

THE QUIET HOUR.

The Secret of Success.

"We kneel, how weak! we rise, how full of power!
Why, therefore, should we do ourselves this wrong—
Or others—that we are not always strong,
That we are ever overborne with care,
That we should ever weak or heartless be,
Anxious or troubled, when with us is Prayer,
And Joy and Strength and Courage are with Thee!"

Do not the difficulties before you sometimes seem to be almost insurmountable? There is work to be done—plenty of it; but when the call comes, as it did to Gideon,—“Go in this thy might”—you shrink back, as he did, with words of seeming humility,—“I am not good enough, wise enough or strong enough for the task,” you plead. Yet you know all the time that God has said (as He did to Gideon), “Have not I sent thee?” Look at his position. Israel was completely in the power of the Midianites, who were “as grasshoppers for multitude.” The law of God was entirely disregarded. Instead of punishing a man with death for worshipping idols, any man who dared to destroy the idols did it in peril of his life.

Gideon was commanded to save Israel from the hand of the Midianites, and to begin this salvation by destroying the altar of Baal. This would bring down on him the wrath of his own countrymen. What possible chance of success had he with enemies at home and abroad? Surely none, if he looked at his own strength—at his own circumstances. But the things that are impossible with men are possible with God. It has been well said that “man's extremity is God's opportunity.” What he could never do alone was quite possible and easy for God to do, in and by him. When the Lord said unto him, “Surely I will be with thee, and thou shalt smite the Midianites as one man,” it was no longer humility that made him shrink back in fear. It was want of faith. God's power is invisible, and it is not easy to depend absolutely on it, when the visible enemy is so plainly in sight. See how gently Gideon's weak faith was strengthened by sign after sign that God was really with him! Then we read that “the Spirit of the Lord came upon Gideon.”

There was no reason to be discouraged, you see. God could save Israel without any difficulty. If He chose to honor Gideon by making him the instrument through which the work was done, He would certainly supply the necessary strength and ability.

Gideon was not allowed to use all the earthly help he might have had, so that he might rely more entirely upon God. When the people were gathered together against Midian, all who were fearful, and afraid, were sent home. The position must have been desperate, indeed, when twenty and two thousand were afraid to fight in defense of their desolated country. But even the ten thousand that remained were too many! And, when the host was reduced to three hundred men, these were told to stand still in their places. The victory was God's—and a great victory it was.

Now, can you say that your task is more difficult than Gideon's? Dare you refuse to attempt it because you are weak and helpless? Perhaps that is the very reason it is put into your hands. “We have this treasure in earthen vessels, that the excellency of the power may be of God, and not of us.”

God has declared that his strength is “made perfect in weakness.” You may fail—indeed you certainly will fail—if you try to work or fight alone. But, as “the Lord looked upon Gideon,” as the disciples, struggling in the darkness on the Lake of Galilee, were under the watchful eye of their Master, so it is with you. He is close beside you, ready to stretch out a helping hand when you look to Him.

Never be discouraged. If the work is hard, that is only a reason for depending on God more and more. If the task were easy, you might forget Him altogether. One weapon must be constantly ready for use—the weapon of Prayer. It is both sword and shield. The attitude of dependence on God is in itself a prayer, and, if cultivated, will become instinctive.

God has often brought His servants face to face with seeming impossibilities; and then, when they obeyed His command, the difficulties vanished as if by magic. Think of the Israelites on the shore of the Red Sea receiving the startling command, “Go forward!” How impossible it looked, and yet how easy it was! Think of the disciples, surrounded by thousands of hungry people, being able to obey the equally amazing order, “Give ye them to eat.”

Surely “these things happened unto them for ensamples; and they are written for our admonition.”

The true secret of success, then, is found in looking away from self altogether, and always looking up to God.

“Be strong and of a good courage; be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed: for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest.” HOPE.

“A Worker's Prayer.”

Lord, speak to me, that I may speak
In living echoes of Thy tone;
As Thou hast sought, so let me seek
Thy erring children lost and lone.

O lead me, Lord, that I may lead
The wandering and the wavering feet;
O feed me, Lord, that I may feed
Thy hungering ones with manna sweet.

O strengthen me, that while I stand
Firm on the Rock and strong in Thee,
I may stretch out a loving hand
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.

O teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things Thou dost impart;
And wing my words, that they may reach
The hidden depths of many a heart.

O fill me with Thy fullness, Lord,
Until my very heart o'erflow
In kindling thought and glowing word,
Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.

UNCLE TOM'S DEPARTMENT.

MY DEAR NEPHEWS AND NIECES,—

You will probably think “weeds” a rather commonplace and uninteresting subject, yet it is about them that I wish to chat with you to-day. But what is a weed? A definition I once heard was, “A weed is a flower growing out of its sphere,” and I thought it very appropriate. When we find some thrifty plants of clover in our flower beds we call them, in common with other undesirable plants, “weeds,” yet in another case we would not dream of bestowing on them such an appellation. Again, the same title would be unhesitatingly bestowed upon some of our garden favorites if found by the careful farmer growing among his grain. Then, many plants that have become so troublesome in this country are in other places carefully cultivated as valuable additions to floriculture. The common mullein that infests our pastures and highways is quite an aristocrat in England, where it rejoices in the name of American Velvet Plant. On the other hand, the beautiful flowering cacti that adorn our windows and greenhouses grow wild in many parts of the States, where they attain an enormous size, and with their dreadful thorns prove very troublesome. In the Scandinavian Peninsula our much-loved pansies revel in freedom o'er hill and dale, and are not highly valued, while we have to work a little to procure them. Thus we see the truth of the definition above quoted. There are, unfortunately, more weeds in the world than those that take root in the earth—weeds of an infinitely more dangerous character—human weeds, creatures whose low sense of honor and lack of moral principles do not justify us in placing them in any other class. With these we do not mean to deal, although, to carry the plant simile further, might not even these be improved if given such care and cultivation as a skillful florist bestows upon his seedlings? Perhaps, too, we designate as “weeds” many who deserve a better name, the fault being in our failure to appreciate their worth.

Bad habits may be considered as troublesome sorts of weeds, very difficult to exterminate. Once I was given a young plant, supposed to bear beautiful flowers. I tended it carefully, it flourished abnormally, and in course of time buds appeared. How I watched for the first flower! Imagine my disappointment at finding it not merely insignificant, but very like a bad weed often seen growing by the roadside. I dug it up immediately, but the roots seemed to have penetrated everywhere, and it was only after considerable work that I felt satisfied that I had got rid of it. After some time fresh shoots appeared that required similar treatment, but by untiring vigilance I succeeded in eradicating them.

If when we find some unlovely habit growing upon us we look just such vigorous steps to root it out, we should certainly overcome it. True, the roots may be far-reaching and possessed of almost unlimited vitality, but persistent effort will conquer these difficulties; and some wise person has said if we free ourselves from one fault every year we shall in time become perfect. All seasons are suitable for weeding of this kind, so let us examine our mental gardens, find the most troublesome plant therein, and forthwith exterminate it. Not only this must we do, but if we would not be classed with the “weeds,” we must also confine ourselves to the sphere to which we belong.

Your loving— UNCLE TOM.

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—CHARADE.

My FIRST in snowy folds may lie,
Or glow with shades of every dye,
Assist our toilet, deck our board,
And gleam from Eastern garb and sword.

My SECOND yields its balmy breath
Most sweetly when 'tis doomed to death;
And names a maiden pure and fair,
With tender eyes and clustering hair.

A curious casket is my THIRD,
Locked in a short and simple word,
Whose richest treasures shun the light,
Or coyly open to our sight.

My WHOLE is just the loveliest thing
In Summer's crown bequeathed by Spring;
Cupid proclaims his message by it
When bashful lips would fain deny it.

2—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

In “Handy Andy” so light,
In “Ivanhoe” of might,
In “Jules Verne's” full of fight,
In “Austin,” the poet all right,
In “Maud Muller” took the judge's sight,
Now name the book of the day or night;
'Tis greatly admired, 'tis good and bright.

3—ENIGMA.

I stay the rapid river's course,
I guard your goods from fraud or force;
And yet, fair ladies, I form part
Of charms which bind a lover's heart.

4—ENIGMA.

In “vehicle” on wheels,
In “canoes” so real,
In “palace” of steel,
In “parties” who feel
The want of a meal.

In “ADVOCATE” so fine,
In “articles” prime,
In “farm boys” who repine,
In “opinion” of mine,
That is, “Dom” is good and fine.

Two periods of time this will tell;
We all delight to get them,
When to spend them is a question
Over which many have to con.

5—NUMERICAL.

A Scriptural adage based on agricultural experience consists of thirty-nine letters.

- 39, 29, 6, 17, 34, 2, 11, 36, 9—the knife of a field implement.
- 12, 35, 1, 18, 10—another field implement.
- 22, 27, 36, 8, 31, 5, 19—the ingathering.
- 25, 4, 13, 28, 33—the place in a stable where a horse is kept.
- 20, 23, 28, 21, 7, 10—the rope with which he is tied.
- 16, 32, 24, 15—a species of grain.
- 28, 38, 4, 30—possesseth.
- 3, 14—one.

F. L. S.

6—A LOVING CUP.

- Centrals name a drink taken on horseback.
- 1, Hurry. 2, Certain fruits.
- 3, Attempt. 4, Relating to duty.
- 5, An animal.
- 6, Soft earth.
- 7, In cup.
- 8, In cup.
- 9, Place.
- 10, Antic.

F. L. S.

7—NOTED MEN.

- 1, -o-g-l-w—a poet.
- 2, H-o—a general.
- 3, T-n-s-n—a poet.
- 4, -e-y—an admiral.
- 5, M-l—a poet.
- 6, -i-h-r—a general.

C. R.

8—A DIAMOND.

- 1, In constant; 2, to grate; 3, a hardwood rubber; 4, to annex; 5, shoes; 6, a common contraction; 7, in constant.

BUTTERCUP.

9—CHARADE.

My first was the first of his kind; my second is the first syllable of the name of a famous almanac; my whole is a poet's name for a noted northern plantigrade.

K. K.

Answers to July 1st Puzzles.

- 1—Caper, broom, beech, olive (O! live), bay, fir, birch.
- 2—The vowels, a, e, i, o, u.
- 3—First of July. Dominion Day.
- 4—Cousinly Chat. 6—H, E, A, D.
- 5—Dime, die, m; hie, he, i; feed, fee, d; drink, rink, d; slat, sat, l; seam, Sam, e; smack, sack, m; stay, sty, a; trend, tend, r; farce, fare, c; thank, tank, h; Middlemarch.
- 7—Fencing, marble, fall, Billie, sash, drummer.
- 8—Doukhobors (Duke-o-bores).
- 9—Rails, inlet, cadji, haven, ashes, ratio, drain, Richard Stinson.
- 10—Endeavorer. 11—Husbandman.

SOLVERS TO JULY 1ST PUZZLES.

“Dennis,” “K. K.,” “Sigma,” M. R. G.

ADDITIONAL SOLVERS TO JUNE 15TH PUZZLES.

Gertie Klinck, C. Roth.

COUSINLY CHAT.

M. R. G.—I am glad your prize-money reached you so promptly.

Gertie K.—The prizes are awarded once in three months, and are given to those sending most correct answers and to those who send most and best puzzles available for publication. All puzzles sent are not worth using, so it is better to send fewer and better.

“Sigma.”—You are a new friend, but as welcome as any. Kindly send name another time.

“K. K.”—I thought your other puzzle rather difficult for young solvers, so did not use it. Let us hear from you often.

“Arty.”—Where are you with your answers this time? Any further news from the “old country?”

C. R.—Am using one of your puzzles—try again.

“Dickens.”—We make use of as many of your puzzles as we find suitable. Those for this issue are very good. Why do you not solve as well?

A. A.

Ready with His Chalk.

When Poole, the famous tailor, was an old man he was at Brighton on a vacation, and one afternoon went out to walk upon the pier. A young man was also upon the pier with a couple of ladies, to whom he said as he saw Poole coming:

“Now, you wouldn't take that good-looking man for a tailor, but he is. Just listen while I take him down a notch or two. I'll tell him my coat, which I have just had from him, doesn't fit.”

As he spoke, Poole approached and politely acknowledged the salutation of his customer, who, walking up to him, said: “Here, Poole, now do take a look at me. Does this coat fit?”

Poole took in the situation. “It certainly does not fit,” said he, and pulling out a piece of French chalk, he proceeded liberally to mark and cross the coat all over, and then observed with the utmost urbanity: “Now, if you will kindly send that coat to my shop the alterations shall be attended to.”