

we can begin to examine them seriously; as it is, Christianity stands supreme in its countless lives of devoted self-sacrifice. The lives of true Christians are, and have always been, the most convincing proofs of Christianity's claims. The responsibility lies on all professing Christians to witness for Christ. Are we doing it, in the place where He has stationed us?

"God asks not what, but whence thy Work is—from the fruit
He turns His eye away, to prove the inmost root."

HOPE.

Dear Hope,—I am again sending you a poem for the "Quiet Hour." I am not at all satisfied with it; it comes so far short of expressing the thought in mind. However, I send it, hoping it may have in it a helpful thought for some reader of "The Farmer's Advocate." We appreciate your talks so much, dear Hope. Personally, I find in them, from week to week, an inspiration to better service, which we so much need in these busy days.

Yours, with best wishes,
(MRS.) M. C. HAYWARD.
Corinth, Ont.

Children's Corner.

The Little Brown Frog.

Twenty little frogs were splashing about in a pool. It was a fine morning, and the sun was shining on the nice green water, so they were having a jolly time, chasing one another about in the mud, and taking headers off the bank. It was not so long since they had been poor little pollywogs, who, you know, have no strong back legs to jump with. This made them feel particularly jolly, and as the old frogs had been at a concert the night before and were taking an extra nap, there was no one about to bother. A frog concert must be very tiring, for instead of letting one or two people do all the singing, while the others sit comfortably listening with their eyes shut, at these queer concerts everybody sings with all his might. They take turns in stopping for a rest, but, all the same, it must be tiring, and I think the young frogs might have been quieter that morning. However, the old ones were quite too sleepy to say anything.

I remember now, there were only nineteen little frogs splashing in the sun. One was sitting all by herself on the bank behind a stone. Some of the others thought she was sulky, which was partly true; but still we must be a little sorry for the sulky little frog, who was very, very miserable. And the reason was this: while all the other frogs she knew had pretty green backs, and delicate pink or yellow legs, she was a dull brownish color, and not pretty at all. Don't you think this was enough to take away all her pleasure in the sunshine, so that she thought she would never want to play again? Until a week ago, she had been as happy a frog as any of them, for she had always supposed herself to be just like all her friends, and no one thought it worth while to tell her she was not.

But one day, an ugly old toad came waddling along the bank. She was very jealous of the frogs, because she could not see why she should not have been made a pretty green color, too, with springs in her hind legs like theirs. She was always cross and grumpy, and she despised her relations, the toads, so she led a very unhappy life. The only little bit of pleasure she ever had, she got out of making somebody else miserable. So here was a great chance for her! The Little Brown Frog had just returned to the bank after a long dive, and sat panting a little, and enjoying the warm sun on her wet back.

The old toad, her malicious eyes glittering in her ugly face, hopped over beside her. The Little Brown Frog moved away a little, because she hated anything ugly; but directly she was afraid she had hurt the toad's feelings, so she tried to think of something pleasant to say.

"It is a fine day, ma'am," she croaked, politely. One can always speak about the weather, if nothing better comes

Take Time.

There are golden hours that pass our way;
There are moments that might be sweet;
There are heaven-sent opportunities
Lying all about our feet.
There are aching hearts that we might cheer,
By a loving look or smile,
Or a quiet talk, just dropping a word
In the Master's name the while.
There are little ones, too, about our way,
Perhaps by our very side,
Whose soft eyes plead for our tenderest love,
And a gentle hand to guide.
But the busy days pass swiftly by,
Each filled with its round of care;
There is much, so much, we would like to do,
If we had the time to spare.
But we must not lose in the race of life;
We must toil and get and gain,
Till burdened mind, and tensioned nerve,
Feel the weight of the constant strain.
But which, dear heart, when the race is run,
In the light of Eternity,

The things we have missed, or the things we have gained,
Of greater worth will be?
We live in the rush of a fevered age,
When the glamor of gold is bright;
When material wealth seems in reach of all
Who seek it with will and might.
And labor is noble, a boon to man;
God blesses the sons of toil;
But we need to watch lest these souls of ours
Become dwarfed in constant toil.
Lest in gathering treasures that fade away,
That we die and leave behind,
We forget that treasure-house above,
By our Father's love designed.
That mansion fair into which He builds
All the good that we do or say;
Is it unadorned, or does it grow
More fair with each passing day?
For each deed of love, each kindly word,
Each pure, unselfish thought,
We will find again, in a setting rare
By the Master Workman wrought.
Oh! methinks 'twould be sad—if sadness could be—
In that beautiful home above,
To find in our mansion no treasures rare,
No gems of unselfish love.
Not the truly rich are they who hold
The gold of earth in store;
But they who use what God has given,
By sending it on before.

For material wealth will have no place
In the treasures God stores away.
Not what we have, but what we have done,
Will count in that last great day.
Yes, time is precious, but soon, soon,
'Twill be gone from you and me.
Take time, while time is yours, dear heart,
To build for Eternity.
M. CARRIE HAYWARD.

Your verses are beautiful, Mrs. Hayward. You have surpassed yourself this time. We can generally find time to do the things which seem to us most important, but your words are a reminder that it is well to make sure that the things we do find time for are the most important things—for us.

I wish to express my thanks to E. A. C. and Mrs. Hayward for their helpful encouragement. I am often afraid that our readers must grow tired of my attempts at sermonizing, and I know that I am very apt to harp on one string—talk "shop," you know.

HOPE.

Dear Hope,—Your Quiet Hour talks have helped me many times when I have been, oh! so weary and, often, faint-hearted with life's battle. I watch eagerly for your "talk" each week, and wish to thank you for your help. E. A. C.

quickly into one's head, and the good-natured little frog did not want to seem stiff. Then she prepared to take another dive.

"Don't go yet, my dear," said the old toad, in a hurry, softening her hoarse voice into what she thought a sympathetic tone. "I've been watching you a long time, and hoping for a chance to say a kind word to you. You must often be very sad, my poor dear, though you try to be cheerful."

"Me sad!" cried the Little Brown Frog, in such surprise that she quite forgot her grammar. "Oh! no, ma'am, never! What could I be sad about?" The toad smiled sympathetically (at least she meant to, but what she really produced was a malicious grin).

"My poor young thing, you can't deceive an old person like me! Every young person likes to be at least as

But all day long, as she played about the pool, she kept thinking about it. In the evening, when the sun was getting low in the sky, she went off by herself for a quiet walk. She had not gone far from her own pool before she came to a cottage. The Little Brown Frog loved adventures, and she set out to explore the garden, which was full of sweet-smelling flowers. After a while she came to the backyard. The ground was quite bare here, so she kept close to the cottage wall among the long grass, for fear she might be seen. And that was how she ran into a big tub, which had been set there to catch rain water. There was a beard slanting against the tub, and the Little Brown Frog, being very curious to see what was at the top, began carefully to hop up it, looking round to make sure that no one was there.

and the Little Brown Frog was left to think her unhappy thoughts. C. D.
(To be concluded.)

The Letter Box.

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—My Papa takes "The Farmer's Advocate," and has taken it for a number of years, and likes it very much. I am going to High School now. I wrote on your composition, "Empire Day on a Farm," quite a long time ago, and got a prize, which I liked very much. I have a dear little cousin who lives quite near us, and comes to our place quite near us, and two years old, and talks so funnily. I often tell him he's Dutch, and he does not like it. I live about one and a half miles from the city of Hamilton, and I go there to school. I go to the Collegiate Institute, and like it very well. We have a different teacher every 45 minutes in the morning, and every 40 minutes in the afternoon. I have two brothers smaller than I am. We have a cow and one little calf and three horses, but we have no dogs, only one cat, but it is a very nice cat. We have a lot of grapes, peaches, berries, apples, pears, plums and cherries, but no grain. Now, I think I will close, and not take up any more room of the "Corner."

MYRTLE AWREY (age 12).
Hamilton, Ont.

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—I have been going to write to you before, but I never got it done. I think children do not write enough letters to the Children's Corner, so I thought I would write and tell you that I would be glad to see this letter in print. I am in the Fourth Book, and I have a good many studies. I have one dog and four cats, two of which are lovely little woolly kittens. I like them the best. I must not take up too much room this time. I hope that every little boy and girl will write some time or other, for I enjoy reading the Children's Corner. I will give you a riddle next time if I see this in print.

HOMER W. McMULLEN (age 13).
Zimmerman P. O., Ont.

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—As I saw a letter in "The Farmer's Advocate" from my cousin, I thought I would write, too. I live on a farm of one hundred acres. We have ten cows, eight calves, and four horses. Our horses' names are: Prince, Dick, Barney and Nellie. I have three sisters and three brothers. One of my brothers is in New Ontario; the other two built a silo this summer. I have about a mile to go to school. I will close now, wishing "The Farmer's Advocate" every success.

MAGGIE E. AGAR (age 9).

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—I thought I would write a small letter to the Children's Corner. I am in the Third Class at school, and expect to try for the Fourth at Christmas. We have taken



An Autumn Picnic Party.

beautiful as those around him. It is a terrible misfortune to be born ugly."

The poor Little Brown Frog was quite frightened at these words. She tried to think that the old toad was speaking of her own ugliness; but no, she plainly meant that something was the matter with herself. She lounged to ask what it was, but fright took away her voice, and she could only stare at the wicked old toad, who was delighted at the mischief she had done.

"Ah! my poor lamb," she croaked as she hopped off. "You have a miserable life before you. It may be a little comfort to remember that one person, at least, was sorry for you!"

The Little Brown Frog turned and twisted her head, but as her eyes had not been arranged for looking at herself, she could not tell what the old toad meant. If she had only given up trying to find out, she might have gone on being as happy as ever.

Well, when she got to the top, you can guess what she saw! The water in the tub was clear and still, like a looking-glass, and underneath her was the picture of a small frog, the queerest frog she had ever seen, for its color was what she thought a very ugly brown. Now, she knew enough to be sure that this must be a picture of herself. It was such a shock to her feelings that she almost fainted into the tub. For she knew now what the wretched old toad meant, and she believed that she must always be miserable, because she was ugly.

So for a whole week she sat under a stone, and wouldn't play with the other frogs, nor tell them what was the matter. No wonder they thought she was sulky! The poor little thing was sure they must be laughing at her behind her back. But they really wanted her to come and play, for she had always been a jolly little thing, and they missed her. However, in time they all gave her up,