

"Stretch it a little!" Oh, girls and boys,  
In homes o'erflowing with comforts and joys,  
See how far you can make them reach—  
Your helpful deeds and your loving speech,  
Your gifts of service and gifts of gold;  
Let them stretch to households manifold.

## THE QUIET HOUR.

### Waiting for Help:

Not yet! not yet! to-morrow I will rest:  
But for to-day, are there not fainting hands  
Stretched out, impatient for the bread of life?  
Are there not wandering feet seeking the path  
Hidden by weed! and wistful eyes that strain  
After the light, that hath not dawned for them?  
Are there not wild, despairing souls to calm,  
Weak souls, and sad, to strengthen and to soothe,  
And dying to uphold. Babes to be blessed?  
Let me work on—to-morrow I will rest.

Not yet! not yet! I cannot rest to-day:  
They must not perish through my negligence—  
These thousands dead in trespasses and sins,  
Living for greed or pleasure—not for God!  
These are the sheep for whom the Shepherd died,  
And He would have me seek and bring them back,  
And stand "between the living and the dead,"  
Swinging the golden censer of my prayers,  
If for a little space the Lord relent,  
And give the sinner leisure to repent.

Not yet! not yet! to-morrow I will rest:  
But just to-night they tell me that a man  
Has been brought home, mangled and bruised, to die,  
Who, through the whole of a degraded life,  
Has scoffed at Jesus and His boundless love—  
My God! what misery hath he heaped on me!  
Now, my dear Lord this message sends to him:  
"Believe, repent, O live, and trust the love  
Waiting though death to bear thee unto life!"  
To-morrow rest! Let me go forth to-night.

Not yet! not yet! to-morrow I will rest.  
The weary head and limbs, but not to-day.  
When on the slopes of that far distant sea  
The fainting thousands sat in groups, and He—  
Himself the Bread of Life—gave thanks and break  
And passed to the Apostles—what if they  
Had said, "Dear Master, we are hungry too—  
And faint with toil," had he not answered them:  
"I came to serve, not to be served; and ye,  
If ye would do My work, must serve like Me."

Only a broken vessel! It is true!  
No golden bowl, fit for the Master's use,  
But stained and soiled, with scarce a semblance left  
Of the dear Image—all the brightness gone—  
Only a potsherd with a maker's brand,  
Holding the wine of Life, yet wasting it  
Through flaw and imperfection, and defect,  
Scarce strength or spirit left to cope with sin;  
Yet pledged to combat—harrassed and distressed,  
Let me fight on—to-morrow I will rest.

Let me work on—to-morrow I will rest.  
How He will choose—what matters it to me!  
When the tired hands and brain can toil no more,  
The weary limbs their day's work shall have done,  
Then from the Captain of the Host shall come  
The welcome order to lie down and sleep—  
And I, unworthy servant that I am,  
Shall win on battlefield the victor's crown—  
For simply doing His beloved behest—  
Let me work on—to-morrow I will rest.

No other hope for rest? Yes, one beside!  
And at the very thought, my heart beats high;  
Are there not loving hands, who love to give  
Of their abundance, did they know the need?  
Are there not ardent souls, who wait the call  
To yield their lives to Him who died for them?  
Perhaps our tender Lord, by such a sign now  
May send me help and comfort, ere I faint—  
Then Heaven itself were scarce more fully blessed:  
"To live were Christ"—To work were perfect rest.

—M. E. B.

### How Not to Help Your Minister.

Absent yourself from morning service.  
Stay at home whenever it rains on Sunday, or if  
it is too hot or too cold.

Never let the preacher know if he has ever done  
you any good.

Take a class in the S. S.; never be punctual, and  
frequently be absent.

Attend no church meetings if you have the op-  
portunity of going anywhere else.

If times are hard, at once diminish or withdraw  
your subscriptions, for fear lest, when you have paid  
for your jewelry, etc., you may have nothing left  
for your holiday.

Always find fault with the sermon. Never pray  
for the preacher.—[St. Andrew's Cross.

## UNCLE TOM'S DEPARTMENT.

MY DEAR NEPHEWS AND NIECES,—

I thought for a time that puzzling with my  
family had become a lost art, but the past few weeks  
have shown me what a mistake I had made. I am  
so pleased to receive your bright puzzles and pleas-  
ant letters, and am sorry I have not more space to  
devote to them. The girls carried off both prizes  
last time, but the boys were in close pursuit, and the  
contest for the original puzzles has been even more  
keen.

Mary Clazie, who is only twelve years old, de-  
serves much credit, not only for her solutions, but  
for the neatness of her work. By some oversight,  
or lack of space, the names of Clara Robinson and  
Wm. Ratcliffe, solvers for February, were omitted;  
so not wishing any work to be unacknowledged, I  
give them now, as it is better late than never. I  
hope my nephew and niece will overlook the mistake  
and write us again, as their work was very good.

I have found it very difficult to decide who  
should receive the prize for original puzzles, as  
they were all so nearly equal, and I found it neces-  
sary to take into consideration general neatness,  
punctuation, etc., and find that Morley Smithson  
and Annie P. Hampton are ties, so I have decided  
to divide the prize equally between them, and  
hope this will prove satisfactory. The other  
competitors were very close to them, and may be  
the successful ones next time.

How splendid one feels these bright spring days!  
All one's energies seem to revive under the bene-  
ficient influence of the warm May sun, and the shy,  
delicate flowers that nestle in the fence-corners, or  
hide among last year's leaves in the woodland.  
Just take a ramble in search of them, my larger  
nieces, and you will forget, for the time at least,  
that such a bugbear as housecleaning ever existed.  
Of course in your gardens you have narcissus,  
crocus, and tulips, but I think the wild flowers can  
rival any of them in daintiness. And I am not  
alone in that opinion, for listen to what Campbell  
says:

"Ye wild flowers! the gardens eclipse you, 'tis true,  
Yet, wildings of nature, I doat upon you:  
For ye wait me to summers of old,  
When the earth teemed around me with fairy delight,  
And when daisies and buttercups gladdened my sight,  
Like treasures of silver and gold."

Well I remember the time when my brother and I  
used to ramble through the woods, where the old-  
fashioned troughs that preceded the modern sap-  
buckets were sometimes forgotten, and how we

relished the soured sap that perchance we  
found in them. It was not much of a treat, you  
may think, but we were quite satisfied with it, and  
when we returned with hands full of Mayflowers,  
Hepaticas and ferns for mother, how happy we felt.  
Oh! for a year of such good old times again! Like  
Oliver Wendell Holmes, I am at heart yet a boy, in  
spite of the inevitable gray hairs. But the golden  
opportunities of youth have slipped away, and "left  
me at eve on the bleak shore—" (alone, I was  
going to say, but that would be scarcely fair, with  
such a crowd of bright faces around me, and will-  
ing hands to gather for me the flowers I love so  
well).

I really believe some of you look as if you wished  
to set out this moment, and that I would release  
you, so I will not detain you much longer, only to  
say a few words about Arbor Day, which is almost  
here. I hope you will all celebrate it, not only at  
school, where it is generally observed, but also at  
your own home, where the beautiful custom of  
tree-planting is too often neglected.

"Give fools their gold and knaves their power,  
Let fortune's bubbles rise and fall,  
Who sows a field, or trains a flower,  
Or plants a tree, is more than all.

"For he who blesses most is blest;  
And God and man shall own his worth  
Who toils to leave as his bequest  
An added beauty to the earth.

"And soon or late to all that sow,  
The time of harvest shall be given;  
The flower shall bloom, the fruit shall grow,  
If not on earth, at last in heaven."

—Whittier.

If you have time I hope you will put down one  
little tree for—  
UNCLE TOM.

### Puzzles.

#### 1—DROP-VOWEL PUZZLE.

Fr-ndsh-p's-n-th-r-l-m-n-t-fl-f-  
W-t-r-nd-f-r-n-t-f-m-r-g-n-r-l-s-  
T-th-c-m-f-r-t-nd-s-p-p-r-t-f-th-w-rld  
Th-nfr-ndsh-p-t-th-b-ng-f-r-j-

SADIE McRAE.

#### 2—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My FIRST'S "a blow" sometimes severe;  
"A Japanese city" my SECOND;

My THIRD'S "a certain kind of deer,"  
If I have rightly reckoned;

"Away from home" sometimes you go,  
My FOURTH, then, you must surely be;

My FIFTH and last you all should know,  
It is the "fruit of certain trees."

A famous man my PRIMALS show,  
And FINALS in what class he is placed, you know.

GEO. W. BLYTH.

#### 3—SQUARE WORD.

My FIRST is "twenty" more or less,  
But what it is you'll have to guess;

"A flower cup," my next may be;  
My THIRD "an oil-producing tree;"

"A flowing stream" my FOURTH suggests,  
Which like the ocean never rests;

My FIFTH a word that means "to strain;"  
And so I hope it will remain.

GEO. W. BLYTH.

#### 4—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

My 4, 5, 6, 7, is a tract of land,  
My 10, 17, 14, 13, 18, an article of much use,

My 9, 11, 1, an animal,  
My 4, 3, 8, 1, a distance,

My 2, 8, 18, 12, to pay attention to,  
My 15, 16, 6, a conveyance,

My total is something we much admire.

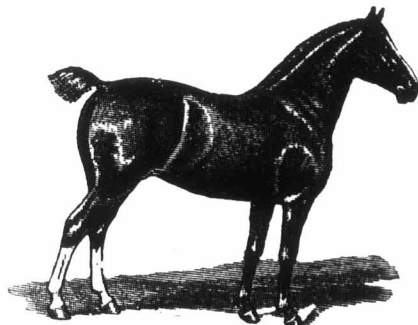
MARY C. CLAZIE.

#### 5—ENIGMA.

I am a useful article of everyday attire,  
Whose modern styles and fancies we cannot much admire;  
Cut off my head and then transpose, and now behold again;  
Don't shudder while you this perform, it causes me no pain;  
Though little of me now is left, I still am much the same,  
For as an article I'm known, that title do I claim.

GEO. W. BLYTH.

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