

Ingle Nook Chats.

My dear Guests,—

"Every black must have its white,
And every sweet its sour."

So sings someone whose name I cannot at present recall, but the verse has been brought to my mind by the reception of an irate note from a very irate boy, who tried one of our recent competitions, failed to win, and therefore accuses The Hostess of unfairness in awarding the prizes. As this is the very first taste of "sour" that has found its way into the cup of sweetness proffered by my Guests, I have no cause to complain. Had the imputation any foundation, I should feel it keenly. As it is, I only regret that the person in question has not borne his defeat more bravely, remembering that though

"Glorious it is to wear the crown
Of a deserved and pure success;
He who knows how to fail, has won
A crown whose lustre is not less."

It is strange the different effects similar causes produce in different people. The brave make defeat a stepping-stone to some greater victory; the pusillanimous allow themselves to be weighed down by trifles and make no further effort.

There are contributors to these contests who have tried and failed almost half-a-dozen times, yet they cheerily return for still another attempt. Those persons will eventually win (not through "favor"—all are strangers to me), because each effort leaves them stronger than before. This persistent effort is, moreover, excellent discipline and an aid in the formation of firm character, and will unconsciously leave its trace thereupon, for it is an evident fact that our every action, word, and even thought, is being built into this important life-work.

"For the structure that we raise,
Time is with materials filled;
Our to-days and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build."

Another competitor writes: " . . . We defeated ones may at least do justice to those who have won. . . . Perhaps the failures may succeed next time—'Bruce and the spider,' you know." This is the true Canadian spirit, and nil desperandum is an excellent motto. I used to see The Khan poems, but have not read any lately. I should like to have the one you mention. I dare not ask for space to publish the poem you ask for, as already we are obliged to condense matters very much. To what do you refer, re the "Mc" to your name? Is it to this old rhyme:

"By Mac and O you'll surely know
True Irishmen, they say;
For if they lack both O and Mac,
No Irishmen are they."

I always thought "Mc" was as much Scotch as Irish.

Indeed, "Baby," the fact of your having had a birthday recently does not excuse you from paying respects to the Nook. It is, instead, a promotion to a higher rank and to win in future will be a greater honor. Don't you be foolish enough to give up horse-back riding (or reasonably short skirts, either) for ever so long yet. Do not be in a hurry to bid adieu to "the glad, wild ways of your schoolgirl days"—the necessity for doing so comes always soon enough, even when longest deferred. Keep your heart and spirits young, and your face will follow their example.

"Marie," you are a 'brick' (dear me! I hope I shall not be reproved for indulging in slang; it is so expressive sometimes), and some day you will walk hand-in-hand with success. Too bad your berries failed. I see you find some consolation still; that's the best way—always look for the silver lining. Do you not love pansies? Their sweet velvety faces are almost human in expression. Mine are not as good as usual thus far. You are at liberty to change your pen-name if you wish.

OUR COMPETITION.

The result of Contest XX. will appear next issue; some of the Provinces have failed to send any representative, which is too bad.

Contest XXI. will excite more general interest, and I hope for a large attendance. Quotation No. 10 should read, "The least flower, etc.," instead of "last," as printed in July 1st issue.

Where are the two hundred and twelve Guests who tried the animal contest last winter? Everybody welcome, young and old; no disgrace to fail; try, try again.

THE HOSTESS.
Ingle Nook Chats, Pakenham, Ont.

Humorous.

Professor Wilson, of Edinburgh University, was, some years ago, appointed Honorary Physician to the Queen. On the morning of his appointment he informed his pupils of the honor he had received by means of a blackboard in the laboratory, thus: "Professor Wilson informs his pupils that he has this day been appointed Honorary Physician to the Queen." During his temporary absence from the room, one of the students added the words: "God save the Queen."

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

"Twentieth Century Chickens."

A QUESTION.

"Why, chickens, where is your mother?
You poor little shivering things,
What can the old hen be doing?
You ought to be under her wings."

THE ANSWER.

"Oh, what do you mean by a mother?
No mother at all have we;
We were hatched in an incubator,
Chickens up-to-date are we."

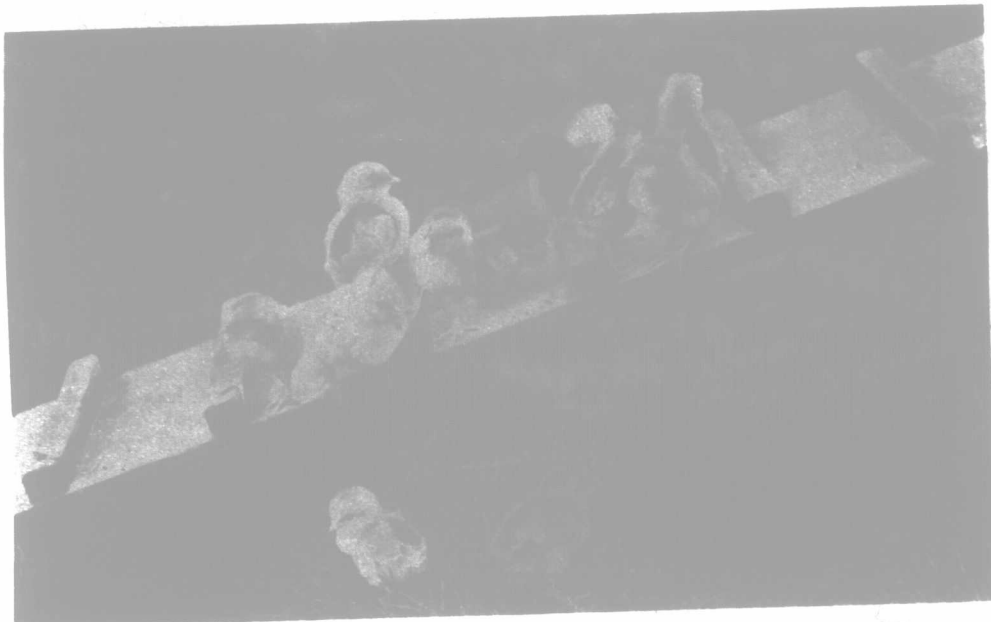
"We've a box that is called a 'brooder,'
But no wings that are warm and soft,
Under which we can run and nestle,
Like those common chicks in the loft."

"For mothers are quite old-fashioned,
Not needed at all to-day
To scratch for a pure-bred 'broiler,'
Though the eggs they still must lay."

COUSIN DOROTHY.

Between Ourselves.

The descriptions of the picture called "Perfect Bliss" are coming in rather slowly, but I hope you will all make an attempt at it before the end of July. I suppose you have heard the saying, "Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves." It doesn't mean only that we should be careful not to waste small sums of money. It is possible to be very careful with money and very extravagant in other ways. Your life is the most valuable possession you have—and life is made up of minutes. As it takes a great many coppers to make a thousand dollars, so it takes a great many minutes to make an ordinary life; but as you spend your minutes,



"TWENTIETH CENTURY CHICKENS."

so your life will be. If you make a habit of wasting minutes, some day you will find that your life has slipped through your hands and is wasted too. Then, some people are very free with their promises, and think they are brave and good because they intend to do great things some day. But our lives are made up of realities, not of dreams; the things we do, not the things we intend to do.

"If I had a heap of yellow corn
And fields of waving wheat,
I'd quickly send a cargo where
They've not enough to eat.
I'd load a ship myself alone
With grain of every kind,
And make my harvest offering
The best that I could find.
Or if I had just money, why,
That, too, would do much good,
For it should go to India
To buy the children food."
'Twas little Rob who said these words,
So generous and bold.
What he would do when he was rich,
He very often told.
But, O, this same dear little boy,
When he had dimes to spend,
Bought something for himself alone—
Had none to give or lend.
But truly now, if Rob expects
To be a generous man,
He'd better practise when he's small
By giving what he can.

I once heard of a boy called Reuben, who made up his mind to be a hero. He was always reading stories about boys who had done wonderful things, such as going into strange countries and returning with heaps of money, so that their

mothers could dress in silk and velvet and drive about in grand carriages, having no work to do. Reuben's mother was a poor widow, and he used to lie in bed on cold mornings, dreaming of the fine things he would do for her some day. It was pleasant to think how kind he would be, and he would draw the bedclothes over his head so that he could not hear his feeble old mother lighting the kitchen fire, pumping water, and even sometimes digging a path through the snow to the henhouse. One day he picked up a story called "The Hero."

"Hello!" he exclaimed. "What is this about? I mean to be a hero."

The story was about a village which was entirely destroyed by fire. One poor man was in great distress. His neighbors had lost their homes and cattle; but he was nearly frantic, for not only were his house and cows gone, but his son was also missing. All night he wandered about the ruins, and just at daylight he was overjoyed to see his herd of cows return, followed by his son, who, when he saw the fire, had driven them away out of danger. When told that he was a hero, the boy exclaimed, "Oh, no; a hero is one who does something wonderful. I only took the cows away because I knew it was the right thing to do."

"Yes," said the father, "and he who does the right thing at the right time is a hero."

Reuben thought the matter over very seriously, and came to the conclusion that he already had the chance to be that kind of a hero. He also decided that he had better go to work at once, as heroes can't be made in a day.

The greatest heroes are generally most thoughtful in doing little kindnesses. One of the heroes of the British navy in the time of the Crimea was Capt. Peel. He distinguished himself by many daring deeds of gallantry, such as picking up a shell which had fallen near some boxes of powder, and throwing it over the earthworks before it exploded. Once, in 1851, he was crossing a desert when he saw a little bird lying

on the sand, dying of thirst. Knowing that courage and gentleness go together in a true soldier, perhaps you will not be surprised to hear that he got off his camel and gave some of his store of water to save the life of that poor little creature.

Now, boys, you want to be heroes some day, I am very sure. Why shouldn't you be heroes to-day, and every day? If being a hero is simply doing the right thing at the right time, why NOW is the time to begin.

"Up with the early song-birds,
Fresh for the busy day,
Driving the cows to pasture,
Tossing the new-mown hay,
Feeding the ducks and chickens,
Riding the horse to the creek,
Hunting the eggs in the barnyard—
How many dozen a week?
Running of errands for mother,
Picking the early greens,
Hilling the corn and potatoes,
Shelling the peas and beans;
Going to school in the winter,
Learning to read and spell,
Working at home in the summer,
Gathering knowledge as well,
Growing to useful manhood,
Far from the busy town,
One of these country boys may yet
Be first in the world's renown."

COUSIN DOROTHY.

Mamma—"Why, Susie, you've offered your butter-scotch to everybody but little brother. Why didn't you hand it to him?" Susie (with innocent candor)—"Because, mamma, little brother always takes it."