

slave was more trustworthy than his own wife. Anyway, it was not long before the whole land knew Joseph's value. St. Paul was only a prisoner on a ship, and yet, when death seemed to be staring all on board in the face, we find that Paul the "prisoner" gave his orders with quiet decision, while soldiers and sailors, captain and centurion meekly obeyed. "A man passeth for that he is worth. Very idle is all curiosity concerning other people's estimate of us, and idle is all fear of remaining unknown. If a man know that he can do anything—that he can do it better than anyone else—he has the pledge of the acknowledgment of that fact by all persons. The world is full of judgment days, and into every assembly that a man enters, in every action he attempts, he is gauged and stamped."

One who honestly tries to do good and be good, quietly and unostentatiously, is just as well known, just as correctly "sized up" by his neighbors, as one who lives a bad life, allowing evil thoughts to find welcome in his secret soul, and fancying that the fact is a secret known only to himself and to God. There is a story told of a sculptor who carved an angel's head far up in the dusky arch of a church tower. It was intended for the eye of God alone, but once a year the sunlight flashed a golden ray through a stained-glass window, lighting up the beautiful carving, which the sculptor thought he had hidden away where no one but God could ever see it. It—like many another beautiful thing—

"Was wrought for the eye of God, and it seems
That He blesses the work of that
dead man's hand
With a ray of the golden light that
streams
On the lost that are found in the
deathless land."

HOPE.

"We ought to measure our actual lot and to fulfil it; to be with all our strength that which our lot requires and allows. What is beyond it is no calling of ours. How much peace, quiet, confidence and strength would people attain if they would go by this plain rule."—Manning.

The Young People's Department.

[All letters for Young People's Department must be addressed to Cousin Dorothy, 52 Victor Ave., Toronto.]

A LAUGH.

A laugh is just like music,
It freshens all the day,
It tips the peaks of life with light,
And drives the clouds away;
The soul grows glad that hears it,
And feels its courage strong—
A laugh is just like sunshine
For cheering folks along.

A laugh is just like music,
It lingers in the heart,
And where its melody is heard
The ills of life depart;
And happy thoughts come crowding
Its joyful notes to greet—
A laugh is just like music
For making the life sweet.

—The Young Reaper.

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—I am sending two pictures of my drawing for you to criticise through your "Young People's Department" of "The Farmer's Advocate." One, the cow's head, I drew from one of our old cows, as she stood in the yard; the other I drew from a photo in the Toronto Weekly Globe. I am fifteen years of age, and have never received any lessons in either drawing or painting, although I try both a little to amuse myself, although I would rather have some better use for it. The nearest town is twenty-two miles away, so I thought, as we put great faith in "The Farmer's Advocate," that I would refer my drawing to you for your opinion of it.

EDNA A. MCBAIN.

I think your drawings show a talent which is very well worth cultivating. The horses are particularly good. The cow's head is hardly distinct enough. I hope you will some day be able to take lessons, but don't wait for that. Many people have learned to draw and even paint very well without any help. It is

not a good thing to copy other pictures; one should draw the objects themselves from nature. Your drawings will not be so good at first, but you will be really learning something worth while. Try charcoal drawing for practice; it is used for drawing figures and busts in beginning lessons. And very beautiful drawing is done with Indian ink, and special etching pens. It is much easier than pencil for getting a good effect. I should be very much pleased to see some more of your drawings after you have practiced for a few months more. But, my dear, there is a great deal more in being an artist than merely being able to draw correctly, and there are very few real artists who can make enough to keep them in comfort by their painting. If you have enough originality to illustrate books, or paint posters, or design book-covers, etc., you might make a good living out of it; but those things take special talent, and special training. To be able to draw or paint must be one of the greatest pleasures a person can have, but I would not advise anyone to adopt it as a business! C. D.

Girls and boys who can play dance-music may like to hear of an exceedingly pretty new waltz, called "The Merry Widow," which can be got at the Simpson Co.'s for 15c. C. D.

"Johnny," said the teacher, "you may spell sarcophagus."
"S-a-r, sar."
"That's very good for a start."
"S-a-r, sar."
"Well, why don't you go on and spell it?"
"Because I can't."
"Why not?"
"I'm spellbound."—Selected.

Nursing at Home.

Dear Editor,—In a recent number of "The Farmer's Advocate" a noted physician said that girls desirous of learning nursing, could do so at home, without going into a hospital for training. Could you inform one of such a course that could be followed up satisfactorily at home, or could you recommend the best books on the subject?

AN INQUIRER.

I am glad to be able to give the following information for the benefit of all our readers:

The Chataqua School of Nursing gives a thorough training, covering a period of nine months. Lectures are sent weekly to the student, illustrated when necessary. One can learn either or all the following courses: General Nursing, Surgical Nursing, Obstetrical Nursing. Fees very from \$65 to \$75, according as they are paid, monthly or in advance. Probably a partial course would cost much less, but anyone interested may write to "The Chataqua School of Nursing," 272 Main St., Jamestown, New York, for a booklet containing all particulars.

A graduate of this school, whom I know personally, got 98 per cent. in the examinations, and has a diploma. She has easily paid the expenses by private nursing amongst friends. Last year she had full charge of a case of scarlet fever for six or seven weeks, and the doctor recommended her to go in for hospital nursing. But she prefers to stay at home, and use her knowledge to help her neighbors. Of course, a nurse trained in this way would not expect to charge as much as one trained in a hospital, where the experience is so varied, but, for that very reason, one would think a girl might easily work up quite a good practice in her own neighborhood, where people who could not afford the regular \$25 a week, might be thankful to pay \$10 for trained nursing, which so often counts for more than doctoring. But that is just where a girl's character would either help or hinder her. The neighborhood would know whether you were a bright, unselfish, kind-hearted girl, whom it would be good to have in the house; or a sharp-tongued, a gossiping, or a grumbling girl, who would complain of every discomfort, and do the patient more harm than good. So if you can't train for nursing just now, you can begin to train for character! C. D.

Dear Friend,—Having been a silent reader of "The Farmer's Advocate," and now nursing a sore leg, I take the pleasure of writing a few lines to the Young People's Department; but, as "The Farmer's Advocate" is so full, you perhaps won't find room to publish such a letter as this.



Daffodils.