

"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 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 e'en now May send me help and comfort, ere I faint— Then Heaven itself were scarce more fully bless'd: "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 opportunity 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 pleasant 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, deserves 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 necessary 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 beneficent 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 sabbuckets 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 Homes, 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 willing 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-nt-fl-f, W-l-r-nd-f-r-nt-fm-r-g-n-l-s, T-th-e-m-f-r-nd-s-p-p-r-t-f-h-w-rld Th-nfr-ndsh-pt-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; "A way 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'S 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.

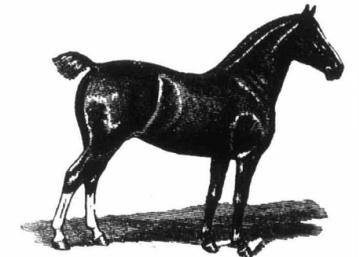
MARY C. CLAZIE.

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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