

Memory Gems Contest.

SELECTED BY MISS MATTIE BROWN, CLEAR CREEK, ONT.

I.
Make yourselves nests of pleasant thoughts. None of us yet know, for none of us have been taught in early youth, what fairy palaces we may build of beautiful thoughts, proof against all adversity. Bright fancies, satisfied memories, noble histories, faithful sayings, treasure houses of precious and restful thoughts which care cannot disturb, nor pain make gloomy, nor poverty take away from us—houses built without hands for our souls to dwell in.—*Ruskin.*

II.
Love virtue—she alone is free.
She can teach you how to climb
Higher than the spheric chime;
Or if virtue feeble were to her,
Heaven itself would stoop to her.
—*Milton: "Comus."*

III.
It's no in titles nor in rank,
It's no in wealth like London bank,
To purchase peace and rest;
It's no in makin' muckle mair;
It's no in books, it's no in lea,
To make us truly blest;
If happiness has not her seat
An' center in the breast,
We may be wise, or rich, or great,
But never can be blest;
Nae treasures nor pleasures,
Could make us happy lang;
The heart ay's the part ay
That makes us right or wrang.
—*Robert Burns.*

IV.
A beautiful behavior is the finest of fine arts.—*Emerson.*

V.
Nature is now at her evening prayers; she is kneeling before those red hills. I see her prostrate on the great steps of her altar, praying God for a fair night for mariners at sea, for travellers in deserts, for lambs on moors, and unfledged birds in woods. I see her now,—her robe of blue air spreads to the out-kirts of the heather where yonder flock is grazing; a veil, white as an avalanche, descends from her head to her feet. Under her breast I see her zone, purple like the horizon. Through its blush shines the star of evening. Her steady eyes I cannot picture,—they are deep as lakes; they are lifted and full of worship; they tremble with the softness of love. Her forehead has the expanse of a cloud and is paler than the moon risen long before dark gathers. She rests her bosom on the ridge of mist; her mighty hands are joined beneath it. So kneeling, face to face, she speaks with God.—*Charlotte Bronte.*

VI.
Desire not to live long, but well;
How long we live, not years, but actions, tell.
—*Watkins.*

VII.
Knowledge is now no more a fountain sealed.
Drink deep, until the habits of the slave,
The sins of emptiness, gossip, and spite,
And slander die. Better not be at all
Than not be noble.
—*Tennyson.*

VIII.
Peopled and worn is the valley,
Lonely and drear is the height,
But the path that lies nearest the storm-cloud
Lies nearest the stars of night.
—*F. R. Havergal.*

IX.
Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "It might have been!"
Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes;
And, in the hereafter, angels may
Role the stone from its grave away.
—*Whittier: "Maud Muller."*

X.
There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat,
And we must take the current when it serves
Or lose our ventures.
—*Shakespeare: "Julius Caesar."*

XI.
The more a man denies himself the more he shall obtain
from God.—*Horace.*

XII.
They are slaves who dare not speak
For the fallen and the weak;
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.
—*Lowell.*

XIII.
Earthly lights we do not ask for,
They but flicker, fade, and die;
Thou alone, the Light Eternal,
Can our spirits satisfy.
Bright the earnest of the future
Thou dost paint on winter skies,
Telling us of coming glory
Soon to greet our wondering eyes.
Snow may cast her mantle round us,
Cold may be the frosty air,
But above us, in the heavens,
We can trace Thy tender care.
We can read this timely message
Through the rift in sullen cloud.
Love can warm the coldest prospects
And with golden light enshroud,
Love can melt the frozen spirit,
Love doth cheer in gloomy hour;
Love will bring, in summer's absence,
Better gifts than choicest flower.
—*Charlotte Murray.*

XIV.
Even could the hand of avarice save
Its gilded baubles till the grave
Reclaimed its prey,
Let none on such poor hopes rely.
Life, like an empty dream, flits by,
And where are they?

Earthly desires and sensual lust
Are passions springing from the dust;
They fade and die.
But in the life beyond the tomb
They seal the immortal spirit's doom
Eternally.
—*Longfellow.*

XV.
No note of sorrow but shall melt
In sweetest chord unguessed;
No labor, all too pressing felt,
But ends in quiet rest.
No sigh but from the harp above
Soft echoing tones shall win;
No heart-wound but the Lord of Love
Shall pour His comfort in.
—*F. R. Havergal.*

CONTRIBUTED BY MISS ANNIE E. ROBSON, KINTORE, ONT.

I.
Is happiness thine utmost bent?
Why search afar for many a year,
When thou mayest find it now and near
If thou but find content?
—*C. E. Stevens.*

II.
Loyalty is still the same.
Whether it win or lose the game;
True as the dial to the sun,
Although it be not shined upon.
—*Samuel Butler.*

III.
Oh Duty! visitor divine!
Take all the wealth my house affords,
But make thy holy methods mine;
Speak to me thy surpassing words!
—*Julia Ward Howe.*

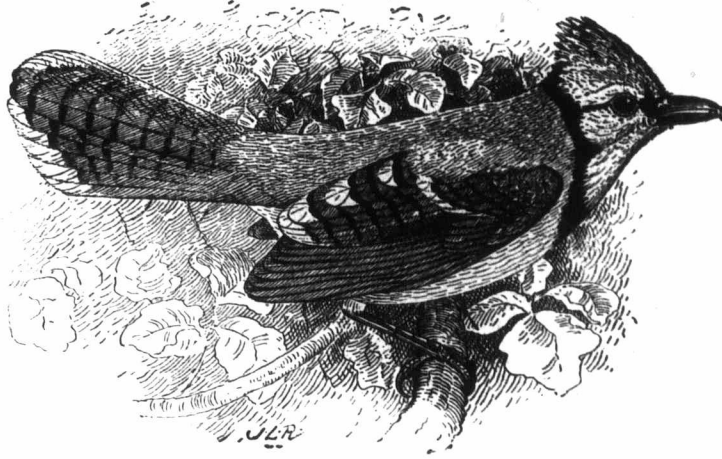
IV.
Honor to those whose words or deeds
Thus help us in our daily needs;
And by their overflow
Raise us from what is low.
—*Longfellow.*

V.
Bring us the airs of hills and forests,
The sweet aroma of birch and pine;
Give us a waft of the north wind laden
With sweet briar odors and breath of kine.
—*Whittier.*

VI.
Hark! how the sacred calm that breathes around,
Bids every fierce tumultuous passion cease;
In still small accents whispering from the ground
A grateful earnest of eternal peace.
—*Gray.*

VII.
Judge not of actions by their mere effect,
Dive to the center and their cause detect;
Great deeds from meanest springs may take their course,
And smallest virtues from a mighty source.

VIII.
Raise daily to some heavenly height
Apart from grief and care;
Hold converse with thy nobler self,
And God will meet thee there.
Thus comes the wisdom to direct
Through dim and tangled ways;
Thence comes the joy that lights and warms
Life's chill and cloudy days.



THE BLUE JAY.

IX.
Lord, none who are strong because care-free
Will carry a weight for another;
But one who's enduring and suffering for thee
Has strength for himself and his brother.
—*M. Elizabeth Crouse.*

X.
Count that day lost whose low-descending sun
Views from thy hand no worthy action done.

XI.
There is in nature just as much, or as little,
As the soul of each can see in her.
—*J. C. Sharp.*

XII.
No endeavor is in vain;
Its reward is in the doing.
—*Longfellow.*

XIII.
The present moment runs away into eternity. And
eternity is affected by our use of the present moment. It is
of everlasting importance whether we rightly use it or not.
Let us grasp at the eternal now and make it ours.
—*J. Trelease.*

XIV.
No evil dooms us hopelessly except the evil we love, and
desire to continue in, and make no effort to escape from.
—*George Eliot.*

XV.
I hold it true whate'er befall,
I feel it when I sorrow most;
'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all.
—*Tennyson.*

How many men and boys—as well as women
and girls—would be glad of the chance of earning
\$50? What cares could be relieved, what pleasures
given, with that sum! If you want to do a kind
action to some friend or neighbor who is in need of
money, let them see the offer we make in this issue
to the solvers of the Canadian Puzzle. You can
tell them of no easier way to earn fifty dollars. Or
try and answer the questions yourself, and if you
do not need the money, or watch, or pin, give them
to some one less fortunate than yourself in the
possession of this world's goods.

Women cannot see so far as men can, but what
they do see they see quicker.—*Henry Thomas
Buckle.*

THE QUIET HOUR.

Decreed.

"In all lives some rain must fall,
Into all eyes some tear drops start,
Whether they fall as gentle shower,
Or fall like fire from an aching heart.
Into all hearts some sorrow must creep,
Into all souls some doubtings come,
Lashing the waves of life's great deep
From dimpling waters to seething foam.

Over all paths some clouds must lower,
Under all feet some sharp thorns spring,
Tearing the flesh to bitter wounds,
Or entering the heart with their bitter sting.
Upon all brows rough winds must blow,
Over all shoulders a cross be laid,
Bowing the form in its lofty height
Down to the dust in bitter pain.

Into all hands some duty's thrust:
Unto all arms some burden's given,
Crushing the heart with its weary weight,
Or lifting the soul from earth to heaven.
Into all hearts and homes and lives
God's dear sunlight comes streaming down,
Gilding the ruins of life's great plain—
Weaving for all a golden crown."

Do Not Be a Slave.

Why will you keep caring for what the world
says? Try, oh try, to be no longer a slave of it!
You can have but little idea of the comfort of free-
dom from it—it is bliss! All this caring for what
people will say is from pride. Hoist your flag and
abide by it. In an infinitely short space of time all
secrets will be divulged. Therefore, if you are mis-
judged, why trouble to put yourself right? You
have no idea what a great deal of trouble it will
save you. Roll your burden on Him, and He will
make straight your mistakes. He will set you
right with those with whom you have set yourself
wrong. Here am I, a lump of clay; Thou art the
potter. Mould me as Thou in Thy wisdom wilt.
Never mind my cries. Cut my life off—so be it;
prolong it—so be it. Just as Thou wilt, but I rely
on Thy unchanging guidance during the trial. O
the comfort that comes from this.—*Gen. Gordon.*

Keep Straight Ahead.

Pay no attention to slanders or gossip-
mongers. Keep straight on in your
course and let their backbiting die the
death of neglect. What is the use of
lying awake nights, brooding over the
remark of some false friend, that ran
through your brain? What's the use
of getting into a worry and fret over
gossip that has been set afloat to your
disadvantage by some meddling busy-
body who has more time than character?
These things cannot permanently injure
you, unless, indeed, you take notice of
them, and in combating them give them
character and standing.

If what is said about you is true,
get yourself right at once; if it is false,
let it go for what it will fetch. If a bee
stings you would you go to the hive
and destroy it? Would not a thousand
come upon you? It is wisdom to say
little respecting the injuries you have
received. We are generally losers in
the end if we stop to refute all the back-
bitings and gossipings we may hear by the way.
They are annoying, it is true, but not dangerous,
so long as we do not stop to expostulate and scold.
Our characters are formed and sustained by our-
selves, and by our own actions and purposes, and
not by others. Let us always bear in mind that
"calumniators may usually be trusted to time, and
the slow but steady justice of public opinion."

I Never Knew.

BY N. N. S.

I never knew, before, the world
So beautiful could be
As I have found it since I learned
All care to cast on Thee;
The scales have fallen from mine eyes,
And now in light I see.

I never knew how very dear
My fellow-men could be,
Until I learned to help them with
A ready sympathy;
Their inner lives have made me know,
A broader charity.

I never knew how little things
As greater ones could be,
When sanctified by love for One
Who doth each effort see;
But now, a daily round of care
May win a victory.

I never knew; and still, dear Lord,
As through a glass I see,
And perfect light can only come
When I shall dwell with Thee;
When, in Thy likeness, I awake,
For all eternity.—*Living Church.*

Closed Doors.

Some persons are greatly troubled because doors
of usefulness and opportunity are shut. It is true
that some men like to shut doors, and slam them in
other people's faces. When they are in they like
to have other people keep out, and some seem to
have no higher object than to do what they can to
hinder others from doing anything. And often
while those who shut doors entrench themselves in
their castles, those outside fret and grieve over