

For in that sleep of death what dreams may come
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause: there's the respect,
That makes calamity of so long life:
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,
The undiscover'd country from whose bourn
No traveller returns, puzzles the will;
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.
To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.

"Othello."

Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls:
Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which nothing enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

Robert Burns.

Robert Burns, born 1759, died 1793. Scotland's greatest poet has given to the literature of the English race some of its most precious jewels. His songs will endure while the language lasts. His lyrics have a wonderful union of thrilling passion and melting tenderness. Holy Willie's Prayer is a matchless satire. Most of his poems are written in his native Ayrshire dialect which, however, he frequently exchanges for English, as in the strange tale of Tam o'Shanter is found the stanza:

"But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed;
Or, like the snow-fall in the river,
A moment white, then melts forever;
Or like the borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place;
Or, like the rainbow's lovely form,
Evanishing amid the storm."

For A' That and A' That.

Is there, for honest poverty,
That hangs his head, and a' that?
The coward slave, we pass him by,
We dare be poor for a' that!
For a' that and a' that,
Our toils obscure, and a' that;
The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that.
What, though on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hoddin-grey, and a' that;
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
A man's a man for a' that!
For a' that and a' that,
Their tinsel show, and a' that;
The honest man, though e'er so poor,
Is king o' men for a' that.
A prince can make a belted knight,
A marquis, duke and a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might,
Gude faith, he mauna fa' that!
For a' that and a' that,
Their dignities, and a' that,
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
Are higher ranks than a' that.
Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for a' that,
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, and a' that,
For a' that and a' that,
It's coming yet, for a' that,
That man to man, the world o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that.

Second Prize.

BY LOTTIE KETILES, RAMSAY'S CORNERS, ONT.

Lowell.

James Russell Lowell, born 1819, is an American poet and essayist. He is much better known as the author of "The Biglow Papers", a collection of humorous satirical poems on political subjects written in the Yankee dialect. His more serious poems are noted for their tender sentiment; through many of them runs a pensive strain. He has also written many scholarly essays and criticisms. Mr. Lowell has been editor of the "Atlantic Monthly" and of the "North American Review". In 1855 he succeeded Longfellow in the Chair of Modern Languages and Literature at Harvard. He was appointed Minister to Spain in 1877, and to England in 1880.

The Heritage.

The rich man's son inherits lands,
And piles of brick and stone and gold,
And he inherits soft white hands,
And tender flesh that fears the cold,
Nor dares to wear a garment old.
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce could wish to hold in fee.
The rich man's son inherits cares:
The bank may break, the factory burn,
A breath may burst his bubble shares,
And soft white hands could hardly earn
A living that would serve his turn.
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce could wish to hold in fee.
The rich man's son inherits wants,
His stomach craves for dainty fare;
With satiated heart he hears the pants
Of toiling hands with brown arms bare,
And weariness in his easy chair.
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce could wish to hold in fee.
What doth the poor man's son inherit?
Stout muscles and a sinewy heart,
A hardy frame, a hardier spirit;
King of two hands, he does his part
In every useful toil and art.
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
Wishes o'erjoyed with humble things,
A rank adjudged by toil-worn merit,
Content that from employment springs
A heart that in his labor sings.
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
A patience learned by being poor,
Courage, if sorrow come, to bear it,
A fellow-feeling that is sure
To make the outcast bless his door.
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

O, rich man's son! there is a toil—
That with all others level stands
Large charity doth never soil,
But only whiten soft white hands.
This is the best crop from thy lands.
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being rich to hold in fee.

O, poor man's son! scorn not thy state,
There is worse weariness than thine,
In merely being rich and great;
Toil only gives the soul to shine,
And makes rest fragrant and benign.
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being poor to hold in fee.

Both, heirs to some six feet of sod,
Are equal in the earth at last;
Both, children of the same dear God,
Prove title to your heirship vast.
By record of a well-filled past,
A heritage, it seems to me,
Well worth a life to hold in fee.

Third Prize.

BY M. A. CLEMENTS, WINNIPEG, MAN.

Frances Havergal.

Frances Ridley Havergal was born in 1836, in the village of Astley. Her father, the clergyman of the village, was a man of rare musical talent, and Frances, the youngest daughter of the house, early showed that she had inherited a portion of this gift.

Her first sorrow was the death of her mother. The sad and unexpected blow was felt deeply by the child of only twelve years. After the lapse of a few years, Mr. Havergal married again. His second wife was a beautiful type of Christian womanhood, whose sweet influence in the house was felt and readily owned by Frances.

Frances was sent to a school in England for awhile, and afterwards to one in Germany, where she learned to speak the German language perfectly, and also became familiar with German literature.

When Frances had left school, her father took the living of St. Nicholas, near Worcester. In this large parish, by the power of her active Christian work, she made a mark for God, which lasts to this day. At an early age she began to show signs of delicate health, and her work was often stopped by attacks of illness. But suffering and weakness of the body strengthened her spiritually, and her nature never became warped by selfishness or discontent. She soon became known as a poetess, by contributions in verse to different magazines. Her musical talent also developed with cultivation, and published compositions soon made her a name in this art. Her gift of a singularly rich and powerful voice was used, as were all her other talents, as a way by which to glorify and serve her King.

The women in Indian Zenanas, the cause of temperance, the slaves of sin and poverty in crowded English towns, the private troubles of thousands who showered letters upon her, the cry of editors and publishers for more printed matter—all these things laid claim on her time and sympathies, and she tried to let none lay claim in vain. Books of sacred song and music, stories for little ones, and volumes of devotion for older souls, were sent in quick succession to editor and publisher. And her literary earnings were used for the most part for missionary purposes.

But the weak, delicate body was growing less and less able to bear the many burdens which the active spirit laid upon it. To secure quiet, Frances and her sister retired to a village in Wales. But even here she saw much to be done for God, and she could not remain idle. While holding an open air meeting, on temperance, with the men of the neighborhood, she caught a severe cold and chill, from which she never recovered. Internal inflammation set in, and shortly after, at the age of forty-three, this glorious Christian woman took her place in the mansion which the Lord Himself had prepared for His faithful servant.

Consecration.

Take my life and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee;
Take my hands and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love.

Take my feet and let them be
Swift and beautiful for Thee;
Take my voice and let me sing
Always, only, for my King.

Take my lips and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee;
Take my silver and my gold,
Not a mite would I withhold.

Take my moments, and my days,
Let them flow in endless praise;
Take my intellect, and use
Every power as Thou shalt choose.

Take my will and make it Thine,
It shall be no longer mine;
Take my heart, it is Thine own,
It shall be Thy royal Throne.

Take my love, my God, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure store;
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for Thee.

Be Not Weary.

Yes! He knows the way is dreary,
Knows the weakness of our frame,
Knows that hand and heart are weary;
He, "in all points," felt the same,
He is near to help and bless;
Be not weary, onward press.

Look to Him who once was willing
All His glory to resign,
That, for thee, the law fulfilling,
All His merit might be thine:
Strive to follow day by day
Where His footsteps mark the way.

Look to Him who ever liveth,
Interceding for His own;
Seek, ye, claim the grace He giveth
Freely from His priestly Throne,
Will He not thy strength renew,
With His Spirit's quickening dew?

Look to Him, the Lord of Glory
Tasting death to win thy life;
Gazing on that "wondrous story,"
Canst thou falter in the strife?
Is it not new life to know
That the Lord hath loved thee so?

Look to Him, and faith shall brighten,
Hope shall soar, and love shall burn,
Peace once more thy heart shall lighten:
Rise! He calleth thee, return!
Be not weary on thy way,
Jesus is thy strength and stay.

Puzzles.

1—CHARADE.

Are you going to be in the puzzle group?
If so, hustle yourself along.
For if you don't you'll be in the soup;
So hustle yourself right along.

Won't it be a pleasant band,
With Uncle Tom in the middle;
All the bright ones of our land,
And who are they? Now I will tell.

If we start down by the sea
H. A. Woodworth, he of great fame,
And his sister Mattie we shall see.
Next A. Russel and Morley Boss we shall see.

Miss Lily Day is last but not least
Of those who hail from away down east.
In Eastern Ontario next we'll see who worthy be,
And Miss Armand is of course at the top of the tree.

Then Lanark has another not unknown to fame:
Alma Borrowman is the fellow's name;
And Russell county has also got its wonder,
Its Edwards, C., over whose puzzles we have to ponder.

In Miss Elinor Moore and the two Misses Fox,
Middlesex county will have a good share
Of ye lady solvers fair,
And Amos Howkins, Lorneville P. O., should in the group
also appear.

In Floradale we have two trusty workers,
I. Irvine Devitt and that clever solver, A. Snider,
And George Blyth must also be there;
He from the group we could not spare.

Of course the king of puzzlers, E. A. F., will have a place,
So that we all shall see his clever face,
And his sister, too, who once with us did toil
Now from the group must not recoil.

So now all ye puzzlers gay,
Get on your best bibs and tuckers,
Send Uncle T. your photo right away,
But be sure your face you do not pucker.

In the TOTAL let us all
Help the "Dom" up to perfection;
If we all try and PRIME to do it,
In short LAST will succeed—then satisfaction.

HENRY REEVE.

2—ENIGMATICAL STORY.

12, 5, 3 was a very good boy about 4, 10, 13, 7 years old. His parents took him with them to London. He thought it very funny that they should hire a "11, 14, 15" to take them to the 2, 5, 8, 3, 14. He saw many interesting sights in London, but he wanted to return to his home in America. The 1, 7, 6, 8, 9 was, he was anxious to get back for 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15.

LILY DAY.

3—CHARADE.

Nothing venture nothing have,
More true or wonderful words ne'er were spoken;
It COMPLETE would be a surprise
If it happened otherwise.
Then if FIRST this world
Something thou don't crave,
A LAST of some kind thou must do,
Or that craving will remain with you.

HENRY REEVE.

4—SQUARE WORD.

1—A small number of persons closely united in some secret intrigue, usually so effect some party or sinister purpose.
2—A place of public contest.
3—To obscure.
4—Aged.
5—A thin plate or scale.

FAIR BROTHER.

5—CHARADE.

I hardly think that I need try
To win a prize this year,
For the puzzles are all so good,
I'm "unmeet to be their peer."
But puzzling I find is such good fun,
I'll send along my mite,
And try to win a place among
The other puzzlers bright.
I'm sorry Miss Ada can't compete,
And our good friend Fairbrother;
But I hope they'll send FIRST more good puzzles,
And write to one another.
"Would be COMPLETE more sense, I think," a friend was tell-
ing me.
"To give up puzzling," but that is not
LAST thinks your cousin C. E.

CHARLIE EDWARDS.

6—ENIGMA.

In Shakespeare's "Hamlet,"
In "The Brook" by Tennyson,
In Cowper's "Boadicea,"
In Longfellow's "Resignation,"
In "The Bells," by Poe,
In Bulwer's "Richelieu,"
In Wordsworth's "Ode to Duty,"
In "The Bard," by Gray,
In Moore's "Oft on a Stilly Night,"
In "The Coliseum," by Byron,
In Goldsmith's "Deserted Village,"

Here we have a good array
Of famous poets and their works,
Now if this puzzle you read aright
You shall find what we all appreciate.

HENRY REEVE.

Answers to January First Puzzles.

1—Welcome. 3—1, 3, 9, 27, 81. 5—Cloud, Could.

2—One. 4—Listen. 6—Elate, Late.

Names of Those Who Have Sent Correct

Answers to First January Puzzles.

Charlie Edwards, Lily Day, Charlie Palliser, A. R. Borrowman, Addison and Oliver Snider, Henry Reeve, Josie Sheehan, Fred Hall, Minnie Harley, Thos. Andros, G. B. Kilme, Thos. W. Banks, A. Howkins, Geo. W. Blythe, G. Gamache.