

SUNDAY
SCHOOL

The Quiet Hour

YOUNG
PEOPLE

ARBUTUS.

BY ABBY C. LABAREE.

Shy hermit of the woodland vale,
We long for thine appearing,
And know by signs that never fail
The hour is surely nearing.
We seek the covert where you hide,
And lo! we thrill with wonder,
As tossing last year's leaves aside,
Find starry blossoms under.
We kneel upon the fragrant sod,
Both hands outstretched to capture
The tender flowers, gift of God,
Our hearts aflame with rapture.

THE MAGIC SPELL OF SPRING.

BY OLIVE MIDDLETON.

Only a few days ago and the fields were white, the temperature was freezing and storms were abroad in the land. The almost universal testimony of those who do not like inclement weather was that the present winter was the worst experienced in many years. Now the then present winter has receded into the past, and we have rivers flooded, dams breaking and the usual inconvenience that follows the sudden melting of heaped up Northern snows. This inconvenience does not properly belong to the magic spell of the spring, but it must be borne as other inopportune incidents are with what patience we can muster. Soon it will have passed by and been forgotten. The inundated districts will repair, their damages bridges that were shaken or overthrown will be strengthened or rebuilt, and life will move on, as usual. Another accompaniment of the spring, one that has proved distressing and disturbing enough, is the unsettled state of affairs in Philadelphia. That quiet city of brotherly love has been tragically conspicuous in the daily press because of the prolonged strike from which the public has suffered even more seriously than the actors on either side. Something is very much amiss in these days, or great interests would not be at the mercy of unscrupulous demagogues, and the immense national forces of capital and labor, forces which should be friendly and mutually helpful, would not be arrayed so fiercely in antagonism.

It is of something much pleasanter that we think when windows and doors are again open, when the grass is growing green before our eyes and trees are putting on their beautiful new leaves. That first faint golden green of the leaves is an ethereal dream of beauty, and it is followed speedily by the wonder of the orchards when apple, peach, pear and cherry wreath every bough with blossoming prophecies of fruit to be later ingathered. Spring beckons us out of doors. In chilly mornings and evenings a blaze on the hearth is a welcome addition to the comfort of home, but great is the relief when the furnace fire dies out for the season.

In the woods the earliest wildflowers are lifting their brave little heads, and in the gardens crocus, jonquil and daffodil smile as if they were glad to be alive. Wordsworth's exquisite little poem comes to our thought, "All my heart with pleasure fills, and dances with the daffodils." Women who care for their own health and for the beauty of their homes should now spend all the time they can in gardening. Whether one possesses an acre or a bit of a back yard one may cultivate flowers, and whether few or many they will be a delight to the family and the family's friends. Every child should have a little garden of its own, if the thing be possible. For that restricted space the child should be responsible. Given seeds and gardening tools the small owner of Eden will accomplish before the summer is over

results of which he need not be ashamed.

A fascinating book lately fell under notice, and attracted the attention of an evening group in a household where books are read aloud around the lamp. It was entitled "Haremlik," and was written by Demetra Vaka. The book is the story of the life led by Turkish women under Moslem rule. There is much that is sumptuous and ornate in the descriptions. Walled gardens crowded with flowers, luxurious appointments, books, music, many attendants help to compose the environment of the jealously guarded Mohammedan women. They live lives of seclusion, lives in which there is nothing that corresponds to the sweet pure ideal of home as we know it in Christian lands. The one hope of the Oriental woman is that she may early be married to a man who may have several other wives, and that she may bear him sons. Maternity is her crown of honor and her greatest pride. Beneath all the beauty and charm of the author's descriptions one is aware of a perpetual want and a perpetual heartache, although the Oriental woman is often herself unconscious of the degradation of her position. Gentle, placid, highly educated and attractive as well born Turkish women are, one longs for the day when they shall be emancipated, and only the passing of Mohammedanism and the introduction of Christianity can give them freedom. The world moves, and we may have faith to believe that even Turkey shall yet swing out of its bondage to the clear light of the Gospel day. Under all the rose petals and beautiful pet names and profuse luxury that seem to be the portion of high-born Turkish women, one sees gliding the serpent who stole into Eden.

Thus far we have wandered from the magic of the spring. Let us thank God that our lot is cast under the blue skies and in the pure air of our native land. Yet there are perils here which we cannot ignore and which for some of us, if we care as we should for the republic, cast a shadow on its glory.

AWAKE! AND SEE.

By Agnes L. Carter.

Awake, O listen, soul! for lo,
The Christ-child waits beside the door,
Not glorious in celestial glow,
But small and weak, and sick and poor.

Along the merry Christmas tree,
Amid the bitter frost and snow,
His "little ones," with weary feet
And wistful eyes, neglected go.

O, for the holy Christ-child sake
Let these be fed, and clothed, and warm.

Awake, thou loving heart, awake!
The Christ-child calls in night and storm.

DOGS ATE THIS CHURCH.

The missionary on Baffin Bay sent to the States for a magic lantern and the necessary slides. Thirteen months later they reached him.

Everything in Baffin Land still dates from that ever memorable magic lantern exhibition. From three hundred miles around, the expectant Eskimos came in behind their dog teams to participate in the wonderful event. The sealskin church was filled to overflowing. The spectators were packed as closely as sardines in a tin. The scent of sperm oil and blubber and sweat-soaked furs mingled in the air. Although the thermometer outside registered forty degrees below zero, the perspiration poured in streams down the faces of the enthusiastic audience. And when the straggling list of Arctic ex-

plorers who have touched at Cumberland Sound have long since been forgotten, the recollection of that magic lantern show will linger in the minds of the Eskimos from Meta Incognita to Cockburn Land.

But a few nights later a sad fate befell the sealskin church. It was eaten up by a pack of hungry Eskimo dogs. These savage creatures, starved almost to death, made a raid on the edifice during a blinding snowstorm. Managing to get on top of the roof, they soon tore holes in the sealskin covering, and, in spite of the exertions of the missionary and his entire congregation, they actually ran away with the greater portion of the frozen skin, which, at safe distance, they proceeded to devour.

THE UNSEEN IS ETERNAL.

The sculptor adds no material to the marble by his conscientious toil; but by every stroke of his mallet he is breaking away portions of the stone that are not essential to his purpose. The artist can purchase for a few dimes the pigments needed for his canvas, and when at last the completed painting is hung in the gallery there are no colors in it that were not mixed from the little tubes which he bought from the merchant. But for that canvas the artist receives tens of thousands of dollars. What gives value to the sculptor's marble and to the artist's canvas? Skill? More than that. The prestige of a name? More than that. The connoisseur has purchased more than colors, skill or genius. The soul of the artist has been breathed into the canvas, and he has purchased that. The dream of the sculptor is in his marble, and he has purchased that. Back of the hand is the thought of the thinker; the unseen has been made real, and he has purchased that. The artist and the sculptor went back into the picture gallery of the soul hidden deep from mortal vision, and brought away a new creation, and the purchaser has purchased that. He has caught a glimpse of the unseen and the soul's imagery becomes the world's possession.

It was not for flesh and blood that Jesus died. Not for that was the price paid, the wonderful price, on Golgotha, although the frame goes with the picture. He saw deeper than perishable mortality. He saw there an image that was once in the thought of the Great Artist. He saw the unseen image in the canvas of humanity: God's thought, God's dream, God's creation, and he purchased that. It was the unseen for which he died. It was immortality enshrined in human flesh, and he gave the wonderful price.—United Presbyterian.

HOW TO GIVE.

At a missionary meeting held among the negroes in the West Indies, these three resolutions were agreed upon: 1. We will all give something. 2. We will all give as God has enabled us. 3. We will all give willingly. As soon as the meeting was over, a leading negro took his seat at the table, with pen and ink, to put down what each came to give. Many came forward and gave, some more and some less. Among those that came was a rich old negro, almost as rich as all the others put together, and threw down upon the table a small silver coin. "Take that back again," said the negro that received the money. "Dat may be according to de first resolution, but it is not according to de second." The rich man accordingly took it up, and hobbled back to his seat again in a great rage. One after another came forward, and as almost all gave more than himself, he was fairly ashamed of himself,