



A Pocketful of Sunshine.

A pocketful of sunshine
Is better far than gold;
It drowns the daily sorrows
Of the young and of the old;
It fills the world with pleasure,
In field, in lane and street,
And brightens every prospect
Of the mortals that we meet.

Travelling Notes.

IRELAND.

"Sure a terrible time I was out o' the way,
Over the sea, over the sea,
Till I come to Ireland one sunny day,—
Bethter for me, bethter for me.

"The first time me fut got the feel of the ground
I was strollin' along in an Irish city
That hasn't its aqul the whole world around
For the air, that is sweet an' the girls that are
pretty."
—Moirra O'Neill.

It was in lovely summer weather that I travelled direct from Glasgow to Ireland, but, nevertheless, I will omit to describe the passage from Ardrossan to Belfast. It is needless. It is an unpleasant recollection. Suffice it to say that I came to Belfast, and was met at the wharf by a very handsome cousin whom I had not seen for fourteen years, who acted as my guide, so that I did not have occasion to accost the tall, straight policeman, with his military air and jaunty, good-for-nothing cap glued over his right ear. There seemed to me, to be an air of good-humored kindness about every man, woman and child within eye- and ear-shot. A number of noisy, rattling jaunting-cars came up with cheery offer of service, and soon one of these same dashing, tipsy little vehicles was whirling us over the roads at breakneck speed, as if the fate of the nation depended upon post haste. The driver seemed bitten by a mania for swift motion the moment he touched the reins of the horse, and I had to hold on for dear life—only hoped that we would not run over any of the people, whom we made to scatter in every direction. Rory O'More, who was driving, was a true son of the soil, overflowing with good nature, his rosy face stretched in a constant smile, which was cheap at the shilling too much he charged for the ride. Before one has been in Ireland a day, a certain number of strangenesses where all is strange impress themselves upon one. Of these, perhaps the first is the omnipresence of the military element. Red-coated privates on the sidewalks; stately officers in dog-carts, on horseback or afoot; companies and squads going through drills in barrack yards, of infantry, of cavalry, of artillery, of constabulary, everywhere in town and country. One feels as if revolution were in the air. But no; there is no war and no enemy! Then the bogs—Ireland's coal mines! The immense wealth of its bog land is not yet exhausted, by any means, and a sight it was to see cords or bushes or stacks of the clean-cut black turf piled neatly to dry, all over the country. The long line of little whitewashed cottages down the village streets (see pictures); the beautiful fuchsia hedges, quite 8 ft. high and 3 ft. wide; the miles

of linen bleaching upon the grass; the curious and amusing brogue; the playing of Irish airs by Irish bands; the Round Towers which have so perplexed the archeological world, and of which some writer wrote that they "were most probably lighthouses which had come ashore at night for a spree and had forgotten the way back again";—by the time one has rambled about for ten days or a fortnight the effect of these surprises almost vanishes. It soon seemed the most natural thing in the world to sit on one of those low-backed "outside cars," travelling edgeways, so to speak, and though I laughed and made believe I liked it, I was glad enough to hold on by the ironwork while "the son of Nimshi" charged down the roads and through the streets.

I cannot give my readers "impressions of Ireland," as I did not go all over it, my object in going there at all being more especially to visit a friend who lives in County Fermanagh, but of that county and Donegal I saw a good deal, spending a very happy time there, too. The weather was fine, although traces of rain were evident in the greenness and freshness of its meadows and trees. As in England, the roads are good, and everywhere there are the most beautiful hedges. One is always coming upon some pretty little lake or river, and Lough Erne is a beautiful lake containing more than a hundred islands, many of them being well cultivated, and inhabited. There are the beautiful green lawns and fields everywhere, the kindly climate lending itself to their adorning.

The habit of building directly upon the ground, without the interposition of any proper foundation or cellar, cannot add either to health or comfort in such a wet climate, but the rich counteract the effect by fires in all the different rooms, while the poor accept the rheumatism and low fevers engendered as coming from the hand of God and a discipline not to be questioned.

The courtesy of the shop people was very marked. It was a pleasure to buy from such attentive salesmen. Prices of almost every kind were much lower than those to which I had been accustomed, in clothes for men and boys, cloth garments and personal furnishings more especially. The linens and laces were peculiarly fascinating. At Clones I saw a great deal of the lacemaking, the Irish lace noted all over Ireland. It is of the most exquisite and intricate crochet—a revived industry, owing, happily for the workers, to the fact that it has once more become most fashionable. Those who make it are earning more than they have been able to make for years. With this instalment of my Irish notes, I am sending some pictures, for which I hope space may be found in the present or an early issue of the "Farmer's Advocate." They can speak for themselves.

MOLLIE.

Ingle Nook Chats.

My dear Guests,—

"All succeed who deserve, though not perhaps as they hoped. An honorable defeat is better than a mean victory, and no one is really the worse for being beaten unless he loses heart. Though we may not be able to attain, there is no reason why we may not aspire."

The first clause of the above quotation may convey something of a reproach to those of us who have failed to distinguish ourselves in any special line, inasmuch as our being worthy is made the sole condition upon which success depends, and being unsuccessful stamps us as being undeserving.

At a casual glance this appears unfair and untrue, for by success we too often mean mere worldly gain, and certainly by this criterion many will be found unsuccessful whose noble qualities of mind and heart place them infinitely above "the common clod." Upon reading further, however, we shall find that such is not the idea intended to be conveyed by the writer, Sir John Lubbock, who continues thus: "An honorable defeat is better than a mean victory." There is, then, another standard by which we must calculate success or failure—the standard of our own inner consciousness of right or wrong, and he who wins by this standard gains life's most enviable guerdon, though he should be a thousand-fold defeated in the eyes of the world.

If we apply the first rule to the attainment of any certain object—for instance, to study—



GOING TO MARKET.

there is much truth in the statement that all succeed who deserve, for by patient application, even through apparently slow progress, we may all achieve a certain measure of success, and while we may not have reached the goal for which we set out, we shall at least be farther on than if we made no endeavor. Bishop Whately gives us a consoling reflection when he says, "He only is exempt from failures who makes no efforts." The trite remark that "not to go back is somewhat to advance" is equally true when reversed; we cannot simply stand still, but must go either onward or backward with the ever-surging tide of events around us. Our mental faculties speedily become dull if allowed to fall into disuse, and for this reason we should make a practice of pursuing some favorite study, or at least cultivate a taste for good reading. I say good reading advisedly, for poor literature of the dime-novel stamp, for example, is worse than none; for not only does it not improve our morals, but it also injures the memory. This taste for reading, if not inherent, may to a great degree be acquired, and he who possesses it has at least one corner-stone upon which to erect his edifice of happiness.

"Pleasures of Life," by Sir John Lubbock, from which I quoted at the beginning of this chat, is an interesting and instructive little volume, with essays to suit all tastes, whether they incline to art, music, poetry or science. This is but one suggestion, but this small book, a volume or two of poems, Ruskin's "Sesame and Lilies," and one or two humorous books into which one can peep when feeling at all "blue," will make a very fair beginning for the youthful reader. The subject of "books" is almost inexhaustible, but I must leave it and say a few words about

OUR COMPETITIONS.

It is something over a year since the Ingle Nook Contests began, and during that time they have brought us into touch with many new friends, and their kind words of encouragement have been very cheering indeed. Number XVII. is bringing out many new contributors, and to each of them a hearty welcome is extended.

"Marie," I enjoyed your pleasant letter, and hope you will continue to prove your interest in our Corner. "Bertie P." is very welcome, but I am sorry she sent her work to me, as I fear it will be too late by the time it reaches the "Advocate" office. When work is for the Ingle Nook it will be announced in that column. Dugald H.—This answer applies to your contribution also, but call at the Nook some other time. Watch for the announcement of an altogether new competition next issue.

THE HOSTESS.

Ingle Nook Chats, Pakenham, Ont.

Measure vs. Weight.

One teaspoonful equals one dram.
Two tablespoonfuls equal one ounce.
One wineglassful equals one gill.
An ordinary-sized teacup holds four fluid ounces, or one gill.
Ten eggs weigh about one pound.
One tablespoonful of butter weighs one ounce.
One quart of sifted flour, well heaped, weighs one pound.
One pint of best brown sugar weighs thirteen ounces.
Two level teacups of maple sugar weigh one pound.
Two tablespoonfuls of pulverized sugar, or flour, weigh one ounce.
Two teacupfuls of butter, well packed, weigh one pound.
One and one-third of a pint of pulverized sugar weighs one pound.
One generous pint of liquid, or one pint of chopped meat, packed solidly, weighs one pound.
An ordinary tumbler holds about half a pint.



THE COAL OF THE COUNTRY.

"Black turf! Black turf! Twelve sods a penny?"