

policeman, who also was walking his machine. He asked me if I had met a man on a bicycle coming from Thun, and I told him quite truly that I had not.

He seemed discouraged, and told me all about the bicycle theft, and the arrest of the wrong man. He feared the thief had hidden in the forest until he and his comrade went past, and then perhaps took the steamer across the lake, or the villain might merely have pretended to take the north road, while in reality he went by the south. Thus the policeman hoped to meet him yet. I promised to keep a lookout, and the officer went on.

When I reached Thun and came to the place where I got the bicycle, I found the man was at Interlaken, and his wife, who knew all about the robbery, was amazed to see the thief return the machine, and place five francs and his thanks on the counter.

I regret to say that the apparent honesty of this action did not commend itself to the authorities. They looked on it as a ruse of a crafty scoundrel, who realized that, so vigilant were the police, it was impossible for him to escape, and so endeavored to throw dust in the eyes of the wise men of the place. I therefore had to pay the expenses of the case, and apologize to everybody concerned.

Thus the bicycle, at five francs a day, was not so cheap as I had at first supposed. — *Detroit Free Press.*

## THE QUIET HOUR.

### The Teacher's Reward.

Ye shall shine as the stars in the fadeless forever,  
Who turn unto Jesus the perishing here,  
Who gently are leading the lambs to the pasture  
Where floweth the water so cooling and clear.

Then prayerfully, carefully, go to your labors,  
And deal with them wisely, the souls of your care,  
Never forgetting, though lofty or lowly,  
How costly a gem is the spirit they bear.

Better by far than all worldly bestowment,  
Is the reward that your service will win;  
Turning to righteousness souls of the children,  
Stopping to gather the poorest ones in.

Time, with its guerdons of honor and treasure,  
Soon will be lost in the measureless sea,  
But yonder a crown, that is starred with the glory  
Of souls for thy hire, will be waiting for thee.

Then turn not thy hand from the work that's before thee;  
Nor suffer thy heart to grow careless and cold;  
The seed you are sowing with patience and prayer,  
Ere long will be waving in harvests of gold.

Not long may it be till the Master shall call thee;  
Not long till the time of thy mission is o'er,  
Then work while the day lasts, and ere the night shadow  
Shall gather its gloom—and ye labor no more.

### Seizing Opportunities.

A lady, once, writing to a young man in the navy, who was almost a stranger, thought, "Shall I close this as anybody would, or shall I say a word for my Master?" and, lifting up her heart for a moment, she wrote, telling him that his constant change of scene and place was an apt illustration of the word, "Here we have no continuing city," and asked if he could say, "I seek one to come." Tremblingly, she folded it and sent it off.

Back came the answer, "Thank you so much for those kind words! I am an orphan, and no one has spoken to me like that since my mother died, long years ago." The arrow shot at venture hit home, and the young man shortly after rejoiced in the fulness of the blessing of the Gospel of peace.

How often do we, as Christians, close a letter to those we know have no hope "as anybody would," when we might say a word for Jesus! Shall we not embrace each opportunity in the future?

May every soul that touches mine,  
Be it the slightest contact, get therefrom some good,  
Some little grace; one kindly thought,  
One aspiration yet unfelt, one bit of courage,  
For the darkening sky; one gleam of faith to bear the  
thickening mists of life;  
One glimpse of brighter skies beyond the gathering mists.  
To make this life worth while, and heaven a surer heritage.

A sculptor once showed a visitor his studio. It was full of gods. One was very curious. The face was concealed by being covered with hair, and there were wings on each foot. "What is its name?" said the spectator. "Opportunity," was the reply. "Why is his face hidden?" "Because men seldom know him when he comes to them." "Why has he wings upon his feet?" "Because he is soon gone, and once gone he cannot be overtaken." — *Selected.*

### Personal Work.

All persons have their own particular work in life to do, and it must be accomplished by their own individual labor.

No other helper can relieve them of the responsibility or share in the work given them. Others may encourage and sympathize, but they cannot take part in the work. What is done by each one may be much or little; the quantity does not count for as much as the spirit with which the work is entered upon and the faithful devotion to its performance. It is God's will and purpose that this personal work should be done personally, and His name is more truly glorified by everyone who does his own work in his own sphere, without asking for or expecting another to do it for him.

Personal work is like hand-picked fruit, which keeps much better than the windfall or that which falls to the ground as the result of shaking. In the latter case the fruit is often wormeaten or bruised. What the world needs to-day is a quiet, earnest, personal witness for Christ in every-day life, and this witness supported by a consistent life. Not what a man says, but the way it is said and the life of the man who says it, counts.

It is easy for some to talk fluently about religion from a platform, but many who can do this with great ease have been an injury to the cause of their Master by the inconsistency of their private lives. Personal work of this kind is slow and often very discouraging, but experience shows that it is the most lasting and satisfactory.

A man's influence lives forever. He dies, is buried, and goes to his reward; but his influence is left behind to work, and it will build up or wreck lives down through the coming ages, according as it is good or bad. "Gather up my influence and bury it with me" were the dying words of a wrecked young man to his weeping friends. How his request startled them, and lacerated their bleeding hearts with a deeper agony! How impossible to comply with the request! By living as he had lived he had created a working force which only the Omnipotent could annihilate—and God does not annihilate.

### This Let Me Do.

What can I do to-day?  
Not praise to win, or glory to attain;  
Not gold, or ease, or power, or love to gain,  
Or pleasure gay:  
But to impart  
Joy to some stricken heart,  
To send a heaven-born ray  
Of hope, to some sad, despairing  
Soul to cheer,  
To lift some weighing doubt,  
Make truth more clear,  
Dispel some dwarfing care,  
To lull some pain,  
Bring to the fold again  
Some lamb astray:  
To brighten life for some one,  
Now and here—  
This let me do to-day.

## THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

A "Proverb-Hunt" will now begin this column. A prize is offered for correct solutions of the first three pictures. Only children of subscribers may compete, and competitors must be under sixteen years of age. Answers should be sent in for each group, e. g., 1-3, 4-6, 7-9, etc. A prize is offered for each group of three pictures, and a better one at the end of the year for the largest number of correct answers. Letters marked "Proverb-Hunt" will not be opened until ten days after the third picture of each group is issued. The first letter opened, containing correct answers, will be prize winner; all others will receive honorable mention. Address your letters to Cousin Dorothy, FARMER'S ADVOCATE, London, Ont., and mark them "Proverb-Hunt"—outside the envelope.



HIDDEN PROVERB—NO. 14.

The winner of the prize for fourth group of proverbs is G. B. Rothwell, Ottawa P. O. Ont. The correct answers are: No. 10. "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush"; No. 11. "To receive a favor is to sell your liberty"; No. 12. "Every dog has his day." I think that Stewart Pearce, Wallaceport, Ont., and Annie McLean, Turtle Lake, Ont., deserve honorable mention, having answered two proverbs correctly and made a very good try at the third. I hope John Sheehan is not ill—this is the first group he has failed in. Even if you can only answer one proverb correctly, send in your answers promptly—you may still win the prize at the end of the year. Sometimes MSS. are posted in sealed envelopes, marked "Printer's Copy" and stamped with one cent of postage. This would be all right if the envelopes were left open for inspection; as it is, the P. O. charges four cents extra for such correspondence. In future, such letters will not be accepted. Remember, you cannot send a sealed package for one cent.

Don't be alarmed, Lila, your dates are correct.

COUSIN DOROTHY.

### The Allison Four.

There were no boys in the Allison family. To be sure, there was Tim, the hired man, or boy, you might call him, but there were no "own boys," as Bernice used to say. Still, Farmer Allison never complained, for he was very proud of his four girls.

First came Maud and Mabel, the twins, who were 13; then Bernice and Blanche, the twins, who were 11.

It was a lovely June evening and the Allison family were holding a family council on the front veranda. Auntie May was with them. She was a widow—wealthy and childless. She spent much of her time with her brother's family, but this was to be only a two days' visit, as she was on her way west. The subject under discussion was one we all associate with the busy city—help in the kitchen. Honest Gretchen had served them faithfully for many years, but the day before had been summoned to the side of her sick mother.

"Gretchen will return as soon as her mother recovers," Mrs. Allison was explaining to Mrs. Taylor, "and, after her devotion to us, I must keep the place for her, which, as it is vacation, I believe I can do easily, with the help of my girls."

"Let me see," said papa, immediately closing one eye, "two thirteens are twenty-six, thirty-seven, forty-eight. Why, May, there's forty-eight years among them, and that is more than their mother's age. I don't think I will have to look for another girl."

Auntie May caressed the head of Blanche, who sat near her. "Girlies," she said, "I believe in women knowing how to do housework. Now, I

want each one of you to select some task—something that will really help your mother—and do it each day. I am coming back in six weeks, and the one who has been the most faithful shall have the prettiest pony I can find in the city."

"A real pony?"

"Oh, Auntie!"

"You darling Auntie!"

"Oh! oh! oh!"

These exclamations and a series of rapturous hugs followed Mrs. Taylor's remarks.

"I don't mean," she continued, "that you are to do the task only. You must assist in the general work besides, but this particular task is never to be neglected. But come, my blossoms, if we sit up any longer we will have no appetite for the mother's graham gems in the morning." And Mrs. Taylor, after a shower of good-night kisses, went up to her room.

The next morning Mrs. Taylor started on her journey, and the following afternoon Mrs. Allison announced that she would give the hour between two and three to considering the plans of her daughters. They were all sitting in solemn state when she entered the room, but at a signal from Mabel, who dearly loved to be ceremonious, they rose and stood in line.

"Mabel, you speak first," said their mother. Mabel drew a quick breath. "The ironing," was all she said.

"She tries to be tragical," whispered Blanche. Mabel shook her finger at her sister and went on. "You said, mamma, that was one thing you dreaded. Of course, I cannot do up papa's shirts and there are some other things I wouldn't like to try—Maud's and my embroidered white dresses for one thing [Two, you mean," whispered Maud.]—but everything I can iron I will, every week."

Mamma smiled. "That is a good beginning and will help me wonderfully. Now, Maud."

"I was so afraid Mabel would take it, but she didn't," began Maud, "and I'll always remember them."

"But what is the 'it' and 'them'?" asked Bernice.

"Cake box and cookie jar," was Maud's laconic reply. "Yes, mamma, I will see that they are never empty."

"If you are willing to take such a responsibility it will lighten my labors very much," replied Mrs. Allison.

"That is what I want to do," declared Maud, rather loftily.

"Well, my little bees," said mamma, "what have you chosen?"

"The dusting all over the house, and I'll try to dust the inside places as well as the outside ones," answered Blanche.

She was rewarded with a loving smile, and then all turned to Bernice.

"I'll have to take the milk things," and the little girl knelt at her mother's side. "You know how we all hate to wash that great stock of pans and all the pails twice every day. I didn't want to take them, but I couldn't get them out of mind, so I just had to."

"My daughters, you have all planned well. I trust I shall be able to give Aunt May a good report of each one. Now we will take our sewing out on the veranda, and Maud shall read us another chapter from 'Joe's Boys.'"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### Modern Grandmothers.

You "wonder where they've gone to, those grandmothers of yore. With such quaint old nursery jingles that we always cried for more. With their spectacles and aprons and their ruffled muslin caps, And their puffs of snowy hair and their broad, enticing laps!"

Why, they've gone, dear, with the children of those old and happy days

When little ones were little ones, in thoughts and acts and ways,  
When everything was different and simpler lives were led. Those days are gone, "the times have changed"; with that, the whole is said.

The grandma of the "modern child" must crimp and talk and dress;

If not, I fear the modern child might love her grandma less,  
For lads and lasses of these days are critical, I ween,—  
With a grandma of "ye olden time" they wouldn't once be seen.

But, after all, beneath the dress, and this we won't forget,  
That grandma's grandma, now as then, her love is ours yet;  
And if the children turn to her—demand her love and care,  
They'll find that underneath it all the grandma's always there.

—F. S. A., in *Boston Transcript.*

### I Wouldn't be Cross.

I wouldn't be cross, dear, it's never worth while;  
Disarm the vexation by wearing a smile.  
Let hap a disaster, a trouble, a loss,  
Just meet the thing boldly, and never be cross.

I wouldn't be cross, dear, with people at home,  
They love you so fondly, whatever may come.  
You may count on the kinsfolk around you to stand,  
Oh, loyally true in a brotherly band!  
So, since the fine gold far exceeds the dross,  
I wouldn't be cross, dear, I wouldn't be cross.

I wouldn't be cross with a stranger. Ah no!  
To the pilgrims we meet on the life path we owe  
This kindness, to give them good cheer as they pass,  
To clear out the flint-stones and plant the soft grass.  
No, dear, with a stranger, in trial or loss,  
I perchance might be silent; I wouldn't be cross.

No bitterness sweetens, no sharpness may heal  
The wound which the soul is too proud to reveal.  
No envy hath peace; by a fret and a jar  
The beautiful work of our hands we may mar.  
Let happen what may, dear, of trouble and loss,  
I wouldn't be cross, love, I wouldn't be cross.