

THE QUIET HOUR.

The Tapestry Weavers.

Let us take to our hearts a lesson—no lesson can braver be—
From the ways of the tapestry weavers on the other side of the sea.

Above their heads the pattern hangs, they study it with care;
The while their fingers deftly work, their eyes are fastened there.

They tell this curious thing, besides, of the patient and plodding weaver:
He works on the wrong side evermore, but he works for the right side ever.

It is only when the weaving stops, and the web is loosed or turned,
That he sees his real handiwork—that his marvellous skill is learned.

Oh! the sight of its delicate beauty, how it pays him for all his cost!
No rarer, daintier work than his was ever done by the frost.

Then the master bringeth him golden hire, and giveth him praise as well,
And how happy the heart of the weaver is, no tongue but his own can tell.

The years of man are the looms of God let down from the place of the sun,
Wherein we are weaving always till the mystic web is done;

Weaving blindly, but weaving surely, each for himself his fate;
We may not see how the right side looks, we can only weave and wait.

But looking above for the pattern, no weaver need have fear.
Only let him look clear to heaven—the Perfect Pattern is there.

If he keeps the face of the Saviour forever and always in sight,
His toil shall be sweeter than honey, his weaving is sure to be right.

And when his task is ended, and the web is turned and shown,
He shall hear the voice of the Master; it shall say to him, "Well done!"

And the white-winged angels of heaven, to bear him thence shall come down,
And God for his wage shall give him, not coin, but a golden crown.

Give ME Thy Heart.

With echoing steps the worshippers
Departed one by one.
The organ's pealing voice was still'd,
The vesper hymn was done;
The shadows fell from roof and arch,
Dim was the incensed air,
One lamp alone with trembling ray
Told of the Presence there.

In the dark church she knelt alone;
Her tears were falling fast;
"Help, Lord," she cried, the shades of death
Upon my soul are cast!
Have I not shunned the path of sin,
And chosen the better part?
What voice came thro' the sacred air?
"My child, give Me thy heart!"

"Have I not laid before Thy shrine
My wealth, oh Lord?" she cried;
"Have I kept aught of gems or gold
To minister to pride?
Have I not bade youth's joys retire,
And vain delights depart?
But sad and tender was the voice,
"My child, give Me thy heart!"

"Have I not, Lord, gone day by day
Where Thy poor children dwell,
And carried help, and gold, and food?
Oh Lord, Thou knowest it well!
From many a house, from many a soul,
My hand bids care depart;
More sad, more tender, was the voice,
"My child, give Me thy heart!"

"For I have loved thee with a love
No mortal heart can show;
A love so deep, my saints in heaven
Its depths can never know:
When pierced and wounded on the Cross,
Man's sin and doom were mine,
I loved thee with undying love,
Immortal and Divine!"

"I loved thee ere the skies were spread;
My soul bears all thy pains;
To gain thy love my sacred heart
In earthly shrines remains:
Vain are thy offerings, vain thy sighs,
Without one gift divine;
Give it, my child, thy heart to Me,
And it shall rest in Mine."

In awe she listened, and the shade
Passed from her soul away;
In low and trembling voice she cried—
"Lord, help me to obey!
Break Thou the chains of earth, oh Lord,
That bind and hold my heart;
Let it be Thine, and Thine alone,
Let none with Thee have part."

The blessing fell upon her soul;
The angel by her side
Knew that the hour of peace was come.
Her soul was purified:
The shadows fell from roof and arch,
Dim was the incensed air;
But peace went with her as she left
The sacred Presence there.

A. A. PROCTER.

The Guide of Our Journey.

In the great hall of the museum at Copenhagen, there stands in the midst, with outstretched hands, the stately figure of the Christ. From the benignant face the waiting Apostles drink sweetness and light, from the outstretched hands abundant blessing. So in the Presence Chamber of that near Eternity, into which the Christian enters in thought and prayer, the human soul, in faith and patience, comes under the invigorating influence of a life which bestows the richness of blessing, "and He addeth no sorrow with it."

There are teachers—the greatest—from whom we can afford to part. Though Goethe's history be but known imperfectly, the *Faust*, with what there is of teaching in it, will live. Though Dante's sad life-path be never followed, we can still tremble at the *Inferno*, or drink hope and consolation from the *Paradiso*. The message—such as it is—comes, though the messenger be withdrawn into shadow, not so with Christ. He is Christianity. His words are absolute truth. His Church is Himself in action.

Even those who rebel against His exalted claim cannot fail to feel the part He plays in forming all that is best in the world in which they live; and to those who sincerely seek Him, He is to be found in "The trivial round, the common task;" to those who, seeking Him, learn, by His grace, to lean upon and love Him, He becomes "Guide and Comforter and Friend," the support in life's struggle, the resource in life's darkest disaster, and, when life is over, by His tenderness and pity, their exceeding great reward.

W. J. KNOX LITTLE.

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. 13.

One of my correspondents asks if I know any paper which publishes children's stories? No, my dear; I fear you will have to wait several years before your MSS. will be accepted. But there is no need to be discouraged; youth is a fault which will vanish if you only give yourself time. Why not start a school paper, and get all your friends to contribute articles? You could get a small sheet printed if subscribers enough could be found, or write out several copies and hand them around. This will give you experience, and it is great fun too. But one thing I should like to suggest, don't write about things out of your experience. It is impossible for children to write a real love story, for instance; the feelings must be either imagined or copied. I don't mean a little love and marriage to wind up with, but stories where the interest is bound up in the love affair. Never be afraid of boring me with your pleasures or troubles. Children often want sympathy in their ambitions, and are too shy to seek it from those who know them. You need not be afraid either of my betraying confidence. If you would rather not have any name mentioned, when letters are answered, just say so. Perhaps we may meet some day, who knows? I know I should like to see the correspondent mentioned above.

COUSIN DOROTHY.

A Plain Little Girl.

Once I knew a little girl,
Very plain;
You might try her hair to curl,
All in vain;
On her cheek no tinge of rose
Paled and blushed, or sought repose—
She was plain.

But the thoughts that through her brain
Came and went,
As a recompense for pain,
Angels sent;
So full many a beautiful thing,
In the young soul blossoming,
Gave content.

Every thought was full of grace,
Pure and true;
And in time the homely face
Lovely grew;
With a heavenly radiance bright
From the soul's reflected light
Shining through.

Shall I tell you, little child,
Plain or poor,
If your thoughts are undefiled,
You are sure
Of the loveliness of worth;
And this beauty, not of earth,
Will endure.

The Talking Dog.

There was once a ventriloquist so poor that he was obliged to travel on foot from town to town to save expense, much after the manner of the gentleman of adventure in Grimm's tales. One day he was joined on the road by a dog as forsaken as himself, but who seemed desirous of becoming his companion.

They journeyed together to the next town, and entered the tavern tired, hungry, and penniless. Not being troubled with the inconvenient refinement which comes from a long line of ancestors, the man had developed the quality known as cheek, so he and the dog sat down to supper for which they could not pay.

The room was full of loungers, and the stranger took a conspicuous seat. "What will you have?" asked the only waiter the place employed; and the order embraced nearly everything on the bill of fare.

"But I want something for my dog, too," he added. "Ask him what he will have." The waiter muttered something about "Whatcher giving us," so the stranger said: "What, don't you like to? Well, Bruno, will you have beef or fish?"

"Beef every time," said Bruno, looking with mild brown eyes at the waiter.

"And what to drink?"

"Water, thank you," said Bruno.

By this time the landlord and everyone in the place was eager with suppressed wonder, and gathered about to hear a dog talk.

The ventriloquist feigned indifference by eating with avidity, while the landlord was evidently considering something. His cogitation resulted in his offering the stranger three hundred dollars for his wonderful talking dog.

The ventriloquist appeared to hesitate a moment, then said, abruptly, "Yes, you may have him for three hundred dollars."

When the money was paid and the ventriloquist was about to leave, he turned to the dog, patted him affectionately, and said, "Good-bye, old fellow, you've been a good friend to me."

"You are no friend of mine," returned the dog, "to sell me to another master. As you were mean enough to serve me such a trick, I'll have revenge. I'll never speak another word as long as I live."

The ventriloquist then made off with all possible haste.

The Dead Pussy Cat.

You are stiff an' cold as a stone,
Little cat!

Dey's done frowed you out all alone,
Little cat!

I see a-strokin' you fur,
But you don't never purr,
Nor hump up anywhere,
Little cat—

W'y is dat?

Is you's purrin' and humpin' up done?

An' w'y fer is you's little foot tied,
Little cat?

Did dey pizen you's tumblin' inside,
Little cat?

Did dey pound you wif bricks,
Or wif big nasty sticks,
Or abuse you wif kicks,
Little cat?

Tell me dat,

Did dey holler w'en ever you cwied

Did it hurt werry bad w'en you died,
Little cat!

O! w'y didn't you wun off an' hide,
Little cat?

I is wet in my eyes
'Cause I most always cwies
When a pussy cat dies,
Little cat,

T'ink of that—

An' I see awfully solly besides.

Dest lay still der down in de sof gwoun',
Little cat.

W'ile I tucks de green gwas awoun',
Little cat.

Dey can't hurt you no more
W'en you's tired an' so sore—
Dest sleep twiet, you pore
Little cat,

Wif a pat,

An' forget all de kicks of de town.

—Anon.

UNCLE TOM'S DEPARTMENT.

MY DEAR NEPHEWS AND NIECES,—

The winners for the months of January, February and March are as follows: For original puzzles—1st, Charlie S. Edwards; 2nd, Annie P. Hampton; 3rd, Thos. W. Banks. For answers—1st, Clara Robinson; 2nd, Bertha Jackson; 3rd, Louise McLachlan.

As almost all are in favor of cash prizes, I will offer the following for best puzzles and answers received until July 1st: For best original puzzles—1st prize, 75 cts.; 2nd, 50 cts.; 3rd, 25 cts. For best answers—1st, 75 cts.; 2nd, 50 cts.; 3rd, 25 cts. I would here remark that it is *quality* more than quantity that counts in the original puzzles. It is not necessary to send more than two at a time, as our space is so limited. The contest in both cases has been exceedingly keen—keep it so, your cousin Ada likes to be kept busy.

UNCLE TOM.

Puzzles.

All puzzles and answers should be sent direct to Ada Armand, Pakenham, Ont., who has charge of this department.

1.—ANAGRAM.

In answer to T. W. Banks,
I cordially welcome to our ranks
His clever and accomplished friend.
(BROAD MEN HARDLY ever may end
Their lives in the art of riddling.)
T. W. also voiced my thought,
Which Uncle T. before us brought,
In regard to prizes, puzzles, and such;
So I'll second his motion very much,
And stop this scribbling.

ANNIE P. HAMPTON.

2.—ILLUSTRATED REBUS.



LILY DAY.

3.—WHEEL.

Rim, 8 letters—Continent.

Spokes, 4 letters:

1-8—Having power.

2-8—Pret "of make."

3-8—Large lake.

4-8—Scarce.

5-8—Not occupied.

6-8—Pret of "come."

7-8—A measurement of land.

IRENE. M. CRAIG.