

## Mother Goose and Father Gander.

Old Mother Goose, that wonder-book  
Whose rhymes get caught in memory's web  
And echo down the fading years—  
That book delights my daughter's heart.  
And oftentimes she laughs in glee,  
And often blots the leaves with tears.  
She sits beside me day by day  
Upon her little crimson stool,  
And reads and sings the merry rhymes.  
The picture of the quaint old dame  
Upon the cover of the book,  
I'm sure she's kissed a thousand times.  
"Why did you never marry, dear?"  
She said one morning to the crone,  
With wistful, childish candor;  
"I wish you had, 'cause then we'd have  
Some little goslin' books, besides  
A nice old Father Gander!"

## THE QUIET HOUR.

## "In Service."

Make use of me, my God;  
Let me not be forgot.  
A broken vessel cast aside,  
One whom Thou needest not.  
I am Thy creature, Lord,  
And made by hands divine;  
And I am part, however mean,  
Of this great world of Thine.  
Thou usest all Thy works,  
The weakest things that be;  
Each has a service of its own,  
For all things wait on Thee.  
Thou usest the high stars,  
The tiny drops of dew,  
The giant peak and little hill—  
My God, O use me, too.

## "All Souls are Mine."

In religious work how dependent we are for effective work on the divine worker in the partnership. He worked in you first; He works still in you; and only as He works in you, can He work by you; and if you are to work with any effects upon others, it must be because he is working before you, with you, and after you. These souls that are your field are His, not yours; His, as you are His. "All Souls are Mine" is a grand text for soul-workers, and should be written in letters of gold over every worker's room. And He, Whose the souls are, knows the way to the souls, and has the power to soften and sanctify—not you, but He. In this lies the hopefulness of your work. He who is our co-worker is stronger than the strong one who is against us, and it is His pleasure to use you and me to help the souls around us in their daily struggle upwards towards the light.

"Help me to-day  
To bear all patiently,  
To rest all trustfully,  
To wait all hopefully,  
However long;  
Assured that as I bear,  
And rest and wait,  
He plans the end to crown  
A victor's song."

With this stimulating hope let us work on, but always in profound dependence, knowing ourselves to be only reeds through which flows the river of the water of life.

"Even so send I you." Hear that word ringing down the centuries. Sorrow and trial, suffering and sin, are close beside us. "Even so send I you," not simply to bind up the broken-hearted, but to find the broken-hearted. Human sympathy is the medium through which the Divine works. God binds up broken hearts with human hands.

Think what the world was with one Saviour in it. Think what each city would be to-day with a thousand Saviours in it. Think what One has done to scatter darkness. Think what the world would be if all who bear the Christian name, in palace and hovel, had His spirit and were doing His work.

There is so much to be done, and we feel so helpless and incapable. Shall we give up the struggle and own ourselves defeated? Surely not. This is the situation in which we are placed by God. The work is His, and He never gives us work which we cannot do, if we look to Him for strength and wisdom. If we try to work alone of course we shall fail. Never give up, or envy those who seem to have an easier time of it. Your work for God may only be the teaching of little children—only little children! Does not the Master say, "Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones." When the Temple was built the stones were made ready at a distance. Each workman shaped his stones according to the command of the master-builder. Unless he gave the order it was impossible that the stones, prepared by hundreds of workmen, should form, when brought together, one harmonious whole. Is it easier to build the spiritual temple? When the great Master-builder gives you small stones to prepare for their special niche in the heavenly temple, do not think that the task is beneath you, or sigh for greater work. The task set you is always the greatest. If you neglect that for which you consider greater, will He accept the service which he has not asked of you.

"With aching hands and bleeding feet,  
We dig and heap, lay stone on stone;  
We bear the burden and the heat  
Of the long day, and wish 'twere done;  
Not till the hours of light return,  
All we have built do we discern."

## UNCLE TOM'S DEPARTMENT.

## MY DEAR NEPHEWS AND NIECES,—

Another month has been measured off upon Time's dial, and I joyfully resume the pleasure of a chat with my boys and girls. And what more congenial accompaniments could be desired than the fast-falling twilight and the mingled perfume of mignonette, sweet peas and phlox so sweetly wafted to us on the soft August breeze!

The golden wealth of harvest is now safely stored, and the busy farmer turns up the willing earth again to draw from sun and air new food for next year's growth. The freshly upturned sod, the bright young aftermath of the meadows, and the proudly waving cornfields form a charming picture. And the orchards—oh! the orchards—the small boy's delight! Not until now has he waited to sample their fruit. He knows just where the sun is first wont to kiss the apples into rosy blushes, on what particular tree the most luscious plums hide, and where the mellowest pears and peaches hang their tempting golden balls. Oh, happy small boy, at once the trouble and delight of every household fortunate enough to possess so great a treasure. Thoroughly do I sympathize with you in your sports and petty troubles, for have not I travelled the selfsame path? Does one readily forget life's happiest hours?

Back to the busy routine of school have gone my bright-eyed brood—back with fresh vigor and new determination to improve as far as possible the fruitful present, remembering that—

"A place in the ranks awaits you,  
Each man has some part to play;  
The Past and Future are nothing  
In the face of stern To-day."

I am very pleased with the result of our "Gem" competition. Quite a number are contributing, and the work on the whole is excellent, displaying very good taste on the part of the contributors, so much so that it will be a difficult matter among so many good ones to choose the best collections.

The mere looking up and writing out the pretty selections must necessarily benefit the collectors, but I would recommend you not to allow your work to stop there. Try and commit to memory from time to time a few of those fair thought blossoms, and, like a true florist, learn all you can of each flower; that is, the work from which it is taken, and the name and other details of the author. In this way you will easily obtain much useful information and develop a taste for pure, wholesome literature.

The press of to-day—that very important factor in the education of the masses—in a general way furnishes a very unhealthy diet for the youthful mind. Sensational narratives of crime and faithlessness, too often real, but frequently fictitious, elaborated by clever writers (a pity their talent should be so abused!) to attract the eye and claim the attention, fill a large portion of many of the papers heedlessly brought into our homes, till, as Pope says, the frequent sight of vice lessens our hatred of it; and surely, if slowly, will such reading contaminate the mind and impair the intellect. Fortunately, there are also clean, pure-toned journals, whose tendency is rather to elevate than to degrade, which may be safely admitted to any household.

The mind that dwells only on noble thoughts will unconsciously assimilate nobleness, while its less worthy sentiments will perish for want of nurture. Ever your loving—

UNCLE TOM.

## Puzzles.

## 1—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

My 3, 6, 8 is an article employed by fishermen.  
My 1, 2, 7 is half of a great light.  
My 10, 4, 5, 11 is to be delicious.  
My 9 is a vowel.  
My whole is a place in Canada.

MURIEL E. DAY.

## 2—WORD SQUARE.

1st. Belongs to an office.  
2nd. Adorned.  
3rd. Parts of a quadruped.  
4th. One of the signs of the zodiac.  
5th. To make tuneful.  
6th. Smaller degree.

MURIEL E. DAY.

## 3—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

My 6, 7, 8, 9 pertains to water.  
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 is an organ.  
My whole is the name of a city in England.

LILIAN M. SHEPPARD.

## 4—LOGOGRIPH.

When I am whole I am a machine; Double curtailed and I am out down; Transposed I am a fruit; Beheaded I am part of a cornstalk; Transposed again and I am the plural form of a verb.

MAGGIE SCOTT.

## 5—DIAMOND.

1. A letter.  
2. Layer or stratum.  
3. Goddess of love and beauty.  
4. Song in two parts.  
5. A letter.

T. GRAY PHELAN.

## 6—SQUARE.

1. The inner part of anything.  
2. That which eats or corrodes.  
3. To make reparation.  
4. Income derived from lands.  
5. A ringlet.

T. GRAY PHELAN.

## 7—CHARADE.

My FIRST is to stumble.  
My SECOND is an exclamation.  
My THIRD is a falsehood.  
My WHOLE is a place in Africa.

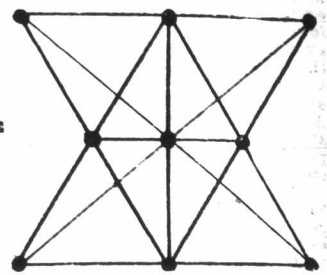
F. W. ROBERTS.

## Answers to August 2nd Puzzles.

- |                           |           |
|---------------------------|-----------|
| 1.—To get her (together). | 2.—GRATES |
| 3.—Romulus.               | RELENT    |
| 4.—Partridge.             | ALPACA    |
| 5.—Grand Trunk.           | TEAPOT    |
| 6.—PLAY                   | ENCORE    |
| LAVA                      | STATES    |
| AVOW                      |           |
| YAWL                      |           |

## SOLVERS TO AUGUST 2ND PUZZLES.

Maggie Scott, "Kit," Blanche MacMurray, T. Gray Phelan, Muriel Day, Lilian M. Sheppard, Mabel Ross, Annie C. McLennan; also Lulu Huston and Blanche MacMurray too late for last issue.



ANSWER TO NO. 3 PUZZLE IN JULY 15th ISSUE.

## COUSINLY CHAT.

M. E. D.—"Kit" is "Kit"; can't tell you more; 'twas her request I referred to. Your squares are fine.  
"Margaret."—It may be if it continues to prove interesting. You need no assistance.  
L. M.—You are very welcome. Do you not know our old "cousin" H. A. W.? Where is he?  
B. MacM.—Your first attempt is excellent. Come again. Have sent your "Gems" to proper place.  
"Nesta."—Are you getting lazy or working too hard at school?  
T. G. P.—I shall try to award prizes according to the percentage of answerable puzzles, so that those who contribute will have an equal chance, which they could not have otherwise.  
J. S. C.—Might apply "Nesta's" answer to you too, old boy. I miss you.

ADA A.

## Be Womanly at All Hazards.

Whatever else you may aspire to in this world, let the greatest ambition resolve itself into the firm determination to be womanly at all hazards. No matter if the duties of life call you forth to do battle side by side with your brothers and husbands, do not forget that the femininity that is so charming in the home circle is at just as high a premium in business life.

Be strong-minded in the truest sense of the word, but do not let your mentality run away with those little graces and winning ways that endear a woman to all mankind. You can be just as successful in any undertaking by working under the banner of refinement and gentleness as you can if you discard these gracious elements and adopt a sort of stony antagonism that raises at once a barrier between you and all the world.

Perhaps the working woman argues that she means to win her way on merit rather than on manners. Very well said, my sister, but just as soon as the cloak of womanliness is thrown aside, do not be surprised if you receive the sort of treatment men deal out one to the other. If you adopt masculine ways expect dealings to correspond. Men admire womanly women the world over, and in order to be enshrined in that corner of their hearts where mother, wife and sisters are held sacred, the deportment must be at all times tinged with gentleness and sweetness, commingled with a dignity that is far more powerful than the assumption of a wilfully aggressive demeanor.

## Resting at Home.

It is possible for any woman to practice the rest cure in her own home. For example, one physician writes: "I insist that my wife, a person of the nervous temperament who exhausts her energy every day, often needlessly, shall remain in her room at least until nine o'clock every morning. At first she found this a trial, and fancied the household could not be started unless she was about, but within a week things went on as smoothly as usual, and now it would upset everything if she came down to breakfast and undertook to manage things. The children are old enough to eat their breakfast and go to school without her supervision, or, if they need attention, it is an easy thing to run up to mamma's room. After they are gone, the cook comes up to take the orders for the morning, and it often happens that if Mrs. — is not going out she does not leave her room until she comes down to luncheon. This is an experiment, but the result is that she has gained over twenty pounds, pounds that restore her to her normal weight. Seven-eighths of the slender women of the world lose weight by over-activity; they are too active right in their own homes or over-exercised out of doors. The old notion of getting up early was not made to fit this restless and energetic age. The new reading for this class should be 'lie abed as long as you can, and when you do get up take things as easily as possible.'"

The only question is can women make up their minds to do this? Probably not all of them can arrange a morning rest, but they might an afternoon one. The great point is to plan for it. The person who does not know how to lay plans and to execute her work quickly never has time to rest, and here we believe the chief difficulty lies.