



President Lincoln's Favorite Poem.

SAID TO HAVE BEEN COMPOSED BY WILLIAM KNOX, A YOUNG SCOTCHMAN.

Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift-fleeting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
Like a flash of the lightning, a sweep of the wave,
Man passes from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scattered around, and together be laid;
And the young and the old, and the low and the high,
Shall moulder to dust and together shall lie.

The maid on whose face, in whose smiles, in whose eye,
Shone beauty and pleasure—her triumphs are by;
And the memory of those that loved her and praised,
Are alike from the minds of the living erased.

Our youthful companions, so tenderly loved,
Are from our affections forever removed;
Death numbers them now with the things that are pass'd,
They've fled like the snow-flake that whirled in the blast.

The child that a mother delighted to rear,
The mother that nourished that infant with care,
The husband that infant and mother had blessed,
Each—all are away to their dwelling of rest.

The hand of the king that the sceptre had borne,
The brow of the priest that the mitre had worn,
The eye of the sage, and the heart of the brave,
Are hidden and lost in the womb of the grave.

The warrior who waded through blood for a name,
The sailor that dared every danger for fame,
The statesman that wielded a country's doom,
Have all passed away, and are hid in the tomb.

The peasant whose trade was to sow and to reap,
The herdsman that climbed with his goats to the steep,
The beggar that wandered in search of his bread,
They have faded away like the grass that we tread.

The saints that enjoyed the communion of heaven,
The sinner that dared to remain unforgiven,
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

So the multitude goes, like the flower and the weed
That withers away, to let others succeed;
So the multitude comes, even those we behold,
To repeat every tale that hath often been told.

For we are the same that our fathers have been,
We see the same sights that our fathers have seen,
We drink the same stream, and we feel the same sun,
And we run the same course that our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers would think,
From the death we are shrinking they too would shrink,
To the life we are clinging they too would cling,
But it speeds from the earth like a bird on the wing.

They loved—but their history we cannot unfold;
They scorned—but the heart of the haughty is cold;
They grieved—but no wail from their slumbers may come;
They joyed—but the voice of their triumph is dumb.

They died—aye they died! and we who are now,
Who walk on the grass that grows over their brow,
Who make in their dwelling a transient abode,
Meet the changes they met on their pilgrimage-road.

For hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,
Are mingled together like sunshine and rain;
And the smile and the tear, and the song, and the dirge,
They follow each other like surge upon surge.

'Tis the wink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath,
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death—
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud,
Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

Queen Alexandra.

SHE IS ALTOGETHER CHARMING AND A WOMAN OF STRONG INDIVIDUALITY.

Queen Alexandra is very domestic.

She has charming taste in dress.

She regularly visits the various hospitals in which she is interested, and at Sandringham all the poor around are in her especial care.

When she visits the kennels she wears a white apron with the pockets bulging out with bread. Someone remarked to her that his dogs would not eat bread, to which she replied gayly: "Then I am afraid they cannot be very well trained."

It has been said that she is the only Princess who has never been known, when she held a drawing room, to leave it until it came to a natural end.

As Princess she was never stringent in her rules of etiquette. "Won't you sit down?" she would say at the very first symptoms of fatigue.

She is very religious, but though strict regarding her own actions, is to others charitable and broad-minded.

She is an indefatigable letter-writer.

As a girl she made her own hats.

She was responsible for the "Princess gown."

She skates gracefully and rides well.

Favorite gifts with her are jewels, a piano, and at Christmas time a signed photograph of herself in a silver or handsome leather frame, and to some particular friends a piece of her birthday cake invariably comes in a little box tied up with white ribbons.

She loves music and holds the degree of "doctor of music."

Her jewels are superb, but she wears few except on state occasions.

Dr. Molar—Now the tooth is out, Mrs. Maloney. If the cavity communicates to blood, you must stand and hold your arms straight up over your head, like this.

Mrs. Maloney—How! Saints! Ay, Oi shind loike that, how will Oi ever get me in-r-noning done?

Ingle Nook Chats.

MY DEAR GUESTS,—

April, replete with the glorious songs of the springtime, is with us once again, and many of you will be eager to learn the result of our seventh contest. As I wish to leave room for a large number of the good conundrums sent in, I shall at once proceed to allay your curiosity. A great many failed to mention their age or the class in which they competed, so I decided to leave all in one class and select the three best lists, and, strangely, these have all been sent by children of 12 years of age.

I allowed a certain number of marks for each conundrum, and by this test I award the prizes to the following contributors:

Miss Teresa McCrea, Springtown, Ont.; Master Verne Rowell, Bryanston, Ont.; and Miss Janet Waterman, Fraserville, Ont.

It was difficult to choose from among so many, but many who sent some excellent conundrums, sent also some very poor ones, thus lowering their aggregate of marks. An occasional one bordered on the vulgar, but they were exceptions. I have selected some of the best items from non-winning lists, and will, as space permits, publish them, with the names of the sender attached. Contributions were received from the following: Agnes C. Calder, F. Chas. McKenzie [you did not enclose answers], Randle G. Cole, Harvey E. Potter, A. L. McDiarmid, Lilly Rogers, Ethel Jose, Janet Waterman, Christina McFarlane, Collin M. Blyth, Mary Adeline Potter, "Scotch Lassie," Olive Holland, Jennie Matchet, Maggie Iverson, Bessie Bray, F. A. Newman, Austin Bunn, Florence O'Brien, Eunice Dunning, Maggie Kincella, Harold B. Lyon, Abbie Kincella, Nola E. Lyon, Nelly Laverne, Teresa McCrea, "Eureka," Violet Metcalfe, John McKercher, Annie C. Gibson, Eva V. Stephens, Jessie Cochran, "Morag." Now, as far as this contest is concerned, we may say, as the cook did when she put the egg in the coffee, "That settles it."

David S. and others—It is not possible for me to let contributors know (except through the medium of the Nook) whether or not I receive their communications. If addressed as directed below, they are almost certain to reach me safely.

Mrs. J. H. T.—So glad to hear from a "house-mother." I know about how much time there is for literary pursuits. I'm housekeeper, too, although I do not use the same prefix as you. "Morag"—Are "a cozy room, piles of books and a jolly girl friend" beyond the pale of realization in the country when "the days that are dark and dreary" come? I do not think so—at least, not in a general way; but if the latter be not available in human form, why not select, for the time being, one of the splendid creations you may find among your pile of books? Now, little (I) girl, don't you believe that either "fame" or riches can make one certainly happy; 'twere better to be able to say in Shakespeare's words:

"My crown is in my heart, not on my head;
Not deck'd with diamonds and Indian stones,
Nor to be seen: My crown is called Content—
A crown it is that seldom kings enjoy."

Iain—What an unusual name! Do I use the right initial or should it be "J"? Your writing looks strangely familiar. I never supposed our Nook contained so many poets, but I have over sixty contributions already, and still they come. Dear old Queen Victoria, her very name stirs all Canadian hearts.

Just a word of greeting to my numerous new guests. About forty have arrived since our last meeting, each and all welcome to the accommodatingly expansive circle of our ain Ingle. Come soon again and often. Almost all of you can make a fair showing on Contest IX., announced last issue (Mar. 15th), and there's a whole month yet in which to do it. An interesting competition will be announced in April 15th issue. Look for it. Address all matter for this column to

Ingle Nook Chats, Pakenham, Ont.

THE HOSTESS.

CONUNDRUM CONTEST.

BY TERESA MCCREA (AGE 12), SPRINGTOWN, ONT.

1. What is the difference between a Boer and a Boxer? The letter x.
2. What is the shape of a kiss? It is elliptical (a lip tickle).
3. Why cannot a fisherman be generous? Because his business is too selfish (to sell fish).
4. If a British soldier and a Boer were locked in a car, which would get out first? The man with the khaki (the man with the car key).

Why does Paul Kruger wear rubbers? To keep DeWet from defeat (the wet from the feet).

BY "EUREKA," BRYANSTON, ONT.

1. How would the aspect of the Eastern world be changed if a negro were to drop a platter of turkey? Greece would fall, Turkey would be overthrown, China would be broken to fragments, and Africa humiliated.
2. Why was Noah a good financier? Because he floated a limited company while the rest of the world was in liquidation.
3. Why was Job always cold? Because he had poor comforters.
4. With what malady may a girl who is deeply in love with a fellow named William be said to be afflicted? Biliousness.
5. When were the first sweetmeats made? When Noah preserved pears (pairs) in the ark.

BY JANET WATERMAN, FRASERVILLE, ONT.

1. Why does a miller wear a white hat? To keep his head white.
2. What is the difference between a rooster, a Yankee, an old maid, and a glue pot? The rooster says, cock-a-doodle-doo; a Yankee says, "Yankee-doodle-doo"; an old maid says, any dude'll do. But what about the glue pot, you say? Oh, that is where you get stuck.
3. If a pig wished to build a house, how would he go about it? Tie a knot in his tail and call it a pig's tie (pig sty).
4. Can you tell me why
A hypocrite's eye
Can better decry
Than you or I,
On how many toes pussy-cat goes?
A man used to deceit
Can best counterfeit (count her feet),
And so, I suppose,
He can best count her toes.
5. Why need people not be hungry in Egypt? Because of the sand which is there (sandwiches).

The Conjurer.

Into the world from far away,
Where the year is always turned to May,
And the wind sounds soft as a lark aloft,
A conjurer came once on a day.
Many a mystic spell he knew
Where with to turn gray skies to blue,
To make dull hours grow bright as flowers,
And tasks that are old turn light as new,
A touch of his magic wand, and lo!
From empty hands sweet favors flow,
And pleasures bloom in lives of gloom
Where naught but sorrow seemed to grow,
Out of the stormy sky above
He brings white Peace like a heavenly dove,
His might is sure and his art is pure,
And his name—the conjurer's name—is Love.

What We Do in Early Spring.

It is well worth while to endure the rigors of a winter in a northern climate, when one can have the glorious compensation of seeing and feeling the glory of a returning spring, and surely these lengthening days herald her approach. The winds may come directly from the north-east, moaning so weirdly and wintry through the bare branches of the trees, but we can patiently wait, for we know they too but herald the return of the birds. The soft winds will soon come up from the south, completing the minstrelsy in the woods, with its gull orchestra of leaves; and with this trust in nature, we breathe thankfulness for the good fortune that places us on a farm, to welcome the birds, flowers and all Nature as she appears in beauty with the fuller spring.

I think about early spring hang more garlands of anticipation than about any other months of the year. We make our plans for spring cleaning, romance upon the possibility of new muslin curtains and fresh chair-coverings, and the coming styles in shirt-waist sleeves; we wonder how many of our chicks will be ready for broilers by the middle of April, and convert them into dollars in anticipation; we speculate upon a market for early potatoes, and hundreds of money-making schemes possess us in March, for we must make money some way. It never occurs to our fathers and brothers that we require pocket-money; that we should aspire to an idea so extravagant is highly condemned by them. I suppose there are really good, patient, long-suffering girls who will work, without a murmur, "for love," but most of us prefer something more tangible for our labors; and if at the end of summer we have saved sufficient to go on a trip somewhere, what a gratifying sensation to know we have made it all ourselves. I want to tell you about some beautiful Jerseys of which a girl friend of mine is the proud possessor. It was on her birthday, ten years ago, a little heifer calf arrived on the farm. This her father gave her as a birthday gift. She will tell you with pride into what a beautiful cow little Flora developed, and won as a yearling many prizes at various shows, and now she stands surrounded by four fine daughters, each with a promise of a creditable career before her. It is very interesting to go to the stable to see them being milked: such a hearty welcome they give their mistress; and as she goes to each one, it will rub its head against her arm, and lick her hands. "Do you wonder I love them?" she said to me. "They know they are mine, and won't give a drop of milk to the men." I did not wonder one bit that she loved them, and the money she makes is surprising. She has her own special butter print, and gets the highest creamery price for every pound. Another girl I know owns sheep. She started with one, and the first year made 100% on her money invested. What these girls have succeeded in accomplishing, surely we might at least make an attempt at, and if we go about it in an earnest, businesslike way, our fathers, I know, will not only be willing, but pleased to start us and help us along. I trust you will not think I am wandering from my proper sphere. Someone has said, "A woman's work in a home is to secure its order, comfort and loveliness," so in closing I shall take the privilege of suggesting what I think a good idea for our bedroom floors. Stain the edges, and have a wool rug, or ordinary carpet, for the center, as it is such hard work moving dressing-tables, etc., and sweeping out the corners. The following stain makes a very pretty imitation of rosewood: Boil one-half pound logwood in three pints of water, till it is of a very dark red; add half ounce of salt of tartar. Stain the wood with liquor while it is boiling hot, using an ordinary paint-brush; give it three coats. Then polish, when quite dry, with the following: To two tablespoonfuls of boiled linseed oil add one of turpentine and one of vinegar; rubbing, until perfectly smooth, with a flannel cloth.

ONE OF THE GIRLS.

Traveling Notes.

New York, 22nd March.—Off again. A friend of mine, named Jane, now married and living in the Northwest, once remarked that she believed my ancestors must all have been tramps, which accounted for what she was pleased to call my hereditary restlessness. I am not going to dispute her opinion, nor am I in the mood to contradict her. I will only say that I hope my ancestors derived as much pleasure and satisfaction out of their tramping proclivities as I generally do. Indeed, some of them certainly must have done so, as one or more of our musty old family records show; but if I become too retrospective, I shall never get started upon my journey. This time I do not go alone; Fan is going with me. Fan is one of the nicest girls from one of the nicest villages in Canada. She has said good-by to her quiet country home, to Vic, which takes her with such speed along the lanes and round the corners; good-by to the old cows, to the ducks and the chickens, and all those other animals which or who require to be fed three times a day to keep them good-tempered. We are off to England to see our numerous relations and as much as ever we can of the dear old mother country. In the meantime we are spending a few days in New York, that busy, hustling, immense center of American activity, with its high buildings, stately residences, wonderful bridges, its beautiful Central Park and open squares—such boons in a crowded city. We are struck with the perfect cleanliness of the streets and the courtesy of the people we meet, and perhaps more especially with the admirable police service, the officers of which appear to be everywhere, and spare no trouble in making things easy for wanderers in unknown thoroughfares. We have had a peep at the noisy Stock Exchange, with its atmosphere of intense excitement; and by way of contrast, and for the sweet benediction it would bring us, we attended the midday service at old Trinity, lasting just half an hour, and crowded to the doors, not only with women, but actually with men, who were, in spite of business claims in the midst of a busy day, largely in the majority.

Automobiles are more general here than bicycles, there being no ice, no snow, not even rain, to interfere with their progress. But tempting as it is to do so, I must not linger in New York. The readers of the ADVOCATE shall from time to time get Notes of Travel from me, from one or other of the many places we hope to visit in the Old World. Tomorrow we sail, and alas! I expect to . . . but I won't say what I expect: "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

It is Fan's first voyage, and I predict that she will walk the deck, eat about six meals a day, go skylarking all over the boat, and probably study astronomy with one of the officers in the evening, whilst I am occupied in other ways below stairs. For the present, then, good-by!

MOLLIE.