

this love to me, as I shall rest in my love to Him, and rejoice over me with joy, and joy over me with singing as I shall rejoice in Him.

—From Baxter's "Saints' Rest."

The Roundabout Club

We trust the writers of the following will pardon the long delay in publishing, which has been of necessity.

Whither Are We Going?

Editor "Roundabout Club":

The wise mariner will examine his chart and note whereto he is drifting. If he spies the rocks ahead, he will shorten sail or reverse his engine. Are we going forward or receding? Are we improving morally and physically? If the newspaper reports are true, we must admit that we are losing ground. Do we have that high regard for honesty that was characteristic of the people of Canada in the last century? Do we find our young men striving to get through the world by honest labor? Have some of them not got the get-rich-quick plan on the brain? Offer them work and you offend them. They are not satisfied to tread the straight and narrow way, but will switch on the other track and extract their neighbor's goods. Their ambition is to become a bank manager, and, perhaps, run off with the funds. The poor are sorely tempted, and should not be too harshly judged, but we can find crookedness in high places. Some directors of stock companies and banks misappropriate the funds. What is the cause? We live in a world of fashions and gaiety; no wonder we are broken-down, nervous creatures, and shortening the allotted span of life by burning the candle at both ends.

God gives us each but one short day, the time that we call life, to waste or cherish as we will, to spend in peace or strife. If we learn from nature, we would find that she provides for all our physical wants. We admire the ponderous shoulders and muscular arm of the country blacksmith; nature has prepared him for the work he has to do. We sometimes smile at grandfather introducing the bucksaw as a cure for dyspepsia, but it does the trick all right. Science has done wonderful work in supplying labor-saving machinery on the farm and in the shop the world over, but has that improved our physical condition? Are we stronger men than our forefathers were? Take, for instance, the Shrubbs and Longboat race in the Madison Square Garden, New York. That was a test between science and nature. Shrubbs, apparently, knew all the tricks of the trade. On the other hand, we had an untutored Indian, nature's son of the forest. Now, according to all rule, Shrubbs should have gained the victory, and I believe he would have won the race if the Indian had not been camping on his trail.

But what lesson can we learn from this race? I think it is this. When we want anything good, we must get down near to Nature's heart for the material. When we call to mind such lustrous names as those of Washington, Lincoln, Edison, Marconi, men who have climbed the ladder of fame from the ground up—boys be slow about leaving the old farm. Take a walk out through the old orchard in the morning, and inhale the invigorating air, laden with the scent of the blossom. No sign to keep off the grass here. You may roll on the greensward to your heart's content, and listen to the hum of the busy bees as they go to and fro gathering their winter's store of delicious honey. No strike here. Nature is working full time for the joy and peace of mankind. You are king of your own little territory, and your master is yourself. Compare this scene to the bustle and worry of the city. The writer has friends in the city who left the old farm, and they are looking to the day when they can return. This is what they say:

"Some day I'll wander back again
To where the old home stands,
Beneath the old tree down the lane,
Afair in other lands.
Its humble cot will shelter me
From every care and pain,
And life be sweet, as sweet can be
When I am home again."
Wellington Co., Ont.

G. B.

On Reading.

Whether novels should be a part of our literary diet, or whether they are demoralizing, as some people think, is a question that is ever before us, and doubtless will always be.

The right reading of good fiction—the books that great and good men and women have written—may teach the very best lessons in life. They are instructive and educational, as well as enjoyable. One is stimulated and inspired to a higher and nobler endeavor by reading them; one's sympathies are deepened, and one is led to a fuller and broader life. Such books quicken thought; the imagination is trained and enriched; one gets an insight into human nature and human life, and one becomes a better and more useful person.

But fiction should not be read out of proportion to other kinds of literature, and people should use discrimination and judgment in selecting the books they read. There should be time and care and skill in choosing. There are some novels which should never be read by any person, and some that should only be in the hands of those of more mature years. Hamilton W. Mabie says, "Adam Bede" and "The Scarlet Letter," while they belong in the front rank of stories of original insight and power, yet are books for the reading of mature people. It is well for the young or inexperienced to seek the advice of those of experience, or to choose from the lists of those who make books their life work.

We ought, at the same time, to read books of biography; from them we learn that character is given first place, that industry, patience and perseverance are the means of success. Essays, because the essayist studies men and affairs, and wisely comments upon them. Poetry, because it teaches us the beauty of the common things around us. Books of nature and science, which teach us the beauty of nature, and that everything is in order and perfect harmony; the seasons come and go, the sun, moon and stars move at their appointed time and place, the flowers, the birds, and the insects, all have their own special place to fill. History, as it deals with events of national importance. Books of travel, for one can learn of the different countries, the people, their customs, and habits. It is well if one has created a taste for classic literature. I may add books on practical sociology. Readers of "Hope" will remember her interesting account of Riis's "Children of the Poor," which she gave some time ago, which would interest every person along that line.

We should read books intelligently and accurately, and read them till we extract all the honey from them. Someone has said: "Read a book till you get all the good out of it; read it, not once or twice, but five times." Reading means more than getting information and acquiring knowledge. It means, also, increased mental force, increased thinking power. Emerson and Carlyle both possess the power to make their readers think. Books are also character-builders.

Reading the right books, in the right way, is like unlocking the doors of a vast treasure-house. The imagination has full play; ideas which have lain dormant take visible shape, and find self-expression; new ideas are created; the reasoning faculties are quickened; the perceptions made keener; the horizon widened, and the vision of what life means enlarged.

Different books appeal to different people, according to capacity, understanding, education, experience and inclination, but as one grows richer in experience, and understanding becomes greater, and capacity becomes larger, the way has been prepared for the appreciation of the greater authors, and books of higher and loftier themes appeal.

It is well to instil in the youth a love of reading, so that if they are invalidated, or when old age comes on, or lonely days, they may fall back on the rich resources of their own minds, and enjoy the full companionship of the many bright minds they had known in books, or enjoy reading new books. If people have neglected books all their lives, they are not going to sit down and suddenly enjoy them.

As the whole literary world was a short time ago celebrating the tercentenary of the birth of John Milton, it brought to mind how he, "on poverty,

blindness, disgrace, danger, and old age, composed a poem which stands without a peer in the history of the ages." Read if only for ten minutes a day, and accumulate treasure for your old age.
B. E. NIXON.

No Hard-and-fast Rule.

It is impossible to lay down any hard-and-fast rule to guide young men, or old, in the selection of a wife. If the conventions had so arranged matters that a man could have seven or eight wives, to fit into his varying moods, it would be different.

I think the most happiness will be derived from a marriage where the man and woman were of nearly the same tastes and ideas, but of different dispositions.

I do not think there would be harmony in a home when one was trying to improve the other's faults or habits. There would not be the companionship there ought to be if the couple were of different likes and dislikes.

It would not be pleasant for a man who liked to travel if he had a wife to whom one place was as attractive as another, nor for a woman, who was interested in literature and fine arts, to marry a man who was an ignorant boor.
Huron Co., Ont. MINERVA.

Query About Birds.

Editor "Roundabout Club":

We have had visits the last two or three years from new birds, i. e., new to this part of the country. One of them made its appearance this morning (written May 11th). It is about the size of a sparrow, dark gray above and light below, with small, weak beak, but it has three white bands on its head, one over the crown and one under each eye. There have been flocks of small birds on the roadsides, mostly in spring and fall. At first I took them for sparrows, until I noticed their peculiar movements. They are gray in color, light below and dark above, with a black band each side of the head; in some it goes straight back from beak, in others it curves up in front of eye, but the peculiar thing is that it walks instead of hopping, though its legs are very short. Its wings are long, and it flies in curves.

A small gray bird, with a white feather on each side of tail, is becoming quite common. A flock of what must, from the description, have been Scarlet Tanagers, was seen near here this spring. I have never seen one myself, as they are quite rare. I have mislaid my "Canadian Naturalist," and so cannot consult it.
C. W. BEAVEN.
Grenville Co., Ont.

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

Replying to the queries by Mr. C. W. Beaven, Prescott.

1. The small bird, size of a sparrow, dark gray above and light below, with three white streaks on its head, will be the White-crowned Sparrow. The center streak is much wider than the others, and the color below is uniform, ashy white. It has a pretty song, somewhat resembling that of the Meadow Lark, but given in a very weak voice. It does not nest much south of the 48th parallel of latitude, and is a late migrant. The date given for its arrival at Prescott, May 11th, would be about the average date at which it would reach that locality.

2. The roadside birds are the Prairie Horned Lark. The male has a black crescent on the throat, and also has ear tufts, which are erectile. They are most noticeable on the roads in February and March, but as soon as the fields clear, they scatter to their breeding haunts.

3. The small gray bird, with a white feather on each side of the tail, should be the Vesper Sparrow, which is a common resident of the open fields from the Atlantic to the Pacific. If, however, the bird, instead of being gray, is slate color, and has two or three white feathers on each side of the tail, then it is the Junco, another sparrow which nests commonly from about the 44th parallel north.

4. I think Mr. Beaven's informant was wrong in speaking of a "flock" of Scarlet Tanagers, as these birds do not migrate or live in that way. Three or four individuals, moderately near together, is the probable limit of numbers. The bird should, however, be regularly seen at

Prescott, but is much more readily found by its song, which resembles that of the Rose-breasted Grosbeak and the Robin, but is a little more disconnected than either. If Mr. Beaven would look for these in beech and oak woods, he would be able to find them.
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