

UNCLE TOM'S DEPARTMENT.

MY DEAR NEPHEWS AND NIECES:-

There is so much to do in July that I am sure you will not expect a long letter from me. With haying time and harvest, with fruit to be gathered, weeds to be pulled, hoeing to be done, with cows to be milked, calves fed, vegetables to be looked after—to say nothing of the dishes, and the flowers, and the sweeping, dusting and baking, I know you are all busy. It is vacation time, too, but your real holidays may come a little later on when the press of the work is over. School is done for the present, and I hope that work goes cheerily forward. When the sailors work, they sing and all keep time. It's a good plan, and I hope through Canada where Uncle Tom's letters are read, all may join anew, pull together, and work well and cheerily through this Julian month.

Do not idle away your time. It is so much better in every way to be busy.

"Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate,
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait."

Let me give you one other quotation to think about as you are busy with your work these warm days. It is by James Russell Lowell:

"Be noble! and the nobleness that lies
In other men, sleeping, but not dead,
Will rise in majesty to meet thine own."

It occurs to me to tell you that a noble man or boy, woman or girl, is not so rare as you may think. You have met such. They may wear coarse, straw hats, denim overalls, blue and white check shirts, and even go barefooted. Think for yourselves what it means here: "These were more noble than those in Thessalonica, in that they received the word with all readiness of mind." Surely the learned writer thought much of any who were willing to be taught. If we are so there is a great deal around us to learn, but if we keep our eyes shut we cannot see, and if we are satisfied with what we know we are not looking earnestly around that we may learn. Then the danger is, we form a habit and we may do as many have done before us, go through life with only a part of ourselves developed. Let us open our eyes and see, and our ears and hear, and let us all use every faculty God has given us to the utmost, that through us the greatest good may be done for the greatest number.

That the sweetly-scented clover, the buzzing bees, the butterflies, the bloom, the harvest ripening for the reaper, may bring much happiness and memories of loved friends, with them for long years to come, is the wish of

UNCLE TOM.

Prize for Selected Poetry.

BY MISS ETHEL CAMPBELL, FOREST, ONT.
Sir Walter Scott.

Sir Walter Scott was born in Edinburgh in 1771. He early showed remarkable mental powers. He practiced law for about fourteen years, spending much of his time at literary work, and on the failure of the business firm in which he had an interest he set to work to earn money by his literary talents to pay off his indebtedness. Before his work was completed his intellect became clouded, and he died in 1832. His chief poetical works are: "The Lady of the Lake," "Lay of the Last Minstrel," "Marmion," and "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border." His writings abound in imagination and word-painting. Nowhere can we find a more vivid description than that of the Trosachs.

"The western waves of ebbing day
Rolled o'er the glen their level way;
Each purple peak, each flinty spire,
Was bathed in floods of living fire.
But not a setting beam could glow
Within the dark ravine below.
Where twined the path in shadow hid,
Round many a rocky pyramid,
Shooting abruptly from the dell
Its thunder-splintered pinnacle;
Round many an insulated mass,
The native bulwarks of the pass,
Huge as the tower which builders vain
Presumptuously piled on Shinar's plain.
The rocky summits, split and rent,
Formed turret, dome and battlement,
Or seemed fantastically set
With cupola or minaret.
Wild crests as pagod ever decked,
Or mosque of eastern architect.
Nor were these earth-born castles bare,
Nor lacked they many a banner fair:
For from their shivered brows displayed,
Far o'er the unfathomable glade,
All twinkling with the dew-drop sheen,
The brier-rose fell in streamers green,
And creeping shrubs of thousand dyes
Waved in the west wind's summer sighs."

Longfellow.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was born in 1807, at a time when America had no great poet. He was the foremost of a band of cultured poets that sprang from the old Puritan stock. He visited the Old World several times, bringing back with him European scholarship, and he introduced European taste in the literature of the young republic. He loved the romantic and picturesque, and was always in sympathy with nature.

"There is no flower of meek delight,
There is no star of heavenly pride,
That shines more sweeter and more bright,
Because he lived, loved, sang and died."

Hymn to the Night.

I heard the trailing garments of the night
Sweep through her marble halls!
I saw her sable skirts all fringed with light
From the celestial walls.

I felt her presence, by its spell of might,
Stoop o'er me from above;
The calm majestic presence of the night,
As of the one I love.

I heard the sounds of sorrow and delight,
The manifold soft chimes,
That fill the haunted chambers of the night,
Like some old poet's rhymes.

From the cool cisterns of the midnight air
My spirit drank repose;
The fountain of perpetual peace flows there—
From those deep cisterns flows.

O holy night! from thee I learn to bear
What man has borne before!
Thou layest thy finger on the lips of Care,
And they complain no more.

Peace! peace! Orestes-like I breathe this prayer!
Descend with broad-winged flight,
The welcome, the thrice-prayed-for, the most fair!
The best-beloved night!

Indian Summer.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

This dreamy Indian summer day
Returns the soul to tender sadness;
We love—but joy not in the ray—
It is not summer's fervid gladness,
But a melancholy glory
Hovering softly round decay.
Like the swan that sings her own sad story,
Ere she floats in death away.

The day declines, what splendid dyes,
In flickered waves of crimson driven.
Float o'er the saffron sea that lies
Glowing within the western heaven!
Oh, it is a peerless even!

See, the broad red sun has set,
But his rays are quivering yet
Through nature's veil of violet,
Streaming bright o'er lake and hill,
But earth and forest lie so still
It sendeth to the heart a chill;
We start to check the rising tear—
'Tis beauty sleeping on her bier.

What to Read.

BY A. M. C.

Next to a wise friend is a good book. As great care is essential in the selection of either, perhaps the following suggestions, hasty as they are, may be of use to some young reader:—In the first place, I remark that you should read history. "The effect of historical reading," says Macaulay, "is analogous in many respects to that produced by foreign travel. The student, like the tourist, is transported into a new state of society. He sees new fashions, hears new modes of expression. His mind is enlarged by contemplating the wide diversities of laws, of morals and of manners." Another writer says: "History rightly studied teaches us to admire and esteem the brave, the honest and self-denying, and to despise the base, cowardly and selfish. It is, then, a great teacher of morals, and is also a powerful means of developing the intellectual faculties." Next in the list come books of travel. It is both amusing and instructive to read descriptions of foreign countries, their laws, climate, the peculiarities of dress, manner of living, and differences of religion among the inhabitants.

Read poetry. An acquaintance with the English speaking poets is almost an education itself. Read fiction. That advice is somewhat at variance with Oliver Goldsmith's warning to his brother concerning the latter's son: "Above all, never let him touch a novel. They teach the youthful mind to sigh after beauty and happiness that never existed, to despise the little good that fortune has mixed in our cup by expecting more than she ever gave. Nevertheless, fiction has its use; there are novelists who help the world along more by their fascinating lies than all the wisdom of the wise." Imaginative writing may be compared to the capsules within which the physician conceals an offensive drug that it may be readily swallowed. The work of fiction, long or short, which contains no grain of needed truth, no helpful wisdom, is as useless as an empty bottle to a dying man. Fiction is the ice-cream on the mental bill of fare; it cannot be substituted for the strong meat without producing a certain weakness.

Read newspapers, but do not confine yourself to the periodicals specially designed for women. I have in my possession copies of high-priced English and American "Ladies' Journals," two-thirds fiction, the remainder light poetry, advertisements and descriptions of elaborate costumes for the ultra-exclusives. Such literature is an insult to the intelligence of woman, as though she could not be interested by as sensible reading matter as men are! No doubt, it is impossible to construct a paper to please all classes. The kind of literature that would please the woman of moderate means, the one who works with hand or head, would be beneath the luxurious idler. But the majority of women, young and old, are interested in hearing of the achievements of other women; they are, as a rule, ever willing to read articles on the care of the health, and anything and everything which injures it, whether it be unsuitable clothing, insufficient ventilation, improper food, or vicious indulgence. A knowledge of the laws of health is essential to every woman, maid, wife or mother, especially the latter, as she has the training of the future men and women.

After all, the whole thing may be summed up in one sentence. Read anything that will make you wiser and better, always remembering, as Prof. Arnold said: "Whatever is a hindrance to your physical, mental or moral development, that is in your case a positive sin."

Puzzles.

1—CHARADE.

This eve as I sat in my study,
My chum being out on the street,
I thought I would write you a ditty—
About the cold *versus* the heat.

Last winter I longed for warm weather,
When out from the house I could go
Without carrying a stock of clothing
That would make a "Columbian Show."

I wished for the breeze of the springtime,
When old Frost would on the earth shine,
And Jack Frost would give up his pleasures
And go rambling elsewhere for a time.

I sighed for the days of midsummer,
With its beautiful meadows so green,
When the bob-o-link sits on the hedges
And sings like a fairy queen.

I mourned for the glorious autumn,
When the apples get ripe and decay,
And the golden hue of the woodland,
With its leaves all set in array.

But to day, with the thermom. "at 90"
Degrees Fahrenheit in the shade,
I longed for the winter so slyly,
With Jack Frost out on parade.

A TOTAL might come in handy,
But it's not on SECOND FIRST as yet,
With the bracing air of the winter—
That is, to keep down the sweat.

FAIR BROTHER.

St. Paul, Minn.

2—CHARADE.

I wish to be admitted
As a puzzler true,
Then I will make up puzzles
And send them FIRST to you.

Though I am new, I'm not,
Miss Smithson is the same;
SECOND puzzles are so sensible
That she is worthy of great fame.

We must thank the ADVOCATE
For being the author of our pleasure;
LAST is a most valuable paper
For to read at our leisure.

I do not TOTAL so great a talent
As some others that are in the dom;
But we are every one welcomed
By our good Uncle Tom.

THOS. W. BANKS.

3—CHARADE.

My FIRST gives life and joy, and makes
The feathered songsters vocal;
Without my SECOND we should not have
A habitation local.
My TOTAL of usefulness can boast
To sailors on a rock-bound coast.

ADA SMITHSON.

4—TRANSPOSITION.

As soon as comes the ADVOCATE
I FIRST the puzzles o'er,
To see what my LAST cousins have sent,
And wish they had sent more.

ADA SMITHSON.

5—ANAGRAM.

I knew a man who was so bad
He killed his wife and child.
For this sad crime he was hunted down,
And very quickly jailed.

At his trial he pleaded guilty,
Yet some said he should be free.
(Whether friends or not, I do not know.)
But SPARE HIM NOT is my plea.

GEO. W. BLYTH.

6—ENIGMA.

I'm very slippery I'm told;
Indeed, I'm very hard to hold;
And, unless you grip me tight,
I quickly vanish from your sight.
I can travel very fast,
For speed I seldom am surpassed;
And though I live between earth and air,
I seldom touch either anywhere.

I. IRVINE DEVITT.

7—CHARADE.

My first is to work by the day,
My second is wrongly called "lay."
My third is our "King's" first name.
My fourth "protects" our fame.
A clever puzzler is my whole,
Whose name appears upon our roll.

I. IRVINE DEVITT.

Answers to 1st June Puzzles.

- 1—Cannot.
2—Cannot.
3—Heart-so-me.
4—Panc-counter—counterpane.
5—P R A T E R
R A P E T
T E P I D
R E D
6—It-em, em-it, m-it-e, time.

Names of Those Who Have Sent Correct Answers to 1st June Puzzles.

Joshua Umbach, I. Irvine Devitt, Henry Reeve, Lily Day,
Oliver Snider, Addison Snider, Geo. W. Blyth, Morley Smith-
son, Ada Smithson, A. R. Borrowman, Mary Morrison, Thos.
W. Banks.

Household Hints.

Oil of lavender will drive away flies.
Fresh lime in the cellar absorbs damp.
When hinges creak rub a bit of soap on them.
Cayenne pepper will keep the pantry and store-
room free from ants and cockroaches.
Water roses and peonies with water in which a
plug of strong tobacco has been steeped to kill the
aphis.

Sunshine is life. Let it flood each room part of
every day. It dispels dampness and brings health
and life.

If your supply of meat is apt to run short, use
what you have by mincing fine and adding an equal
quantity of mashed potato, a little salt and pepper;
form this into small rolls about as large as an egg, fry
in hot lard or spread the chopped meat between
thin slices of bread and cut small; serve as sand-
wiches.