

MINNIE MAY'S DEPARTMENT.

MY DEAR NIECES,—

We hear a great deal nowadays about the advantages of a college education for girls, and much of it is true and good; but there is one creature who stands infinitely more in need of our pity than the girl to whom Fate has denied a college training, and that is the one who has got from that education nothing but a bitter dissatisfaction with her lot in life—the girl whose education has but increased her wants and desires without the power to gratify them or to make the best of life without them.

When Mary Jane writes home, complaining of the style of notepaper used, growling about the handwriting—also that it grows more shaky week by week—and giving directions to have her letters in future addressed to M. Jeannette Browne—then—the situation grows interesting. Depend upon it, vacation will bring home a sharp-tongued, irritable, discontented creature whose life is mightily suggestive of that beautiful text: "Lord, I thank Thee that I am not as other girls are, nor even as my parents here." And she's serious about it. She is not as other people are—the people she used to know and associate with. What have they in common now? Surely it was only in her childhood's wildly imaginative fancy lived the wit and humor, the depth of thought and terseness of expression, the nobleness of heart and life, that commanded the reverence of her early days. Gone now—gone—like the mists of the morning. She has reached a higher plane of development. Towering now above the undergrowth to which she once looked up, and lacking the companionship of her lofty-minded college friends, she naturally finds the situation somewhat bleak. I say lacking the companionship of her college friends, for she has brought none of them with her—wouldn't have her best chum visit her for anything in the world. And right here it might be remarked parenthetically that her bosom friend is never from the same district as herself. Now, I'm ready to admit with Byron that there is a charm in solitude, but neither the pleasure nor the profit of it will be appreciated by the girl whose solitude is the outcome of an inflated idea of her own worth and an unwillingness to be known in her own real station. And a most uncomfortable position she makes it—uncomfortable for herself and all around her. She is ashamed of her home—its furnishings no longer satisfy her fastidious taste; ashamed of her friends—of their uncouth manners, homely tastes, and lowly ambitions. Alas for the girl who would replace the big Testament with some work on deportment—who would rather see the gray heads bending over the last new novel, or some political treatise, than above that book which has inspired all that is good or great in political, social or intellectual life.

As a mother of her parents! What might they not have done had they been a little less self-sacrificing! It's just possible that father might not have been so far behind the times had he spent on current literature a little of what went for his daughter's books. And mother might feel a trifle more at home in the parlor had she not seen so much of the kitchen. Nor would she look quite so much of a dowdy had she paid a little less attention to her daughter's wardrobe. Nor would her shoulders have been so stooped, her hands so unsightly, had she kept a girl; and—excuse me, Mam'selle, but your board-money would have settled that nicely. The "old folks," with a little of what was expended on the daughter's education, could have had an opportunity to "bum around a little and knock the hayseed out of their hair," as your slangy city friend puts it. The girl's journey to the Temple of Knowledge has been a triumphal procession—all along the way are strewn the palm-branches of parental sacrifice.

And what is the outcome of it? Alas for the girl whose acquaintance with French and German, with Greek and Latin, has enabled her to draw from the storehouse of ancient and modern literature no high thoughts, no incentive to purer, nobler living; whose knowledge of music has never yet convinced her that there are no discords like those produced by anger, impatience, and discontent. And yet it cannot be said that, even for such a character as this, the time spent has been wholly in vain. The ambition has been roused, which is in itself a good thing, though for the time being it is turned into an unworthy channel. Nor is the girl wrong in trying to engraft the refinements of city life upon a country existence. The trouble comes from over-estimating these things. Not by quarrelling with one's lot in life does success come, but in making the most of everything which that lot affords lies the secret of all true living. Or, as Browning puts it:

"The common problem, yours, mine, everyone's,
Is—not to fancy what were fair in life,
Provided it could be:
But, finding first what may be,
Then find how to make it fair.
Up to our means—A very different thing."

MINNIE MAY.

THE QUIET HOUR.

"The Night Cometh."

Work in the morning—the rising sun
Peeps golden across the hill.
Saluting the glistening, noisy brook,
That feeds the old gray mill.
In the meadow the reaper's merry voice
Chimes sweet with the lark on high.
Nature is busy its work to fulfill,
For the darkness night is nigh.

Work in the noontide—the day steals on,
Laden with duties for all;
Why loiter ye then by the wayside?
Arise and answer their call.
The sparkling dewdrops have gone to the sun,
The lark is down from the sky,
In the meads the grass falls fast to the scythe,
Day wanes and the night is nigh.

Work unto death, for time wingeth fast;
Toll for thy Master and Lord;
The vineyard's large, the harvesters few,—
Oh sweet is His blest reward!
Then toll for the souls that know Him not,
Or knowing Him yet deny;
The hour cometh when no man can work;
Yes, toll, for the night is nigh.

Witnesses.

"A true witness delivereth souls."—Prov., xiv., 25.

"Truth is great and it will prevail"; but truth in the abstract is like a disembodied spirit, and cannot exert a power upon the world. It must be incarnate in a living witness ere its effect be felt.

One witness, faithful and true, has appeared among men. He is the Truth in human nature, and the truth makes the captive free. But in Him, and by Him, and for Him, Christians are witnesses too. Every one whom Christ calls out of the world He uses in it. Deserters from the powers of darkness are, one by one as they come over, incorporated in the armies of the living God and sent back to do battle against their former lord. You have need of Christ and He has need of you. He would call you home, and give you rest, if He had not some needful work for you to do in this outer world. The very fact of a Christian being here, and not in heaven, is a proof that some work awaits him.

And the special work for which Christians are left in the world is to be witnesses. "Ye shall be witnesses unto Me," said the departing Head of the Church. On high, whether He was going, witnesses were not needed. The Lamb is the light of heaven, and they who bask in His rays need none to tell them that He is great and good; but in this out-field, where enmity and ignorance prevail, Christ has need of witnesses, and has chosen to this office all who are called by His name.

He does not send angels to proclaim the message of salvation. He does not command the thunders to pronounce His name, and the lightnings to write His character on the sky. The epistle in which He desires to be read is the life of His disciples. It should be encouraging and stimulating to the humblest Christian to know that the Lord who redeemed him has appointed his special path and work. It is required that we be witnesses unto Him wherever we are and whoever may question us. Two qualifications are required in a witness: *truth and love* (Eph., iv., 15). These are needed, but these are enough. With these "one will chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight." A Christian's profession is his direct and positive testimony that he is not his own, being bought with a price, and is bound to serve his Lord. As soon as this profession is emitted, the cross-examination begins. If he is not a true witness he will stumble there. An inquirer who saw you at the Lord's table, meets you at the market place. If he saw the solemnity of a trustful worshipper there, and feels the gripe of an overreacher here, he counts your testimony for Christ untrue, and sets his conscience free from the restraints of begun conviction. The keen eye of an adversary, sharpened into more than natural intensity by the reproach which your profession administered, tracks you into the world and questions you there. Every inconsistency raises a shout of triumph in the circle who will not have this man to reign over them. They speak of the evidences of Christianity, and much has been done in our day to confirm and publish them. But, after all, *Christians* are the best evidences of Christianity. Alas, we have for eighteen centuries been writing books to prove Christianity true, and living so as to make men think we do not believe it. Living witnesses have far more power than dead letters. Our Lord's last command was that His followers should be witnesses unto Him in the place where they then were. In all the neighborhood as far as your influence reaches, and when opportunity occurs to all mankind, your witness should be true and faithful. Occupy till He comes. At His coming we would like to be found busy in the work which He prescribed. There is no other work worth living for, or fit for dying in.

"A true witness delivereth souls"; and a false witness? Is he not the stone over which they stumble? It is not in the power of any man to be neutral in the conflict between light and darkness. Good and evil in actual life are like land and water on the globe. If you are not on one you are on the other. There is no belt of intermediate territory for the irresolute to linger on. Let no man think that if he does no good he at least does no evil. One of the heaviest complaints made against Jerusalem was that she was a "comfort" to Sodom and Samaria; that those who had the name of

God's people so lived as to make the ungodly live at ease. If the salt retain its saltiness, surrounding corruption will be made uneasy by the contact. If Christians live as like the world as they can, the world will think itself safe in its sin; and those who should have been the deliverers will become the destroyers of their neighbors.—W. Arnold.

UNCLE TOM'S DEPARTMENT.

Puzzles.

All matter for this department should be addressed to Ada Armand, Pakenham, Ont.

1.—PLANTING—AND WHAT CAME UP.

Now that the merry days of May
Have glided into June,
Fresh flowers spring up to deck the day
In place of those that passed away,—
It seemed far, far too soon.

'Twas in the early days of spring,
A "country dance" I planned;
Next, my "winter wraps" did I bring,
Because they were not wanted.

Then one day I found a "poisonous snake,"
And planted it deep ere it made me quake;
The ground had now become parched and dry,
So I hasten to plant that old "Paul Pry."

At last, a raging "storm of thunder" and rain
Was planted in deep, lest it come ne'er again;
"Two letters" of the alphabet
Now in the ground were set,
As a leafy background
To a bed of mignonettes.

Quite near "Paul Pry," was it not very queer,
I planted a "jar with a very large ear."
The "emblem of constancy" I placed close by,
I hope you will all know the reason why.

My garden I hope will be "rich in flowers,"
If we chance to obtain some summer showers.
CLARA ROBINSON.

2.—ENIGMA.

1-2-3 is a reason;
2-3-4 is round;
4-5-6-7 for squeezing,
His match is seldom found;
5-6-7's the organ which
The organ's made to please,
7-8-9-10 the sutor rich
Presents upon his knees.

RICHARD JOHNSON.

3.—ANAGRAM.

'Twas late, and I pondered vainly
O'er the "P's" in the ADVOCATE;
With piles of books around me,
And my hair in a rumpled state;
Striving to crack the nutshells
That proved as hard as fate.
With my brain almost on fire,
I concluded to go to bed;
And soon on my downy pillow
Restored my weary head.
I dreamed, and lo! in the doorway
There appeared—oh! awful dread!
A horde—pray excuse the title—
Of puzzlers, small and great.
They'd come with the wicked purpose,
To pelt my aching pate
With their awful, awful "P's"—nuts
Contained in an ADVOCATE.
Oh! puzzlers dear, this anagram,
Or fable I should say—
If this is not the RIGHT NAME,
Supply its place, I pray—
Is meant a plea for pity
To your ardent hearts convey.

CHARLIE S. EDWARDS.

4.—CHARADE (Phonetic).

When I first joined this SECOND,
Not very long ago,
Oh! little then I reckoned
How fast I'd have to go.

There isn't one FIRST in it,
As the COMPLETE rhymes show;
The prize—well, I can't win it,
And so am filled with woe.

A. P. HAMPTON.

5.—ANAGRAM.

Oh, Mr. C. S. E.,
You're a little off, I fear.
Has too much study made you
Just a trifle queer?
I'm afraid you'll be ill,
With so much on your brain.
If you DARED CHASE W. RIL,
What would be your gain?

A. P. HAMPTON.

Answers to May 15th Puzzles.

1.—Tartan.
2.—The Storm; In Old Madrid; Girl Wanted; Love's Sorrow; Daisy Bell; Sweet Marie; The Band Played On.

3.—
And to his last, Stout Percy rued
The fatal chance; for when he stood
Against fearful odds in deadly feud,
And fell amid the fray,
Even with his dying voice he cried,
'Had Keeldar been but at my side,
Your treacherous ambush had been spied—
I had not died to-day."

4.—It is only noble to be good. 5.—Somewhat. 6.—April (April). 7.—Mental—Lament.

8.—C 9.—Breath.

C A B
C A T E S
C A T A L P A
B E L A Y
S P Y
A

SOLVERS TO MAY 15TH PUZZLES.

Clara Robinson, A. P. Hampton, Ada M. Jackson, Charlie S. Edwards, A. Archie Bligh, Ada M. Jackson and Archie Bligh, for May 1st.

I am sorry to say that Ethel Clough's and May King's letters escaped my notice until very recently, and I hope they will accept this late acknowledgement, as I shall be very happy to number them among my nieces. A. A. B. your puzzle was not original, consequently I could not use it.

U. T.