

## THE QUIET HOUR.

## Without Carefulness.

Master! how shall I bless Thy name  
For Thy tender love to me.  
For the sweet enablings of Thy grace,  
So sovereign, yet so free,  
That have taught me to obey Thy Word,  
And cast my care on Thee!  
Oh, I have trod a weary path,  
With burdens not a few,  
With shadowy faith that Thou would'st lead  
And help me safely through,  
Trying to follow and obey,  
And bear my burdens too.  
Master! dear Master, Thou did'st speak,  
And yet I did not hear,  
Or long ago I might have ceased  
From every care and fear,  
And gone rejoicing on my way  
From brightening year to year.  
Just now and then some steeper slope  
Would seem so hard to climb.  
That I must cast my load on Thee;  
And I left it for a time,  
And wondered at the joy at heart,  
Like sweetest Christmas chime.  
A step or two on winged feet,  
And then I turned to share  
The burden Thou had'st taken up  
Of ever-pressing care;  
So that I would not leave with Thee,  
Of course I had to bear.  
At last Thy precious precepts fall  
On opened heart and ear,  
A varied and repeated strain  
I could not choose but hear,  
Enlinking promise and command,  
Like harp and clarion clear:  
"No anxious thought upon Thy brow  
The watching world should see;  
No carefulness! Oh child of God,  
For nothing careful be!  
But cast thou all thy care on Him  
Who always cares for thee."  
It was Thy Word, it was Thy will—  
That was enough for me!  
Henceforth no care shall dim my trust,  
For all is cast on Thee;  
Henceforth my inmost heart shall praise  
The grace that set me free.  
And now I find Thy promise true,  
Of perfect peace and rest;  
I cannot sigh—I can but sing  
While leaning on Thy breast,  
And leaving everything to Thee,  
Whose ways are always best.  
I never thought it could be thus,  
Month after month to know  
The river of Thy peace without  
One ripple in its flow;  
Without one quiver in the trust,  
One flicker in its glow.  
How shall I praise Thee, Saviour dear,  
For this new life so sweet,  
For taking all the care I laid  
At Thy beloved feet,  
Keeping Thy hand upon my heart  
To still each anxious fear!  
Oh, if it be Thy will, dear Lord,  
Then send me forth, to be  
Thy messenger to careful hearts  
To bid them taste and see  
How good Thou art to those who cast  
All, all their care on Thee.

—F. R. H.

## "Cast Thy Burden upon the Lord."

One sometimes sees a petulant and self-confident little child staggering along with some heavy burden by the parent's side, but pushing away the hand that is put out to help it carry its load. And that is what too many of us do when God says to us: "Here, My child, let Me help you. I will take the heavy end of it, and do you take the light one." "Cast thy burden upon the Lord"—and do it by faith, by simple trust in Him, by making real to yourselves the fact of His divine sympathy, and His sure presence to aid and sustain.

Child of My Love, lean hard,  
And let me feel the pressure of thy care.  
I know thy burden, child; I shaped it,  
Poised it in Mine own hand, made no proportion  
Of its height to thine unaided strength;  
For even as I laid it on, I said,  
"I shall be near, and while she leans on Me  
This burden shall be Mine, not hers."  
So shall I keep My child within the circling arms  
Of Mine own love.  
Thou lovest Me! I know it. Doubt not, then,  
But loving Me, lean hard.

## Trust and Tranquillity.

Christian faith does not wriggle out of the responsibilities that attach to a human life, but it does bring in the thought of a mighty hand that guides and protects; and that itself brings calm and gladness. The advanced guard that had to be all eyes and ears is glad to slip into the rear, and let somebody else take the task of finding the path and looking out for the enemy. The officer that has had charge of the great ship as it plows its way through the stormy night feels a lightened burden when he comes down from the bridge, and knows there is somebody else on the lookout. You fathers have got far more anxious faces than your little children have, because they trust, and you are responsible for them. And though it is no

pillow for laziness, yet it is an anodyne for anxiety, when we remember that if our "believing" grasps God in Christ, it is His business to look after us; and we may leave ourselves in His hands.

I cannot see, with my small human sight,  
Why God should lead this way or that for me,  
I only know He saith, "Child, follow Me."  
But I can trust.

I know not why my path should be at times  
So straightly hedged, so strangely barred before:  
I only know God could keep wide the door;  
But I can trust.

I find no answer, often, when beset  
With questions fierce and subtle on my way,  
And often have but strength to faintly pray;  
But I can trust.

I often wonder, as with trembling hand  
I cast the seed along the furrowed ground,  
If ripened fruit for God will there be found;  
But I can trust.

I cannot know why suddenly the storm  
Should rage so fiercely round me in its wrath;  
But this I know, God watches still my path;  
And I can trust.

## Faith.

A Christian sailor, when asked why he remained so calm in a fearful storm, replied, "I am not sure that I can swim; but if I sink I shall only drop into the hollow of my Father's hand, for He holds all these waters there."

Cling fast to the Hand that is leading you, though it be in darkness, though it be in deep waters—you know whom you have believed. Yield not for a single moment to misgivings about future storms. Infinite love joined to infinite skill shall pilot the way through every strait and temptation.

## THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

## A Pneumatic Boy.

"What is that," asked Ned's father, looking up from the newspaper, "that you are saying about Tom Roderick's 'safety'?"

"Why, you see," answered Ned, edging up to his father so as to get into short-distance communication with him, "it has a pneumatic!"

"Didn't I get you the latest pattern of tire that was made?" his father broke in upon his explanation. "I cannot afford to throw away a brand-new wheel just because some inventor has come out with an improvement on it."

"It is not the tire, papa," broke in Ned eagerly. "My tire is all right. She is double-lined with fiber-rubber, and I ain't a bit afraid of puncturing her. But, you see, it's a pneumatic seat that Tom Roderick has on his, and that's ever so much better than the old-fashioned, steel-spring, leather seat."

"A pneumatic seat!" echoed Mr. Wilson. "Well, I wonder what in the world is coming next. There is just one thing more somebody ought to invent," he mused, with a half-smile upon his lips, "and that is a pneumatic boy to ride the pneumatic tired safety with a pneumatic seat. I think in this age of the world, when everybody seems to be trying to avoid jars and shakes in every other way, that it would be a fine thing to have a boy about the house built on that plan. I'll see about the pneumatic seat for your safety after we have some evidences that there is a pneumatic boy to sit on it. I don't think it's fair that one member of the family should have all the smooth riding, and his baby brother, mother, and the rest, be continually jolted and jarred by his ill-temper and poor memory."

Ned knew it was of no use to argue the matter, and so went away doubtful as to whether his appeal had done any good; yet with a half-formed idea in his mind that his father would swap a pneumatic seat for his "safety" for a pneumatic boy, whatever that meant. The more he thought about it, the plainer it became to his mind that this was the situation of affairs. The figure of speech in which his father had likened him to a safety stuck in his fancy.

"I guess I am a little rough and crusty sometimes," he admitted to himself in an undertone. "Maybe I do make some jolts about the house. I guess papa must have heard me snapping at baby Dick this morning for scratching my school slate. I did make it pretty rough riding for the little fellow—that's a fact. And mamma says I come home from school every night as cross as a bear."

Ned sat still on the porch settee for five minutes without even whistling or whittling at a stick, and that was something unusual for him. Presently he heard steps coming through the library. He pricked up his ears in an instant, and then said to himself: "There's mamma coming to remind me about that errand down street. I'll slip right off before she gets a chance to tell me the second time. I suppose it does worry her to have to keep jogging my memory." And with an "I'm going, mamma; I didn't forget," he scampered off as fast as his feet could carry him.

His mother thrust her head through the partly open door, and watched him disappear, in a half-surprised way, and then remarked aside to Mr. Wilson:

"That's encouraging. I didn't suppose Ned could possibly remember to do anything from being told once."

"Ah!" responded Ned's father, "maybe he's trying to relieve your mind of some of the jolting his forgetfulness gives it. I shouldn't be surprised if he'd taken the hint I gave him, and you'll have pretty easy times—for a day or two at least."

Mrs. Wilson didn't understand, and so she had

further occasion to be mystified over Ned's unusual thoughtfulness and generosity before the day was gone.

He came home bringing a stick of candy.

"Here," he said, holding out the larger half to baby Dick.

This was quite an innovation on his usual procedure. Ordinarily, the baby teased and the mother coaxed, and finally commanded, and then Ned acquiesced in a division by grasping three-fourths of the stick in his hand, and requiring baby to break the short end off.

"That's a great deal nicer," approved his mother, "than letting your brother worry and cry over it."

"I guess it does ride smoother than the other way," agreed Ned within himself. "I'm going to see how still I can go upstairs, now, and hang up the clothes I left scattered around my room."

He started off, tiptoeing up the stairway as carefully as he could, muttering to himself: "I guess papa'll think this is pretty smooth riding. He always says I make as much noise as a whole livery stable, going up and down stairs. And then grandma won't have to tell me about hanging up my things either, and that'll save her some jolting. She's always jolting over something I do, and I guess her bones are old, and she has plenty of trouble with her own children."

Down in the library, Ned's papa smiled to himself as he noted the whole proceeding, even though he kept busily at work. "I think," he said, casting his eye over a catalogue of bicycle dealers' supplies, which Ned had with a good deal of forethought left at his elbow, "that the price of that pneumatic seat may prove one of the best investments I ever made."

Something in his father's scanning the catalogue encouraged Ned wonderfully, and it was not long before he mustered up courage enough to approach his father's elbow and demurely suggest, "I guess it's been a little smoother around here lately—ain't it, papa?"

"Don't know but it has," answered his father. "It seems to me that I haven't heard Dick fretting quite as much as usual, and I know your mother has been saved quite a number of steps, and your grandmother a great deal of worry, while I haven't been."

"Jolted," prompted Ned. "That's what I call it. You see, I've been playing to myself that I am a pneumatic boy, and it was my business to keep people in this house from being jolted. That's what a pneumatic seat is for," he shrewdly concluded.

"I see," answered his father. "You've shown me how much easier riding with a pneumatic seat is, and I guess we'll have to order one to-day for your 'safety.' We're willing to be partners with you in this matter of smooth riding. That's a great deal fairer than to have all the smooth riding on one side—don't you think?"

"Course," said Ned.

## Ben's Best Girl.

BY SUSAN TRALL PERRY.

Not a word was missed in spelling,  
Nor was broken any rule,  
So Ben's step was with the music,  
Marching proudly out of school.  
O'er the stile he bounded quickly,  
With a hurrah and a shout!  
And the boys and girls kept asking:  
"What on earth is Ben about!"

In the shop below the corner,  
Soon Ben stopped and looked them o'er—  
"All those valentines just opened,"  
While the girls peered through the door;  
And he whispered to the shopman,  
With his heart all in a whirr,  
"I must have the best in stock, sir—  
This to send to my best girl!"

Was it blue-eyed Agnes Cummings?  
Could it be that black-eyed Bess?  
Or perhaps 'twas Kitty Wilbur—  
No; the shopman could not guess.  
Soon Ben chose one, 'twas so pretty,  
Quite unlike any other;  
Then he whispered to the shopman,  
"My best girl is my mother!"

"Girls, these days, are queer and flighty,  
Very friendly, then so cool,  
Just because a fellow does not  
Always walk by plumb and rule.  
But the mothers understand us:  
Mine's the one that I tie to.  
Now I'm off. When mother gets this,  
How I wonder what she'll do!"

"You are right," the shopman answered;  
"Always stick to mother, boy."  
And Ben bounded through the doorway,  
Whistling loudly in his joy.  
Then the girls walked off together,  
Wondering much which one would get  
Valentine—"O just the sweetest!"—  
But those girls are wondering yet.

## Preserving Cut Flowers.

Instead of placing flowers in cold water, much better results can be had by using warm water; i. e., water of a higher temperature than that usually known as lukewarm. Another important point in getting cut flowers to keep fresh is to put the stems into the water the instant they are cut from the plant.

*Dicentra spectabilis* is perhaps the grandest of all kinds of Breeches-flower introduced into gardens. It is sometimes known as Bleeding Heart. It is a native of China and must make a grand show in the woods of that country in early spring. It is one of that class of hardy herbaceous plants which dislikes transplanting. Left alone, it improves in grandeur from year to year. To propagate them pinch off the early flowers from some one branch.—*Meehans' Monthly for February.*