BY AUNT JUNE

Our Boys and Girls Corner

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DEDICATED TO EVERY BOY AND GIRL IN CANADA

My Dear Boys and Girls:—

Who went into the country for the holiday? A great many of you I am sure.

I was delighted to receive a few days ago a beautiful bunch of trilliums from a dear little Helper, one of our Junior members who spent a long afternoon in the woods. Both the trilliums and the May flowers, like the spring, have arrived late this year.

I know boys and girls who have been looking for them in all the usual corners for many days, with disappointment, but last week how well we were rewarded! the pretty white flowers seem to have sprung up everywhere.

Although Mother Nature seemed a little late with her gardening this year, please do not you follow her example and delay putting in your plants and flower seeds.

Gardeners Wanted.

Those of our Helpers who live upon a farm, and there are many, will know all about the potatoes. In the big cities almost everywhere today, the mothers who have to do housekeeping for lots of boys and girls are saying, oh, such a lot about the cost of potatoes, and how difficult it is to be able to buy sufficient for everyone to eat.

It seems to me one splendid way to help would be for everyone to promise to plant some potatoes among the things in their garden. Of course, you are going to have a garden.

I can just picture some of those that have been already planted and prepared so well by the boys and girls, who have written to tell me about them.

Roger Merrick is going to have a real vegetable garden with corn, carrots, onions and parsley. Roger says his mother is very fond of parsley, so he is going to help her by growing a lot of it for the table.

Well done, Roger, what a nice useful garden.

Daisy Nash is having just two kinds of vegetables in her garden, corn and beet-root. All the rest will be flowers, but Daisy tells me that she expects to carry many bunches of flowers to the people who are sick in bed.

This is real helping, Daisy. I wish you much success and joy with your garden, for I am sure it will give a great deal of pleasure to others.

Our Little Friends the Birds.

Two Helpers guessed the name of my bird friend to be "the black bird" and one guessed he was "a kind of jay." Neither of these guesses, however, is correct.

This saucy little visitor who still comes down to my window in the morning, striding up and down the lawn, really belongs to the swallow family, and is known as "the purple martin." As I think I told you, his colors are glossy black and blue. This bird builds his nest of rags, straw and sometimes lines it with scraps of paper. He seems rather inclined to be mischievous, for I notice his bright eyes seem always on the lookout to discover something new and I have caught him poking his beak in between the crevices of the wall just under my window sill.

The martin is one of the birds who would live in a birdhouse of the square kind. Many people have attracted him to their gardens by means of putting up a birdhouse.

A Dog That Skipped.

I have just heard a story about a little schoolgirl. (I do not know whether she has joined the Helpers) whose little friend, a white terrier dog, was taught many clever tricks. His name was Goolu.

This little girl was very fond of skipping, and Goolu used to watch her with his head cocked upon one side, and probably think "that is great fun for you, but I would much rather you ran a race with me."

One day, however, he ran in under the rope, and just then his little mistress thought of a plan to teach him to skip with her.

Goolu learnt to skip so well after a time that he seemed to thoroughly enjoy it. He would stand on his hind legs with his paws placed on the waist of his mistress and jump every time the rope went round. When he did this without making a mistake he was allowed to go to a tin in the corner of the room and help himself to his favorite biscuit. Sometimes Goolu made a mistake, and jumped at the wrong moment or missed the rope, and in this case he was only allowed to have a very plain biscuit, which was kept in another tin, but do you know, this very clever doggie was taught to go to the right tin every time, and so he was allowed to get his own reward.

I expect he tried awfully hard not to make mistakes, because his favorite biscuits had sugar on them.

Sometimes his little mistress would turn the rope for Goolu to skip alone. Have you ever seen a dog skipping? I am sure it must be a very funny sight.

PLEDGE FOR HELPERS.

"Do a little kindness to someone every day.
Scatter rays of sunshine all along the way."

I pledge myself in the service of my King and Country to DO MY BEST IN MY DAILY WORK, wherever it may be, to help others wherever possible, and to endeavor in every way to make myself A GOOD CITIZEN.

Date .....

Name .....

Age .....

Address .....

RIDDLES.

Answers to Last Week's Riddles.

R.—Why is a fish hook like the letter "F"?

A.—Because it makes an eel feel.

R.—How do bees dispose of their honey?

A.—They sell (cell) it.

R.—When is a sheep like ink?

A.—When it is taken up into the pen.

THIS WEEK'S RIDDLES.

R.—If a young woman fell into a well, why could not her brother help her out?

R.—Why is modesty the strongest characteristic of a watch?

R.—What is the difference between an old nickel and a new quarter?

Thank you for the garden news. Do not forget to send in more to

Yours lovingly,
AUNT JUNE.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON.

Lesson X. June 6.

SAUL'S FAILURE.

Lesson—1 Samuel 15. Printed Text—1 Sam. 15: 13-26.

Golden Text—"Thou hast rejected the word of Jehovah, and Jehovah hath rejected thee" (1 Sam. 15:26).

Historical Setting.

Time—1078 B. C. Places—Ramah and Gilgal.

Daily Readings.

Monday, May 31.—God's Command to Saul (1 Sam. 15: 1-12). Tuesday, June 1.—Saul's Failure (1 Sam. 15: 13:26). Wednesday, June 2.—Saul's Rejection Foretold (1 Sam. 15: 27-35). Thursday, June 3.—Danger of Disobedience (Heb. 6: 1-12). Friday, June 4.—Fruits of Evil-doing (Jude 1-11). Saturday, June 5.—Call to Repentance (Rev. 2: 1-7). Sunday, June 6.—Fruits of Obedience (Rev. 22: 7-14).

The Lesson Text.

13.—And Samuel came to Saul; and Saul said unto him, Blessed be thou of Jehovah: I have performed the commandment of Jehovah.

14.—And Samuel said, What meaneth then this bleating of the sheep in mine ears, and the lowing of the oxen which I hear?

15.—And Saul said, They have brought them from the Amalekites, for the people spared the best of the sheep and of the oxen to sacrifice unto Jehovah thy God; and the rest we have utterly destroyed.

16.—Then Samuel said unto Saul, Stay, and I will tell thee what Jehovah hath said to me this night. And he said unto him, Say on.

17.—And Samuel said, Though thou wast little in thine own sight, wast thou not made the head of the tribes of Israel? And Jehovah anointed thee king over Israel;

18.—And Jehovah sent thee on a journey, and said, Go, and utterly destroy the sinners the Amalekites, and fight against them until they be consumed.

19.—Wherefore then didst thou not obey the voice of Jehovah, but didst fly upon the spoil, and didst that which was evil in the sight of Jehovah?

20.—And Saul said unto Samuel, Yes, I have obeyed the voice of Jehovah, and have gone the way which Jehovah sent me, and have brought Agag the king of Amalek, and have utterly destroyed the Amalekites.

21.—But the people took of the spoil, sheep and oxen, the chief of the devoted things, to sacrifice unto Jehovah thy God in Gilgal.

22.—And Samuel said, Hath Jehovah as great delight in burnt-offerings and sacrifices, as in obeying the voice of Jehovah? Behold, to obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams.

23.—For rebellion is as the sin of witchcraft, and stubbornness is as idolatry and teraphim. Because thou hast rejected the word of Jehovah, he has also rejected thee from being king.

24.—And Saul said unto Samuel, I have sinned; for I have transgressed the commandment of Jehovah, and thy words, because I feared the people and obeyed their voice.

25.—Now therefore, I pray thee, pardon my sin, and turn again with me, that I may worship Jehovah.

26.—And Samuel said unto Saul, I will not return with thee; for thou hast rejected the word of Jehovah, and Jehovah hath rejected thee from being king over Israel.

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Comments.

Verse 13.—Between the last lesson and this occurred Jonathan's innocent transgression, his sentence to death and his rescue by the people. Saul had performed the commandment of Jehovah in the halfway with which men sometimes satisfy their conscience.

Verse 14.—The command had been to destroy all this property of Amalek.

Verse 15.—Saul tried hard to exonerate himself and shift the blame upon the people. This indicated moral weakness unworthy of a king.

Verse 16.—Samuel had heard enough. The more Saul said, the worse he made his case.

Verse 17.—Samuel reminds Saul of his own words (1 Sam. 9: 21).

Verse 18.—The Amalekites are called "sinners" because they interfered with God's preparation of Israel for the coming of the Messiah.

Verse 19.—Israel, in showing greed, displayed the same trait for which God sought to destroy the Amalekites.

Verse 20.—Saul was in a corner and persisted in justifying his conduct. He really saved Agag to grace his triumph.

Verse 21.—The next verse is the answer to this. "Sacrifice without obedience is sacrilege." "To obey is better than sacrifice."

Verse 22.—Samuel here utterly demolishes the self-delusion of Saul and all later pretenders in God's service. All the prophets and Christ himself attacked the common error of supposing that external ceremony and observance can be of any value when separated from the true devotion of the worshiper's heart (Ps. 40: 6-8; 50: 8; 51: 16, 17; Isa. 1: 11-15; Jer. 6: 20; Mic. 6: 6-8; Matt. 9: 13 and 12: 7).

Verse 23.—The rejection of the word of God receives the utmost condemnation at all times in the Scriptures. They who in the present day are deliberately slighting, distorting or ignoring the word of God have a serious reckoning in store for themselves.

Verses 24, 25.—Saul's excuse here is different from the former one, but his reason for the sin is not true. He is still insincere.

Verse 26.—The old prophet refuses to grant the insincere request of an unrepentant soul.

Illustrated Truth.

No meritorious act can overbalance treason and disobedience (v. 13).

Illustration.—When, after our country entered the war, the lines began to be drawn between loyal people and those who sympathized with the enemy, many men tried to throw dust into the eyes of the government by calling attention to meritorious things they had done. "Just look at the number of Liberty Bonds I have bought," more than one suspected one would exclaim, ignoring the fact that one did not need to be generous in order to buy non-taxable bonds at a good rate of interest. Naturally, neither this nor anything else counted with the government when proof of disloyal acts had been established.

Topics for Research and Discussion.

I. Saul's Blunder (vs. 13-20). 1. Trace the history of Jonathan between the last lesson and this. 2. How had Saul failed? 3. How did Saul seek to exonerate himself? 4. Has there been any improvement in human nature since Saul's day?

II. Samuel's Rebuke (vs. 21-26). 5. Why do worshipers ever imagine that ceremony can take the place of genuine service? 6. What is the teaching of the Scripture on this point?

CANADA

East and West

The fur trade was the envy of all the nations and traders in the early days of the land. At last it fell into the hands of a French gentleman named De Monts, who had a great colonization scheme for Acadia—the name by which at that time the present provinces of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick and a large part of the state of Maine were known. Champlain was sent out from France with the expedition of settlement which De Monts led personally. On board the little fleet, in addition to the French gentlemen and their followers and laborers and church workers, were a number of Protestants, for it was the intention to establish the new colony on the platform of religious toleration. Nearing the shore of what is now Nova Scotia, a trading ship, working in breach of the monopoly given to De Monts by the King of France, was taken prize. Monsieur de Poutrincourt, one of the noblemen on board the fleet, was so enamoured of the appearance of the country in Annapolis Basin, that he persuaded De Monts to give him the surrounding land.

The colony itself was started first on the rocky island of St. Croix, at the mouth of the River St. Croix,, which forms part of the present boundary between New Brunswick and the State of Maine. Here a somewhat pretentious array of forts, houses and barracks were erected. Here, too, after a summer spent in exploring the coast in 1604 and 1605, Champlain wintered with De Monts and the other officers of the colony. Shut in to such narrow quarters, the little band became a prey to scurvy and nearly half of them died before the first spring. After a long search along the New England coast for a spot that seemed desirable, the colony removed to Port Royal, where it remained for the next two years.

They were celebrating the marriage of Tim Poland's daughter up at the house. To get away from the noise and confusion Tim ambled down to the hog lot. Leaning over the fence he found one of the guests.

"Your hogs have mighty good backs," said the guest.

"Yep," answered Tim. "They'd orto, seein' as they've gotta support my son-in-law."

ROSCOE (FATTY) ARBUCKLE
PARAMOUNT ARTCRAFT STAR

IN A FRENCH CHATEAU

BY M. BETHAM-EDWARDS.

(Author of "From an Islington Window," "Hearts of Alsace," etc.)

"The key of yonder cabinet!"

This command, uttered not only in a tone of military authority but of unconcealed insolence was far from cowering the old French butler, rather house steward. Straight and composed he stood, a striking comparison to his gaoler, a puffy, red-faced, red-eyed, middle-aged Bavarian, pistol in hand, ready to pull the trigger at a sign from his Hauptmann. Like his underling, this young man, a Von of the Von-est, indeed something above a mere aristocrat, had evidently been drinking heavily, but without the copious meal that had stupefied the other. Tall, sharp-featured, and scion of a small princely house, was excited to fever pitch by the fortune of the day, a magnificent old chateau to pillage, he repeated his order.

"Fellow, do you hear me? The key to yonder cabinet!"

"Monsieur," slowly replied the white-haired house-steward, without the slightest trace of emotion, with indeed a quiet scorn that must have humiliated any one but a Prussian to the dust. "What you ask I cannot give. Every object contained therein is an heirloom especially committed to my trust."

The princeling's glaring eyes made the Bavarian put his hand to his trigger, but no order came. Evidently the fall of a murdered man might be awkward—and certainly awkward for the work in hand, delicate women's garments lay about, rich laces and finest white silks—a bleeding corpse would spoil these.

With an affronting oath came the order:

"Hack away at the blasted thing. Split it from top to bottom!"

The piece of furniture thus condemned was a very rare and beautiful sixteenth century ebony cabinet inlaid with silver, precious stones and even jewels, itself worth several hundred thousand francs, its contents—wherever such a cabinet is found—sure to be worth double and treble more.

Hack away they did, the minions of their prince and captain, and evidently with kenest gusto, muttering coarse objurgations as the subtly intricate lock resisted their efforts.

At last the panels flew open, displaying four shelves, each containing priceless objects, below these being six small drawers with silver handles and without locks.

"Gott in Himmel! we're in luck's way today and no mistake!" cried the Captain to his second self, a typical martinet and of feature and physique so similar as to suggest cousinship. "The coffers, boys, the coffers and rope, plenty of rope."

It was indeed a miniature museum that here met blood-shot eyes gloating over spoil, but only to these depredators so much money's worth. For one and all, art and antiquity did not count. The two upper shelves were filled with gems of porcelain and faience. Here stood a pink vase of that short-lived and never regained soft porcelain called Pompadour rose—an art lost after attaining its acme—, there a cup with handle of no less beautiful hard porcelain, its creamy surface showing delicate flowers and arabesques; further on, a circular dish of Chantilly ware, harmonious and delicate colors applied to the rich glaze. Lille, Moustiers, Nevers, Rouen, each great manufactory of French art-pottery was represented. But the place of honor was naturally accorded to Oiron, commonly called Henry Deux ware. In the centre of the second shelf stood a salt-cellar which for richness and elegance rivalled the finest goldsmiths' work, whilst brilliant yellows, green and blue were picked out with gold.

"Breakables to the rubbish heap!" yelled His Highness. "Then straight away to the packing!"

Dashed to the floor were the case of Pompadour rose, the exquisitely flowered cup, the Chantilly plate and the rest, the shattering of the centrepiece, that priceless Henri Deux salt-cellar evoking uproarious guffaws from the two officers. Five minutes later a collection worth millions of francs was reduced to fragments.

Next, and now with great care, the leader and his companion sharply watching clumsy fingers, the two lower shelves were cleared. One by one each heirloom was set aside for the coffer.

A scimitar encased in purple velvet beaded with emeralds, gift of an Oriental potentate to a French King of Jerusalem; richly sculptured pieces of gold and silver from the atelier of the great Cellini, the crozier, in gold and gemmed, of an Archbishop who had crowned a King of France, a mediaeval missal with the possessor's monogram in pearls, an ivory statuette of Anne of Brittany with golden crown, girdle and keys,—these, with finely engraved gold and silver salvers, ewers and cups, each possessing historic value, so far made up the loot.

"Now for the little drawers! Stand aside, all of you!" cried his Highness, evidently guessing the contents, and fearing lest some tiny object here might be pocketed by his followers.

At this stage a skilled physiognomist would have detected a certain change in the old butler's face. Hitherto drops of sweat on his bald head had betokened silent agony—agony perhaps harder to bear than any physical torture his foes could have devised.

Calm, speechless, upright, he remained, beside him the keeper, ready to blow his brains out at a signal, a mere nod from the burglar-in-chief. But what was passing through the faithful servitor's mind now?

Instead of painfully concealed rage, loathing and despair, his face suddenly brightened. His eyes followed those white, claw-like hands with a triumphant expression, that also reined in, and not to be read by others. The first little drawer containing rare gold coins only was emptied into a leather pouch affixed to the Captain's belt, second, in which were four miniatures costily framed, his fellow officer carefully placed in a small packing case intended for the lesser-sized booty; when he opened the third and uttered an exclamation of surprise the old butler's eyes positively glittered.

"Teufel! An old leather binding turned into a casket! Who knows? Maybe, Pandora's box!"

True enough this especial drawer held what at first looked like an elaborately bound antique volume, but the tiny silver lock had not escaped rapacious eyes. Nor did something else. It was the outside of a small octavo book, the dark brown leather ornamented in gold, shining as if of yesterday's inlaying, and on either side an emblazoned Episcopal Ex-libris; this was an oval, above an Archbishop's mitre, being a scroll with the following legend:

Ex-Bilioth—Sancti-Victoris. Paris.

On the back, of which the gold decorations were much tarnished, remained the ancient label, Vic des Saints and underneath, the word Octobre.

"The key and no palaver, old baldhead—or—" here the Captain's tone and a look a second time made the Bavarian's fingers approach the trigger.

"Monsieur, I repeat, I surrender nothing entrusted to me by my master, the Count," replied the old man in the same firm but respectful voice. And was it chance or volition? A slight jerk and the old-fashioned breloques, in other words, seal, ring, ornamental eye-glass and other trinkets suspended to his watch chain showed a small key. No need for force. Without a word, without the movement of a muscle, the house-steward allowed repulsive hands to seize his own heavy gold watch, birthday gift after forty years' service and to him as precious appendages. Too old to have benefited by the Educational Acts of the Third Republic, Benoit did not understand that allusion to Pandora's box, but when it was opened, and the Captain uttered a cry of admiring wonder, he bit his lips and his fingers twitched. This time every nerve thrilled. Evidently the old man suffered no torture now, only keenest excitement of the other kind.

The pseudo casket still retained its primitive lining, wall paper of crudest arabesques in equally crude yellows, reds and blues, design and colors matching each other, and contrasting with the solid beauty of the binding. In the centre padded with wadding and encircled by a gold necklet and a pair of slender bracelets lay a small heart-shaped velvet locket or box framed with pearls and containing a ring.

For a moment the resplendence of that ring silenced the marauders. Alike leaders and their men gazed in speechless wonder. It was not the elaborate Saracenic bezel that attracted attention, but the inset, an emerald of marvelous size and beauty—such an emerald as is only seen in the regalia of museums.

"Prime gift for a sweetheart, eh, royal cousin?" whispered the Captain to his kinsman, adding—for none so suspicious as the guilty—"and by Heaven! the sooner out of sight the better!"

With that he pocketed the locket, then in the same shrieking nasal tone, called out to his underlings—

"Stand back all of you till you are wanted, but be ready with cotton wool and cording."

Down on their knees went the titled housebreakers and one might have supposed them to be packers by trade from their wariness and dexterity. Realising, rather guessing, the money value of each object—for its beauty he cared not a jot—the Captain took good care that none should slip through his hands.

But strangely enough the old butler no longer looked heart-broken. As one by one his beloved master's heirlooms were packed for immediate transport to Germany, a look that could only be called ecstatic lighted up his face—a look if noticed at all by these dull Teutons, by them considered due to escape the Bavarian's pistol.

And when less than an hour later the invaders had departed with their booty and the ransacked, worst still, defiled chateau became quiet as the grave, new life seemed to invigorate the septuagenarian. The weight of years fell off, the long drawn-out agony of the last few hours left no trace behind. As he summoned the scared, irresponsible serving folk from the hiding places to which he had consigned them, alone of the weeping muster he wore a smile.

The emerald ring in that princely pocket more than consoled him for the havoc and desolation on every side.

(To be Continued.)

UNCLE JIM'S STORY

THE WHITE RABBIT'S BRIDE.

Once there was a little girl who used to play all day in a pretty garden where cabbages and lettuce and radishes grew. Her mamma said to her one morning when she started out to play in the garden, her dolly in one hand and a spade in the other: "Watch for the little white rabbit, and when he comes be sure and chase him away. He has been coming early every morning and stealing my cabbages."

"All right, mamma, I will," said the little girl. But to herself she said: "If I ever see Bunny very close I am going to ask him to come and play with me, for I haven't any brothers and sisters and it's lonesome sometimes in the garden."

All that day she watched for the rabbit, but he did not come. And the next day she watched, too. But no rabbit came. On the third morning she was very sleepy, for she had forgotten to take her nap the day before. She kept getting sleepier and sleepier, but she wouldn't close her eyes. She did so want to see Bunny when he came.

"Sh-sh!" she sat up very straight. There was Bunny right in front of her.

"Get on my back and come with me to my bunny shack," he said to her.

The little girl knew she should not do it, but she did. And away they went, fast and then faster. And when they got to his shack what do you think he said to her?

"I have ordered 100 green cabbages cooked and invited all my friends. We are going to be married."

And away he went to invite the fox to be clerk and the crow to marry them and asked the rainbow if he would not come out of the sky and make an altar for them.

But the little girl started to cry, and she cried and cried. Marry a rabbit—it was dreadful—but then she had done wrong to run away. Then suddenly she thought of her dolly. She would leave it in her place. So she dressed up the doll in her clothes and put it in the chair and then she slipped away under a hole in the fence and ran home.

The rabbit came back, and O!—maybe he wasn't mad!

"Biff!" he said to the doll, knocking her over.

Presto! The little girl woke up. And there was her doll beside her. The wind had knocked it over while the little girl fell asleep in the garden. And the rabbit had come while she slept and taken another cabbage.

"I think I should have named my boy 'Flannel,' said Mrs. Binks."

"Why?" asked Miss Jinks.

"Because," answered Mrs. Binks, "he shrinks from washing."