

a very pleasant visit from some of my own nieces and nephews, constituted my holidays, and very pleasantly they have passed away.

I presume many of you are "making preparations for the big fall fair," and at this pleasant occupation I will leave you for the present.

Your loving— UNCLE TOM.

Puzzles.

1—RIDDLE.

Though a godly gift I was,
And am to them that truly seek me;
Though I helped to form the laws
Which rule the earth, the sky, and the sea,
Yet I find I'm seldom sought,
For patience is required;
Folly's arts too soon are taught
Where pride is the guide desired.
For I am very humble, friends,
As also must be they
Who by the best means the best ends
Obtain, not Folly's play. CLARA ROBINSON.

2—BEHEADINGS.

When whole I'm a small catastrophe;
Behead me and I am mixed;
Behead me again and I'm a tree,
The lumber of which in a building is fixed. J. S. CRERAR.

3—SQUARE WORD.

My first is used to regulate sound;
My second is simply the earth;
My third is a cluster of stars around
A giant of mythical birth;
My fourth is demeanor of self-esteem;
My fifth is covered with sand, I ween. CHARLIE S. EDWARDS.

4—HALF-SQUARE.

My first is a place where none care to go;
My second is sovereign and king;
My third is a name for the ever-green oak,
Round which the holly doth cling;
My fourth will distinguish animals all,
The males from the females, I mean;
My fifth is a mineral precious to find;
My sixth is contained in tureen. CHARLIE S. EDWARDS.

5—TRANSPPOSITION.

Cousin J. S. C., you are welcome;
For you there's a first in the Dom;
And it gives me abundance of pleasure
To present you to dear Uncle Tom.

The boys in our corner are lacking,
Though Richard has come to our aid;
So I hope you won't last at first trial,
But rival the effort you've made.

Thomas Banks and his friend, H. A. Bradley,
Have deserted the corner table;
I trust they will soon return thither,
For they're missed more than they estimate.

But now that you've joined the department,
Aim high for the prize that allures;
Struggle on with determined endeavor,
And at last the reward will be yours. CHARLIE S. EDWARDS.

Answers to August 1st Puzzles.

1—	SAME	3—	C H A T
	ANY		H A R E
	BANE		A R E A
	AGO		T E A R
	NO		
	FANE		
	ADO		
	NO		
	FLOE	2—	S L A T
	LAR		L O V E
	OR		W I R E S
	DAME		E V E N T
	ALE		R E S T S
	ME		
	E		

5—Sorrowful (fill).

THE QUIET HOUR.

Take Care of Yourself.

A farmer dropped two grains of corn
In the cold, dark earth one April morn;
Together they sank in their cheerless bed,
And the earth fell lightly overhead.
"Oh, cruel fate!" cried one in fear;
"What evil chance has brought me here?
It is not meet that such as I
Lie in the earth to waste and die.
Within this stone a nice dry shelf
Invites me to take care of myself!"

The warm sun shone and the soft rain fell,
The grain in the earth began to swell.
The wise one cried from its snug retreat,
"How prudent am I!—no rain or heat
Can reach me here. I'm fair as at first,
While you, poor thing, look ready to burst.
You owe a duty to yourself—
There's room for two on this dry shelf;
Come out of the earth so close and wet,
Perhaps you may save yourself even yet."

"Nay," answered the other one from the earth,
"Only from pain and death comes birth.
Of such as we spake the Holy One:
'Except it die it abideth alone;
But if a seed of common grain
Die in the earth, its death is gain.'
So let me yield in patient trust
To the hand that laid me in the dust."

September's fields stand brown and sere,
Now comes the "full corn in the ear."

The grain that died in the darksome mold
Has yielded more than a hundredfold,
While that which cared for itself so well
Lies alone in the earth, an empty shell.

The Sower.

Sowing is a sorrowful process. The sower goes forth weeping, bearing precious seed. He sows in tears; his act involves self-denial. The farmer sacrifices a certain portion of his corn in order

to gain a harvest. That seed-corn may be all that he has—he may be tempted to withhold it, and to use it for his own food; but unless he casts it into the ground, and leaves it in the cold furrow in spring, he cannot expect to get the rich increase in autumn. Self-denial is absolutely necessary on the part of the husbandman in order to succeed in his business. He must part with a certain amount of present good in order to obtain a larger amount of future good. And so it is with the spiritual sower. If he would succeed in his blessed work, he must deny himself, take up his cross and follow Christ. He must give away what costs him trouble, what causes him loss, what he will miss. He must hate his own life, surrender it as a fruit or seed to be sown and to die, in order to become the beginning of a new and blessed growth in others.

"To the giver shall be given:

If thou would'st walk in light
Make other spirits bright:
Who seeking for himself alone ever entered Heaven?
In blessing we are blest,
In labor find our rest:
If we bend not to the world's work heart and hand and brain,
We have lived our life in vain."

As in the seed sown the nutritive part dies, or undergoes a chemical change, in order to feed the embryo, so in the great corporate body of mankind those who wish to fulfill the laws of Christ must give up for the good of others what would contribute to their own comfort and well-being, if spiritual life and health are to be generally diffused. They must make self-sacrifice the law of their existence, and willing suffering for others the medium of their own perfection. For "the paradox of the cross is the truth of life."

But the process of sowing is also sorrowful because of the uncertainty of the result. The seed lies long out of sight in the cold, dark soil; and when it springs up, it is exposed to a thousand casualties. Blight and mildew lie in wait to wither it. The sun may scorch it, the caterpillar may devour it, the rain may prevent its ripening, and after all the crop may not remunerate for the toil and cost expended on it. All these uncertainties call for the exercise of faith and patience, and tend to make the farmer provident and earnest. And is it not so with the Christian sower? Whatever may be the nature of our Christian work, the best and wisest of us can know but little of what we are really doing. We may toil and then be tempted, like Elijah, to think we have toiled in vain. We ourselves may see the fruit of what we sow; or we may labor, and others may enter into our labors. Our outward immediate results may be worthless, our spiritual results, unknown and unsuspected by ourselves, may be precious and enduring. And we can understand the reason for this uncertainty. Our ignorance of results is fitted to teach us greater faith and more implicit dependence upon God. By this is fostered all that is most precious and vital in our work. We have the assurance that we are toiling under the guidance of an unseen Hand, and in the strength of a never-failing promise, and this prevents our work from becoming a mere game of chance. And, on the other hand, there is an apparently capricious element in our toil: it is undertaken amid conditions whose force we have no means of calculating; and this prevents our work from becoming monotonous and mechanical, stimulates us to labor faithfully and prayerfully, tarrying the Lord's leisure, waiting patiently upon Him who can lift us above anxious care for immediate or striking results. "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand; for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good."

We cannot sow effectually in the spiritual seed-field what is merely handed down to us, what we buy with money, without any toil or trouble of our own. We cannot go forth with the experience of others to make it the seed of a spiritual harvest. We must give our own life in our teaching, as the plant gives its own life away in its seed—be at once the sower and the seed.

The seed of God's truth must have been sown in our own heart, and grown up there, and from this fair plant that has grown with our growth we take the seed that is to reproduce a similar growth of blessedness in other hearts and lives. It is only the seed that is thus grown that will deeply influence those in whose hearts it is sown, transforming and renewing them—that will prove superior to all the powers of dead, inert nature opposed to it—and in a more wonderful manner than even the vegetable seed, pushing out of the way the strongest obstacles, will find lodgment and room for growth, in favorable soil, in all that is deepest and most lasting in human nature. And now, who will go forth under these conditions, and, counting the cost, undertake this blessed work? God needs sowers; for there are many destroyers—many who cut down and blight. Every reaper should be also a sower; every subject of divine grace should be a medium of it; every one who has gathered a spiritual harvest, however slight, should sow the fruit of it; every one who has got good should do good. The seed kept out of the soil will not only abide alone, but it will part with the life that it has, it will lose its germinating power, it will rust and wither and prove worthless; but if sown, it will preserve its life and be the parent of endless future life. "He that loveth his life shall lose it, but he that hateth his life shall keep it unto life eternal."

—From "The Ministry of Nature."

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. 22.

Daffodils and Willie.

(Continued from page 357.)

So he was undressed very quietly, and Ellen went down to help in the pantry; and his mother came and heard him say his prayers, and kissed him good night, and left him wide awake alone. It was very still. His little bed faced the window, and all along the western sky was a clear, yellow glow, drifting up into the cool twilight. The window was open from the top, and the air was fresh and springlike. The sky made him think of the daffodils in the punch-bowl.

"I love daffodils," he said, and his voice sounded strange in the quiet. "I love daffodils," he said again, just to hear his own voice; and then he looked half ashamed, and wondered if anyone had heard him; and the little troubled look came back again, but there was no one to see.

All at once, he got up and ran to the top of the stairs. Young Mr. Stewart and Miss Nellie White were just going down, with Mrs. White and Miss Lucy behind.

"Mr. Stewart!" he called, "tell mamma I want her."

They all looked up and laughed.

"Tell mamma I want her."

Mr. Stewart called up, "All right, Len," and immediately forgot all about it, while Len sat on the stairs and waited.

The guests were all in the parlor now, and it seemed as if everyone was trying to talk a little louder than everyone else. By and by there was a little lull, and they went out to dinner. There was a faint tinkle of silver and glass, and a good deal of merry chatter. Leonard wondered how soon they would have "the cunning little birds."

Suddenly he ran down one flight, and leaning over the baluster, called:

"Mamma, I want you! mamma!"

There was a little burst of surprise, then a little laugh downstairs, and his eyes filled with tears, but she came. She looked a little surprised, and the least bit annoyed; but she sat down on the top stair, and gathered him into her arms, and said:

"What is it, Len?"

The little story all came out. He had written a letter to Willie, asking him "to the party," and he was so afraid he would come and George wouldn't let him in; and the "looks of George might scare him and frighten him away; and the worst is, I know I should not have done it!"

The tears were coming fast now, but mamma wiped them away, holding the little yellow head close against the rosy fluffiness and bows; and then she took him to her own room, and tucked him up in the bed that had been "great-grandmamma's." It was very comfortable and "nearer people," being right across from the nursery, and where he could hear, and as if there were no dinner-party at all.

Mamma took time to tell him that Willie was not well enough to come; but, to make sure, she would tell George if he did come to bring him in.

"And next time," she said, "ask mamma before you invite anyone. And suppose to-morrow you and I take a bunch of daffodils to Willie!"

—M. L. E.

Grandpa's Glasses.

My grandpa has to wear glasses
Cause his eyesight is not very strong.
And he calls them his "specs," and he's worn them
For ever and ever so long.
And when he gets through with his reading
He carefully puts them away,
And that's why I have to help find them
'Bout twenty-five times in a day.

But at night when we sit 'round the table,
And papa and mamma are there,
He reads just as long as he's able,
And then falls asleep in his chair.
And he sits there, and sleeps in his glasses,
And you don't know how funny it seems;
But he says that he just has to wear them
To see things well in his dreams.