

lives dearer than your own for the sake of restoring righteousness and peace on the earth. God loveth a "cheerful" giver. Your offering is a very great one, do not spoil its beauty by gloomy fears. We none of us care to receive a gift that is offered grudgingly, or of necessity; and God does not desire a gift unless it is a free-will offering. When David had prepared gold, silver, brass and jewels in great abundance for the Temple of God, he exulted in the privilege of giving, and said: "Who am I, and what is my people, that we should be able to offer so willingly after this sort? for all things come of Thee, and of Thine own have we given Thee."

We pass swiftly through our earthly life; are we willing to go out into the veiled unknown, leaving the world poorer for our passage through it? Are we acting like the daughters of the horse-leech, which cry, "Give, Give!" thanking God only for his gifts to us, and forgetting to thank Him joyously for the opportunities of giving to others? At Christmas-time we should feel poor indeed if we only received presents and gave none. If we were allowed to choose between the joy of a Christmas of generous giving, and the short-lived pleasure of a Christmas when our own stocking should be filled to the brim and we should not prepare a single gift for anyone else, there is little doubt which we should choose. We know the truth of our Lord's saying that it is more blessed to give than to receive—are we acting on that knowledge?

Some are cheerfully giving their lives to save others. I read in a paper the other day that four Belgian officers drew lots to see which of their number should defend one of the forts near Antwerp—defend it until death. The lot fell to a married man with a family, and instantly an unmarried man offered to take his place, and was accepted. The glory of that act will inspire millions of people to lay at the feet of Christ their daily offerings of patience, courage and unselfish service. You have your chance wherever God has placed you—the chance to enrich the world by your glad fearlessness, sweetness of temper, hopeful patience and loving kindness. No one is so poor that he has not the richest gifts to offer—righteousness and love are worth infinitely more than money, and so is cheerfulness.

"Two little old ladies, one grave, one gay.
In the self-same cottage lived day by day.
One could not be happy, 'Because,' she said,
'So many children were crying for bread';
And she really had not the heart to smile,
When the world was so wicked all the while.
The other old lady smiled all day long,
As she knitted, or sewed, or crooned a song;
She had not time to be sad, she said,
When hungry children were crying for bread.
She baked, and knitted, and gave away,
And declared the world grew better each day."

Two little old ladies, one grave, one gay;
Now which do you think chose the wiser way?"

DORA FARNCOMB.

What Do I Know.

"What man knoweth the things of a man, save the spirit of man, which is in him."

I pass half a dozen men in the city, and I have passed several continents; one man is laden with coal, another with cotton, another with wool, and another with wheat. One is thinking of China, another of furs from the frozen North. I stop one of these and ask "What?" The man is perplexed: "I know much, can explain but little, words won't come, my mind is like a country of mighty mountains, and I cannot climb. There are no ladders, and no wings. My mind is a deep sea, and no buckets to draw with. What man knoweth the things of a man?"

To begin, we do not know ourselves. The Bible asks "What is man?" and I cannot answer it. I feel the stirrings of greatness, I am conscious of meanness. Now I am akin to the ox that eateth grass, then I soar above the stars, and leave them out of sight. I

feel I am a king, and then I see my crown is in the gutter. I feel I am a worm, but when I think, the thinking power lifts me above the universe of matter. I am blind in a prison cell, and I grope to find door or window. I hear other prisoners, I ask them questions, and they cannot answer me.

I go on a survey of my own being, and, like Capt. Cook, I discover islands and continents, and like Sir John Franklin I stick fast in the ice. I return after long voyages, and you ask "What?" I think in continents, and then I look into the face of my little boy and see a confidence in his eye, a simplicity in his mien, and a receptivity which looks larger than my own, and I conclude that man is an enigma on two feet, a mystery to himself and to others, and I ask, "Oh where shall wisdom be found?"

I seize a rope and get a tow and I learn a little, I get a lift as in an elevator, and increase in knowledge. I learn to shape a right course and get well grounded in the rule of the road. The dangers are many, but they are all above water, and I can see how to steer. I get hold of avenues leading to the heart, only make me right in the center, and the circumference will take care of itself. I watch the beginning of desire, and scan carefully the spring of motives, and so I do not lose my crown, which is the satisfaction of a fine desire.

In my dream I thought I was in the company of one of the celestial messengers, who was showing me round. I was amazed at the size of the mansions. Some who were of little account on earth, had here magnificent structures, while others who were great on earth and looked big, had mean-looking abodes with scanty furniture. "How is this?" I asked my attendant. "What is it that counts here?" "Only that which is truly given. Only that good which is done for the love of doing it. Only those plans in which the welfare of others is the master thought. Only those labors in which the sacrifice is greater than the reward. Only those gifts in which the giver forgets himself."

H. T. MILLER.

Beamsville, Ont.

Fashion Dept.

THINGS TO MAKE FOR CHRISTMAS.

Below will be found patterns especially seasonable at this time of year. Price of each pattern is 10 cents. Be sure to order by number, and allow at least ten days to receive pattern. Address Fashion Department, "The Farmer's Advocate and Home Magazine," London, Ont. Be sure to sign your name when ordering patterns. Many forget to do this.

Address: Pattern Dept., "The Farmer's Advocate and Home Magazine," London, Ontario.

When ordering, please use this form:

Send the following pattern to:

Name

Post Office

County

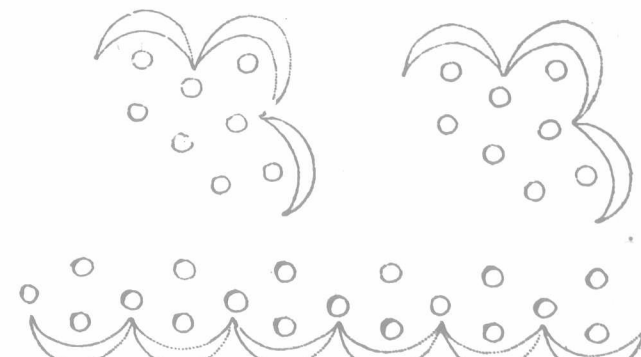
Province

Number of pattern

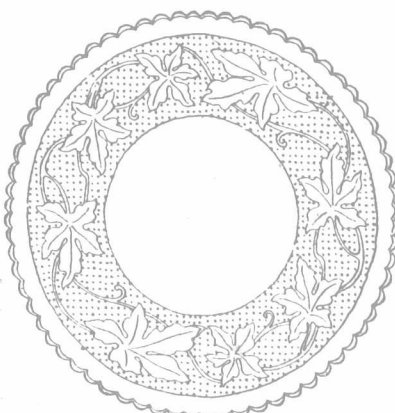
Date of issue in which pattern appeared.



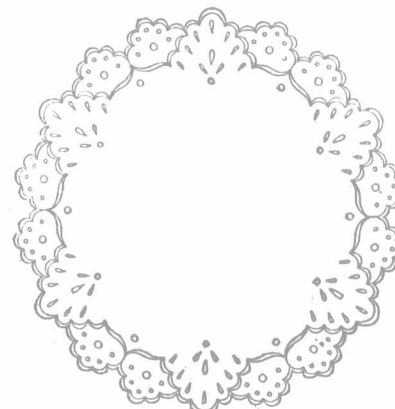
8433 Doll's Moyen Age Costume, 18, 22 and 26 in. high. Price, 10 cents.



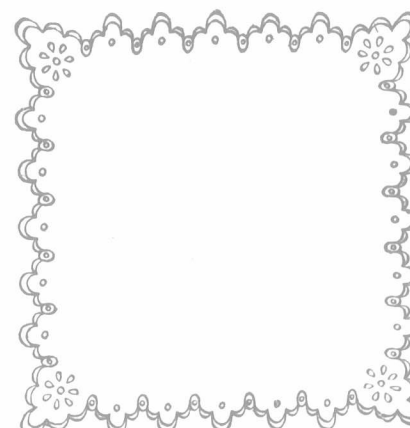
437 is a design for embroidering scalloped edges and corners. Transfer pattern, 10 cents.



695.—Embroidered Doyley, with punch-work background. Transfer pattern, 10 cents.



615.—A simple design for embroidering a center-piece twenty-two inches in diameter. Transfer pattern, 10 cents.



638.—A design for embroidering a pillow eighteen inches square. Transfer pattern, 10 cents.

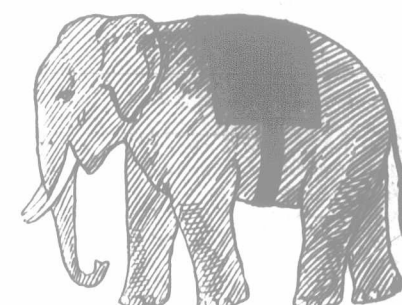


8431 Girl's Cape and Muff, 8 to 12 years.

May be made of fur, velvet, plush, seal-skin, or caracul cloth. Price 10 cents.



458.—Tea Cosy Cover. Transfer pattern, 10 cents.



DESIGN BY M. V. MANTON.

8426 Pattern for an Elephant, One Size.

The Beaver Circle

Our Senior Beavers.

[For all pupils from Senior Third to Continuation Classes, inclusive.]

Funny Spelling.

There is a farmer who is YY
Enough to take his EE,
And study nature with his II,
And think of what he CC.
He hears the chatter of the JJ
As they each other TT,
And sees that when a tree DKK
It makes a home for BB.
A yoke of horses he will UU
With many haws and GG.
And their mistakes he will XQQ
When ploughing for his PP.
He little buys, but much he sells,
And, therefore, little OO;
And when he hoes his soil by spells,
He also soils his hose.
—The Messenger.

Funnies.

Justified at Last.—Willie—"Look here, mother, haven't I been telling you for the past two years that it was no use learning all that European geography?"
—Life.

"Oh, Tommy, your hands are a sight! You must go right back and wash them."
"Well, what's the use o' having gloves, then?"



8460 Doll's Dress, 18, 22 and 26 inches high. Price, 10 cents.