

**Should Our Children Have an Allowance.**

(Written for the "Farmer's Advocate.")

There is a great difference of opinion amongst parents as to the advisability of allowing children to have money of their own to spend. Surely they should. As soon as a child knows one coin from another, it should be taught its value—and with possession learn the responsibility that money brings, be it much or little. It is the lack of management that cripples many a man and woman in later life. However small the amount given to each child, let it be given on some day, Saturday or Monday, with absolute regularity. Give it with perfect trust, and no restrictions. "Pay day" will be a glad day to the little ones, and one of the bright times to look forward to. Then suggest saving for the "rainy" day, and present each child with a bank book, opening the account with a small amount if you can afford it. There will at once arise a new interest, and competition will be induced. Advise that half their money should always go to the bank. This will soon become habit, one of the strongest forces we possess, and the most fixed. Now and then have a cosy talk with the children as to how they spend their money. There may be some amusement to yourself, and some sad little confession to make, but you will get the trend of each child's commercial capacity, and will know just where to advise the too generous, and where to check the too-saving propensity, which might lead to meanness in later life. Let them save up for little birthday gifts to each other—but especially father and mother—and at Christmas allow them to open the money-box or withdraw something from the bank to do their very own Christmas shopping. Augment this whether the crops have been good or not—don't imagine you can't afford it—with a bright, new, twenty-five cent piece. It will make your slender purse, perhaps, lighter, but you can save it some other way. The children will be stimulated to further efforts in the next year, and will soon learn to plan for themselves too. This is the best way to build up self-reliant, independent characters, who will be useful to themselves and the world, and who will bless you for your foresight.

THOUGHTS.

An antidote for sorrow is work. Do not sit and nurse your grief. Help someone else less strong to bear the world's trials, and you will surely ease your own. It is the uprising from some big trouble which forms character. The aphorism always holds good, "Time wasted is existence used in life," and it is only those who have known sorrow who really live.

Do be bright. If you realized how a cheery word helps poor, tired, struggling humanity through its day, would you withhold it? I am sure not, it costs so little. Throw in with it a bright smile too—that is the God-given tonic within you. Be lavish with it, in the home, on the farm, everywhere, and remember the lonely stranger without the gate—his need is greatest.

Pembina Crossing, Man. SPHINX.

**Our Premiums Appreciated.**

Please find enclosed \$1.50, for a new subscriber to the "Farmer's Advocate and Home Magazine." I think I will take the ladies' wrist bag for my premium. I received the other wrist bag all right, and think it is worth while trying to get new subscribers. The premium is well worth \$1.00.

MARTIN E. MILLER, Oxford Co., Ont.

Enclosed you will find \$3, for two new subscribers. For my premium I wish the curb-link sterling silver bracelet and two friendship hearts. I have read your paper for about four years, and I think I wouldn't want to be any place where they don't get it. I think that it is the best paper, and well worth the money, so I thought I would send a few new subscribers, and will probably send a few more later on. Hoping to receive premium, I am—

Waterloo, Ont. ELLEN WOOLNER.



**Growing Young.**

"Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of Heaven."—S. Matt., xviii., 3.

"Old—are we growing old?—

Life blooms as we travel on  
Up the hills, into fresh, lovely dawn;  
We are children who do but begin  
The sweetness of life to win.  
Because Heaven is in us, to bud and unfold,  
We are younger for growing old!"

When I was a child people often told me that youth was the happiest time of life, and that troubles would be heavier and more numerous as I grew older. But I certainly have not found that those croakers were true prophets. Has my life, then, been only the exception that proves the rule, or is the rule itself a false theory? Why should we depress the glad spirits of those who are just starting life's journey by telling them that, though their sky may be bright now, yet the clouds will grow heavier and blacker each year? This is certainly not the Bible teaching concerning those who are trying to tread the narrow path of righteousness, for their road is said to shine "more and more," not only for a few years, but right on to the end,—which is really the beginning—"unto the perfect day." As Zechariah

extreme old age and the sinner, who, "being an hundred years old, shall be accursed." Someone has said that in heaven the angels are always advancing toward the springtime of their youth, so that those who have lived the longest are really the youngest.

But everybody doesn't grow "young." It is terribly true that youthful excesses are "drafts upon old age, payable with interest about thirty years after date." Indeed, more often than not, those debts have to be paid, with very heavy interest, in a much nearer future than thirty years. If we wish to grow young we must live healthy, wholesome lives—not only physically but morally. More than that, we must cultivate the spiritual part of our nature—the "inward man" must be "renewed" day by day. This can only be done by lifting up the soul to God, fixing our attention continually on Him, even as "the eyes of servants look unto the hand of their masters; or as the eyes of a maiden look unto the hand of her mistress; so our eyes wait upon the LORD our God."

If we are living that kind of a life, having our eyes opened more every day to the invisible things of God, then we may rest in childlike confidence in our Father's arms, for He has said: "Even to your old age I am He; and even to hoar hairs will I carry you: I have made and I will bear; even I will carry, and will deliver you." But we

learn to lay ourselves quietly, without fear, on His broad, brave wings, so that we may be well practiced when the last hard fight that is to carry us through the portals of death, is before us."

There is no doubt of the fact that we shall reap as we have sown: "That which hath been is now .....and God requireth that which is past." To give up youth to vice is, as Burns expresses it, to give up a slice of one's constitution. A man must pay dearly for his sins, even in this life, for the path leading to destruction is not made very pleasant. No one can deny that "the way of transgressors is hard." On the other hand, one who chooses the narrow path which leads to life, finds new and vigorous life all along the way. "Length of days is in her right hand; and in her left hand riches and honour; her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace. She is a tree of life to them that lay hold upon her: and happy is everyone that retaineth her."

The people who live the longest do not always get the most out of life. Our Lord's life on earth was a short one, and yet who can estimate the power and influence it has exerted? Think of all the hospitals, schools and other institutions for the good of the human race, think of all the sermons that have been preached, the books that have been written, and the countless lives that have been nobly lived as the direct result of that short life, lived out so quietly in the little country of Palestine nearly 2,000 years ago.

On the other hand, a life may be very long—as the world counts length of days—and yet be very useless: "Yea, though he live a thousand years twice told, yet hath he seen no good."

Every day leaves its mark. We live always in the light, every word or thought is photographed, as it were, and so the impression is retained. The old painters used to make the disciple whom Jesus loved look like his Master, and if we live with Christ, reflecting his image faithfully, we, too, shall be changed slowly but surely into His likeness. Character can never be made in a hurry. There is no "short cut" to perfection. As a famous violinist once said, when asked how long it would take to learn to play the violin: "Twelve hours a day, for twenty years together," so the pursuit of holiness must be persisted in, if it is to be of any use. No matter what age you are now, you have no time to lose, if you want to grow young it will take all the time you have. Don't look back as Lot's wife did, but "let thine eyes look right on, and let thine eyelids look straight before thee." The Christian should, like S. Paul, forget those things which are behind, reaching forth unto those things which are before, always pressing on toward the mark. The best days should not be the days of youth. The world may give her best gifts first, but the miracle of turning the water into wine was a parable of Christ's dealings with His friends. No matter how rich His gifts have been in the past, He has still greater and better gifts waiting for us in the future.

"The best is yet to be.  
The last of life, for which the first was made;  
Our times are in His hand  
Who saith, 'A whole I planned,'  
Youth shows but half; trust God: see all,  
nor be afraid."

HOPE.

**The Last Voyage.**

Written by Bishop Clarke, of Rhode Island, in his 92nd year.

My work on earth is well-nigh done,  
I wait the setting of the sun.  
I hear the surging of the sea  
That beats upon eternity.  
I see the far-off shadowy realm,  
And thither turn the trembling helm.  
The winds that blow so cold and drear  
Grow softer as the end draws near.  
The distant gleams of silver light  
Relieve the darkness of the night.  
There stand upon the misty shore  
Faint forms of loved ones gone before.  
The voice that once said, "Peace, be still!"  
Now whispers softly, "Fear no ill."  
I sail alone, yet not alone,  
The Saviour takes me for His own.  
I wait His greeting when I land,  
I wait the grasp of His dear hand.



An Eastern Scene.

says: "at evening time it shall be light."

The person who was said to be "eighty years young," was merely a practical exposition of Psalm ciii. 5, where it is said that God satisfieth thy mouth with good things; so that "thy youth is renewed" like the eagle's. S. Paul is not speaking metaphorically, but quietly stating a literal fact, when he says, "though our outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed day by day." Isaiah declares that the "child" shall die an hundred years old, and he draws a sharp line of distinction between the man who keeps the child-heart to

can't hope to renew our youth unless we practice the daily habit of waiting on the LORD; bringing all our troubles, large and small, to Him—as a little child to its father—and leaving them with Him in simple faith that he can and will give us everything that is good for us. As Bishop Brent says: "We can be trained in the Christian grace of trust only in the common occurrences of life. A great task lies ahead for trust to perform. Trust's last work on earth is to carry us through the valley of the shadow of death, when sunset comes. But it is in the morning of life, when the pulse beats full and strong, that we must