

to untie the fastenings, determined to save her patient or die with him.

God only knows the strength or weakness of our character—the character which we are steadily strengthening by enduring little trials, or steadily weakening by small acts of self-indulgence, every day we live. Some day we may suddenly be tested, and therefore it is our business to prepare for that testing-time by making sure that our courage is not merely a matter of temperament, or of constitution, but is an inspiration straight from the Heart of God. A wonderful fearlessness can spring from faith in God's abiding Presence. Bishop Ingram says that he once knew a woman who was so terrified at the prospect of undergoing an operation that it seemed impossible to operate. Twenty-four hours later, with firm step, clear faith, and without a tremor, she walked from her room to the operating table, and the great London surgeons asked: "What has been done to you?" And she replied, frankly, looking into their faces: "Something, my friends, that none of you could have done." As the bishop says: "It was a miracle, worked by Christ. It was the revival, by prayer and recalling His strength and power to her, of her faith." Christ Himself put His power within her, and in His hope, in His strength, she lived through that tremendous hour. Whether you believe in miracles or not, no one can contradict the fact that such courage has been displayed by weak women innumerable times, and that at least ninety-nine times out of every hundred it is the direct outcome of a living faith in God. Is any infidel daring enough to say that such faith is not a grand thing—a possession worth everything in this world of difficulty and danger?

One who leans always upon the Most High God rests always in a sense of perfect safety. He fears no terror by night, nor the arrow that flieth by day, neither the pestilence that walketh in darkness nor the destruction that wasteth at noonday. He knows there is no reason to fear, though a thousand should fall by his side and ten thousand at his right hand. This is not reckless foolhardiness or stoical indifference, but the trustfulness of a little child that feels perfectly secure in a loving father's arms. One who can say confidently, "The Lord is on my side; I will not fear; what can man do unto me?" and who keeps his eyes fixed on the unseen God, will not trouble himself to count or measure the forces arrayed against him. What does it matter though he have one enemy or a million, whether he stand like Athanasius, alone against the world, or is surrounded by an army of friends? "There is no restraint to the LORD to save by many or by few;" with God on his side no weapon can really injure him, though

—If God will—it may touch his body. Countless martyrs have shown utter fearlessness in the face of awful danger, and there are plenty of the noble army of martyrs in the world to-day who are facing victoriously, with triumphant heart, severe pain of mind or body, disappointment and difficulty. It is well to remember that what a man would show himself to be if he were put to the test, that he is now in deepest, truest fact. A man who would trample children to death in order to save himself is just as certainly a coward now, though he may not have the faintest idea that he is capable of such a deed. To put him to the test may be a merciful way of opening his eyes. On the other hand, a man who would show himself a hero under such an ordeal is really just as much a hero now, though very probably he would laugh at the idea. To put such an one



FIG. 1.—The Wildwood Garden.

into a position that would reveal his heroism to himself might only result in spoiling its unconscious beauty. Perhaps that is one reason God puts most people into a commonplace school. There they have plenty of opportunity for cultivating strength and courage, but very little chance of making a display of their heroism. But how often we try to slip out of an unpleasant or dangerous duty, leaving other people to face it. We may even venture to say that they are throwing away their lives and talents foolishly. But, as Christ by dying won the victory over death, so His followers find that they can only taste life in its full splendor when they stand ready to lay it down at His feet.

The world is constantly celebrating the victory of the vanquished. May I tell you of one of these victorious victims? It was about 1,500 years ago, but the vanquished victor is not forgotten yet.

The great Coliseum was packed with an excited crowd of people, eagerly watching one of the terrible gladiatorial combats—a fight to the death. The emperor had issued an edict against these murderous games, and many eloquent Christian orators had publicly denounced them, but it seemed hopeless to try to stop such popular spectacles. But, where emperor and orators proved helpless, one man, armed only with determined courage, conquered by a silent act of noble self-sacrifice which will never be forgotten. Telemachus had travelled a long way with one object in view—to stop, at any cost to himself, this wicked, purposeless waste of life. The gladiators were fighting furiously, and the vast crowd watched the conflict breathlessly. Suddenly this strange man rushed into the arena and flung himself between the combatants. The angry crowd howled with rage, curses

Speak, History! Who are life's victors? Unroll thy long annals, and say:—Are they those whom the world calls the victors, who won the success of a day?

The Martyrs or Nero? The Spartans who fell at Thermopylae's trust, Or the Persians and Xerxes? His judges or Socrates? Pilate or Christ? "HOPE."

The Message.

"Which hope we have as an Anchor of the Soul, both sure and steadfast."—Hebrews 6: 19.

Faint-hearted, and sad, and weary, care-burdened and sore distressed, I had raised my head from my pillow with a feeling of dire unrest,

A sense of utter failure, of being conquered in the fight,

Of being out in a gathering darkness, with scarce a glimmer of light.

Life's bitter mistakes and misleadings, soul-battles fought and unwon,

Kindly words I had left unspoken, and kindly deeds left undone!

All these, ay! and more such recollections, "Mea culpas," with cruel refrain,

Had driven all sleep from my eyelids, and madly tortured my brain.

Dimmed and blurred seemed both "Precept and Promise," I could only look within,

And weep at my sense of failure in the fight I so needed to win.

Should light never dawn on this darkness, and the struggle but end with my life,

I had better just lay down my weapons, and coward-like flee from the strife!

Then a cry from my soul I sent upwards: "A message, dear Master, I pray!

By the lips of Thy servant send me, when I enter Thy gates to-day."

Came that message with balm and healing, of the "hope so steadfast and sure,"

Of the "Anchor," with seal attested, which would "hold" for evermore.

Tho' billows might beat around it, tho' waves roll mountains high,

There was nought could prevail against it, in time or eternity!

Storm-lashed my bark and battered, but held by that cable true,

Though I had forgotten my watchword, my Captain had guided me through,

Safe though my faint heart had doubted, held fast by that grace-wrought strand,

Secure from all fear of shipwreck! within haven-sight of land!

H. A. B.

Children's Corner.

A Smart Donkey.

The donkey is a sort of relative of the horse, being much like it, only smaller. The owner of a clever one tells this story:

"His lodging-place at night was a shed from which he had free access to a yard, but not, of course, to the kitchen garden, which adjoined it. This garden was separated from the yard by a wall, in which was a door or gate, fastened by two bolts and a latch. But soon we were surprised to find that the gate had been opened in the night, and there were footprints of the donkey on the walks and beds. How this could be we could not imagine, especially as the top bolt was high. So I watched at my window and saw Mr. Donkey, reared up on his hind legs, unfasten the upper with his mouth. Then he drew back the lower one, lifted the latch and walked into the garden. In a few moments he came back, bringing a large bunch of carrots, which he put in his shed, and then went to latch the gate, after which he leisurely set about it, munching up his booty."

(Copied by) MARY MORRIS.
Staffa, Ont.

Our Letter-writers.

Dear Cousin Dorothy.—I have for some time been silently enjoying the "Children's Corner" of "The Farmer's Advocate," and now I have decided to write to you. Several times I have intended entering your competitions, but

when I thought of the excellent compositions written in former competitions, I decided that a composition I would write would simply be tossed in the waste-paper basket.

I live in a very pretty, thickly-settled part of the country, near the quiet little town of Thamesville. There is a good store and a post office quite close to us. The church is on the corner of our farm. I have about one and three-fourths miles to go to school. It would not be so

far, if the river did not wind around the back of our farm. I do not go much now though, for I am fourteen years old, and got my leaving last summer.

ESTELA McCUTCHEON.
Croton, Ont.

As I see you can write a good letter, I don't think you need be afraid to try one of our competitions. I hope your next letter will be answered more promptly.

C. D.
Dear Cousin Dorothy,—I thought I



Three of a Kind.

would write a letter. It is the first time I have written for the Corner. I think I will tell you what I got for Christmas. I got a dear little cabinet, also a pair of skates, and two bags, a work-bag and a work-box, six books, a doll, and a bed for the doll, a cup and saucer, two little pomade pots. I like the "Glenarry School Days." I like "The Farmer's Advocate" very much. We have a dog and a bird. I have some cousins that go to school with me; one of my girl cousins is with me in everything. We are in the Third Book.

MARY MACDONALD (age 9).
Guelph.

Ans.—I thank you, Mary, for your nice little letter. You must have had a very big Christmas-stocking.
C. D.

Riddles.

(Jennie Claus, Vineland, Ont.)

1. What is the most bashful thing in the world?
2. Why is an egg like a colt?
3. What is it that is neither fish, flesh nor fowl, and yet has four fingers and a thumb?
4. What stands on one foot, and has its heart in its head?
5. What goes up hill and down hill, and yet never moves?

ANSWERS.

1. A clock, for it holds its hands before its face.
2. Because it is no use till it is broken.
3. A clove.
4. A cabbage.
5. A road.