

and helps in the home life, she has a perfect right in the home profits, unless her people are too poor to keep her. In that case, she would better go and work for somebody else. You ask the question, "Is living with a brother and his wife likely to be pleasant for an unmarried girl?" I would answer, Not in one instance out of a hundred. As a general rule, when the new wife comes into the home, she is the lady of the house, and the unmarried sister is supposed to do the drudgery, as she is depending on her brother for a home. No, no; I would never leave my daughter depending on her brother for a home. Of course, boys and girls are supposed to have more than just wages, as they are not only working for themselves; but the parents have been working for them ever since they were born. That is the ambition of all good parents, to have something for the children. But, of course, when we are dividing, we are supposed to give the boys the land property and provide a home for them, as they are supposed to provide for a wife and family; while, if the daughter marries, her husband is supposed to provide for her, and the father should give her into her husband's care with a good stock of clothes and furniture for her and her home, in accordance with his means; some stock, and some pocket-money to start with, so she will be independent for a while. But if she remains single, I think she has equal rights with the brother, and she should be left so she would not be depending on him for a home, or have to accept anybody she does not want. Of course, some poor people cannot provide for their families; in that case, I would say to the daughter, if she has not been educated to fill some of the good positions which girls can get now, to go into some respectable family and work for wages; and if the right man never comes along, she will be at least independent. All girls who help in the poultry business, or any other paying business, should have a share of the profits to do as they please with; and if they just help in the general work, they should not only have as good clothing as the father and mother can afford to give them, but they should also have some pocket money to do as they please with, to teach them how to spend money and how to economize.

I like that chatty letter from Frontenac County; it was almost like having a visit with someone from there. I think conditions are about the same here as there. Like that gentleman, I think the editorials are worth the price of the paper. I hope that lady from Nova Scotia will not have too bad an opinion of the Ontario farmer. Those that I am acquainted with do wash themselves occasionally, and there are a few bath-tubs which are not used for hens' nests or for ornament either.

I like all the editorials. It is fine to read the opinions of different people; in fact, we like the whole paper.

A MOTHER OF SONS AND DAUGHTERS.

Hastings Co., Ont.

OUR DICTIONARY PREMIUM.

An indispensable volume in every farm home is a good dictionary of the English language. Memory is treacherous; new words are constantly coming into usage, and in correspondence nearly every week inquiry is made as to how this or that word should be spelled, or what is its meaning? Many words have several significations, and the dictionary must be taken down to settle the dispute. Then there are questions of pronunciation, technical terms, abbreviations, forms of address, phrases in foreign languages, etc., of interest to various members of the household, and especially to the young people attending school, in connection with home studies and their correspond-

ence. The popular premiums offered by "The Farmer's Advocate and Home Magazine" to those who obtain new subscribers, have included many excellent volumes, and we have frequently been urged to include a comprehensive dictionary in the list, but the difficulty has been to find one combining the necessary merit, at a moderate cost. At last, however, we have been fortunate in securing the Chambers' Twentieth Century Dictionary, with which we feel certain our readers will be delighted as a premium. It is cloth-bound, profusely illustrated, and, although of very convenient size, owing to the superior quality of paper

The Quiet Hour.

A WONDERFUL OPPORTUNITY.

"A child's deep eyes were upon me,
And held me as with a spell;
But why, thought I, should I wonder
At a sight I know so well?"

"Then I paused, for a thought crept
O'er me,
As I tarried with doubtful feet:
God's holy angels are keeping watch
O'er these children in the street."

The other day I came in feeling unusually tired after a busy day among

them every day. Just think of the wonderful opportunity that is ours—the opportunity of "receiving" the Son of God, GOD HIMSELF, in the person of any little child we meet. With that thought warm at the heart, how glad we, who are given the privilege of working especially among the children, should be. Our Lord's tenderness towards little children can hardly fail to touch one's heart. He always seems to have been so glad to press an innocent child to His loving heart. It is not only the guardian angels who are deeply interested in these wild street-children, I am very sure of that. As I lean out of the window of our little tenement, high up in the narrow street, listening to the noisy, happy children shouting down below (for city children are by no means the miserable specimens of humanity that some people love to picture them), I sometimes look up in awed, yet sweet certainty that my dear Lord is looking down on them too, that He is glad to know that I love them—these rough, dirty, affectionate little souls. The other day, when I was shut in with a lame knee, our little sitting-room was crowded with visitors—the children who had come up to see how I was—and I know that Christ made one of that contented company. I got out a pile of "Farmer's Advocates," and they studied them thoroughly, asking each other riddles from the "Children's Corner," reading jokes aloud, and completely ignoring the "Quiet Hour." If they had cared to read that, I should have thought them most unnatural, for it is not written for children.

But I have been rambling on, talking to you as though we were chatting together, forgetting that this weekly opportunity of a talk with you should be something more than a pleasant conversation. I have offered you a "wonderful opportunity," even the opportunity of receiving into your homes the Lord of the whole earth. Think how pleased Zaccheus was when our Lord looked up and said: "Zaccheus. . . . I must abide at thy house." Would you not be glad if He said that to you?—and that is exactly what He is saying: "Whoever shall receive one of such children in My Name, receiveth Me."

Yesterday I received a letter from the "Toronto Children's Fresh-Air Mission," asking me to put a short letter about their work in a May number of "The Farmer's Advocate," and the full account in the middle of June. So I am only reminding you that we are getting near the time when you may "receive"



Adagio.

From a painting by G. A. Reid, P. R. C. A.

used, contains over 1,200 pages, and bids fair to supersede all other inexpensive dictionaries. At the price, we have never seen its equal, and it certainly does credit to the old publishing house of W. R. Chambers, Limited, of London and Edinburgh. We are in a position to offer it, post-paid, as a premium to our readers who obtain two new subscribers to "The Farmer's Advocate and Home Magazine," and trust that in every neighborhood many will avail themselves of so favorable an opportunity to equip themselves with a work so useful, so excellent, and so up-to-date.

the children. I was almost too weary to read, but opened my Bible at random, hoping to find something simple and restful as a pillow for my aching head. And God was good to me, as He always is. This was the message He laid in my hand: "And He took a child, and set him in the midst of them; and when he had taken him in His arms, He said unto them, Whosoever shall receive one of such children in My Name, receiveth Me: and whosoever shall receive Me, receiveth not Me, but Him that sent Me." Surely a text like that is enough to glorify the most commonplace existence—for God's little children are everywhere, and we may minister to



Interior of Residence of Mr. G. A. Reid.