

remember that in caring for the weak you are doing God's own work. If we have to sometimes sacrifice self, can we not remember that these dear "falling leaves" were once young and full of health and hope, and that now, through age or sickness or sorrow, they have to depend on the care of others, for whom, perhaps, in years gone by they have in their turn sacrificed much. So, my dear girls, care well for those who are gliding away from you. You may not, perhaps, be perfectly satisfied with your efforts (few earnest people are, and this world of ours is full of disappointments), but if you have honestly tried your utmost you will surely find deep comfort in that thought when the time comes for a breeze of Heaven to come and lift your falling leaves and bear them away to rest. Your loving—

MINNIE MAY.

Puzzles.

[The following prizes are offered every quarter, beginning with months of April, July and October: For answers to puzzles during each quarter—1st prize, \$1.50; 2nd, \$1.00; 3rd, 75c. For original puzzles—1st, \$1.00; 2nd, 75c; 3rd, 50c. Address all work to Miss Ada Armand, Pakenham, Ont.]

1-DIAGONAL.

Cross Words—
1. Kind to strangers.
2. Despotism.
3. An adverse party.
4. Firmness of purpose.
5. Honour.
6. Pleasant.
7. Inadvertence.
8. Simile.
9. Methodical.
10. Mean.

The diagonal is a supposition.

"DICK."

2-ENIGMA.

I am something with both countenance
And hands to bless you all.
I have good works for my company,
Though my body's rather small.
There's a weight upon my heart
Which gives me great renown.
And though I have no feet at all,
Quite often I run down.

W. S. BANKS.

3-TRANSPPOSITION.

Echyna gtmroci cake no toerh ot eedpna
A rmtase ro a vinsrae ro a drufel
Dib each no hrteo ofr eesacntie alol
Lil neo samn eesahwne wgro eht tag hare fo lal.

"THE KHAN."

4-ENIGMA.

My First denotes swiftness of motion
Of nimble young fingers and hands;
My Second would cause a commotion
If seen upon Newport's soft sands;
My whole is a time-honored guest,
Creating mirth, laughter, and jest.

A. F. F.

5-CHARADE.

My First each sage must deeply do
Ere he can truth disclose;
My Second flows in numbers sweet,
But never yet in prose.
If to my neighbors I should go
To spend a social hour,
My Whole would sweeten every meal
And rob time of its power.

"DICKENS."

6-NUMERICAL.

A Shakespearean Quotation.
22, 11, 20, 4, 7, 1, 14, 19—turned about.
15, 10, 16, 12, 25, 13—clams.
23, 9, 18, 5, 8—condition.
2, 21, 17, 21—a married woman.
6, 26, 3—yes.

"OGMA."

7-DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

(Four-letter words.)
Primals and finals name two naval commanders. 1. A Scotch projection of land into the sea. 2. A kind of poem describing heroic deeds. 3. An instrument of punishment, used especially in former times on board ship. 4. A name given to ships when speaking of their number. 5. The number of times the American and Spanish fleets engaged in battle in Western waters. 6. A combination of fleets.

"OGMA."

8-HALF-SQUARE.

1. Having columns only in front; 2. tries; 3. drank to excess; 4. likewise; 5. a color; 6. an adverb; 7. a letter.

"DICK."

9-CHARADE.

My first is under; my second is a small bag; my third is a beverage; my fourth is a pronoun of first person; my fifth is a preposition; my whole is an attestation, and also something very important in the making of a good newspaper. "DICK."

10-SQUARE WORDS.

1. illustrious; 2. a rambler; 3. to assert; 4. a female name; 5. to fear.

A. F. F.

11-WORD-SUBTRACTIONS.

(Example: Take a small animal from a sea-robber and leave pastry—pi-rat-e.)

1. Take a measure of paper from asked and leave termination.
2. Take an antique vase from to supply belongings and leave sea animals.
3. Take part of the head from having clothing and leave part of a bird.
4. Take certain from stored up and leave step.
5. Take an article from a parent and leave distant.
6. Take a girl's name from a day of pleasure and leave sanctified.
7. Take a conjunction from a tale and leave a pen.
8. Take a negative from glory and leave a measure of time.
9. Take an insect from required and leave marry.
10. Take a bird-beast from a discussion and leave an English river.
11. Take loose from a brilliant collection and leave joyous.
12. Take devout from defeated and leave a boy's name.

(Initials of words subtracted give "open for solution.") "OGMA."

12-CHARADE.

The pilot warned; they heeded not,
As by some evil genius cursed;
They weigh the anchor, spread the sail,
And glide before my favoring first.
But e'er behind the ocean's rim
The broad sun dipped, afar they spy
The gathering cloud-rack, louder sings
The gale; to whole is now the cry.
Alas, tis vain! From certain doom
The fated crew naught can—my last;
For on the rocks the gallant ship
That night a mangled wreck was cast.

A. F. F.

13-HALF-SQUARE.

1. the stopper of a cannon; 2. foreigners; 3. a city in Italy; 4. a kind of turf; 5. a house of entertainment for travelers; 6. old style (abbreviated); 7. a letter. "DICK."

14.

Industrious families are often robbed of my "first,"
Which does not quench the intruder's thirst.
A grave ascetic of historic fame
My "first" and "second" ate for daily meat.
Join them: a lovely flowering tree you name;—
A grateful shelter from the summer heat.

MARCEL ROSS.

15-CHARADE.

My first is the color of the summer sky
When winds with roses daily;
My second, a sweet-voiced herald,
Sends His word o'er hill and valley.

My whole its bright face cannot hide,
The bees and children know it;
Tis Scotland's darling, loved alike
By bee and child and poet.

MARCEL ROSS.

Answers to September 15th Puzzles.

1. Wheat-beat-eat-at-t (at tea).
2. Anagram: Double Diagonal; Logogram; Conundrum; Decapitation; Acrostic (a cross tick); Riddle; Transposition.
3. Preston, Acton, Kincardine, Elora, Napanee, Harrison, Aurora, Mount Forest, Pakenham.
4. In-lan. (There being a misprint in the second last line of this puzzle which misled many, we shall not count it. "Bequest" should have read "be guest.")
- 4-Angel 6-Paschal

oiled o h e
paper a o o
tamer T o r m e n t
livid I l u
taste f a s t

7. Ladle.
8. Ireland-eland-eland-land-and-nd-d.
9. M-onl-real; At-l-anta; Wall-a Wall-a; New-Or-leans; Port-au-la-Franais.
10. s o l
i n k
a t o
s o o t o m i s t
o n t o l o g i c
v i s c o s i t y
a g a
v i s
a o t
11. Con-came-rat-ion.
15. e s p y
s a l o
p l e a
y e a r
13. Inch-Chin.
14. Machine.

12. Chatahochee, Roanoke, Rio Grande, Harricanau, Canapiscan, Saskatchewan, Attahwahpishat.

SOLVERS TO SEPT. 15TH PUZZLES.
M. R. G.; "Toledo"; H. C. G.; Lizzie Conner.
ADDITIONAL SOLVERS TO SEPT. 15TH PUZZLES.
Robt. J. Bryan; "Margaret"; Lizzie Conner; Jessie Hyde; Peter Hyde; "Eureka"; Maud Weld; H. C. G.; "Dick."

COURTESY CHAT.

"Mal."—Your letter just received to-night. Thank you, you are very kind. I only wish I could. I shall certainly write you some time soon. Your puzzles are in good time. "Toledo."—What a fine time you are having—I almost envy you. Dear me, I'm afraid the young ladies in your country will spoil the sterner sex "if they don't watch out." Thank you for your kind wish. Write soon again.
W. S. B.—I am glad you are again a regular reader of our paper. Indeed O—did not favor me this summer, but "all things come to him who waits." I trust we may hear from you very regularly.

Escher. You of course receive credit, but your work this time is too late to insert your name. But never mind that, you buy little housekeeper. I know just what it means—I've tried it. Come again whenever you can.

H. C. G.—I had hoped for a longer note, for although too busy to respond properly, I like to hear from all my "cousins." Where are your "originals" this time?

M. R. G.—Only it's no polite to use slang I'd say you were a—"what shall I call it?"—"beast" to solve puzzles. All answers not being in, I cannot send returns to London until next issue.

"The Khan."—Khan you not come more regularly? You khan puzzle some of our puzzles very cleverly, to tell the khan-did truth.

"Dickens."—Your puzzles are getting better all the time. Is A. F. F. your brother?

THE QUIET HOUR.

Individual Responsibility.

God bends from out the deep and says—
"I gave thee the great gift of life;
Was thou not called in many ways?
Are not My earth and Heaven at strife?
I gave thee of My seed to sow—
Bringest thou Me My hundred fold?
Can I look up with face aglow
And answer, 'Father, here is gold!'"

—Lowell.

Every seed bears fruit of its own kind. Wickedness is a work that deceives its performer. It may do the harm which he intended to a neighbor, but it cannot procure the good which he intended for himself. Every man's life, and every moment of it, is a sowing. The machine is continually moving over the ground and shaking; it cannot, even for a moment, be made to stand still, so as not to sow. It is not an open question whether I shall sow or not to-day; the only question to be decided is, Shall I sow good seed or bad? Every man always is sowing for his own harvest in eternity either tares or wheat. "According as a man soweth so shall he also reap." He that sows the wind of vanity shall reap the whirlwind of wrath. Suppose a man should collect a quantity of gravel and dye it carefully so that it should resemble wheat, and sow it in his field in spring, expecting that he would reap a crop of wheat like his neighbors in harvest. The man is mad; he is a fool to think that by his silly trick he can evade the laws of nature, and mock nature's God. Yet equally foolish is the conduct, and far heavier the punishment, of

the man who sows wickedness now and expects to reap safety at last. Sin is not only profitless and disastrous; it is eminently a deceitful work. Men do not of set purpose cast themselves away. Sin cheats a sinner out of his soul. The devil, man's great adversary, acts by deceiving. He is a liar from the beginning.

The same law sparkles brightly in the counter-part: "To him that soweth righteousness shall be a sure reward." The reward is sure, because it comes in the way of natural law. The reward follows righteousness as fruit follows the seed. The only righteous man that ever lived, the Righteous One, sowed in this desert world—sowed in tears; but He sowed righteousness. Out of that sowing a great increase has already sprung, and a greater is coming. From that handful on the mountain top a harvest shall spring like Lebanon. Behold the husbandman returning home with joy, bringing his sheaves with him. To His members in their own place the same law holds good. Sowing righteousness is never, and nowhere, lost labor. Every act done by God's grace, and at His bidding, is living and fruitful. It may appear to go out of sight, like seed beneath the furrow; but it will rise again. Sow on, Christians. Sight will not follow the seed far; but when sight fails sow in faith, and you will reap in joy soon. More of the Word of God is scattered over the world in our day than at any previous period of the Christian dispensation. The result, though unseen, is not doubtful. In grace, as in nature, things proceed by law, and the ultimate result is sure.

W. ARNOT.

God Knows Best.

Sometime when all life's lessons have been learned
And sun and stars forever more have set
The things which our weak judgments here have spurned,
The things o'er which we grieve with lashes wet,
Will flash before us out of life's dark night,
As stars shine most in deeper tints of blue,
And we shall see how all God's plans were right,
And how what seemed reproach was love most true.

And we shall see how while we frown and sigh,
God's plans go on as best for you and me,
How when we called He heeded not our cry
Because His wisdom to the end could see,
And even as prudent parents disallow
Too much sweet to craving babyhood,
So God, perhaps, is keeping from us now
Life's sweetest things because it seemeth good.

And if some time, co-mingled with life's wine,
We find the wormwood and rebel and shrink,
Be sure a wiser hand than yours or mine
Pours out this portion for our lips to drink,
And if someone we love is lying low,
Where human kisses cannot reach the face,
O, do not blame the loving Father so,
But wear your sorrow with obedient grace.

And you will shortly know that lengthened breath
Is not the sweetest gift God gives His friend,
And that sometimes the able pall of death
Consoles the fairest boon His love can send.
If we could push ajar the gates of life
And stand within, and all God's workings see,
We could interpret all this doubt and strife,
And for each mystery could find a key.

But not to-day. Then be content poor heart,
God's plans, like lilies, pure and white unfold,
We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart,
Time will reveal the calyxes of gold.
And if through patient toil we reach the land
Where tired feet with sandals loose, may rest,
When we shall clearly know and understand
I think that we will say—"God knew the best."

The shock of death ever and anon brings us back to the only ground of reality, to a sense of the flux of all human conditions, the incessant change that converts solidest seeming things into mist wreath and dewdrop, into fitting cloud shadow and withering herb. But the song is eternal, one with consciousness. It lives in us while memory holds its seat—the sweet, sad song made in the night of our desolation; the nightingale strain we first heard pulsing through the dark hours of hopeless grief. In the place of our sorrow lives at last the thrilling song sent to us as an earnest of the permanency of love, the hope of future meeting somewhere in God's boundless universe. It holds in itself the essence of promise in place of possession, the essence of those words, "Peace! be still!"

Stop your raving and your resistance, poor bruised heart! Just rest on the Divine arm, be guided by the Divine hand. And of those other words, it holds the meaning and the essence—"Thy will be done!" It fills the void in the soul with birdlike flutterings of hope and promise. It croons to us when we pine for the touch of the vanished hand, the dear last presence of friend and housemate. All of immortality is pulsing in this song of the night, when faith spreads her wings and rises like the meadow lark into heaven; and then as grief is ever more and more sublimated, the throbbings of the song become constant in us, and we are soothed to rest, and weep no more with that desolating sense of loss and loneliness. But we can never convey this little song to another; each must hear it for himself. We can never explain nor prove its truth to the sceptical or unbelieving. It cannot be reduced to syllogisms, or worked out to a logical conclusion. We can only hint of it vaguely to those who have had a like experience. There are people who would think it all moonshine and nonsense. We are very sorry for them, but we cannot help them. We can only pray that in some dark hour they too may hear its throbbing melody—the little song whose substance is faith, whose refrain is assurance of the Divine competency and goodness. They must be broken on the wheel of loss, their pride of life and self-importance destroyed by blows of the mysterious powers above us, before the song will come to them, breathing peace and hope and trust and perfect submission.