

Madly I fought as we fought to
gether,
In vain: the little Christian band
The pagans drown'd, as in stormy
weather
The river drowns low-lying land.

They bound my blood-stain'd hands
together,
They bound his corpse to nod by
my side:
Then on we rode, in the bright March
weather,
With clash of cymbals did we ride.

We ride no more, no more together;
My prison-bars are thick and
strong,
I take no heed of any weather,
The sweet saints grant I live not
long.

The Peel County Flower-garden Competition.

Readers of "The Farmer's Advocate" will remember that, last spring, an announcement of a rather unusual nature was made in these columns. That announcement, although it concerned only Peel County, Ontario, was, we hope, of interest to our subscribers in all parts of the world. What is heralded for one small speck on the map of this continent might be the inspiration for a similar movement in any part of Canada, the United States, even in far-away Australia or New Zealand. To come to the point, in May of this year a lawyer of Toronto, Mr. James Pearson, who, by reason of owning six hundred acres of land in the beautiful Caledon Mountain district, has become interested in farming affairs, and especially in the farming affairs of Peel County, instituted a flower-garden competition, to be announced through the columns of this journal. The conditions were that all competitors must own at least fifty acres of land, and be subscribers of "The Farmer's Advocate." The greatest liberty was allowed with regard to the size and planning of the gardens, taste in arrangement to be considered more than extent or cost, the prizes offered being thirty, twenty and ten dollars, respectively, for the three best gardens.

Seven competitors responded to Mr. Pearson's very generous offer, viz.: (1) Mrs. D. N. Potter, Lot 19, 6th Concession, East Caledon, Mono Mills, P. O.; (2) Miss Mona Kay, 1st Concession, north of Dundas St., Toronto Tp., Erindale P. O.; (3) Miss A. L. Wharram, Lot 5, 1st Concession, Albion Tp., Sand Hill P. O.; (4) Miss Ethel Dolson, Lot 16, 4th Concession west, Chinguacousy Tp., Norval Station P. O.; (5) Mrs. A. McLean, Lot 20, 2nd Line, west, Chinguacousy Tp., Snelgrove P. O.; (6) Mrs. Hiram Caslor, Lot 32, 2nd Concession, west, Chinguacousy Tp., Boston Mills P. O.; (7) Miss Cassie MacDonald, Lot 2, Concession 5, West Caledon, Rockside P. O.

The gardens resulting from the efforts of these competitors were judged during the first week of August by Mr. Pearson himself, Mrs. Wm. Dawson, Parkhill, Ont., and "Dame Durden," of "The Farmer's Advocate" staff, and the prizes were awarded as follows:

First Prize.—Mrs. D. N. Potter, Mono Mills.

Second Prize.—Miss Cassie MacDonald, Rockside.

Third Prize.—Miss A. L. Wharram, Sand Hill.

"The Farmer's Advocate" heartily congratulates these prizewinners on their success; also Mr. Pearson on his success in having been the originator of a movement that may eventually result not only in more beautiful homes and the addition of the refinement that the presence of flowers always gives, throughout Peel County, but in many other parts of Canada, also. The spirit of gardening spreads; one fine flower plot on a line often results in similar plots all along that line, and we anticipate

that this will be the natural course of events in Peel County.

We may say that those who failed in winning a prize have no cause for discouragement. They have made a good beginning, and, as Mr. Pearson's offer is continuous, they will have a chance to try another year. At all events, we have no doubt that these competitors feel quite repaid in having the flowers about, and in always being provided with cut flowers for the table.

A detailed account of the judging trip through Peel County, with photos accompanying, will be given by "Dame Durden" at an early date.

Hope's Quiet Hour.

Ye Shall Know.

At that day ye shall know that I am in My Father, and ye in Me, and I in you.—S. John xiv. : 20.

If any man willeth to do His will, he shall know of the teaching, whether it be of God, or whether I speak from Myself.—S. John vii. : 17 (R.V.).

Did you ever realize the tremendous nature of the promise contained in these texts? "Ye shall know that I am in My Father." "He shall know of the teaching whether it be of God."

So many people are doubtfully asking—asking with their lips or in their hearts—"Is the Gospel story true? Can we be sure that JESUS is Divine?" And, with calm certainty, the Master proclaims His great promise to His faithful disciples, "Ye shall know."

Does He fulfil that promise? Ask the great multitude which no man can number! Old and young, ignorant and learned, rich and poor, black and white echo the triumphant words of the Apostle, "I know Whom I have believed!"

Strong in their certainty that the Lord Himself stood with them to strengthen them, they have quietly faced lions in the amphitheatre, endured tortures which we hardly dare to describe, joyously embraced the cross of pain, or have sung hymns of victory as they burned to death at the stake. Nor is that all. Thousands of souls are living quietly for Christ every day. Many of them know nothing about the latest discoveries in Bible lands, and are absolutely ignorant of the arguments of the higher or lower critics. Some of them are up-to-date, in all these matters. But the important

fact for each is the certainty that JESUS is indeed "Emmanuel"—God with us.

How do they know? How can you know, if you feel doubtful? Is there any sure way of claiming the great promise: "Ye shall know?"

Why, of course there is. The way is plainly marked out. That very question was asked our Lord the night before He died, and was fully answered. One of the disciples asked Him how He would make Himself known to them and yet leave the world in ignorance. The answer was that one who loved Him, proving his love by obedience, should be the beloved of the Father; and, He said, "We will come unto him, and make our abode with him."

This manifestation may be the result of many years of obedience—obedience in thought and word as well as act—or it may come suddenly. "If any man willeth to do His will, he shall know." We have an instance of this in the case of the penitent thief. He suddenly made up his mind to have done with the evil of the past, but there was no time to prove his love by years of obedience. Christ took the will for the deed, and manifested Himself to him swiftly but surely. At once that man who "willed to do His will" recognized his King—recognized Him through all the shame and helplessness which were His disguise.

But with most of us the certainty is a gradual growth. Sometimes we live a "life of doubt diversified by faith;" sometimes our faith grows stronger and we live a life "of faith diversified by doubt," as Browning expresses it in "Bishop Blougram's Apology." But, as he goes on to explain:

"I say, faith is my waking life: One sleeps, indeed, and dreams at intervals, We know, but waking's the main point with us, And my provision's for life's waking part."

In Guy Thorne's remarkable book, "When it was Dark," the fact that belief in the present Christ is a matter of the spirit and heart, rather than of the intellect, is very ably brought out.

The story is this, in brief: A wicked millionaire is determined to crush Christianity, so he strikes at its root—the historical authenticity of the Resurrection of its Founder. He causes a Greek inscription to be engraved on a stone in an old tomb in Jerusalem, an inscription professing to be a confession of Joseph of Arimathea that he had hidden the body of Jesus and told the disciples

that the Master had risen. This is discovered by a man of science, and the news is telegraphed all over the world. Wickedness and crime break out when the restraint of Christianity is suddenly removed. War breaks out in all directions, and many despairing people commit suicide.

But—though they cannot prove that this "new discovery" is a sham and a fraud—the faith of many is unshaken. They know the Living Christ, their communion with Him is the great Fact of everyday life, it is a matter of personal experience and not affected by anything outside. One of them voices the feeling of many when he says:

"Christ is within; I have found Him myself without possibility of mistake; day and night I am in communion with Him."

Another declares that the people who are "called" Christians may be swayed by infidel writings, but it is "because they have never found Christ. Unreal words, shallow emotions, unbalanced sentiment, leave such as these without armour in a time of tumult and conflicting cries. But if we know Him, if we can look back over a life richer and fuller because we have known Him, if we know, every man, the plague of his own heart, then your explorers may discover anything and we shall not believe."

One young girl, who had loved and served Christ all her life, went quietly on with her work and prayers, though "the church she loved seemed tottering, a horrid confusion and anarchy was everywhere." She could not understand, but she was always sure of the Master who was all the world to her.

Of course this forged "proof" was a very serious matter, and peace was not restored until it was proved to be false, but it could not weaken the faith of those who knew that Christ was their Great Companion.

Consider the case of a good man who is accused of having committed a great crime. Perhaps circumstantial evidence seems to establish his guilt, but he resolutely declares his innocence. The world may lose trust in him because of apparent proofs which witness against him, but his tortured heart draws comfort from the trustful loyalty of those who really know him. His mother and the woman whose hand is clasped close in his—women who have seen the whiteness of his soul—are not shaken in their loyalty and faith by any so-called "proofs." How it would hurt him if one who had claimed friendship with him before this time of testing should say: "Show me proof of your innocence and I will glad-



Beauty Spots of Canada. Sunrise on Lake Joseph, Ontario.