THE QUIET HOUR.

"One Step More."

What though before me it is dark,
Too dark for one to see,
I ask but light for one step more,
'Tis quite enough for me.

Each little humble step I take,
The gloom clears from the next;
So, though 'tis very dark beyond,
I never am perplexed.

And if sometimes the mist hangs close,
So close, I fear to stray,
Patient I wait a little while
And soon it clears away.

I would not see my farther path,
For mercy veils it so;
My *present* steps might harder be
Did I the future know.

It may be that my path is rough,
Thorny, and hard, and steep;
And knowing this my strength might fail,
Through fear and terror deep.

It may be that it winds along
A smooth and flowery way;
But, seeing this, I might despise
The journey of *to-day*.

Perhaps my path is very short,
My journey nearly done,
And I might tremble at the thought
Of ending it so soon.

Or if I saw a weary length
Of road that I must wend,
Fainting, I'd think "my feeble powers
Will fail me ere the end."

And so I do not wish to see
My journey or its length;
Assured that, through my Father's love,
Each step will bring its strength.

Thus step by step I onward go,
Not looking far before,
Trusting that I shall always have
Light for just "*one step more*."

Our Life Work.

Do you ever stop and think how wonderful it is that God, who made the stars "and calleth them all by their names," who is so great and has so many people to think of, should not only think about your life as a *whole*, but take time to watch over *every step* of your way. When you have a great deal to try you, your work is interrupted, and you feel cross and out of sorts because you are "not getting anything done," just remember that it is the work which He gives you to do that is your real work. It may seem to you very unimportant—just an interruption when you have really some *most important* work waiting—but if He sends it the interruption is the real business of the hour. See to it then that these little things are not carelessly slurred over, but taken, each one, as tasks given by the great Teacher to be done properly and gladly for Him.

Thank God each morning that you have work given you to do that day, which must be done whether you like it or not. Such work, if done in the right spirit, will build up your character and you will grow more patient, more cheerful, more ready for greater work which He holds ready for you in the future. "Our life work." What is it? Only God knows. He gives us but one day at a time, and everything depends on the use we make of those single days. Think of each one as a furrow lying before us; our thoughts, desires, and actions are the seed that we each moment drop into it without, perhaps, perceiving it. We *must* sow seed of one kind or another. The furrow finished, we begin another and another; each day presents a fresh one, and so on to the end of life—sowing, always sowing. Is not this a solemn thought? Remember, the seed sown not only springs up itself, but bears more seed, which, in its turn, is sown again. What a harvest may be reaped from one day's sowing! Are the angels even now reaping the fruits of our past days to present at the last day to our Master? What kind of fruits will they be? Let us see to it that this day, at least, we may sow the seed which will ripen into "love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance"—the fruits of the Spirit. There never was a day that did not bring some opportunity for doing good that never could have been done before and never can be again. Seize the opportunity the moment it appears, for it is "now or never." Life is not made up of great duties, but principally of little things. The little act of obedience, love, self-restraint, patience, placed within your reach is all that you can actually do now, and if you neglect that you lose your real opportunity of serving God. The work of our sanctification consists simply in receiving from one moment to another all the troubles and duties of our state in life as veils under which God hides himself and gives himself to us.

Our dim eyes ask a beacon,
And our weary feet a guide,
And our hearts of all life's mysteries
Seek the meaning and the key;
But a cross shines o'er our pathway,
On it hangs the Crucified,
And he answers all our longings
With the whisper, "Follow Me."

Life is a burden, bear it;
Life is a duty, dare it;
Life is a thorn-crown, wear it;
Though it break thy heart in twain;
Though the burden bear thee down,
Close thy lips and stand the pain:
First the Cross, and then—the Crown.

UNCLE TOM'S DEPARTMENT.

MY DEAR NEPHEWS AND NIECES,—

What a busy, jostling old world it is! A poor old man is tossed about, into a corner, out of sight, and not been allowed a New Year's chat with his much-loved family. Well, well, what would you? One cannot have things to one's liking at all times. You know

"The world will never adjust itself
To suit our whims to the letter;
Something must go wrong our whole lives long,
And the sooner we know it, the better."

And so, although I own to a feeling of disappointment at the nonappearance of my January chat (don't for a moment suppose it was I who forgot you), I cheerfully yield to the inevitable. My boys and girls *know* that I have only the kindest wishes for them, and it matters little that I was prevented from giving them expression in the customary way.

One month already ended! Why, 'twill soon be no longer the "New Year." And what have you all been doing during these long winter evenings? Many of you go to school, I know, and of course have ample occupation; but how many are prevented by work or other causes from doing so! To the latter, and to those whose education is supposed to be finished, I shall particularly address myself. Do not think because schooldays are over that your education is completed. Emerson says, "Life is a series of lessons that must be lived to be understood"; and we know that education really begins in the cradle and ends only at the tomb. But this refers to the stern business of life as a whole, while I wish to deal with that particular part of its duties that has to do with my own lads and lasses. Do you ever consider what a privilege it is to have such long, quiet evenings at your disposal? Or do you, perhaps, vote them a bore, and chafe for something to "pass the time"? You boys and girls in the country have opportunities for self-cultivation that should be carefully husbanded now, that in after years you may reap the benefit.

It is the customary thing for young people to put away the well-worn books and slates just so soon as their assistance is required at home, and then they soon forget much of what they have learned, if the memory be not refreshed by an occasional review; and, in time, even the memory becomes impaired through lack of exercise, for exercise is its staff of life. It is this ignoring the necessity for mental food (not their calling) that makes people regard the farmer and farmer's family with contempt;—let them remedy this, and they need acknowledge no superiors. As "not to go back is somewhat to advance," what I would have you do, and it will help to pass the long nights pleasantly, is to bring to light your books and slates and devote at least an hour or so to reviewing your past work or, better still, to further study. The latter is, perhaps, difficult without a guide, but in nine cases out of ten, if one has the will, sooner or later the way will appear—there will always be found some one to lend a helping hand.

In addition to this, read some good books, some great books (for even the greatest are within the means of almost every one), and thus make of your memory a treasure-house unto which, when time leaves its enfeebling touch upon sight or hearing, you can turn with the certainty of finding there solace for many an otherwise lonely hour. Aside from the pleasure you can give to others by having a mind well stocked with useful information and beautiful thoughts, remember that you cannot avoid your own society, and the better company you can make it the more pleasure you will derive from it.

Give my suggestion a faithful trial during the next two months, and then, if you will not agree with me that it is pleasant as well as profitable, why, I'll say no more about it, although I believe that it will, if persevered in, make of my boys and girls what I wish them to be—true men and noble women.

Ever your loving— UNCLE TOM.

Curing a Cold.

The season of colds being at hand, the instructions of an eminent physician may be found valuable: When the first symptoms manifest themselves is the time for action, and this should consist of a hot mustard foot-bath before going to bed and a hot draught of milk. The covering of the body should be linen and wool, the former in the way of the sheet and the latter in the blanket. No attempt to get up an active sweating should be made. The foot-bath and the warm drink will give a sense of warmth and facilitate the natural excretion of materials which should pass away by the skin, and any effort to aggravate this will be not only superfluous, but harmful. The blanket should never be worn next to the night robe, and should not be so thick as to confine the air next to the body. It is, indeed, often advisable to lighten the covering of the feet, and to preserve a certain amount of weight over the loins, and to have the shoulders protected from the external surroundings in general. The last measure is not to be underrated. A sensitive lung carries with it susceptibility to take to itself everything that could possibly effect it to its detriment. Lung diseases belong to sensitive persons, and may or may not be the sequence of a cold. The majority of them, however, can be traced to imprudence in dress and exposure.—*Good Housekeeping.*

The Old Horse.

I never can forget, alas! that good old horse of mine;
How proud he was, and always loved to see his harness shine,
And when I mounted on his back, he champed his bit in glee,
And, fleet as antelope or deer, he danced off merrily.

I'll not forget the journeys long that we have had together,
Nor how he bared his face, alas! in every sort of weather.
Just that I might enjoy the heath or breath of morning vapor,
He'd rear and plunge, to frighten me, and cut a high-bred caper.

I always loved to see the foam that flecked his breast like snow,
And see the muscles stretch and quake whene'er I bade him go.
And, grander still, with whistle shrill, he roamed the fields so free,
With nostrils red and eyes aflame that told his ecstacy.

And I'll remember all the steeps and glades his feet have trod,
And for the sake of those sweet days I'll keep the old horse shod.
Well groomed and fed, he shall not know his usefulness is past;
I'll hitch him to the plow, by times, and love him to the last.

And when the old horse lays him down, to take his last-drawn breath,
I'll hold his head, nor blush to speak and tell him it is death.
And though the dear old tongue is dumb, his eyes, to me, will speak,
And he will know I loved him, as my tears bedew his cheek.

—*Ida Ethel Eckert in Country Gentleman.*

Puzzles.

1—CROSS LETTER ENIGMA.

The Persian was sailing to punish the Greek,
To give him to bondage, and vengeance to wreak;
And Themistoples the "Sons of Liberty" bound
At "Korinth," where also my first may be found,
To fight for their country, and die for their gods,
And never surrender, though crushing the odds.
The enemy, crossing the "Hellespont" (where
My second a place of importance doth share),
Landed in Thrace an army of men
(There never was known their equal again),
And they marched towards Athens, and came to the pass
Of "Thermopylae"—one great and terrible mass
Of barbarians, ranged in a warlike array;
And there, to resist their progress and way,
Leonidas, king of the Spartans (and there
My third might be seen), and with him there were
Three hundred brave Greeks, whole-souled and steadfast,
Ready to die, but to fight to the last.
The king of the Persians was checked; and despair
Clouded his brow; but becoming aware
Of a path o'er the "mountains," with my fourth on its crest,
He rallied his hopes and set out on his first.
A treacherous Greek (oh! the vileness of men)
Betrayed him the "pass," where my fifth may be seen.
Undaunted, courageous, the Spartans remained,
And calmy awaited their foes; being trained
From their youth unto honor to cling.
They loyally ranked 'round their standard and king;
And they fought, all surrounded by destiny dire,
With a spirit immortal for courage and fire;
And they died; but dying, they struck such a blow,
The mem'ry forever laid tryanny low.
O'er their "bier," where my sixth proudly raises its head,
Let patriots honor the heroic dead;
And raise them a "column," my seventh's retreat,
To tell of their glory and immortal feat;
And honor the trials of muscular skill
Which gave to the Greek his spirit and will;
My total delight in athletic games,
Which won for their country such heroic names.

CHARLIE S. EDWARDS.

2—DROP VOWEL PUZZLE.

R-ght -s r-ght s-nc- G-d -s G-d;
-nd r-ght th- d-- m-st w-n;
T- d--bt w--ld b- d-sl-y-lt-
T- f--t w--ld b- s-n!

ETHEL MCCREA.

3—REBUS.

LILY DAY.

4—TRANSPOSITION.

Old ninety-six has flown away,
New ninety-seven is here;
Primal puzzlers we should always pay
Attention, to puzzling so dear.

PRIME get you paper, pen, and ink,
And to Uncle Tom please write a rhyme;
And we should FINAL brains to think
Of a ryming puzzle when we get time.

J. S. CRERAR.

5—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

My 7, 18, 19, 8, 16, 6 is sincere;
My 12, 3, 20, 5, 11 is not heavy;
My 10, 1, 4, 15 is passion;
My 14, 13, 17, 2, 9 is a country seat;
My WHOLE is a quotation from Shakespeare.

LILY DAY.

SOLVERS TO JANUARY 1ST PUZZLES.

J. S. Crerar and Hattie MacDonald.

"According to Hoyle."

"According to Hoyle" is a phrase common among card-players, many of whom are under the impression that Mr. Hoyle was a reformed gambler who turned his attention to bookmaking as a means of keeping himself out of the poorhouse. Edmund Hoyle was born over 200 years ago and lived to the advanced age of 97, dying in Cavendish Square, London, in 1769. He was among the first who took special interest in whist, and after it became a craze he devoted several years of his life to teaching the game at a guinea a lesson. Some suppose he invented the game, but it was well known before he was born. However, he did much to perfect it. He was paid $5,000 for a treatise on whist, which was published in 1743. At the same time he was attached to a government office in Ireland. Toward the close of his life he revised his treatise and included in it backgammon and other popular games of the day.