

## SECOND PRIZE GEMS.

CONTRIBUTED BY MRS. PHILP, BEAMSVILLE, ONT.

## I.

A man is his own star;  
Our acts our angels are  
For good or ill. —Matthew Arnold.

## II.

Long life is denied us; let us therefore do something to  
show that we have lived. —Cicero.

## III.

The battle of our life is won  
And heaven begun  
When we can say "Thy will be done."  
But Lord until  
These restless hearts in Thy deep love are still  
We pray Thee "Teach us how to do Thy will."  
—Lucy Larcom.

## IV.

A little learning is a dangerous thing;  
Drink deep, or touch not the Pierian spring;  
There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,  
And drinking largely sobers us again. —Pope.

## V.

We look before and after  
And pine for what is not.  
Our sincerest laughter  
With some pain is fraught;  
Our sweetest songs are those  
That tell of saddest thought. —Shelley.

## VI.

Let your truth stand sure and the world is true;  
Let your heart keep pure and the world will too.  
—Geo. Houghton.

## VII.

Useful minds are always true;  
Honest hearts are always brave,  
Never flinching to pass through  
Every nook of error's cave.  
Bringing light and sunshine there.  
Causing flowers of love to bloom,  
Letting fragrance fill the air  
Where before were death and gloom.  
—I. H. Whitford.

## VIII.

The proper work of man,  
the grand drift of human  
life, is to follow reason, that  
noble spark kindled in  
us from heaven. —Barron.

## IX.

Fame is what you have  
taken,  
Character is what you  
give.  
When to this truth you  
waken  
Then you begin to live.  
—Taylor.

## X.

A sacred burden is this life  
ye bear—  
Look on it, bear it solemnly,  
stand up and walk beneath  
it steadfastly.  
Fail not for sorrow, falter  
not for sin,  
But onward, upward, till  
the goal ye win.  
—Frances Ann Kemble.

## XI.

There is never grief of  
heart  
That shall lack a timely  
end  
If to God we turn and ask  
Him to be our guide and  
friend.  
—Wordsworth.

## XII.

Great men are they who  
see that spiritual is stronger  
than any material force, that  
thoughts rule the world.  
—Emerson.

## XIII.

When life is more terrible than death it is then the truest  
valor to dare to live. —Sir T. Brown.

## XIV.

Circles are praised, not that excel  
In largeness, but th' exactly framed;  
So life we praise that doth excel,  
Not in much time, but acting well. —Waller.

## XV.

The Father spake! In grand reverberations  
Through space rolled on the mighty music tide,  
While its slow, majestic modulations  
The clouds of chaos slowly swept aside.  
And wheresoever in his rich creation  
Sweet music breathes—in wave, or bird, or soul—  
'Tis but the faint and far reverberation  
That great time to which the planets roll.  
—F. S. Osgood.

## THIRD PRIZE GEMS.

CONTRIBUTED BY MISS MURIEL E. DAY, NEW CARLISLE, QUE.

## I.

The man that hath no music in himself,  
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,  
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;  
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,  
And his affections dark as Erebus:  
Let no such man be trusted.  
—Shakespeare: Merchant of Venice.

## II.

Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,  
Is the immediate jewel of their souls:  
Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;  
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;  
But he that filches from me my good name  
Robs me of that which not enriches him,  
And makes me poor indeed.  
—Shakespeare.

## III.

My mind to me a kingdom is,  
Such perfect joy therein I find,  
As far exceeds all earthly bliss  
God and Nature hath assigned.  
Though much I want that most would have,  
Yet still my mind forbids to crave. —Byrd, 1588.

## IV.

Where lives the man that has not tried  
How mirth can into folly glide,  
And folly into sin! —Scott.

## V.

Though the mills of God grind slowly,  
Yet they grind exceeding small;  
Though with patience He stands waiting,  
With exactness grinds He all. —Longfellow.

## VI.

Man is his own star, and the soul that can  
Render an honest and a perfect man  
Commands all light, all influence, all fate;  
Nothing to him falls early, or too late.  
Our acts our angels are, or good or ill,  
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still. —Fletcher.

## VII.

Live while you live, the epicure would say,  
And seize the pleasures of the present day;  
Live while you live, the sacred preacher cries,  
And give to God each moment as it flies.  
Lord in my views let both united be;  
I live in pleasure when I live to Thee. —Doddridge

## VIII.

Ambition, like a torrent, ne'er looks back—  
And is swelling and the last affection  
A high mind can put off; being both a rebel  
Unto the soul and reason, and enforceth  
All laws, all conscience, treads upon religion,  
And offereth violence to Nature's self. —Ben Jonson.

## IX.

Why should we faint and fear to live alone,  
Since all alone, so Heaven has willed, we die,  
Nor even the tenderest heart, and next our own,  
Knows half the reasons why we smile and sigh. —Keble.

## X.

Affliction is the wholesome soil of virtue,  
Where patience, honor, sweet humanity,  
Calm fortitude, take root and strongly flourish. —Mallet and Thompson.

## XI.

Lowliness is young Ambition's ladder,  
Whereto the climber upward turns his face;



"A DAY OF RECKONING."

But when he once obtains the utmost round,  
He then unto the ladder turns his back,  
Looks in the clouds, scorned the base degrees  
By which he did ascend. —Ibid.: Julius Caesar.

## XII.

'Tis a little thing  
To give a cup of water; yet its draught  
Of cool refreshment, drain'd by fever'd lips,  
May give a shock of pleasure to the frame  
More excellent than when Nectarian juice  
Renews the life of joy in happiest hours. —Sir T. A. Talfourd.

## XIII.

Books, we know, are a substantial world, both pure and good;  
Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,  
Our pastime and our happiness will grow. —Wordsworth.

## XIV.

Truth crushed to earth shall rise again,  
The eternal years of God are hers;  
But error, wounded, writhes with pain,  
And dies among his worshippers. —Bryant.

## XV.

Blessings be with them, and eternal praise,  
Who gave us nobler loves and nobler cares,  
The Poets, who on earth have made us heirs  
Of truth and pure delight by heavenly lays! —Wordsworth.

The winners of prizes in the above contest are:  
1st, Mr. Heber Shirreffs, Vankleek Hill, Ont.; 2nd,  
Mrs. Philp, Beamsville, Ont.; 3rd, Miss Muriel E.  
Day, New Carlisle, Que.

This contest has been very keen, O. H. Brown  
and Howard Mills receiving the same number of  
marks as Miss Day, to whom the prize was award-  
ed for neatness and correctness. Mrs. Osgood,  
Miss Mattie Brown, Miss Olive Kidd, Alan R. G.  
Smith, and Miss A. E. Robson follow only one  
mark behind, while many others did nearly as  
well. The following is a list of contributors in  
order of merit: Kate MacTavish; E. Beatrice  
Lord, Geo. J. MacCormac, Jessie Innes and Alma

I. Walker (equal); Elma Naylor, Mrs. Wm. Glass,  
Annie C. McLennan and Ethel S. Skinner; Mrs.  
Wm. Kinley and Mabel Roadhouse; Willie Wight-  
man, Rowena Bishop and F. Greensides; Alice  
Hume and M. M. Brandon; Gertrude Allen, Bertie  
Brown, V. B. Graham and Jas. E. Burchell; A. B.  
Ouellette; Bessie McKeen and Jessie E. Matthews;  
Maggie Matheson, Will McVety and Maria Pur-  
cell; John Lord and Jennie L. Edwards; Hattie  
Patch; Mabel Walker and Herbert Cope; Mary J.  
Shannon; Maggie W. Scott; Jesse A. Witmer and  
Adda Hindson; Ida H. Greer, Minnie Thomson,  
Loie Murray and Amy Watson; John Montle and  
Klari Watson; Clara Coldwell; Helen Younghus-  
band, Annie McIntosh, Mona Cooke and Clarence  
Mills; Minnie P. Morse and Frank Shannon;  
Joseph Murray (10 years old); Annie York and  
W. A. Oswald; M. Doyle; Blanche MacMurray;  
S. H. Webber (12 years old); Lena R. Renwick;  
Albert de la Chapelle. There were seventy-five  
papers in all, as some persons sent more than one.

UNCLE TOM.

## "A Day of Reckoning."

Waller's "A Day of Reckoning" is too well  
known to need a lengthy description. The hero of  
the picture has been culpably reckless and extrava-  
gant. He is aware that his affairs are somewhat  
involved, but is totally unprepared for the disas-  
trous statement—received on the eve of his mar-  
riage—which informs him that he is irretrievably  
ruined.

He begins to realize how dear to him is the  
home of his ancestors, and were it still in his power  
to keep it, would undergo any hardships to do so.  
But vain regrets are useless; he will have to part  
with his home, the old servants,—that somehow  
seem part and parcel of it,—his horses, and even  
his dogs!

With a heavy heart he goes to keep his appoint-  
ment with his fiancée,  
and during that last  
ride details to her his  
misfortunes, and honor-  
ably releases her from  
her engagement.  
Though she promises to  
wait for him until he  
returns from that dis-  
tant clime whither he  
is going to seek his for-  
tune, he is full of  
gloomy forebodings,  
and as he bids her a  
final farewell at the en-  
trance of her own  
home, he is overwhelm-  
ed with remorse for  
the folly which has  
evoked such a bitter  
"Day of Reckoning."

MINNIE MAY'S  
DEPARTMENT.

MY DEAR NIECES,—

In the Proverbs of  
Solomon we read: "A  
merry heart doeth good  
like a medicine." Isn't  
it true? When our  
hearts are light we show  
it in our faces: there is  
a smile on our lips and a

laugh in our eyes. We instinctively draw to a hap-  
py, laughing countenance; and as naturally turn the  
cold shoulder to one sour and grim. How much  
brightened up and encouraged we feel when the  
cheery, laughter-loving person comes along! She  
takes the dullness and sameness away for a time,  
and makes life better for her brightness. We  
should all try to cultivate this pleasant disposi-  
tion,—for our own sakes, because it will make life  
happier for us,—for the sake of others, in order  
that we may do some good in the world. "Laugh  
and grow fat; and if you think you are too stout,  
why, then laugh and grow thin, for laughter is  
not only a sign of health, but a very high road to  
that golden goal." Some one says: "There is  
nothing very beautiful about that." Well, that  
all depends on the way in which you look at it.  
As I said, laughter is healthy; and if health is not  
beauty, what is it? "But," somebody persists,  
"this world is a 'vale of tears.'" So it is, and  
there is all the more reason for brightening it up.  
We all have our times of grief—there is no get-  
ting out of that—but we need not live among  
tears. Are we bound to shed more tears because  
gallons upon gallons have already been shed?  
No! No! No! Let our joyous, happy, healthy  
laughter break in on the gloom and chase it away,  
and dispel the mists of sadness and sorrow, and  
then the "vale of tears" will be transformed into  
the pleasant valley of sunshine and mirth.

But still I hear a doleful voice say: "We are  
told there is a time to weep and a time to  
laugh." Quite true; but then we are not going  
to give preference to the weeping, and fancy that  
those who would rather laugh are all silly and  
heartless. Why, they are the most sympathetic  
in the world—they do not laugh at you, but with  
you, and that is quite different. They are the  
very ones who will weep with you in affliction;