

## OUR PUZZLE POEM REPORT: "CONTENTMENT."

## SOLUTION.

## CONTENTMENT.

With what I have, O let me be content!  
 My clothes, my food, are good enough  
 for me;  
 My home is clean, I always pay my rent,  
 With something left for mirth and jollity;  
 If false seem grantees from the Court and  
 Hall,  
 I know a thing or two that beats them all!  
 I would not grander be than fits my lot,  
 And no-one's lot will stand a cubit more;  
 Pretence and hauteur form a tiresome clot  
 Which blocks the way to many a heart's  
 true core;  
 Possessing little 's better than a throne,  
 If we contented are no more to own!

## PRIZE WINNERS.

## Thirteen Shillings Each.

Eliza Acworth, 9, Blenheim Mount, Bradford.  
 Mrs. W. H. Gotch, St. Cross, Winchester.  
 Edith E. Grundy, 105, London Road, Leicester.  
 Carlina V. M. Leggett, Burgh Hall, Burgh,  
 Lincolnshire.  
 Robert H. Hamilton, 34, Leadenhall Street,  
 E.C.  
 Florence Hayward, 286, Kew Road, Kew.  
 J. Hunt, 42, Francis Road, Birmingham.  
 Miss A. C. Sharp, Lynton, Hampshire.

## Most Highly Commended.

Elsie Bayley, M. S. Bourne, E. Burrell,  
 Agnes B. Chettle, N. Chute, Agnes Dewhurst,  
 Julia A. Hennen, Mrs. H. Keel, Annie C.  
 Lewis, Mary A. Olden, Mrs. A. E. Stretton,  
 Constance Taylor, Ethel Tomlinson, Kathleen  
 E. Trench, Caroline Lee-Warner.

## Very Highly Commended.

B. Bryson, A. J. Foster, Edith L. Howse,  
 Mrs. Kemp, Madge L. Kemp, Kate Lambert,  
 E. Lord, Mrs. Amy Moraine, W. H. Odium,  
 A. Phillips, A. J. Rogers, Agnes M. C.  
 Smith, Stuart Bostock-Smith.

## Highly Commended.

Alice J. Chandler, Rosa S. Horne, Alice  
 E. Johnson, F. Miller, Ellen M. Price, Ada  
 Rickards, Rev. R. J. Simpson, May Tutte,  
 Katie Whitmore.

## Honourable Mention.

M. S. Arnold, Rev. S. Bell, E. M. Blott,  
 Isabel Borow, Alice W. Browne, N. Campbell,  
 Rev. J. Chambers, Mary I. Chislett,  
 Leila Claxton, Ethel Dickson, Ethel Dobell,  
 Marjorie Ferguson, "Gerda" Jennie A. Jenkins,  
 Edith B. Jowett, Elsie B. F. Kirkby,  
 Ethel Knight, Bertha E. Lawrence, Marian  
 E. Messenger, E. C. Milne, Lizzie E. Nunn,  
 Annie B. Olver, Hannah E. Powell, Louise  
 Prentice, Ida Rafford, Laura Rose, J. C.  
 Scott, Gertrude Smith, Rose Carr Smith,  
 Mary J. Taylor, C. E. Thurgar, Ellen Thurtell,  
 Violet C. Todd, W. Fitzjames White,  
 Henry Wilkinson, Hubert Wix, Alice Woodhead,  
 Elizabeth Yarwood, Edith Mary  
 Younge.

## EXAMINERS' REPORT.

Twenty-three solutions were word perfect. Eight of these were also perfect in form and in every other respect as well. Their authors are accordingly entitled to 13s. 1½d. each, but half-pennies do not add to the beauty of a cheque, and we have reserved the whole twenty-four for future contingencies. A single mistake involving a lack of sense has excluded a solution from any mention, so good has been the work sent in. For instance: "Pretence and hauteur form a tiresome blot." That is only one mistake, but it reduces the reading to an absurdity, and its authors are unmentioned. On the other hand: "I would no grander be than fits my lot," there is also a very definite mistake, but the reading is good sense and its authors receive mention though not commendation.

In line two of the puzzle there was a superfluous m, and at the beginning of line six an unnecessary i. Several solvers have pointed out the latter blemish, but only one has referred to them both. Happily in both cases the author's intention was sufficiently obvious. Line five was the troublesome one, and we have a suspicion that a large number of would-be solvers gave the puzzle up in despair on coming to it.

One common and not unnatural mistake was the substitution of "greater" for *grander* in line 7. But the T is grand rather than great, and the original word certainly expresses the spirit of the verse better. Any girl who can truly enter into that spirit has learned a lesson which will, almost more than any other, contribute to her happiness in life.

## OUR ESSAY COMPETITION: "MY ROOM."

## PRIZE ESSAY (ONE GUINEA).

DEAR MR. EDITOR.

"Please to walk forward" as we say in the North. This is my sittingroom—once the schoolroom, but as our baby is now 22 years old, it is a long time since any lessons were 'done' in it. Now it is my special sanctum as I have no sisters, and the Boys do not often favour me with their presence. In shape the room is nearly square; its floor is covered with a nice thick carpet, the design being wrought in harmonious shades of brown red and gold: the ceiling is decorated. Opposite the door is a large window through which I have a pleasant view over the tennis grounds and rose garden to the pond, across which, beyond 3 grass fields, the horizon is bounded by the wood in which Piers Gaveston was beheaded—(2 miles from Warwick.) On the left-hand side of the door as you enter the room, stands a corner bookcase chiefly containing the belongings of my youngest brother Ivan, books by Henty, Church, Ballantyne &c: one shelf being allotted to me as being just the right height for the various illustrated Scripture books that we occasionally use in the Sunday School. On the top of the case is a collection of odds and ends in the shape of ornaments, photo frames, big foreign shells, besides a small Japanese cabinet, and 2 wool mats made by an invalid servant.

That, is our old missionary basket, 'aspin-

aled' a light blue colour to hide deficiencies; it is never now used in its lawful capacity, but is the useful recipient of all kinds of things put there 'to get them out of the way'; scrap-books lie on the lower shelves, and there is also a wooden darning-egg belonging to our old Madame, which having lived there for years, seems never likely now to find a more 'proper' home. Over the basket, nailed on the wall, is the "Gag Chart Home Rule Bill 1893 in Committee, an object for British Electors!" The next piece of furniture—made of walnut wood—is still a joy to me: the middle portion consists of shelves protected from the dust a glass door: on these shelves lie a collection of curiosities—a good many I picked up in America the year we went to visit my brother Kenneth's ranche, but there are also articles from many other countries: I only wish they were not so crowded. In a drawer below I keep letters from my old scholars, G. F. S. girls and god-children. Lower still there are 2 big shelves on which stand 16 volumes of our dear G. O. P. some of which are not in as good condition as I should like owing to constant lending out. There are still 4 nice cupboards, the 2 on the left being appropriated by Ivan. In mine I keep my College by Post papers, account books, G. F. S. papers, also those referring to the Mothers Meeting, the School Library, the Village Nurse and the Scripture Union.

Here is the 'comfy' big sofa "Sophia," placed a little across the corner of the room,

to make space for the dolls house behind it; this mansion is usually kept in the attics, but was brought down for the edification of a small cousin Enid, under whose direction it has been refurnished: she was much delighted at the pranks of a mouse who paid frequent visits to the kitchen entering the edifice by a paneless window!

Below the window of the room stands "Charity" a most useful box-seat, a huge commodious article—a friend indeed: usually it is full of wool, flannel, print, or other materials in the process of turning into garments for poorer neighbours or sales.

Between "Charity" and "Sophia" is now the little table which supports the bird-cage in which ought to live my canary 'John Bull,' so-called to counteract foreign influence Johnnie having been "made in Germany;" but the little rascal usually tempts me to let him out and not content with this room he flies off through the hall to the dining-room, or to visit my mother in the drawing-room—where he is most at home on the silver table!

On the other side of the window is the 'cosy corner,' on the narrow shelf above which is a row of big photos—groups of relations—the most remarkable being the family of an aunt and uncle and their 15 children. Then comes the fireplace—with a white marble chimney-piece, and a low over-mantle of white wood. Arranged along the top, is my special hobby, a collection of tiny jugs; there are over 50 now the tallest being under 4 inches high; they also have come

\* These essays are printed exactly as written, without correction or alteration of any kind.—Ed.