

with that which is rude, harsh and mean, and why? On the same principle that sunshine and shadow exist. Does the thought often occur that it is the sunshine which causes the shadow? Had the former not been the latter could not be; had the latter not been we could never have fully appreciated the beauty of the former.

But we have only examined the matter as the world views it—externally and materially. Let us now throw around it the soft radiance of spiritual sunlight. It is true, indeed, that in the spiritual world, as in the natural, there are "shadows dark and sunlight sheen." If not, whence these longings unutterable, indescribable—for something higher, nobler and purer? Whence these unsatisfied yearnings? Whence the gloom and doubt and darkness that at times almost make us question the grand plan of creation and redemption? Whence, too, that sweet companionship of kindred spirits, those seasons of spiritual exultancy which seem an earnest of eternal bliss, that radiance of soul which alone can come from the Father of light?

But to return to the subject proper. Be the shadows light as the snowy cloud that occasionally intervenes between earth and sky, or as the summer storm-cloud which, having spent its fury, passes away, leaving a clarified atmosphere and a heaven of purer blue, or be they as the deep, gloomy, portentous dullness of a winter's day, there may also be found the glorious sunshine. Where and how is this to be found?

We may find it in ourselves, and yet not in ourselves. In ourselves because we must make the effort to bear the burdens of others, thus making more of sunshine in other lives, and by so doing turning away from ourselves. Is one discouraged and almost weary of life? A dark cloud seems to shroud all. Let one so situated seek those who are in even more leaden darkness than himself, and just in proportion as the attempt is made to lessen the burden of the more overshadowed one, will the clouds dispel, and the sunshine grow brighter. Do you doubt it? "Learn the luxury of doing good," and be convinced. Are friends untrue? Shadow deep enough, heaven knows, but there are those who are longing for sympathy. Instead of brooding over your own griefs, listen to theirs, sympathize with them, counsel if you can, and behold the sunshine! Is a mother discouraged and wearied with her thoughtless, wayward children? Heavy shadow, but let her anticipate the sunlight which will gladden her declining years, when she sees her children filling useful and honored positions in life. Is a teacher perplexed and almost giving up her effort to lead the young minds entrusted to her care to live for a noble purpose? Are the shadows drooping heavily about her? Let her remember her's is a work which will stand long after "all shadows flee away," and with this hope to comfort her, she finds in her daily work the sunshine of building for eternity. Is the earnest pastor at times wrapped in thick clouds of darkness, because of the spiritual weakness and coldness of his people? His sun-

light appears when many souls are given him for his hire, which reward will most certainly be his if he only prove himself faithful and true. Of all vocations the holy calling seems to be peculiarly one of alternating light and shade. As spiritual gloom is the most intense, so spiritual light is the most radiant—the clouding or dismantling of the effulgence of the Sun of Righteousness. These are but instances of what is true in every case—the secret of life's sunshine is found in the words, "Bear ye one another's burdens."

Of course, there are times when, from physical causes, the shadow appears more ominous than it really is. A disordered stomach not unfrequently is the cause of a dark day; the incautious partaking of some article of diet will sometimes disturb the equilibrium of mind and body for a week, but we are attempting to deal with real—not imaginary—lights and shadows.

We beg to extend, ere we close, a word of sympathy to those whose lives, temporally speaking, are apparently all shadow. Care-burdened ones, have you never observed that the most glorious sunsets are those which appear at the close of a day of storm and cloud. Come and let us together look upon it! See the heavy masses of clouds breaking in the west—the darker the mass the contrast of silver-edge being all the more striking. What

And the Pansy family must have found Queen Elizabeth's wardrobe under ground; For in velvets and satins of every shade, Throughout the season they're all arrayed.

Pinks and Daisies and all the flowers Change their fashions, as we change ours; And those who knew them in olden days Are mystified by their modern ways.

Who sets the fashions, I'd like to know, For the little people under the snow? And are they busy a weary while, Dressing themselves in the latest style? —[New York Independent.

Uncle Tom's Department.

MY DEAR NEPHEWS AND NIECES.—I have just gone through my great pile of letters for April, credited those who sent correct answers, and selected which I considered the best puzzles for May. Now some of my children do not seem to know what is meant by original puzzles, so I will tell them they are puzzles thought of and made out of their own heads; and it is of no good of you trying to deceive me, for if I have not seen the puzzle myself, some one out of my large family likely have, and they take good care to let me know. So one who was credited for a puzzle in April No. may have occasion to feel rather guilty. But this is only to a few; the majority of you work hard and deserve a great deal of credit, and on the whole I think you are just the best nephews and nieces in the world. There were one or two errors in April puzzles, so all who attempted the answers got full credit. I have a great deal more to say to you, but space requires me to be very brief this time.

UNCLE TOM.



1—ILLUSTRATED REBUS.

a blending of color—saffron and amethyst—blue and gold—a perfect picture painted by the Divine artist on cloud-canvas; truly "the gorgeous upholstery of heaven." Behold the troubled cloud waves drift apart to allow the soft subdued rays of a setting sun to throw beauty over the landscape. As it dips beneath the horizon there is a sacred calm—a holy peace, to break which by utterance of words seems almost sacrilegious. Beautiful sunlight after a day of shadow—fitting emblem, we trust, of those whose daily lives seem to be one prolonged shadow. "And it shall come to pass that at evening time it shall be light."

Who Sets the Fashions?

Who sets the fashions, I'd like to know, For the little people beneath the snow? And are they working a weary while, To dress themselves in the latest style?

There's Mrs. Primrose, who used to be The very picture of modesty; Plain were her dresses, but now she goes With cramps and fringes and furbelows.

And even Miss Buttercup puts on airs, Because the color in vogue she wears; And as for Dandelion, dear me! A vainer creature you ne'er will see.

When Mrs. Poppy—that dreadful flirt— Was younger, she wore but one plain skirt; But now I notice, with great surprise, She's several patterns of largest size.

The Fuchsia sisters—those lovely belles! Improve their styles as the mode compels; And though everybody is loud in their praise, They ne'er depart from their modest ways.

Puzzles.

2—TRANSPOSITION.

Iuaplhrtm rhea htat ll'fist eth ysk Nweh sromts appere ot tpra I kas ton drupo lpyhophois Ot ctuae em htwa otuh tar.

ROBT. D. ROSS.

3—Syllables three I have and letters ten, Which means an assembly of learned men. My 1, 2, 9 to a gun belong. My 2, 3, 7 sometimes is strong. My 3, 2, 7 form the vernal sign. My 4, 8, 9, 10 prove a fasting time. My 5, 9, 8, 1, 10 show useless trifling. My 6, 3, 8, 9, 2 to end strfe in. My 7, 2, 9, 5, 6 is madness. My 8, 9, 10, 6, 5, 4 oft causes sadness. My 9, 6, 7, 8 is what I desire. My 10, 3, 5, 1 oft throws us in the mire. Each words letters will form, you'll find The word that wanted, and whose acts will bind.

LOUISA BERG.

4—SQUARE WORD.

A mountain in Europe. A river in Russia. A lively frolic. European mountain.

ANN FORBES.

5—HOUR GLASS PUZZLE.

1, Part of the German Empire; 2, one of Jacob's sons; 3, a large tub; 4, a vowel; 5, to deface; 6, a place in Central Africa; 7, island in East Indies.

W. L. SISSONS.

6—ENIGMA.

My first is in pastor, not in people. My second is in nave, but not in steeple. My third is in black, but not in white. My fourth is in dark, but not in light.