

A New Game.

SENT BY I. Z. Y.

To play this game you can either use the checker board, or, better still, make the game board complete in itself. I will show you how to make it before describing how to play the game. If you



FIG. 1.

have tools of your own, so much will be gained: if not, you will have to get someone to make part of the game board at least. Get six pieces of wood turned in the shape of checkers. If you have six spare checkers, they will do, but do not spoil one to make another. You must next have a piece of wood, long enough to allow seven holes to be put in, a little larger in diameter than the checkers. (Fig. 1.) This must be tacked or glued to a foundation about $\frac{1}{4}$ of an inch larger all round and the

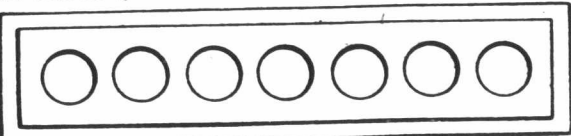


FIG. 2.

same thickness as the other piece, $\frac{1}{4}$ of an inch. (Fig. 2.) The checkers must be colored to distinguish them: three painted black and three white. If the whole is stained or varnished, it will look much better. You can, if you wish, make a lid or cover as shown in Fig. 3. It is, of course, the same size as Fig. 2, although it must be a little deeper than the board having the holes in, as it has to allow for the height of the checkers, and so must be made about $\frac{1}{4}$ of an inch deeper inside than they

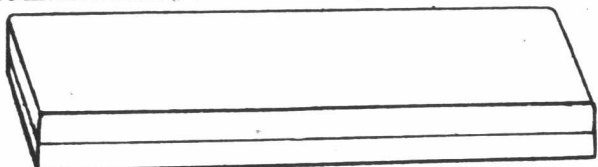


FIG. 3.

are in height or thickness. If you do not want to go to the trouble of making a board, you can either use seven squares of a checker board or draw the pattern on your slate or paper. The game is played in this way:—You place the three black checkers at one end, and the three white ones at the other, there being a vacant hole between, as shown in Fig. 4. The game is to get the three black checkers to change places with the three white ones, under the following conditions:—1. You must only move one way, i. e., the black move to the right,



FIG. 4.

and the white to the left, neither being allowed to move backwards. 2. You can jump over only one man at a time, as in checkers, making, of course, a succession of jumps if there are vacant spaces to do so. 3. No piece can jump over one of its own color. Here is the key, showing how to do it, but I would advise everyone to try to do it first without looking at the key, as there is more satisfaction gained. For the sake of explanation, we will letter the pieces or checkers and number the spaces, as in Fig.

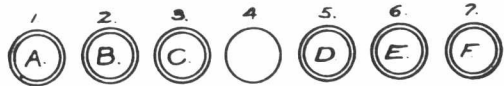


FIG. 5.

5. The black are lettered A B C, and the white, D E F. 1. Move C to 4. 2. Jump D over C into 3. 3. Move E to 5. 4. Jump C over E into 6. 5. Move B over D into 4. 6. Move A to 2. 7. Jump D over A into 1. 8. Jump E over B into 3. 9. Jump F over C into 5. 10. Move C to 7. 11. Jump B over F into 6. 12. Jump A over E into 4. 13. Move E to 2. 14. Jump F over A into 3. 15. Move A to 5, and the game is finished.

Answers to Oct. 15th Puzzles.

- 1—Imagination. M U S I C
- 2— U P O N
S O D
I N
C
- 3—Learn to labor and to wait.
- 4—Con-tract-ion.

The first temperance pledge remembered in circulation in New England was thus worded: "I do solemnly swear to abstain from the use of intoxicating liquors on all occasions except training days, wedding days, banquets and other great occasions."

A little Swedish girl, walking with her father on a starry night, was so attracted by the brilliancy of the sky, all lit up with twinkling stars from one end to the other, that she seemed to be quite lost in her thinking. Her father asked what she was thinking of so intently. Her answer was: "I was just thinking, if the *wrong* side of Heaven was so glorious, what must the *right* side be!"

Caring for What the World Says.

Why will you keep caring for what the world says? Try, O try, to be no longer a slave to it! You can have little idea of the comfort of freedom from it—it is bliss! All this caring for what people will say is from pride. Hoist your flag and abide by it. In an infinitely short space of time all secret things will be divulged. Therefore, if you are misjudged, why trouble yourself to put yourself right? You have no idea what a great deal of trouble it saves you. Roll your burden on Him, and He will make straight your mistakes. He will set you right with those with whom you have set yourself wrong.

Here I am, a lump of clay; Thou art the potter. Mould me as Thou in Thy wisdom wilt. Never mind my cries. Cut my life off—so be it: prolong it—so be it. Just as Thou wilt, but I rely on Thy unchanging guidance during the trial. O, the comfort that comes from this!—GEN. GORDON.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

The following verses, which are copied from the Toronto Mail, are from the pen of a former ADVOCATE puzzler:

"He rests from Toil. The portals of the tomb,
Close on the last of that immortal band—
So wrote, amid a universal gloom,
A master-hand.

And now that hand is stilled; no more its touch
Shall wake the music of "the magic string";
But still its soft strains sleep in hearts of such
As "never sing."

That good right hand is stilled; no more our souls
Shall be made warmer from its cordial clasp;
But yet in fancy, though the death-bell tolls,
His hand we grasp.

Herests from Toil. The grim gates of the grave
Close on the last of an immortal throng—
A band to whom the Blithe-heart Poet gave
The gift of song:—

The children's bard who keeps one "still a child";
The friend who sang the shackles off the slave;
The Nature-poet who to woodlands wild
New glory gave;

The sage whose organ-tones men's souls made broad;
The singer sweet who softly sang of June;—
This band has gone to meet its Patron-God
With hearts in tune.

"The last leaf on the tree" is fallen now;
The wind chants an Aolian requiem;
The singing leaves "have left their parent-bough,
Which mourns for them.

The cheery man who felt himself a boy,
Although his hair was of a sombre grey,
With mind kept sound by an unselfish joy,
Has passed away.

The one-horse-shay of which he blithely sung
Through all its wealth of years was not more strong
Than he who kept his great heart ever young
And filled with song.

Always a boy!—His age!—Who cares for that?

Who says that he is dead are babbling fools!
For in our hearts the gentle Autocrat
Still lives and rules.

Harry Albro Woodworth.

THE QUIET HOUR.

"Everyday Blessings."

After dandelions, buttercups,
Then daisies and clover,
One blossom follows another—
Over and over and over;
And the sweet, satisfying green
Is mixed with them all,
Coming first in the springtime,
Staying last in the fall.
Just so God's love is first and last,
With human loves between,
Successive blossoms which He sends
Through His all-present green.

Corn.

Continued from page 448.

Our cornfields grow and ripen securely under that covenant-arch, whose keystone is in the heavens, and whose foundations are upon the earth. They afford to us the most striking evidence, season after season, of the integrity and stability of the covenant-promise that, "While the earth remaineth, seed-time and harvest will never cease." Never once has the pledge, given four thousand years ago, been violated. Never once in the whole course of post-diluvial history has the divine bow spanned a scene of total desolation and death. Never once has the real treasure been absent from the places where its feet rested; if not found within one horizon, it was sure to be found within another. Deaths and famines, grievous and long-continued, have occurred again and again, but never simultaneously over the whole world. While one region suffered from the effects of blight or drought, favorable conditions developed an abundant harvest in another region. Canaan was reduced to a wilderness; but "there was corn in Egypt." But whether the harvest be local or general, it is to the covenant-faithfulness of God that we are indebted for the blessing. We are apt to regard our harvests as things of course, coming to us as the Natural result of our own toil and the proper reward of our own industry. But it is well for us that they are secured by a higher law than the mere order of nature, seeing how much depends on them. The proportion of the population directly engaged in agricultural pursuits is comparatively so small that we lose sight to a great extent of the

primary all-importance of the harvest. Amid the luxuries procured in other ways, we fancy that we could subsist without it. We toil and pinch and economize for years to secure a fortune; we have a feverish longing to obtain that imaginary elysium, an independence built upon the world's riches. But a single unfavorable season will prove to us how precarious is the independence of the most independent. Well has it been said that, as we approach the season of harvest, we are within a month or two of absolute starvation. The barrel of meal is nearly exhausted, and no new supply can be obtained, except from the fields that are slowly ripening under the patient heavens. Were the winds permitted to thrash those fields, or the mildew to blight them, or the rain or drought to prevent the ear from filling, not all the vast revenues and resources of the world would avail to stay the terrible consequences. The rich and the poor would be overwhelmed with a common ruin. All the other riches in the world—its coal, iron, gold and jewels, failing the riches of our golden harvest fields, were as worthless as the dust beneath our feet. The uniform stability of nature, and the security of our annual harvests, is one of the most remarkable evidences of God's faithfulness to His covenant engagement. We are encouraged to place more implicit trust in His great harvest-covenant; and, on the strength of that engagement, to offer up continually, so long as the world endures, our morning supplication, "Give us this day our daily bread."

Corn is the special gift of God to man. There is not a single useful plant grown in our gardens and fields but is utterly worthless for food in its normal or wild state; and man has been left to himself to find out, slowly and painfully, how to convert these crudities of nature into nutritious vegetables. But it is not so with corn. It has from the very beginning been an abnormal production. God gave it to Adam, we have every reason to believe, in the same perfect state in which we find it at the present day. It was made expressly for man, and given directly into his hands. "Behold," says the Creator, "I have given you every herb bearing seed which is upon the face of all the earth"—that is, all the cereal plants, such as corn, wheat, barley, rice, maize, etc., whose peculiar distinction and characteristic it is to produce seed. The Word of God plainly tells us this, and nature affords a remarkable corroboration of it. We cannot regard it as an accidental, but on the contrary, as a striking providential circumstance, that the corn-plants were utterly unknown throughout all the geological periods. Not the slightest trace of them occurs in any of the strata of the earth, until we come to the most recent formations, contemporaneous with man. They are exclusively plants of the human epoch; their remains are found only in deposits near the surface. . . . The testimony of geology, therefore, confirms the testimony of revelation, and shows that corn was not only specially created for man's use, but was also got ready specially for the appointed hour of his appearance on the earth. There is another proof of this in the fact that it has never been found in a wild state. Where are the wild grasses which, according to some authors, the cumulative processes of agriculture, carried on through successive ages, have developed into corn, wheat and barley? Reports have again and again been circulated that corn has been found growing wild in some parts of Persia and the steppes of Tartary; but when tested by botanical data, these reports have turned out, in every instance, to be unfounded. Corn has never been known as anything else than a cultivated plant. Wheat grains have been found wrapped up in the cerements of Egyptian mummies, which are identical with the same variety which the farmer sows at the present day. It is never, like other plants, self-sown and self-diffused. Neglected of men, it speedily disappears and becomes extinct. All this proves that it must have been produced miraculously, or, in other words, given by God to man directly. Let me bring forth one more proof of special design, enabling us to recognize the hand of God in this mercy. Corn is universally diffused. It is almost the only species of plant which is capable of growing everywhere, in almost every soil, in almost any situation. In some form or other—rice, wheat, maize, barley, oats, rye, adapted to the various modifications of climate—it is spread over an area of the earth's surface as extensive as the occupancy of the human race. . . . It is an annual plant. It cannot be propagated in any other way than by seed; self-sown, it will gradually dwindle away, and at last disappear altogether. It can only be reared permanently by being sown by man's own hand, and in ground which he has tilled. God gave it to him on the express stipulation that in the sweat of his brow he should eat bread. Man, as a cultivator of corn, raises himself in the scale of intelligence, exhorts and purifies his nature; and in being a husbandman, becomes "a little lower than the angels, crowned with glory and honor."

[H. MACMILLAN, D. D.]

The best remedy for the dislike we feel towards any one is to endeavor to try and do them a little good every day; the best cure for their dislike to us, is to try and speak kindly of them.

—Gold Dust.

The only way to regenerate the world is to do the duty which lies nearest to us, and not to hunt after grand, far-fetched ones for ourselves.

—Kingsley.