

"No," sighed the little boy; but mother says that kind words and actions will build it higher; and he planted the ladder firmly in the ground.

Just then an old woman, toiling up the dusty road, with a bundle in her arms, sank down exhausted. Dropping his hammer, Johnny ran swiftly to her, and, helping her to her feet, assisted her up the road to her home.

"Oh Donny, 'ont you mend my doll's tart? It's boke!" cried his little sister, as he came running back, and with a laughing "I'll try to," Johnny set to work to mend the mangled cart, and lo! a step grew on his little ladder. "Johnny!" called his tired mother, a few minutes later, "We have no tea for supper; would you mind running to the village for a pound? I would go myself but baby is so cross." "Of course I'll go, and take baby with me in the cart if you will let me."

Carrie's face flushed crimson, and as Johnny walked away, trundling the now happy baby after him, she looked towards the ladder, and as she looked, another step grew on it. "Oh, take me home!" she cried, bursting into tears; and as the angel led her home, he opened his scroll and bade her read, and as Carrie read these words: "Whatsoever thy hands find to do, do with all thy might," the angel vanished: Starting up, Carrie looked around in a bewildered way. "Can it be possible I was dreaming?" But as she picked up her book, and started for the house, she resolved that with God's help she would be the comfort of her mother's life, and take for her motto the words the angel gave her to read in her dream.

And Carrie nobly kept her resolution.

Poetry on a Farm.

BY CHARLIE S. EDWARDS, VANKLEEK HILL, ONT. "Poets are everlastin'ly tellin' o' the charm And delights that surround us a-livin' on a farm, Till I'm sick and tired hearin' o' the weary strain 'Bout the 'laughin' meader, rills, and golden, tossin' grain.' An' every spring returnin' they seem to worsen grow, Until I want to tell 'em a thing or two I know. I tell yer it aint charmin' when winter's snow is deep, And in the early mornin' yer lyin' snug asleep. To hear from father's bedroom that wakin', callin' sound: 'Darius,—Darius!—it's time you wuz around.' Nor nuther, when ye gi's a chance to hev a little skate, And yere circlin' round the ice at a tremendous rate, When loudly on the frozen air, comin' sharp an' clear, That 'Darius,—Darius!'—yer can distinctly hear. And ye've got ter hustle, too, though ye're 'quainted with the facts That your father waits upon ye like a headsmen with his ax; But the difference is, 'tain't sharp, but will be when ye turn The grindstone 'round a million times. 'Bout then ye may discern The weight git somewhat lighter, an' ye know yer work is done; But I hardly think a poet would call it any fun. Then them fellers keep a-tellin' 'bout the balmy days of June, And the p'rsin' o' livin' 'mongst the blossom an' the bloom; But I've lived 'mong them times, an' never drier prose Is found upon this bloomin' earth like that atween the rows O' turpates or purtatoes when ye've got ter ply the hoe. And ye think ye'll never reach the end of the detested row. But the spell and incantation that nature casts around Is sadly interrupted by that sudden, 'breakin' sound, As mother, standin' on the porch, calls on the summer morn: 'Darius,—Darius!—the cows are in the corn.' And arter chasin' 'em down, till yere temp'or's sorely tried, Ye drive the last cow from the field an' plague its bovine hide. And arter fixin' up the fence, ye git ter hoein',—when Once more comes 'Darius!—the pigs are out again.' The mention o' them creatures makes me very nearly shout, An' I won't repeat the language that I use when they git out. But passin' to another scene: 'Tis Sunday, and I wear My bestest suit, and take a stroll down through the meader, where A little stream winds through the grass, the flowers bloom around.

And here I pitch myself full length upon the ground. The air is filled with sweet and spicy scent all day, An' birds are havin' choruses 'mong the new-mown hay; An' I just begin ter feel that the poet must be right, When I hear, all of a sudden, father callin' with his might: 'Darius,—Darius!—well, but ye need a warmin'.' Come, hurry home here, don't ye see the bees are swarmin'! And as I hurry,—for, ye see, he sometimes makes me warm,— I feel there isn't any poetry on a farm."

UNCLE TOM'S DEPARTMENT.

MY DEAR NEPHEWS AND NIECES,— How gay you all look in spite of the hot weather that almost prostrates your poor old uncle and keeps his big red bandana in constant duty mopping his forehead. The cause is not far to seek, for vacation is at hand, and even the dismal prospect of some hot, weary days weeding cannot rob that charmed time of all its attractions. Bless me, if there isn't my old school chum, Jim Brown, coming in. I must leave my letter till to-night, and go and have a real good talk with him.

MY DEAR COUSINS,—Isn't this a rare old joke I'm going to play on Uncle Tom! He's off chatting about his schooldays, with an old acquaintance, so I've stolen a march on him, and am going to finish the letter he's begun and get it off to press before he gets back. What will he say, I wonder? One consolation is he won't know who did it—there are so many of us—and even if he did, he's not very formidable, after all. Oh, look, boys and girls!—here's his memorandum-book, with all he intended to tell us jotted down in it. Isn't that the jolliest! Rah! Rah!! Rah!!! Let's see what he was going to say, anyway. I'll give some of the items just as they are: "Letters acknowledging receipt of prizes received from Mary C. Clazie and A. P. Hampton. Clever girls, both of them. Hope Mary is well again, and able to enjoy her book." "Not many competitors for prizes just now, but number increasing. Hope to have a large family soon." "Saw in the O. A. College report that our nephew, I. I. Devitt, has been distinguishing himself, and felt very proud of my boy. Too busy studying, I suppose, and so didn't have time for puzzling. Too bad." "Oh dear, if I tell all he's got down here I'll not have time to say a word myself, so he can tell the rest some other time. Say, lads, are you going camping this summer? It's great sport, if there's not too many snakes and mosquitoes. I'd like to spend about half my time on the water: I love boating, and even an old school-boy style of raft don't go too badly when you've nothing else, although one does get an occasional ducking if one makes a mis-step on one of them. Arent' you glad Uncle Tom's not writing, or he'd give us a lecture on the evil effects that follow a mis-step at any time in our lives. Our teacher tries to look severe when we come in dripping, but I believe he envies us at the same time. About the next best thing to boating is to lie in a hammock and read. (I don't care for such vigorous exercise as cricket or tennis in the hot part of the day, and when it's cool we've got to 'hoe our own row,' and more than one of them.) I've read 'Arabian Nights,' 'Robinson Crusoe,' 'Queechy,' 'Black Beauty,' 'Little Women,' and lots of others, and I'm very fond of reading. Do you know, I'm just wondering whether you think me a boy or girl cousin; but just wait till the end of my letter, and

you'll find out. You just ought to see how ancient and paternal I look with our dear old uncle's spectacles perched on my Roman nose, while I scan over what I've written, to see if I forgot anything. Great Scott! I've only been here about ten minutes, and there comes uncle up the garden-walk, and if I don't want to be caught I'll have to skip without even signing my name. That's too bad, but—bye-bye.

Well, upon my word! The young monkeys!—if they haven't been in and at my papers, and— and— what have they done! Gone and written on my letter to the ADVOCATE boys and girls. I'd just like to know who did it; but I might as well ask the moon, for they're all "mum" when one does anything. Half glad I am, too, for I do detest tell-tales. And, after all, it was quite a good trick, so I'll forgive them and send it in just as it is, and see if I don't tell the culprits by the twinkling eyes when their letter really comes out in print. The rascals left no room for me to say anything, so, boys and girls, you'll have to excuse— Your loving old UNCLE TOM.

P. S.—Two prettily-bound books will be given for best lists of answers to July and August puzzles.—U. T.

Puzzles.

1—RIDDLE. My LAST has two legs; my TOTAL no more; And yet my FIRST alone has always four. SKY LARK.

2—CHARADE. Last night I dreamt of a castle grand, Gorgeous in splendor of wealth untold; Thro' stately portals I wandered in, And thro' the princely FIRST I strolled. Out of diamond panes I glimpses caught Of the deep blue sea so vastly wide; And over the rolling waters came A fairy FINAL with the tide. Aloft on a tree-top in the park, A robin gay carolled, clear and sweet, As if reminding his dainty mate, Of the happy days of their COMPLETE. A. P. HAMPTON.

3—CHARADE. My FIRST in many a field doth grow— Most easy 'tis to guess; Without it we should come to woe, To trouble and distress. My SECOND in a farmer's barn You very often find; And when I say it's made of yarn, It may come to your mind. My TOTAL is but my SECOND, too, And used to carry in My precious FIRST; so, cousins, you To guess may now begin. SKY LARK.

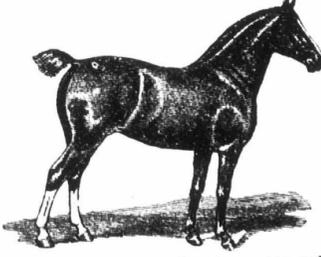
4—CHARADE. Five little darkies our fence adorning, That's ONE many there were in the morning; One jumped off, the others scolding, Then there were only four. Someone from the shanty calling, The second one descended, heavily falling, Did not FOUR such a thing as bawling, Merely remarked, "Oh, sore!" With three torn hats the zephyrs were playing, One rose up very much swaying, Went out of sight while THREE would be saying, "Now there are only two." Two sets of dark eyes wistfully glancing At a pair of pacers gaily prancing; Jim got down to two their style of dancing, Bitterly did he rue. Pete's black legs were lazily swinging; Seeing me he commenced singing, "COMPLETE, I shall very soon be bringing Wild flowers to you." A. P. HAMPTON.

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