, Iecodrgle, Ecellrwrth, Oeniglw, Aallihnt, Rec cuha. PETER HYDE.

Answers to March 1st Puzzles.

1-Parable. First three changes=Elba, able, Abel; second=rap, par.

2-A r a r a t

r e v e r e

a v a t a r

r e t i r e

a r a r a t

t e r e t s

3-Candidate.

4-Frog.

5-g r e a s e	6-p	m
e a r i n g	o r k	n e t
t e e t e r	p r a a m e t a l	
a g a t e s	k a n o t a t	
e m a n e s	m o d e l	
e t w e e s	d o t e n e w	
	t a g	w o n
	l	n
	9-m o h a m m e d a n	
	r e l i e v e s	
	r e t a i n	
	s e l l	

7-A cricket.

8-May-flower.

10-We hold a vaster empire than has been.

11-Time and tide wait for no man. It is never too late to mend. Cut your coat according to the cloth. Let well enough alone. The more haste the less speed. Where there's a will there's a way. If you wish a thing done, go; if not, send. One good turn deserves another.

12-Dianthus, larkspur, myosotis, nasturtium, petunia, salpiglossis, calliopis, candytuft, chrysanthemum.

13-A needle.

SOLVERS TO MARCH 1ST PUZZLES.

"Ena."

ADDITIONAL SOLVERS TO FEBRUARY 15th PUZZLES.

Lizzie Conner, J. McLean, Jessie Hyde, Peter Hyde, Dickens, Addie E. Todd.

COUSINLY CHAT.

L. C.—I hope you will get the prize, and I also hope that we may have some very good stories sent in.

"Dickens."—Yours is not a fair question—you will soon know the result. Keep trying.

Barclay.—The prizes are given for the most and best during the quarter.

Barney.—Your puzzle is not quite suitable. Try again.