

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. This column is open to all who comply with the following rules: Puzzles must be original—that is, must not be copied from other papers; they must be written on one side only of paper, and sender's name signed to each puzzle; answers must accompany all original puzzles (preferably on separate paper). It is not necessary to write out puzzles to which you send answers—the number of puzzle and date of issue is sufficient. Partial answers will receive credit. Work intended for first issue of any month should reach Pakenham later than the 15th of the month previous; that for second issue not later than the 5th of that month. Leave envelope open, mark "Printer's Copy" in one corner, and letter will come for one cent. Address all work to Miss Ada Armand, Pakenham, Ont.]

1—RIDDLE.

As I was going to the woods one day
I met a thing that was good to eat.
It was neither fish nor flesh nor bone.
I left it there till it walked alone.

"POLLY PLUM."

2—PERSONAL PUZZLE.

Come, puzzle!—now don't make a face—
Take a pencil and make a ring;
Now four smaller ones also place—
Two without, and two within.
Over a parallel line, in the
Center invert a letter V.
If you have done it correct,
"Yourself" you will see.

"MARGARETA."

3—MAGIC SQUARE.

1	1	2
3	5	6
7	8	9

Arrange these figures so that vertical, horizontal and diagonal columns will give the same sum.

"DICK."

4—CHARADE.

My first is a flower fair to behold,
My second the name of a woman in history.
My whole, when the story of Hamlet is told,
Will help us remember and ponder the mystery.

MABEL ROSS.

5—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

3, 7, 5, 9, 10, 2, means middle.
10, 11, 1, 2, means scarce.
12, 11, 8, 2, 14, is a class of people.
1, 7, 5, 12, is to tear asunder.
3, 13, 8, 9, 1, 11, means against.
My total is a name given to the Cubans.

BLANCHE MACMURRAY.

6—CHARADE.

(a) My (1) is an interjection; my (2) is an adj.; my total is a species of monkey.
(b) My (1) is a top; my (2) a verb; total—a message boy.
(c) My (1) is a wagger; my (2) is a prep; total—a cement.
(d) My (1) is to spoil; my (2) a male sheep; total—a sea-reed.

BLANCHE MACMURRAY.

7—CHARADE.

My first has rosy fingers
Folds back a curtain gray,
To let my second issue forth
In sunlight's earliest ray.
My whole remains scarce longer
Than tints of dawn stay,
So on a rainbow dip your brush,
And paint it while you may.

MABEL ROSS.

8—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

1, 8, 12, 18= name of a month.
19, 2, 9, 16, 15, 4= to make smaller.
17, 3, 7= a steed.
5, 6, 12, 10= a relation.
13, 14, 6, 11, 10= product of plants.
Whole is the name of a distinguished French philosopher.

PETER HYDE.

9—SQUARE.

1. Hurry. 2. A performer. 3. A piece of rock. 4. Strengthening medicine. 5. To build.

"OGMA."

10—ENIGMA.

When you've offended perhaps 't would be better
To name in the singular one certain letter,
With one in the plural to it annexed,
To appease the wrath of the person vexed.

"OGMA."

11—CONUNDRUM.

In what way does a cat set us a good example? "KIT."

12—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1 is used in a schoolroom. 7 is a girl's name.
2 is a girl's name. 8 is a woman's title.
3 is used by the farmer. 9 is a stir.
4 is often found in an office. 10 is a time of day.
5 is the fruit of a tree. 11 is a small mark.
6 is curved. 12 is a name we know. Finals are a place we have heard of.

13—ANAGRAMS.

Of Jack's dog Bandy you have read,
And often have you heard it said,
That (1) THIS QUEEN BANDY THE children saved,
Who unto the woods at night had strayed,
Since their names were ne'er told you,
John and HANA KEMP will do.

"DICK."

Answers to May 2nd Puzzles.

- (1) Ethel; Kit; (2) Bell; Pearl; (3) Chris; Goodall; (4) Ogma; (5) W. S. Banks.
- The water vapor of the earth.
- We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths; In feelings, not in figures on a dial— We should count time by heart throbs. He most lives Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.
- The letter T. 5. Oh! I see you are wise.
- Friend—fr-den.
- I moved and could not find my limbs; I was so light—almost I thought that I had died in sleep, And was a blessed ghost.
- He that of greatest works is finisher Oft does them by the weakest minister.
- Sir John Franklin. 10. Ad-vice.
- Ecclesiastical. 12. Rat Portage.
- V A I N Z E A L 14. I sat-in. Isatin.
- A B B E E R G O
- I B E X A G O G
- N E X T L O G S

SOLVERS TO MAY 2ND PUZZLES.

"Margareta," Alice C. L. Gordon, "Polly Plum," Jessie Hyde, Peter Hyde, "Dick," Toledo, "Madge," Frank, Esther F. Bartlett, "Hazel," "Brownie."

SOLVERS TO APRIL 15TH PUZZLES.

(Late for last issue.)

"Dick," "Pansy."

THE QUIET HOUR.

"Fruit."

The Husbandman is standing by the Vine searching for fruit, keen with the severity of love to detect all mere show which is not fruit and therefore a waste of the vitality from which fruit ought to come. What is fruit in His sight? It is most important that our judgment should be clear as well as our hearts right about this, that we may be fellow-laborers with Him.

Can we clear off the question about leaves and fruit by merely saying: "Talk, words, are no fruit! The only fruit is action. Deeds show." Scarcely. Words may be mere empty froth, though even as froth they are symptoms of the fermentation beneath. But they may be, and continually are, sure signs which way the current of the heart is flowing. They may be, and continually are, among the mightiest agents for good or for evil; "a very little helm turning about the great ships driven of fierce winds."

"By thy words," our Lord said, "thou shalt be justified, and by thy words condemned." Few of us feel as we should—none of us, perhaps, always—the tremendous power of words; the seeds of mischief sown by a forgotten them; the harvest of blessing reaped from faithful, holy words, or from the simple, loving, daily speech of those on whose tongue is the "law of kindness." And on the other hand, there are actions which in the sight of God may be as empty as the merest talk; even such acts as "crumbling up all our goods to feed the poor," or "giving the body to be burned," hollow as "a tinkling cymbal," profiting nothing. Whilst again, the simplest acts of everyday kindness, like giving "a cup of cold water," may be fruit which shall in nowise lose its reward.

Again, sometimes spiritual life is spoken of as if the only true fruit, the only thing to be called "working for God," were the things we go out of our way to do; speaking directly to others about spiritual things, what is called "mission work" in one form or another, as if "the daily round, the common task," were something that has, of course, to be got through, but "good works" were what we contrive to do beyond. Whereas we know that unless the commonest tasks are really done "for God," the extra things are very apt to be done for self, and, therefore, to be no fruit at all. Or, on the contrary, it may be said that the only fruit is doing the everyday duties; as if the majority of Christians had nothing to do with the direct spiritual help of one another, instead of the body being built up by that which every joint supplieth. Whereas, indeed, there is not one soldier among us who is not a soldier in the great battle field as well as a servant; and there is not one soldier who has not to bear the King's standard and to go on His special messages at times, as well as to obey the day's orders for all. In fact, everything we do or say may be mere leaves, and everything may be fruit.

And this leads us to St. Paul's description of what the "fruit" is, in the Epistle to the Galatians. "The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance." They are spoken of as fruit, not fruits; as essentially one, all penetrated with the central force of love. Fruit is not something we bring forth in order to earn a reward. Fruit is the reward. For to have these graces reigning in our hearts is to have the likeness of God in our lives; and God Himself has nothing higher to promise, or to give, than to be like Him and to be with Him; for to be like Him is perfection of power and bliss, and to be with Him is perfection for ever. Not what any of us have, even of spiritual gifts, but what we are in spiritual life is what makes us blessed and strong.

Every one of the catalogue, as we look steadily at them, will lead us first to confession, as we see our failures, and then to honest battling with ourselves and the tempter. For every one of these fair fruits is grown in an adverse climate here on earth. Every one of this fair troop of graces has armor underneath the white festive robes and can only exist by continual overcoming.

The first three—love, joy, peace—are in the very citadel of the heart; love as the living fountain within the beleaguered fortress; joy as the table spread in the presence of the foes; peace "garrisoning" the walls and keeping the enemy outside.

Love, first and chief, cannot begin with giving, but of the Second Table. It begins not with giving, but with receiving. It is love drinking in endless strength to love from God, who is love. For before any heart can overflow it must be filled. In the deep repose of being loved by God, of resting on the heart of Christ, we can look on His love to man with the hope of growing to love by degrees as He loved.

Joy. We can only conceive of joy by looking to God, the source of joy; God blessed for ever. "That My joy might remain in you," our Lord says. We speak of Him as the Man of Sorrows. On the eve of His uttermost sorrow He speaks of "His joy," and has no greater fulness of blessing to ask for His disciples than that they might share it. We must never be satisfied with any religion that does not bring us real joy. For the while, not the ring of sadness, is the tone of falsehood; hypocrites are of a sad countenance, but joy cannot be feigned.

Peace completes the first three. "My peace," "the peace of God," a deep quiet of heart that can only come from the heart being at rest with God,

willing what He wills, and so in harmony with all He appoints.

And so after these first three we come forth, as it were, from the citadel to the battle field—to the daily life with others.

Each of the next five graces has to do with our daily intercourse with one another, expressing a different shade of a fresh exercise of love.—From "The True Vine."

Bringing Our Sheaves With Us.

The time for toll has passed, and night has come—
The last and saddest of the harvest eves;
Worn out with labor long and wearisome,
Drooping and faint, the reapers hasten home,
Each laden with his sheaves.

Last of the laborers, Thy feet I gain,
Lord of the harvest! and my spirit grieves
That I am burdened not so much with grain
As with a heaviness of heart and brain;
Master, behold my sheaves!

Few, light, and worthless; yet their trifling weight
Through all my frame a weary aching leaves;
For long I struggled with my hapless fate,
And stayed and toiled till it was dark and late;
Yet these are all my sheaves.

Full well I know I have more tares than wheat,
Brambles and flowers, dry stalks and withered leaves;
Wherefore I blush and weep, as at Thy feet
I kneel down reverently and repeat:
Master, behold my sheaves!

I know these blossoms, clustering heavily,
With evening dew upon their folded leaves,
Can claim no value nor utility;
Therefore shall fragrance and beauty be
The glory of my sheaves.

So do I gather strength and hope anew;
For well I know Thy patient love perceives
Not what I did, but what I strive to do;
And though the full, ripe ears be sadly few,
Thou wilt accept my sheaves.

Memory Gems Contest.

CONTRIBUTED BY ETHEL S. SKINNER, THRONES, ONT.

I.
Heaven is not reached by a single bound,
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies.
And we mount to its summit round by round.
—J. G. Holland.

II.
There are as many lovely things,
As many pleasant tones,
For those who sit by cottage hearths
As those who sit on thrones.
—Longfellow.

III.
Kind words are the music of the world.—F. W. Faber.

IV.
One by one thy duties wait thee;
Let thy whole strength go to each.
Let no future dreams elude thee,
Learn thou first what these can teach.
—Adaide Procter.

V.
O power to do! O baffled will!
O prayer and action! ye are one.
Who may not strive may yet fulfill
The harder task of standing still;
And good but wished with God is done.
—J. G. Whittier.

VI.
Tis being, and doing,
And having that make
All the pleasures and pains
Of which beings partake.
To do a man's best,
And to have a good heart
Is the way to be blest.
—Peter Parley.

VII.
Hours are golden links, God's tokens,
Reaching heaven; but one by one
Take them lest the chain be broken
Ere the pilgrimage be done.
—Adaide Procter.

VIII.
Ah! if we knew it all
We should surely understand
That the balance of sorrow and joy
Is held with an even hand;
That the scale of success or loss
Shall never overflow,
And that compensation is twined
With the lot of each and low.
—Frances Haerger.

IX.
It is not the wall of stone without,
That makes the building small or great,
But the soul's light shining round about;
And the faith that overcometh doubt;
And the love that stronger is than hate.
—Longfellow.

X.
One by one the sands are flowing,
One by one the moments fall;
Some are coming, some are going,
Do not strive to grasp them all.
—Adaide Procter.

XI.
If you would hit the mark, you must aim a little above it.
Every arrow that flies feels the attraction of earth.—Longfellow.

XII.
For 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
Roll the stone from its grave away.
—Whittier.

XIII.
One man owns this patch of land, and another that. But he who loves its beauty is the true possessor of the landscape.

XIV.
Yet these sweet sounds of the early season,
And these fair sights of its early days,
Are only sweet when we fondly listen,
And only fair when we fondly gaze.
There is no glory in star or blossom
Till looked upon by a loving eye;
There is no fragrance in April breezes
Till breathed with joy as they wander by.
—Bryant.

XV.
Surely God's angels kiss the brows
Of toilers unawares;
Surely rich blessings reach strong men
Who pledge their faith where duty lies,
Tolling and asking, faithful, when
Silence alone replies.