

THE SOCIAL CORNER.

Under this heading, communications relating to the home or any subject of interest will be published and questions answered.

MINNIE MAY.

"DOLLY."—You can make a sachet-bag suitable for the purpose by taking a square of pretty colored ribbon, folded diagonally, lined with cotton and sachet-powder, and neatly over-seamed at the edges. A bow-knot and flower garlands may be painted on the silk, and a frill of narrow lace must be added as a ruffle.

M. M.

"EVELYN."—Your quotation, "Like the Kingdom of Heaven the World Beautiful is within, and it is not only a privilege but an absolute duty so to live, that we are always in its atmosphere. Happiness, like health, is the normal state. Live in the sweet, sunny atmosphere of serenity and light and exaltation, in that love and loveliness that creates the World Beautiful," is taken from a book called *The World Beautiful*, written by Lillian Whiting, and published by Roberts Brothers, Boston. No! I have not read it, but, judging from the above quotation, I think it should be a most interesting and helpful book.

M. M.

"YOUNG LAUNDRESS."—A few drops of turpentine or coal oil, or a little piece of butter or paraffine, added to the starch will prevent it from sticking to the irons. Unless the article is altogether burned, the scorched stain will come out by leaving it exposed to a very strong sun.

M. M.

"HISTORY."—The peculiarity about the time of Washington's death is that he died in the last hour of the last day of the last week of the last century; that is, he died on Saturday night, twelve o'clock, December 31, 1799.

"DEBUTANTE."—Girls of nineteen may wear their hair in any of the prevailing modes, but that of wearing it low on the head gives a more youthful appearance, which is, generally speaking, "a consummation devoutly to be wished." Do not begin the use of cosmetics, or you will soon become unable to dispense with them, as they have the effect of making the skin coarse and aged-looking.

"LINGUIST."—"Mozart" is pronounced as if written "mo-tsart." The word "windfall" is said to have originated in England, when the nobility, by the tenure of their estates, were forbidden to fell any trees upon them, the timber being reserved for the use of the royal navy. Such trees as fell without cutting were the property of the occupant, so that great storms were quite welcome, and since that time the word has been applied to legacies and other unexpected good fortune.

M. M.

Untidy.

I've lost my doll's leg—I'm so worried!
My very best doll—Clara Jane!
I must hunt through the doll's house to find it—
It's rather untidy again!

I wonder what makes it so messy;
I tidied it only last week.
Why is it so easy to lose things?
Why is it so tiring to seek?

Here's my other doll, Susan, in pieces.
And hanging head-downwards, I see.
Now, who put her there, I just wonder!
I'm certain it couldn't be me!

Who upset the bedstead and table?
Who took my lamb out of the fold?
Squeezed the music all out of my trumpet.
And made my new picture-books old?

My train—why, it's gone altogether!
My engine is smashed on the floor;
There's someone untidies my doll's house—
It's really a terrible bore.

How can Clara Jane go out walking
Without her left leg and its shoe?
I know it was loose, but who took it?
Oh, Bouncer, you wretch, it was you!

I laugh, but I'm dreadfully angry—
You do look so funny, you see,
With Clara Jane's leg in your mouth, sir,
Pretending you've found it for me.

I'm afraid you're a bit of a humbug—
If I am untidy, you're worse.
You rummage all over my doll's house—
I shall run off at once and tell nurse.

—H. A. F.

Essay—Longfellow's Works.

Henry Wardsworth Longfellow was born February 27th, 1807, at Portland, Maine, and died March 24th, 1882, at Cambridge.

Longfellow is truly the greatest of American poets, and his poems will echo and re-echo down through all the ages. And not only have his songs endeared him to the American people, but to all nations, where so ever the English language is read.

England, the home of so many of the most gifted writers of every age, loved him and his songs so well that she set for him, among her own illustrious dead in Westminster Abbey, a marble bust, and upon the pedestal of the bracket supporting it we read this inscription:

"This bust was placed among the memorials of the poets of England, by the English admirers of an American poet, 1883."

Longfellow has written much, and his works are read by all classes of people. With Tennyson he shares the greatest popularity of all modern poets, and his poems are preferred by many, in that they appeal more to the heart.

And thus it chanced that, well as he afterwards sang of his own sea and shore, he now is said to have been the most national of our poets. His verse, it is true, is like a pulsatory chord, sustaining our new-born "ideality" with nourishment from the motherland, until it grew to vigor of its own. That he is more widely-read than his associates, and seemed to foreigners the incumbent American laureate. His native themes, like some of Tennyson's, were chosen with deliberation and as if for their availability. But from the first he was a poet of sentiment, and equally a craftsman of unerring taste. He always gave of his best: neither toil nor trouble could dismay him until art had done his perfect work. It was a kind of genius—his sure perception of the fit and attractive. Love flows to one, whose works are lovely. Besides, he was a devotee to one calling—not a critic, journalist, lecturer, or man of affairs, and even his prose romances are akin to poems. A long and spotless life was pledged to song, and verily he had his reward.

In some poems, as "The Arsenal," "The Jewish Cemetery," etc., he was a skilled designer, yet they were something more than art for art's sake. Owing to the tenderness seldom absent from his work, he often has been called "the poet of the affections," and "a poet of the tastes" as well. He combined beauty with feeling in lyrical trifles which rival those of Tennyson and other masters of technique, and was almost our earliest maker of verse that might be termed "exquisite."

The first of Longfellow's poems was "Voices of the Night," which at once attracted public attention, and raised him to an honored place among the leading poets of the world. But one of the most admired of all his writings is "Evangeline," a beautiful story in beautiful verse, which students of poetry say, "is the most perfect piece of rhyme and melody in English hexameter. I take this prelude, for instance; no description of nature could be more exquisite:

"This is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and hemlocks,
Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight,
Stand like Druids of old, with voices sad and prophetic—
Stand like harpers hoar, with heads that rest on their bosoms.
Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep-voiced laboring ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest."

Again, this delicate morsel from "The Courtship of Miles Standish":

"So, through the Plymouth wood, John Alden went on his errand,
Crossing the brook at the ford, where it brawled over pebbles
and shallow,
Gathering still as he went, the Mayflowers blooming around him,
Fragrant, filling the air with a strange and wonderful sweetness—
Children, lost in the woods and covered with leaves in their slumbers.
"Puritan Flowers," he said, and the Puritan maidens—
Modest and simple and sweet, the very type of Priscilla."

His next great work was "The Song of Hiawatha," which is the most popular of all his poems, and is the nearest approach to an national epic which his countrymen have. This tale is simply bewitching, in its sentiment and picturesqueness.

Take the closing stanza of the "Famine"; what could be more exquisite and touching in its pathos or more simple in its hopefulness:

"Farewell! said he, Minnehaha!
Farewell! O, my laughing water!
All my heart is buried with you!
All my thoughts go onward with you.
Come not back again to labor,
Come not back again to suffer,
Where the famine and the fever,
Wear the heart and waste the body.
Soon my task will be completed,
Soon your footsteps I will follow,
To the Islands of the Blessed,
To the kingdom of Ponemah—
To the land of the Hereafter!"

And who has not felt the very depth of their nature stirred when listening to such songs as these:

"Life is real, life is earnest,
And the grave is not its goal,
Dust thou art, to dust returnest
Was not spoken of the soul:
Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing, leave behind us
Footsteps on the sands of time."

Such words as these touch the heroic strings of our nature, breathe energy into our hearts, sustain our flagging purposes and fix our thoughts on that which lasts forever.

Now, in conclusion, I will sound a note for his life, which in itself was a poem full of goodness and truth; and his poems, like his life, were simple, noble, beautiful and good. Few great men have had such a life, and few have left to posterity such a legacy as Henry Wardsworth Longfellow. Kildonan, Man. LALLA R. MCION.

Sunday Night.

Rest him, O Father! Thou didst send him forth
With great and gracious messages of love;
But Thy ambassador is weary now,
Worn with the weight of his high embassy.
Now care for him as Thou hast cared for us
In sending him; and cause him to lie down
In Thy fresh pastures, by Thy streams of peace.
Let Thy left hand be now beneath his head,
And Thine upholding right encircle him,
And, underneath, the Everlasting arms
Be felt in full support. So let him rest,
Hushed like a little child, without one care;
And so give Thy beloved sleep to-night.

Rest him, dear Master! He hath poured for us
The wine of joy, and we have been refreshed.
Now fill his chalice, give him sweet new draughts
Of life and love, with Thine own hand; be Thou
His ministrant to-night; draw very near
In all Thy tenderness and all Thy power.
Oh, speak to him! Thou knowest how to speak
A word in season to Thy weary ones,
And he is weary now. Thou lovest him—
Let Thy disciple lean upon Thy breast,
And, leaning, gain new strength to "rise and shine."

Rest him, O loving Spirit! Let Thy calm
Fall on his soul to-night. O holy Dove,
Spread Thy bright wing above him, let him rest
Beneath its shadow; let him know afresh
The infinite truth and might of Thy dear Name—
"Our comforter!" As gentlest touch will stay
The strong vibrations of a jarring chord,
So lay Thy hand upon his heart, and still
Each overstraining throb, each pulsing pain.
Then, in the stillness, breathe upon the strings,
And let Thy holy music overflow
With soothing power his listening, resting soul.
—F. R. Havergal.

"The rest of Christ is not that of torpor, but that of harmony; it is not refusing the struggle, but conquering in it; not resting from duty, but finding rest in it."

"Prayer is the peace of our spirit, the soul of meditation, the rest of our cares."

"In God's world, for those that are in earnest, there is no failure. No work truly done, no word earnestly spoken, no sacrifice freely made, was ever made in vain."

"Life is but a working day whose tasks are set aright,
A time to work, a time to pray, and then a quiet night.
And then, please God, a quiet night
Whose palms are green and robes are white,
A long drawn breath, a balm for sorrow,
And all things lovely on the morrow."

"When sinks the soul, subdued by toil, to slumber,
Its closing eye looks up to Thee in prayer;
Sweet the repose beneath Thy wings overshadowing,
But sweeter still to wake and find Thee there.
So shall it be at last, in that bright morning,
When the soul waketh, and life's shadows flee;
Oh! in that hour, fairer than daylight dawning,
Shall rise the glorious thought, "I am with Thee."

Seed Corn Premium—Butler Co. Dent—What the Grower Says.

In our annual seed grain reports published in March 15th issue, Mr. Richard Gibson, of Delaware, who makes a specialty of corn growing, wrote:—

"Corn.—I have tried Mammoth Southern Sweet, Mastodon, and Butler Co. Dent. The latter is the corn for my soil and locality. I have grown it now four years, and each year more confirms my opinion of its merits. It will ripen with Longfellow, and outyield any corn that I have hitherto grown. Part of a row of White Cap Dent (as far as two ears would plant), and from the result I must speak very highly of it. For the silo, the Butler Co. Dent stands ahead. So much do I think of it, I would rather pay \$5.00 per bushel for it for seed than have any other variety as a gift. Grow in hills as if intended for the crib, and not put into silo until matured."

We have secured a quantity of this corn from Mr. Gibson, and offer it as a premium to readers who obtain new subscribers for us. This seed was twice selected and kiln-dried. The name of one new subscriber, and \$1.00, will secure 15 pounds of this valuable corn; three new subscribers, and \$3.00, one bushel. Begin the canvass at once.

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