

THE QUIET HOUR.

"Redeeming the Time."

O trifle not with life: 'tis but an hour;
Redeem its every moment, day by day.
Press forward to the front!
Live for the future life: watch, watch and pray.
Remember, child of Time,
Thou art immortal! fling not Heaven away.
H. Bonar.

The Business of the King.

"The King's business required haste."—I. Sam.,
XXI. 8.

And yet there is no other business about which average Christians take it so easy. They "must" go their usual round, they "must" write their letters, they "must" pay off their visits and other social claims, they "must" do all that is expected of them; and then, after this and that and the other thing is cleared off, they will do what they can of the King's business. They do not say "must" about that, unless it is some part of His business which is undertaken at second-hand, and with more sense of responsibility to one's clergyman than to one's King. Is this being faithful and loyal and single-hearted? If it has been so, oh, let it be so no more! How can "Jesus Only" be our motto, when we have not even said "Jesus first"?

The King's business requires haste. It is always pressing, may never be put off. Much of it has to do with souls which may be in eternity to-morrow; and with opportunities which are gone forever if not used then and there: there is no "convenient season" for it but *to-day*. Often it is not really done at all, because it is not done in a spirit of holy haste. We meet an unconverted friend again and again, and beat about the bush, and think to gain quiet influence and make way gradually, and call it judicious not to be in a hurry, when the real reason is that we are wanting in holy eagerness and courage to do the King's true business with that soul, and in nine such cases out of ten nothing ever comes of it; but "As thy servant was busy here and there, he was gone." Have we not found it so?

Delay in the Lord's errands is next to disobedience, and generally springs out of it, or issues in it. Let us see to it that we can say, "I made haste, and delayed not to keep Thy commandments."

We never know what regret and punishment delay in the King's business may bring upon ourselves. Amasa "tarried longer than the set time which he (the king) had appointed him," and the result was death to himself. Contrast the result in Abigail's case, where, except she had hastened, her household would have perished. We find four rules for doing the King's business, in His Word. We are to do it: First, "*Heartily*"; second, "*Diligently*"; third, "*Faithfully*"; fourth, "*Speedily*."—Col. III. 23; Ezra VII. 23; 2 Chron. XXXIV. 12; Ezra VII. 21. Let us ask Him to give us the grace of energy to apply them this day to whatever He indicates as our part of His business, remembering that He said, "I must be about My Father's business." Especially in that past of it which is between Himself and ourselves alone, let us never delay. Oh, the incalculable blessings that we have already lost by putting off our own dealings with our King!

What shall be our word for Jesus? Master give it day by day: Ever as the need arises, teach Thy children what to say. Give us holy love and patience; grant us deep humility. That of self we may be emptied, and our hearts be full of Thee: Give us zeal and faith and fervour, make us winning, make us wise. Single-hearted, strong and fearless;—Thou hast called us, we will rise! Let the might of Thy good Spirit go with every loving word; And by hearts prepared and open, be our message always heard!
F. R. H.

"Nothing but Leaves."

"And when He came to it, He found nothing but leaves."—St. Mark XI. 13.

Nothing but leaves! The Spirit grieves
Over a wasted life;
Sins committed whilst conscience slept,
Promises made but never kept,
Hatred, battle, and strife—Nothing but leaves!

Nothing but leaves! No garnered sheaves
Of life's fair, ripened grain;
Words, idle words for earnest deeds;
We sow our seeds—low! tares and weeds
We reap with toil and pain—Nothing but leaves!

Nothing but leaves! Memory weaves
No veil to screen the past:
As we trace our weary way,
Counting each lost and mis-spent day,
Sadly we find at last—Nothing but leaves!

And shall we meet the Master so,
Hearing our withered leaves?
The Saviour looks for perfect fruit—
We stand before Him humble, mute,
Waiting the word He breathes—"Nothing but leaves."

Things Crowded Out.

Some things must be "crowded out" of our lives. What we think of least consequence is put off to a leisure time: "After harvest I will attend to that," we say; or "when the house-cleaning is done will be soon enough to do that piece of work," it can wait, the other can't. What is the work which can be put off so easily? What things do we openly confess to be of least consequence? Perhaps it is some person to be visited; when we have time to spare he may be well, or perhaps have passed away beyond our reach. The house is cleaned and

hour or two sooner, but we may have to face the terrible words, "In as much as ye did it not . . . ye did it not to Me." Or the sewing we have undertaken to do for His poor, is pushed aside; "there is no hurry about that." We go to Sunday-school, if we are not too tired, with a lesson badly prepared. Why? Because there was such a lot to do, we just had time to glance at it. Is the work of training young, eager souls of less consequence than the trimming of a hat, which "must be done for Sunday," and which took up all Saturday evening? Or the children are allowed to neglect their Sunday lessons. "Poor little things, they have to study so hard all the week." Do we really think the training of their minds more important than the training of their souls? Pause a moment, in the rush of this nineteenth century life, and find out. If we do value earthly things above heavenly, there is certainly something wrong with our Christianity.

Home or school work must not be neglected, of course; it can and should be done thoroughly, "as unto the Lord and not unto men"; but religious acts, prayer and meditation, church and Sunday-school, must not be crowded into out-of-the-way corners of time. They, too, are of real, vital importance. Our Lord tells of a man who spent his time in filling up his barns, thinking only of the heaping up of riches. He succeeded, but oh, what a terrible failure he made of life! "Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee." What use had he made of the precious time committed to him? He had worked hard—for Time—but neglected Eternity.

Never say, "I have no time for reading the Bible." A sailor might just as well say he had no time to look at the compass, or to study his chart. Never be too busy to pray, to hold communion with your Master, Christ. It would be far wiser to be too busy to eat, or sleep, or breathe. You know the body cannot do its work without food, or rest, or air; do not let the soul live a cramped, starved life either, or you will surely bitterly repent your folly.

"Be not too busy with thy work and care
To look to God, to clasp thy hand in His.
Miss thou all else, but fail thou not in this,
Thou needest not all alone thy burden bear:
Listen and wait, obey and learn His will:
His love and service all thy life shall fill."

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

This competition is closed, but so many letters and stories have arrived that some will have to be kept over for the next issue. One called "An Unexpected Messenger," will be published, if the writer will send her age; she must have forgotten that rule. The first story received this month is called

Deer-hunting in Lake Dauphin.

In the year 1893 J. one evening was out hunting rabbits when he came across some deer tracks so he went home that evening and told H. and G. and the next morning at daybreak they started after the deer with the idea of going to have two or three deers apiece—with their rifles loaded up to the muzzles. When they got to where the deer tracks were the scrub was so high that they could not see any distance. So J. and H. thought they would climb a tree to see where the deer was. But they left their rifles at the foot of the tree, when they got to the top they saw the deer coming straight towards them. J. told G. to run and shoot the deer. G. had to run about 20 yards before he was out of the scrub to shoot them. He fired one shot but the ball did not go straight then J. and H. got down the tree and the 3 men started after the deer running till at last H. played out and went home, the other 2 kept running on till dark but could not catch the deer so they had to stay in the woods all night the next morning they being tired started for home and I know that J. and H. have not gone deer-hunting since, but G. went hunting and got a deer that he could catch without shooting.

WILLIAM WHITEMAN [age 13].

Gartmore, Man.

This is evidently written by a boy, the only boy who has attempted to find a place in our Corner. Next comes a story written by Pearl Walker, aged 12 years:

True Story of a Pet Crow.

One 24th of May my three sisters, two brother and I went to the woods for a picnic. My baby brother fell asleep and we covered him up under a tree while we picked flowers. Then we came back and sat down to eat our lunch. My oldest brother happened to look up in the tree under which we were sitting, and noticed something that looked like a bundle of sticks. He climbed the tree and found that it was a nest with three crows in. We brought them home, two of them died, but the other, which we called Corny, lived. We had a hard time teaching him to eat but he soon learnt to feed himself. He was soon quite a pet, although pretty troublesome, as he would take the baby's toys out of the house and hide them; if we went barefooted he would run after us and pick our heels. One Sunday we were all sitting in the house reading, when Corny came in with a little stick in his mouth, jumped upon Papa's foot and tried to push it up between his shoe and trousers, then tried to hide it under the edge of the carpet. He would try to bark like a dog, mew like a cat and crow like a rooster. One day he picked up baby's toy and hopped off with it and my brother ran after him, but when they came to the end of the verandah my brother, thinking Corny would still hop on, jumped down and came on the poor bird's back as Corny had stopped suddenly. This injured him so that he died the next day. We missed him very much and put him in a box and

buried him behind the hen-house. We put a shingle at the head of the grave with this inscription:—

Here lies
Corny,
Son of Mr. and Mrs. Jim Crow,
Who died August—1888.
"O! Corny, you are gone,
And will never more come back;
You left this sad, sad world
From the effects of a broken back."

Here we left his remains, but an old hen, who had not been at the funeral, seeing the grave, and allowing her inquisitiveness to get the better of her good manners, scratched it up and scattered the bones in all directions. Perhaps she was trying to pay off some old grudge, as Corny was very cross to the hens.
PEARL WALKER.
Canfield, Ont.

THE SOCIAL CORNER.

Under this heading, communications relating to the home or any subject of interest will be published and questions answered.
MINNIE MAY.

"NELLIE."—To wash summer silks, first remove all grease, or other dark spots, with chloroform, then shake thoroughly in a solution of ammonia, a little soap and a pail of water, and rinse in lukewarm water. Do not wring, simply press the water out and partly dry the goods; then press dry between two cloths, using a very hot iron. Remove iron-rust with salts of lemon, and mildew with diluted chloride of lime. For the latter, buttermilk is often recommended, but is not quite satisfactory.

"ORPHAN ANNIE."—A daughter wears crape for a parent for one year, then plain black for the second year. Grays and lavender are no longer in vogue for second mourning.

"ESTELLE."—To make eau-de-cologne, use oils of lavender, bergamot, and jessamine, of each half an ounce; oil of rosemary, sixteen drops; oil of cinnamon, six drops; oil of cloves, six drops; oil of neroli, eight drops; musk, five grains, and alcohol, one quart.

A favorite style for the light duck suits is to make with a four-yard bell skirt, Eton jacket reaching to waist line, rolling sailor collar, and very large leg-o'-mutton sleeves. Put four large pearl buttons on each side of the jacket.

"GERALDINE G."—Equal parts of alcohol, ammonia and water will remove spots from a black dress, if applied with a small brush when the dust has been removed. A solution of soap-bark and water will answer the same purpose. To cleanse the ribbon, saturate in benzine or gasoline and press carefully.

"YOUNG HOUSEWIFE."—Scarfs draped about pictures are now out of date, and advisedly so. If the picture be worth a place in one's parlor, it should be able to stand on its own merits. However, if it be large, and standing on an easel, a pretty scarf is quite desirable, if artistically draped.

Wall-paper is much prettier than paint, and has become so cheap that it is but little more expensive.

"ETIQUETTE."—The conventional hours for making calls or receiving callers are generally from four to six.

When congratulations or condolence are in order, a card answers the purpose of a call, except among particular friends, and it should be left as soon as possible (in the case of condolence) after hearing of the affliction.

Puzzles.

1—RIDDLE.

Riddle me, riddle me, see,
You often can see me;
But touch me light,
And I'll go out of sight,
And you'll wonder where I can be.
Riddle me, riddle me, ri,
High over your head I'll fly;
I'm a fairy's crown,
Look like thistle down
When sailing across the sky.
Riddle me, riddle me, ro,
I'm nearly as pure as snow;
On me rainbows glance,
On me fairies dance,
As over the waters I blow.

A. P. HAMPTON.

2—DIAMOND.

1, a consonant; 2, a marsh; 3, a head-dress worn by the Pope; 4, a transparent marble; 5, a river in France; 6, consumed; 7, a vowel.

PERKIE HYDE.

3—CHARADE.

The PRIMAL, with his gold,
Should be LAST, I am told;
To banquet on milk and honey;
But in hoarding his wealth,
He undermines his health,
And ALL is he with his money.

Selected.

4—CHARADE.

She's just a tiny little thing,
With sweetest eyes of blue;
She couldn't one a nicer girl,
My sweetheart good and true.
She's small of stature, but her form
Is full of subtle grace;
To say she is a pretty two
Might not describe her face.

Her lips are the most kissable
That ever were steeped in bliss;
They most COMPLETE me when she says,
"Papa, dimme a kiss."

A. P. HAMPTON.