

THE QUIET HOUR

A BIT OF HEAVEN HERE.

By ADELBERT F. CALDWELL.

I don't see the need of waitin' for a
heaven by-and-bye,
For a place where joy and happiness
are found;
If we only look for heaven we can find it
fore we die,
For it's scattered in profusion all
around.

We talk of "sparklin' rivers flowin' by
the throne of God,"
And of "green fields"—why, we see
'em every day;
It's not the rivers make the difference,
for the same God made 'em all,
And that heavenly fields are greener,
who can say!

We talk of heavenly music, and long so
for the time
To catch the richest strains ear ever
heard!
There's music all about us, a harmony
divine—
There's heaven in the carol of a bird.

Of "lilies of the field" we read, and
think those days no more,
And wish God now their lessons would
unfold—
He does, for every lily that blooms upon
this earth
Contains His message writ in white
and gold.

Then why complain that heaven lies far
off from our ken—
A bit of it's in everything He's made.
Alas for him who sees it not; the reason
must be plain,
His talent for perceiving it is "in a
napkin laid."

SHE MADE DRUDGERY AN ART.

A woman of fine character, a great actress, had to do the housework of her large family when hard times came. She had the artistic temperament that loves the ideal, the æsthetic, and finds its highest joy in mental work. The menial drudgery of housework was irksome and repellent to her. She bravely determined to do it so the home might not be ascrificed during the period of financial distress. She had herself well in hand, and did not allow her emotions whims and moods to control her. She understood the workings of certain psychic laws. She knew if she faced her daily round of never-ending and

exacting cares with sullen, rebellious discontent, she would deplete her very life, brutalize herself and be irritably tired at night and inharmonious all the time. She also knew if she approached her work in the negative, spiritless attitude of dogged endurance she would enslave herself and destroy her spiritual grace, and become a mere working machine. She resolved to master it. She made it an art. She took the same keen interest in learning ways to simplify and beautify the endless details of housework that some women take in learning a new pattern of lace. She did her work as far as she was able with the same exquisite daintiness and lightness of touch. She knew the best "texture" and "quality" of bread as she did those of velvet or silk, and in her hands a piece of bread became interesting. As she really disliked housework temperamentally, she did not feel the thrill of joy in perfect accomplishment that genuine housekeepers that love their work do, but she experienced a glow of satisfaction in labor well done, and felt the comforting upliftment of spirit we all feel when we have triumphed when the odds seemed all against us. She could not help occasionally thinking, after days of especially tiresome cares, "I never will be able to act with grace, subtlety, finesse again."

She would sometimes look regretfully at her hands, roughened with kitchen-work, and wonder if she could ever use them again with facile ease in expressive gesture. Lo! When she returned to the stage her work was finer, more convincing than it had ever been before. "The gray angel of success," as Drudgery, not inappropriately, has been called, had not forgotten her faithfulness in executing the small, uninteresting details of housework, nor the cheerfulness and courage with which she faced the distasteful labor. Among the priceless gifts that Drudgery gave her was perfect poise. In mastering disagreeable duties, she had "gotten hold of herself." Self-mastery everywhere commands admiration, confidence, and respect. An actress more than any other worker needs this self-mastery. The public pay their money to see her at her best in whatever line she appears, and they resent, subconsciously, if not consciously, any appeal to their sympathies through illness, timidity, or lack of poise. The actress who figures in this recouital had such absolute surety of touch, such authority, that she dominated easily and graciously without

seeming to do so. She was deft and flexible in her movements, and more subtle in her interpretations; in truth, she was more artistic in her acting than she had ever been. She had experienced physical weariness and discomforts; but, wisely directed labor, such as hers had been, proved wholesome exercise, and unawares she had been spiritually beautified, for with smiling determination, day by day, she had asserted her spirit. If she had made a martyr of herself in doing her housework, she

would have returned to the stage deteriorated physically and spiritually, but she made her re-entrance as a conqueror with greater breadth and freedom, and the fearless ease born of the experience of cheerfully mastering tasks that seemed unspeakably burdensome. Every task that we master adds to our reserve fund of strength and spiritual force. Every task that masters us depletes our spiritual force and decreases our strength of character.—Selected from "Success is for You."

CHILDREN'S CORNER

BE SURE YOU GET THOSE PRIZES

Dear Cousin Dorothy:—This is my first letter to the FARMER'S ADVOCATE, and I would like very much to see it in print. I have five brothers and one half-sister married and living in Lindsay. My two brothers and I go to school and are in the third book. The trustees are going to give two prizes to the scholars, one for best attendance and one for general proficiency. We have a threshing outfit, and we live seven miles north of Oxbow. We have fifteen working horses, four spring colts and seven milking cows. We have a mile and a quarter to go to school. We have taken the FARMER'S ADVOCATE for many years and we like it fine.

(Age 9 yrs.) HETTY FAWCETT.

THINKS WE HAVE A CHEERY CORNER.

Dear Cousin Dorothy:—I have just been reading in the FARMER'S ADVOCATE and thought I would like to join your cheery corner. I live on a farm about seven miles south-east of Bowen. We have a separator and are milking thirteen cows. We have four horses and one colt. The colt's name is Mr. Dooley. I have a pony, her name is Kitty, and I ride her to school. I have three sisters but no brothers. I am going to school and I am in the third class.

GARDIE ELPHICK.

THANKS FOR THE HEATHER.

Dear Cousin Dorothy:—I thought I would write a short letter to the FARMER'S ADVOCATE. It is my first letter. I am a little girl nine years old. I have four pets, a cat and a kitten and two dogs. I call my kitten Tiny, and my cat Topsy. One of my dogs is Sport and the other one Colie. I have two little colts. We have twelve horses and colts, and about twenty-three cattle. I have twenty little chickens ten turkeys and about fifty hens. We are having very windy weather now, I

had the scarlet fever this summer, so, I couldn't go to school. I have a nice flower garden.

(Age 9 yrs.) RHEA PEARL FORDER.

P.S. I am sending a piece of heather from Scotland.
(Thank you so much for the sprig of heather. It was a beautiful piece. I am not Scotch but I like Scotch books, Scotch music, Scotch short cake and heather).



GOOD FRIENDS.

Dear Cousin Dorothy:—This is my first letter to Children's Corner; and I hope to see it in print. My father has taken the FARMER'S ADVOCATE for a long time, and I like to read the Children's Corner. We live on a farm two miles from Percival, and a mile and a half from school. I go to school every day. I have reading, history, literature, dictation, geography, grammar and sometimes agriculture, for my studies. I must close now, for this time.

MABEL HAWKES.

Dear Cousin Dorothy:—I have intended to write to the corner for a long time. So I just made up my mind to-day to write a letter to the corner telling about this new country.

We are ten miles from Strassburg, Saskatchewan. It is the end of the railroad just now, but it won't be the end of the railroad very long. For they have surveyed another town seven miles from us and there is some talk of them laying the rails for that this fall.

I like this country fine, we came here May 2nd, 1906. We are two miles from a range of hills. Most of the people call them mountains. We drove up in them and drove up on the highest peak of them. It was very pretty scenery.

There is a small lake at the foot of the mountains. It is very pretty scenery to look across the lake and upon the sides of the mountain in the summer time for the mountains are so green.

My father has 480 acres of land. I am twelve years old, my birthday is on the 10th of Sept. I am in the fourth book. I did not go to school this summer for it is just a new settled country for there is no school here yet, but there will perhaps be a school here in a month for they know were the school is going to be. It will be one mile and a half from us.

I would have liked very much to have had you come and see the prairie in the summer time for it was covered with the prettiest flowers I ever saw. The flowers were simply lovely. There were many different kinds of flowers from what I ever saw down at Wellwood, Manitoba, where I used to live.

My father takes the FARMER'S ADVOCATE and I like to read the Children's Corner.

I think I will close. Hoping my letter does not find the waste basket.

GRACE MCNEE.



THE DAY'S WORK DONE.