

## AN ENIGMA.

The following lines record a Bible Story. It will give some thought to our readers to find out what the story is. It will be found somewhere in the Book of Judges. The answer will be given next month, but meanwhile let any girl who likes send it in to us.

## THE MYSTERIOUS ARMY.

1. We were but weak, our captain strong,  
Our deeds were dark, our weapons bright,  
With scattered ranks we swept the field  
And won the victory by flight;
2. Though allies, joined by closest ties,  
Our face was each from other hid;  
And though our work was seen from far  
We saw not what we did.
3. One common enterprise we shared  
Hind'ring each other's course,  
Fearful of those who feared us most  
Helpless against their foes.
4. Pris'ners in bonds, we wandered wide  
Foes to our land, yet free from blame,  
Though wise and crafty, yet in this  
The tools of others we became.
5. Countless the bearded heads that fell  
Before our march that day;  
Whilst vineyards, homesteads, oliveyards  
In devastation lay.
6. We struggled hard, yet strange to say  
No stranger felt a blow,  
Our comrade—our antagonist,  
Our chief—our chiefest foe.
7. Our banner bright, that oft has cheered,  
Spread dire alarm, where 'ere we came,  
Avenging one, we ruined more,  
And added massacre to shame.

## OUR READY-WRITERS' RING.

Our girls have not responded very numerously to the challenge of the "Ready Writers" We are pleased to insert two papers, and hope they will be an incentive to others to try. One or two girls write that they have not time just now, owing to Spring cleaning going on. We can quite understand that, but you can be *thinking* about the subject, and when the extra work is over, then try and put these thoughts into words and let us have a paper from you.

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THE SEASON IN THE YEAR I LIKE BEST, AND WHY.—SPRING.

ELLEN WRIGHT, Ingersoll.

I like the Spring best for a good many reasons:  
I.—Because the birds come back in the Spring, and I think everybody is glad to see the birds and hear them sing. We have a nice lawn at the back of the house, and every morning I see the robins pulling the worms out of the lawn. Our cat tries to catch them, but they don't seem to mind her a bit. They let her get nearly up to them, then they hop a little further away, but they don't fly away. She has given up trying to catch them lately.

II.—Because the snow melts in the Spring and the sun feels so bright and warm after the long cold Winter.

III.—Because I like to watch the things begin to grow; you can almost see them grow, they come up so fast. The fruit trees smell so fragrant; we have quite a lot of them around here. They were so thick with blossoms this year you could hardly see the leaves. I hope it is a sign of lots of fruit; there has been no frost as yet. Last Monday we had a wind storm; it blew nearly all the blossoms off the trees. It was a pretty sight to watch them coming down; it looked as if it were snowing. The lawn was white with them afterwards.

IV.—Because the wild flowers are all out in the woods in the Spring. One afternoon I took Pinie and a little friend of hers to the woods to gather wild flowers. When it was time to come home they said they wished we had taken our tea so we could stay longer. Perhaps we may next time.

V.—I think everything looks so new and fresh in the Spring; even the houses are turned inside out and put on a summer air, and everything made clean and fresh and all the rubbish taken away.

VI.—The stores are always fixed up with nice new goods in the Spring, and look so pretty and tempting so as the people will buy them.

VII.—I like to watch the chickens and lambs and all the farm animals running around and looking so frisky. Everything seems so youthful and life-like, that is why I like the Spring best.

THE SEASON IN THE YEAR I LIKE BEST, AND WHY.—SPRING.

ADELAIDE HUTCHINGS, Newcastle.

I like Spring best because in that season everything outside seems so very fresh and pleasant. Even the birds I think seem more gay and sing more in the last part of May than in any other time in the year. Spring in Canada is very much like the climate in England. In Canada the weather rather goes to extremes, the Summer is so very warm, and the Winter so very cold. I was so glad to see Spring coming this year, and I dare say everybody was; it is always welcome after the long Winter, I think. It seems so nice to see green grass and flowers and birds all come back again. I went to the woods to see if there was any May-flowers the other day and I could only find two of them there, but I found a few white lilies and some cowslips. I am going sometime soon again and I think I shall find a lot of them then. I do so like picking wild flowers. I like May-flowers and violets better than some of the tame flowers, they smell so sweet and look so very pretty I think. Last 24th of May a little girl and I went to the woods and took our dinner with us; we had quite a nice picnic that day by ourselves. In the morning we went fishing and we both caught only two apiece. In the afternoon we went picking flowers and both of us got a big bunch of violets and another big bunch of all kinds of flowers.

EMILY MANNING writes:—

think true happiness lies in our doing what we can to make those around us happy, and to do this we must be filled with the love of Christ ourselves. The following may perhaps "be helpful to some one."—

HOW TO INSURE A HAPPY LIFE.

(with scripture reference)

Do all the good you can. Eccl. 9. 10  
In every way you can. Matt. 5. 16  
To all the people you can. Gal. 6. 10  
At all the times you can. 1 Cor. 15. 5-8  
In the quietest way you can. Matt. 6. 3-4  
In every place you can. Acts. 10. 38  
As long as ever you can. Rev. 2. 10

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TOPICS.

For July { "The best way to spend a holiday"  
OR  
"What influence has a girl in the world?"

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Please remember the following useful hints, borrowed with slight variations from a back number of the Boys' part of UPS AND DOWNS:

Write on one side of the paper only.

Do not add anything except your name and address to the paper on which the essay is written. If you wish to write a letter or make any remarks, do so on separate paper.

When no letter accompanies an essay, the manuscript will be carried through the mail at the rate of one cent for four ounces, provided the package is not sealed. Write on the corner of the envelope, "Miss only," and address to Miss Code, Dr. Barnardo's Home, Peterborough.

Papers for insertion in next month's UPS AND DOWNS, must be posted not later than the 15th of the preceding month. A paper must not contain more than 500 words, and it need not necessarily reach this limit, but it must not exceed it.

## IN LEISURE HOURS.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

Ada Thomas and Laura Fitts send replies to "Buried Cities," they are "Brantford" and "Cardinal."

Laura also says: "I have tried hard to find the answer to the poem, but cannot; it is quite a hard one." Well, we must tell you—it is "Joy and Happiness."

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## PUZZLE.

My first is in Philip but not in John  
My second is in Edward but not in Tom.  
My third is in William but not in Joe,  
My fourth is in Hip but not in Toe.  
My fifth is in Cat but not in Dog,  
My sixth is in Toad but not in Frog,  
My seventh is in Month but not in Week.  
My whole is a Bird with a very long Beak.

This puzzle has been sent to us by Henrietta Webb.

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## A FLOWER GAME.

A GOOD GAME FOR GIVING A GOOD LAUGH.

Perhaps our girls, or some of them, already are acquainted with the Flower game, but for the sake of any who are not we are now going to let them into a secret of it.

There may be a room full of people if you like, or only just a few. Each one is to have the name of a flower. One person goes round and whispers to the others the name of his or her flower, and then advances to the door and calls out for the name of the flower wished for, such as the rose or violet, or whatever the name is, and the one whose flower is called has to rise and go to the door in response to the call.

We shall never forget our feeling when we were introduced to this game, and upon the name of the flower wanted being announced there was a general rush and the whole company made for the doorway. We quite remember the impression made upon ourselves by the face of one gentleman; it seemed to denote such extreme indignation. *He* was called, why did all these other people go?

You see the secret. Each person has the name of the same flower whispered to them, and therein lies the fun of the whole game, because, of course, they each expect to have a different flower given to them.

Try it sometime or other when there are some people present who do not know the secret.

## A LESSON FOR ALL OF US.

A writer in one of the English reviews relates that during a conversation with George Eliot, not long before her death, a vase toppled over on the mantelpiece. The great writer quickly and unconsciously put out her hand to stop its fall. "I hope," said she, replacing it, "that the time will come when we shall instinctively hold up the man or woman who begins to fall as naturally and unconsciously as we arrest a falling piece of furniture or an ornament."

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How great and far-reaching may be the ultimate results of the work of a single being is strikingly portrayed in the case of John Williams, the martyr missionary of Eromanga, who when he went to the South Sea Islands, took with him a single banana tree from an English nobleman's conservatory. And now, from that single banana tree, bananas are to be found throughout the whole group of islands.