

A group of gates :

1. A gate of an inquiring turn.—*Interrogate*.
2. A gate which punishes severely.—*Castigate*.
3. A gate full of wrinkles.
4. A gate which connects and classifies.
5. A gate which travels by water.
6. A gate which makes claims.
7. A gate which increases in length.
8. A gate which goes to law.
9. A gate which soothes and alleviates.
10. A gate which conquers and subdues.
11. A gate acting as a representative.
12. A gate which cleanses and purifies.

Now, girls, shall we have another competition for Christmas? Such beautiful button-holes and well-made bags were sent in last year, that we are sure some of our girls have clever fingers, so we are hoping for something very good this time.

1. A prize will be given for the best *knitted tucker*, 14 inches long, made with white thread of any number from 30 to 50.

2. Another prize is offered for the best made *doll's frock*, to measure eight inches from neck to hem, of any shape, material or colour. The cost of the material will not be taken into account, but the *quality of the work* will decide the value.

These articles to be sent to Miss Loveday, Hazel Brae, Peterboro, by or before December 8th, with name and age clearly attached, and must not be washed before being sent.

### Contributed Articles.

From Annie Farrell :

#### A Bit of Family History.

Can and Will are cousins dear  
Who never trust to luck ;  
*Can* is the sister of *Energy*  
And *Will* is the child of *Pluck*.

Can't and Won't are cousins too,  
Who are always out of work ;  
For *Can't* is the son of *Never Try*  
And *Won't* is the son of *Shirk*.

In choosing your companions, then,  
Select both Will and Can ;  
But turn aside from Can't and Won't  
If you would be a man.

(We might add woman, as it is for both boys and girls).

From Beatrice Thomas, Ottawa :

#### Why Do We Wait?

Why do we wait till ears are deaf  
Before we speak our kindly word,  
And only utter loving praise  
When not a whisper can be heard ?

Why do we wait till hands are laid  
Close-folded, pulseless, ere we place  
Within them roses sweet and rare  
And lilies in their flawless grace ?

Why do we wait till eyes are sealed  
To light and love in death's deep  
trance—

Dear wistful eyes—before we bend  
Above them with impassioned glance ?

Why do we wait till hearts are still  
To tell them all the love is ours,  
And give them such late meed of praise,  
And lay above them fragrant flowers ?

How oft we careless wait till life's  
Sweet opportunities are past,  
And break our alabaster box  
Of ointment at the very last !

Oh ! let us heed the living friend  
Who walks with us life's common way,  
Watching our eyes for look of love,  
And hungering for a word of praise.

#### The Girls That Are Wanted.

The girls that are wanted are good girls,  
Good from the heart to the lips ;  
Pure as the lily is white and pure  
From its heart to its sweet leaf-tips ;  
Girls that are fair on the hearthstone,  
Ready and anxious to please,  
Kind and sweet to their own folks,  
And pleasant when nobody sees.

From Ada M. Williams :

#### Acrostic.

S'weet is the message that each Sabbath  
brings  
U nto the toilers, saying, " Fold your  
wings ;  
N o need to-day for work or earthly care.  
D o naught but worship God with praise  
and prayer  
A nd to His house repair this day of rest.  
Y ou thus will learn to do God's service  
best."

#### Summer's Good-bye.

The bright, glad, beautiful Summer  
of 1900 is saying good-bye.  
The golden rod in the fence corner  
is almost hidden by the Michaelmas  
daisy, and the trees which have kept  
their fresh greenness so long, begin  
to look dry and sombre, ready for  
the early frost to deck them in yel-