

Bishop of Oxford's Riddle. A BRIGHT GAME FOR WINTER EVENINGS.

1. I have a trunk?
2. It has two lid?
3. It has two caps?
4. Two musical instruments?
5. Two poetic measures?
6. A score of articles carpenters cannot do without?
7. A couple of good fish?
8. A great number of small shell-fish?
9. Two lofty trees?
10. Two spring flowers?
11. Two playful domestic animals?
12. A great number of small wild animals?
13. A fine stag?
14. A number of whips without handles?
15. Some weapons of warfare?
16. A number of weather-rocks?
17. An entrance to a hotel?
18. Two students?
19. At a political meeting, on a division of votes?
20. A number of Spanish grandees?
21. A big wooden box?
22. Two fine churches?
23. Product of camphor tree?
24. A piece of English money?
25. An article used by artists?
26. A boat used in racing?
27. Used for crossing a river?
28. Pair of blades without handles?
29. Twelfth letter of the alphabet, finished with bows?
30. Instruments used in church?
31. Fastenings for the whole?

ANSWERS TO ABOVE.

1. The body.
2. Eyelids.
3. Kneecaps.
4. Drums of the ears.
5. Feet.
6. Nails.
7. Soles.
8. Muscles.
9. Palms.
10. Two lips (tulips).
11. Calves.
12. Hairs (hares).
13. Heart (hart).
14. Lashes.
15. Arms.
16. Veins (vanes).
17. In-step.
18. Pupils.
19. Eyes and nose.
20. Tendons.
21. Chest.
22. Temples.
23. Gum.
24. Crown.
25. Palate.
26. Skull.
27. Bridge.
28. Shoulder blades.
29. Elbows.
30. Organs.
31. Cords.

Where Babies are not Washed.

A traveller from Russia says that Russian babies in Siberia are not very attractive. And when he tells us one of the reasons, we do not wonder at his thinking so.

He says that one day he noticed in one of the houses a curious bundle on a shelf; another hung from a peg in the wall, and a third hung by a rope from the rafters; the one in the swinging bundle was the youngest.

The traveller looked over at the little baby, and found it so dirty that he exclaimed in disgust: "Why do you not wash it?"

The mother looked horror-stricken and ejaculated: "Wash it? Wash the baby? Why, it would kill it!"

What a happy country Russia must be for some boys! They never hear "Wash your face and hands," nor "Have you brushed your hair?" But, O, how they would look!—[Lutheran Observer.

I received the knife, reading-glass and microscope for obtaining two new subscribers to your most valuable farm journal. They were all far above my expectation, both in quality and finish. I will try to send more subscribers.

THOS. WATSON.

Springvale, Dec. 25th, 1905.



The Four Sunbeams.

Four little sunbeams came earthward one day,
Shining and dancing along their way,
Resolved that their course should be blest.
"Let us try," they all whispered, "some kindness to do,
Not seeking our own pleasures all the day through,
Then meet in the eve in the west."



Progressive Farmers.

Photo sent by Mrs. M. Howard, Sutton West, Ont.

One sunbeam ran in a low cottage door
And played "hide and seek" with a child on the floor,
Till baby laughed loud in his glee,
And chased with delight his strange playmate so bright,
The little hands grasping in vain for the light
That ever before him would flee.

One crept to a couch where an invalid lay
And brought him a dream of the sweet summer day,
Its bird song and beauty and bloom,
Till pain was forgotten and weary unrest,
And in fancy he roamed through the scenes he loved best,
Far from the dim, darkened room.

And one, where a little blind girl sat alone,
Not sharing the mirth of her playfellows, shone
On hands that were folded and pale,
And kissed the poor eyes that had never known sight,
That never would gaze on the beautiful light
Till angels had lifted the veil.

At last, when the shadows of evening were falling,
And the sun, their great father, his children was calling,
Four sunbeams sped into the west.
All said, "We have found that in seeking the pleasure
Of others we fill to the full our own measure,"
Then softly they sank to their rest.

The Paper Dolly's Petition.

Come hither, little maiden fair,
Don't look so sad and melancholy!
If you have any change to spare,
Pray buy me for your Paper Dolly.

My name is Mary, Mary Hill;
But call me May or Moll or Molly,
Or even Polly, if you will,—
But buy me for your Paper Dolly!

Kitties will scratch and tea-sets break,
And jackstraws, they are naught but folly;
But how much comfort you might take
In cutting clothes for Paper Dolly!

When winter flings his snows about,
And nothing's green but pine or holly,
And girls are kept from going out,
How nice to have a Paper Dolly!

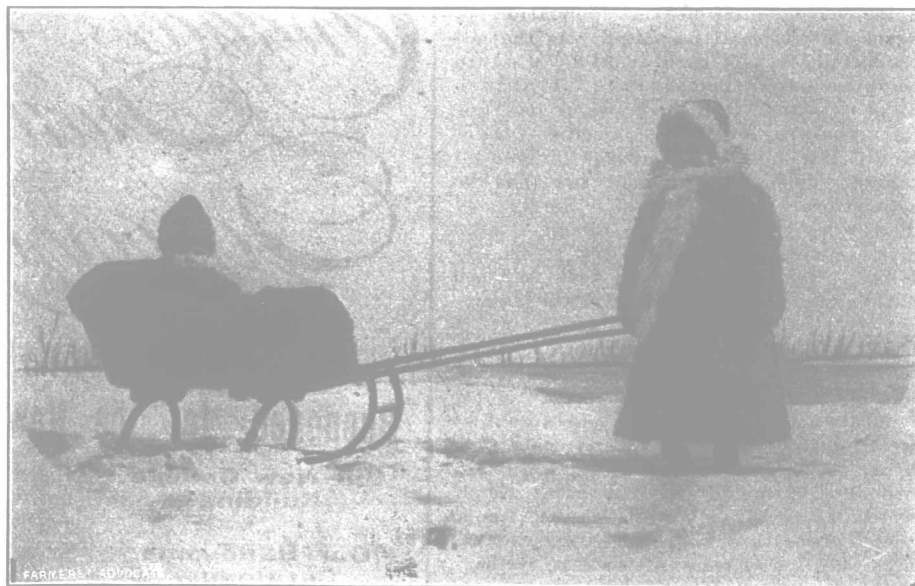
But when the summer skies are fair,
And summer birds are blithe and jolly,
And summer flowers are everywhere,
O, don't forget poor Paper Dolly!

Your money is all gone, you say?
Don't look so sad and melancholy,
But go ask grandma; she will pay;
Then I shall be your Paper Dolly.

Young Canucks.

All our young Canucks greet eagerly
A splendid fall of snow.
Their warm coats and caps are donned
With glee,
Then out of doors they go.

'Tis little they care for the "zero" mark,



Young Canucks.

One stole to the heart of a girl that was sad
And loved and caressed her until she was glad
And lifted her white face again.
For love brings content to the lowliest lot,
And finds something sweet in the dreariest spot.
And lightens all labor and pain.

And if the mercury drops
To "twenty below," do you really think
That they indoors will stop?

Their cheeks are like apples—as round and firm
And red as a "Northern Spy."
They pity the children who have no snow
And who play 'neath a southern sky.
COUSIN DOROTHY.

Winter in St. Petersburg.

The people run so fast in the streets that you would think they were running for their lives; and so they are, for if they were to stand still, they would be frozen. Little children cannot go out at all in the midst of winter, but boys who are fast runners can. The people wrap themselves up in fur, with only noses and eyes peeping out. Sometimes you will see a man's nose grow very white indeed. He feels nothing, but some kind person passing by will call out, "Father, mind your nose!" and then the man will take up some snow, and rub it.

There are large rooms in St. Petersburg, where poor people may always go and warm themselves. The rich people keep themselves very warm in their houses. They have double windows, and they put salt or sand between. In the sand, flowers are planted, and so little gardens bloom in the winter, between the windows. The salt is made into the shape of little houses, trees and hills. Which would you put between your windows, sand or salt? There are two or three doors to each room, one behind another, to keep the cold from getting in, and there is a large stove in the middle of the room.

How the Professor Apologized.

Professor Blackie, of Scotland, was lecturing to a new class, some of whose members he did not know very well. A student rose to read a paragraph, his book in his left hand.

"Sir," thundered Blackie, "hold your book in your right hand!"—and as the students would have spoken—"No words, sir! Your right hand, I say!"

The student held up his right arm, ending piteously at the wrist. "Sir, I have nae right hand," he said.

Before Blackie could open his lips there rose a storm of hisses, and by it his voice was overborne. Then the professor left his place and went down to the student he had unwittingly hurt, and put his arm around the lad's shoulders and drew him close, and the lad leaned against his breast.

"My boy," said Blackie—he spoke very softly, yet not so softly but that every word was heard in the hush that had fallen on the class-room—"my boy, you'll forgive me that I was over-rough? I did not know—I did not know!"

He turned to the students, and with a look and tone that came straight from his heart, he said, "And let me say to you all, I am rejoiced to be shown that I am teaching a class of gentlemen."

Scottish lads can cheer as well as hiss, and that Blackie learned.

Do the work that's nearest;

Though it's dull at times,
Helping when we meet them
Lame dogs over stiles;
See in every hedgerow,
Marks of angels' feet,
Epics in each pebble
Underneath our feet.

—Charles Kingsley.

The One-talent Man.

He couldn't sing and he couldn't play,
He couldn't speak and he couldn't pray.
He'd try to read, but break right down,
Then sadly grieve at smile or frown.
While some with talents ten begun,
He started out with only one.
"With this," he said, "I'll do my best,
And trust the Lord to do the rest."
His trembling hand and tearful eye
Gave forth a word of sympathy;
When all alone with one distressed,
He whispered words that calmed that breast,

And little children learned to know,
When grieved and troubled, where to go.
He loved the birds, the flowers, the trees,
And, loving him, his friends loved these.
His homely features lost each trace
Of homeliness, and in his face
There beamed a kind and tender light
That made surrounding features bright.
When illness came he smiled at fears,
And bade his friends to dry their tears.
He said, "Good-by," and all confess,
He made of life a grand success.

I received the hanging safely, and I am well pleased with it. It is a beauty. Accept thanks. JAMES SHELLEY.
Powassan, Dec. 21st, 1905.