

both I and the Comudi were stowed away somehow in the woodskin beside the Indian. The serpent's huge carcass made it rather a tight fit, but I didn't mean to leave him to the king vultures—I wanted to have at least something to show for what I had suffered.

On our way down to the camp we came upon the errant bateau with its nose gently run into the soft, oozy bank. Apparently it had drifted only a short distance before sticking. We transhipped ourselves into the bateau and took the woodskin, with the boa, in tow.

As we approached the camp, I saw Garth walking about in a very forcible style, and I knew by the token that he was angry. I could conceive that it might be with me he was angry. It was.

"When next the whim takes you to go off in the bateau by yourself, Kenyon," he shouted out angrily, as soon as he caught sight of me, "you will please have the courtesy to manage it so as not to upset all our arrangements. We were, as you know, to break up camp and start away at dawn, and now?"

Then his tone suddenly changed as the bateau and the woodskin touched the landing place.

"By Jove, my dear fellow, where did you get hold of that Comudi? It's the biggest I've ever set eyes on! It can't be less than thirty feet long! My dear Kenyon, I wish I had been with you!"

"You wouldn't if you knew," I said, with a burst of laughter that was in truth a little hysterical.

Then I took a good grip of his friendly shoulder.

"Garth, old chap, is it a few hours or a few years since I last saw that sunburned old phiz of yours?"

Garth ran his short-sighted eyes inquiringly over my dirty, blood-stained garments. Then he looked anxiously at the Comudi.

"It's a pity you've hacked him so," he said, regretfully. "It rather spoils the skin for preserving."

"I wasn't thinking of your confounded old museum when I was killing him," I said, laughing. "But I'll make you a present of him now if you think his skin worth having."

"Worth having! Kenyon, you are a down-right good fellow," cried Garth, joyfully. He made a rush to get the Comudi out of the woodskin, but half way there he bethought himself and stopped to ask, with polite concern, if I had had hard work in killing the boa.

"Oh, the killing of him was the only part of the business I really almost enjoyed. But what went before!—Garth, old fellow, I have a story to tell."

And, after I had had a good stiff nobbler of brandy and water, I told my story. I think I told it rather well then, for Garth was moved to strong sympathy and interest.

He was really much concerned that I should have had such a terrible and well nigh fatal experience, but, all the same, whenever his eye lighted upon the latest and finest addition to his darling collection, it was evident that he could not regret my encounter with the Comudi.—A. Ferguson, in *Temple Bar*.

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

A "Proverb-Hunt" will now begin this column. A prize is offered for correct solutions of the first three pictures. Only children of subscribers may compete, and competitors must be under sixteen years of age. Answers should be sent in for each group, e.g., 1, 3, 4, 5, 7, 8, etc. A prize is offered for each group of three pictures, and a better one at the end of the year for the largest number of correct answers. Letters marked "Proverb-Hunt" will not be opened until ten days after the third picture of each group is issued. The first letter opened, containing correct answers, will be prize winner; all others will receive honorable mention. Address your letters to Cousin Dorothy, FARMER'S ADVOCATE, London, Ont., and mark them "Proverb-Hunt"—outside the envelope.



HIDDEN PROVERB—NO. 9.

MY DEAR YOUNG COUSINS,—

Our "Corner" seems to be very much appreciated, judging by the letters I receive from all parts of the country. Here is an extract from one received to-day from Nova Scotia: "I will answer the Proverbs as long as they appear in the ADVOCATE. I just think the ADVOCATE is grand.—Your little 'Hunter,' Bertha M. Myers." Ethel Potticary writes: "Dear Cousin Dorothy,—I was greatly surprised yesterday when I received the prize for the fairy tale. . . . Again, Cousin Dorothy, allow me to thank you for the pretty knife, and, hoping to compete again should another story competition be given, I will close this lengthy letter, which I fear will prove rather burdensome to you." Indeed, it was not "burdensome," Ethel. I should be very glad to get another like it. Here is another extract from one of the winners in the Proverb-Hunt: "I got your prize, which was a very nice book, and was very much pleased with it. It was more than I expected. I didn't think that I would get it, so I thought I would try to see how I would come out.—Yours truly, James Brass."

I think our next story competition should be of an historical nature. Now that Christians are again being enrolled in multitudes in "the noble army of martyrs," our thoughts naturally turn to the persecutions of Nero and other heathen emperors. Then, as now, men and women, yes, and children too, met torture and death with a quiet heroism which fills us with wonder and admiration. Could you not tell simply and naturally, the story of a martyr's death?—a true story, remember: in fact, a sort of composition. I offer a prize in July for the best original description of the death of a Christian martyr, before A.D. 305. If this competition induces even one of you to read the history of the early Church, I shall be well repaid, and the time so spent will never be regretted. Our modern Christianity looks so cold and lifeless beside the record of those early days. But, there! if I begin to preach, you will

think you have dipped into the "Quiet Hour" by mistake. I am not given to writing long letters—so all my friends complain—and this one has surprised you, I have no doubt; it certainly has surprised—

Your old friend, COUSIN DOROTHY.

The Thirsty Stars.

A long time ago, seven little stars came out one night to play hide-and-seek in their beautiful sky-garden, and oh! such a twinkling time as they did have, hiding behind mother and father stars, and the pretty floating cloudlets.

First one would wink and then another, which meant, "Come, I have found such a good hiding-place." Then they would all blink, which meant, "Ready!" So they kept winking and blinking until they grew very warm and thirsty. Just then they remembered that there were no drinking-cups in the sky-garden. What was there to be done? Of course they did not sit down and cry—for they were brave little stars, and always tried to find out a happy way to do everything, even if it did seem hard.

So they twinkled and blinked, And laughed and winked.

which meant, thinking what to do. "I've got it!" said one bright little twinkler; "we can all join hands and make a dipper: four can form a cup, and three the handle, and we can get a drink from the first cloudlet that comes floating by."

So they all joined hands and made the dipper, just in time to fill it with water from some pretty white clouds that were on their way to cloudland.

After having enjoyed a cool drink, the stars thought Lady Moon looked thirsty, and they decided to fill the dipper again and take it to her. She was delighted, for she really wanted a drink; but oh! what do you think happened? Lady Moon was very, very cold, and the moment she touched the dipper to take a drink it caught her breath, and the seven little stars were frozen together in the form of a dipper, forever; and if you try I am sure you can see them every bright star-light night, twinkling merrily in their beautiful home in the sky.

The Body House.

There are queer little houses
We all of us know,
And we carry them with us
Wherever we go.

Are they built, do you think,
Of wood, brick or stone?
No; these funny houses
Are all built of bones.

With flesh they are cushioned,
Without and within,
And drawn over the whole
Is a pretty white skin.

Though you each own a house,
I'm sure you'll confess
That its use and its name
You never can guess.

I suppose I must tell you,
So, list, and you'll hear:
Your queer little house
Is—your body, my dear.

—Selected.

THE QUIET HOUR.

Forenoon and afternoon and night,—forenoon
And afternoon and night;—forenoon and—what?
The empty song repeats itself. No more?
Yea, that is life! Make this forenoon sublime,
This afternoon a psalm, this night a prayer,
And time is conquered, and thy crown is won.

"Habits in Religious Life."

(Continued from page 5.)

When the natural emotions of the soul have been trained into the grooves of righteousness, and the life transformed more and more into the image of Christ, then, unconsciously and without effort, the Christian does the things that please God. This is the ultimate of Christian culture. It has in the highest and truest sense become "second nature" to do right and beautiful things, and not even to stop to think of them as right and beautiful. Who does not know some quiet Christian life that makes no pretension to greatness: that is simple, modest, retiring, and yet performs a blessed ministry, breathing fragrance and joy all about itself? The more we watch the seeds which grow and bring forth fruit in this world, the more shall we learn that they are oftenest those that are unconsciously dropped when the sower knows not that his hand is scattering golden grains of life. When we try to do something great or fine, nothing comes of it; then, when we do some simple thing, without pretensions, purpose, God makes the results immortal. Surely no one will say that these beautiful things possess no moral quality, because they are wrought unconsciously or through force of long habit. A ripe Christian character is simply a life in which all Christian virtues and graces have become fixed and solidified into permanent, as established habits. It costs no struggle to do right, because what has been done so long, under the influence of grace in the heart, has become part of the tempered nature.

The face of Moses did not shine to cause the people of his holiness, but because he had felt so long in the presence of God that it could not but shine. Truest, ripest Christian life flows out of a full heart—a heart so filled with God that it re-

quires no effort to live well and to scatter the sweetness of grace and love.

It must be remembered, however, that all goodness in living begins first in obeying rules, in keeping commandments. Mozart began with running scales and with painful finger-exercises. The noblest Christian began with the simplest obediences. The way to become skillful is to do things over and over, until we can do them perfectly, and without thought or effort. The way to become able to do great things is to do our little things with endless repetition and with increasing dexterity and carefulness. The way to grow into Christlikeness of character is to watch ourselves in the minutest things of thought and word and act, until our powers are trained to go almost without watching in the lines of moral right and holy beauty. To become prayerful, we must learn to pray by the clock, at fixed times. It is fine, ideal talk to say that our devotions should be like the birds' songs, warbling out anywhere, and at any time, with sweet unrestraint; but, in plain truth, to depend upon such impulses as guides to praying would soon lead to no praying at all. This may do for our heavenly life; but we have not gotten into heaven yet, and until we do we need to pray by habit. So of all religious life. We can only become unselfish by practicing unselfishness whenever we have an opportunity, until our life grows into the permanent beauty of unselfishness. The quickest way to outgrow rule is to make faithful use of rule. The melted iron can dispense with the mold by having been run in the mold. The more pains we take to make the letters in our copy-book like those at the top of the page, the sooner we can get along without any copy-book.

Our daily habits carry in them the buds and prophecies of our future character. The test of all moral life is in its tendencies. The question is not, What point have you attained? but, Which way are you tending? In what direction is your growth? Is your character compacting towards patience, truth, love, or towards impatience, falsehood, and selfishness? What is the trend of your spiritual habits? We grow always in the direction of our daily living. The powers we use develop continually into greater strength. The graces we cultivate come out more and more clearly in our character. If we grovel in the dust, and do not use our wings to fly towards God, we lose power to soar, and our whole life grows toward earthliness. But if we train ourselves to look upward, our whole being will grow towards spirituality and heavenliness.

REV. J. R. MILLER.

The Noontide Prayer.

BY MAY KIDDER.

"From morn till night, my sons, is long to go;
At noontide softly say your tiny prayer.
Remember twelve o'clock," she whispered low,
To all her children, gathered round her chair.

"When busy with your play and little toys,
At noon leave them a moment; quickly seek
Some quiet corner, far from playful noise,
And pray a prayer to Jesus, good and meek."

She often heard the little prattlers say:
"It makes us kind to one another. Let
Us all remember twelve o'clock, to-day!
I'll tell you, brother dear, if you forget."

One day she found at noon a figure small,
With tiny fingers clasped so close and still;
A kneeling in the corner of the hall,
He prayed: "Dear Jesus, keep me if you will."

The rapid years flew steadily along;
Yet when the golden noontide quickly nears,
Still these dear children, grown to manhood strong,
Remember habits of their earlier years.

If busy with their work, will slowly stop
And leave it for a time. In silent prayer,
They bow their noble heads at desk or shop,
To pray that He will watch and guide them there.

Try It Again To-Day.

BY MINNIE WEBB MILLER.

Was yesterday's burden heavy to bear?
Try it again to-day.
Was yesterday's brightness clouded by care?
Try it again to-day.
Take up the burden; with resolute face
Shadows ignore and quicken your pace;
Look unto Christ for the needed grace—
Try it again to-day.

Did yesterday's prayer bring no seeming relief?
Try it again to-day.
Was yesterday's testing a source of great grief?
Try it again to-day.
Put on the whole armor, and prayer will win:
Chastening will empty the heart of its sin;
God's love will give you sweet peace within—
Try it again to-day.

Was yesterday's song with keen anguish fraught?
Try it again to-day.
Was yesterday's victory too dearly bought?
Try it again to-day.
Your song may have thrilled with its sad refrain
A heart that was hardened by sin and pain;
Then, forever conflict that's waged in vain:—
Try it again to-day.

Men are not to be judged by their looks, habits, and appearances, but by the character of their lives and conversations, and by their works. 'Tis better that a man's own works than that another man's words should praise him.

We always find a thousand excellent excuses for our greatest sins, but if anyone wrongs us in the least, these excuses are unobtainable. We have a thousand reasons why we wish to condemn our neighbor, but not one why we wish to excuse him.