

WINTER FLOWERS.

When tree and bush are comfortless,
And fields are piteous bare,
A garden blooms upon my hearth,
And it is summer there.

From the gray log's quiescent length
Burst the bright flowers of flame,—
Like the far flashings of the stars,
Too rare for earthly name.

Now rosy-hearted, rosy-tipt,
Their petals softly blow,
Now clear as water in the sun,
When the blue sky lies below.

And daintily they toss and sway
To the breath of soundless airs,—
The memories of wooing winds
That made the forest theirs.

O for the secret that the sun
Shares with the burning tree!
Elusive sweet as the witching flow
Of water to the sea.

In thought I grasp the mystic word,
And lo! it hath no form,
I only know 'tis dark without,
And here 'tis light and warm.

NOTE.—Blanche Bishop the author of the above was born at Greenwich, Nova Scotia, and educated at Acadia Seminary and Acadia University. After study and travel in Europe she taught for five years in Moulton College, Toronto.—*From Rand's Treasury of Canadian Verse.*

GAME OF CONUNDRUM AUCTION.

This game is provocative of much fun and is a very good one to break up any feeling of stiffness that may exist at the beginning of an evening.

Select a talkative and jolly person as auctioneer, and have your articles wrapped up in such a way as to completely disguise their character. Each player should be supplied with a number of beans to represent money, wrapped in a Japanese paper napkin, and that is to represent his whole wealth. The articles auctioned off are sold to the highest bidder, but if one bids too high for one article he is more or less crippled in his bid for the next.

As an article is knocked down to a bidder it must be opened for the company to see, and as your articles are chosen with this in view, it is easy to see the laughter that will follow. The articles should be merely trifles, with an occasional "find" to stimulate the excitement of bidding; and written catalogues in conundrum form, without the solution being written, add to the fun and give scope to the auctioneer, as you will see when he

has excelled himself in praise of a "bit of old lace," which when purchased and the package opened, resolves itself into a shoe lace. Here is a list of articles and the conundrum catalogue:—

A bit of old lace—shoe lace.

A portrait of Her Majesty, Queen Victoria—an English copper penny.

Study in black and white—chalk and coal.

Souvenir of the wedding day—rice.

The traveller's guide—time table.

A fruit of disobedience—apple.

A letter from Hades—H.

A marble group—several marbles.

A pair of slippers—bit of orange peel and banana skin.

A mighty weapon—pen.

A bit of Indian jewellery—a bead bracelet.

The first American—cent with Indian's head.

The most honored American—postage stamp with head of Washington.

A new writing machine—a new pencil.

Emblem of confidence—sealing wax.

Hawthorne's masterpiece—Letter A, painted scarlet.

The way to a girl's heart—Flowers, or a box of candy.

Somebody did a golden deed;
Somebody proved a friend in need;
Somebody sang a beautiful song;
Somebody smiled the whole day long;
Somebody thought, "'Tis sweet to live"
Somebody said, "I'm glad to give,"
Somebody fought a valiant fight;
Somebody lived to shield the right;

Was that somebody you?

—*Western Home Monthly.*

The saturnalia was a midwinter feast of the Romans in honor of Saturn, beginning December 17. On this occasion great license was given to every one to do what he pleased, and even the slaves were permitted much liberty of speech and action. All work was suspended, the houses and temples were decorated, congratulations were exchanged and presents sent.

A newly married woman made a pie for dinner. "I am afraid," the bride said, "that I left something out, and that it's not very good." The husband tried it and said, "There is nothing you could leave out that would make a pie taste like that; it's something you've put in."