

at nine, and at eleven wrote the cantata, 'In Ruhrend Feierlichen Tönen,' and nearly sixty other pieces; when twelve, he wrote his first opera, and at thirteen he produced an opera in three acts. Mozart commenced music lessons at three years of age, at four he composed small pieces. He performed in public when five, at eight played before members of the Royal Family, and wrote 'God is Our Refuge.' At eleven he composed an opera bouffe, and at sixteen wrote the operas, 'Il Sogno di Scipione' and 'Lucio Silla,' both brilliant successes. The same story could be told of Meyerbeer and Verdi as children, and both Wagner and Brahms were barely out of their teens before doing good work.

"In the Franco-Prussian and Russo-Japanese wars, Mr. Dorland shows that age was on the side of the victorious generals. Of the Prussians, Von Moltke was seventy, and Von Steinmetz seventy-four; and among the Japanese were Marquis Oyama, sixty-two; Nodzi, sixty-three, and Kuroki, sixty. But history has many records of the successful efforts of youth to change the world's geography. Alexander the Great defeated the Theban band at Chæronea when seventeen, ascended the throne at twenty, and before he was twenty-five had conquered the known world. Henry IV. of France was leader of an army at sixteen, and King of Navarre at nineteen. Eugene of Savoy was a field-marshal at the age of twenty-four, ten years later he won the battle of Zenta, and at forty-one co-operated at Blenheim with Marlborough. Lord Clive was distinguished at twenty-two, attained his greatest fame when thirty-five, and had founded the Indian Empire before he was forty. Napoleon was a general at twenty-five, a year later saw him Commander-in-Chief in Italy, and he had accomplished his destiny and been finally overthrown before he reached forty-five.

"Landseer could draw well when he was five, and at ten was a first-class draughtsman. Claude Joseph Vernet drew in crayons at four, and was celebrated at twenty. Reynolds made a fine drawing of his school when eight, and Gainsborough, before he was ten, had sketched everything picturesque round Sudbury. John Stuart Mill knew the Greek alphabet when three; Wren invented an astronomical instrument when four; Bulwer-Lytton wrote ballads at five; and Macaulay, before he was eight, wrote a 'Compendium of Universal History.'

"Handel was seventy-two when he composed his oratorio, 'Triumph of Time and Truth,' and Meyerbeer was the same age when he produced the opera, 'L'Africaine.' Verdi was seventy-four before he wrote his masterpiece, 'Otello,' and at eighty-five wrote beautiful music. Longfellow was seventy-five when he wrote 'Hermes Trismogistus' and 'Bells of San Blas.' Browning continued writing till his death, at seventy-seven, and Tennyson was eighty-three when he wrote 'Crossing the Bar.' Von Moltke, at eighty-eight, was chief of the Prussian Army, and John Wesley was the vigorous head of Methodism at the same age. Titian was ninety-eight when he painted his 'Battle of Lepanto,' and Perrugino was seventy-six when he painted the walls of the Church of Castello di Fontignano. It is not surprising that Mr. Dorland adopts the statement, 'No strong man will accept sixty as the arbitrary limit of his ambition and working ability.'

"Everywhere in the civilized world men who call themselves sportsmen scatter agony and desolation among the beautiful creatures God has placed on our earth. Birds with delicate frames, sweet voices and lovely plumage, wounded and bleeding, perforated with shot, legs and wings broken and splintered, hide away to die in tortures of pain from their wounds or from the agonies of thirst and starvation. In the trees above and in the grass beneath, nestlings

slowly die because the parent birds have been destroyed by a ruthless hand. These are some of the accompaniments of the recreation which, in so-called Christian countries, is called sport."—[Our Dumb Animals.

The Quiet Hour.

FRESH-AIR WORK.

"What though your feet are often over-weary,
On ceaseless errands sent;
And tired shoulders ache and ache so sorely
'Neath heavy burdens bent?
Be patient, lest the ones whom you are serving
Be soon beyond your care;
Lest little wayward feet that you are guiding
Slip past you unaware.

of the child" is that he has a right to be happy, even in school, so says an April number of "Charities and the Commons." The happiness of children is certainly considered more and more, in these days. When I went to school, no one seemed to think it mattered much whether lessons were interesting or uninteresting. But now everything must be sugar-coated, and lesson books for the little ones are as delightful as story books and school seeks to be as enjoyable as the play-room. The change is for the better—if not pushed too far. Where life is made a continual holiday, the soul is apt to grow weak and soft, and yet surely Jane Addams is right when she prophesies that we shall, one day, recognize "that the joyousness of childhood, the glorious fulness of enjoyment for which children are by nature adapted, and by their Creator intended, is, in itself, a worthy end of legislation and social concern."

If God wants all of us to be happy—as he surely does—most of all does He

some little ones to a park; and one of them, hearing a bird sing in a tree, asked if it were a "horse." It hardly seems possible that they can live for years without seeing a blade of grass growing out of the ground, or a dandelion in all its golden glory in a field. And, yet, it is often true. Think how a city child must feel as if he were dropped into the middle of a fairy tale when he sees around him the unaccustomed marvels of plants and animals. In past years, many readers of "The Farmer's Advocate" have lent a hand to those who are trying to paint in the memory of many eager city children beautiful pictures of waving trees—green against the blue of the sky—of golden flowers on a background of green, and many other uplifting scenes which are "common" in your eyes, but have all the attraction of novelty for them. Last year, many poor Toronto children had a glorious fortnight's holiday through your kindness. Are you going to make the most of this opportunity which is again presented to you? Some homes may be too far from Toronto for the children to be invited there, but where that is the case, it is always possible to send a little contribution towards the expenses of the "Children's Fresh-Air Mission." I will close by giving you some clippings from last summer's report. HOPE.

CHILDREN'S FRESH-AIR MISSION.

THIRTEENTH ANNUAL REPORT, TORONTO MISSION UNION, 1907.

"Every Child is Worth Saving."

All deserving children (whether they be black or white, Canadian, British or foreign), are eligible for a fresh-air outing.

The blessing of the Lord still continues in the work of the Fresh-Air Mission. Each year adds to the number of needy children sent out, and all have the same story of good times, with plenty to eat.

Over 500 boys and girls enjoyed the holiday, the homes being found in all parts of Ontario. It is delightful to find the friends inviting the same children, year after year, and telling of the blessings they receive in caring for them. No doubt it means real sacrifice, but when one considers the possibilities that may be accomplished, of impressions made on these young hearts, surely it is a responsibility that God's people should covet. A few days lived in a real Christian home has given some of our boys and girls the truth of what heaven on earth means. What an impression family worship makes on their young hearts! Yes, and we believe it was after such holidays that many of our boys and girls were led to trust Jesus as their personal Saviour, in the Monday-night Gospel Meetings.

It needs no one to tell of the hardships of the past winter, when hundreds of families were saved from starvation through the generosity of thoughtful people. Thousands of children were clothed and fed, and now the Fresh-Air Mission seeks to give them a summer holiday. Think of a cold winter's night, when one of our workers called on a family, composed of father, mother and nine children, and found that their "dinner" consisted of two turnips. Do you think the children of this home would enjoy two weeks of plenty in a good country home?

We had two tents at Jordan Harbor, Messrs. Pretz and Duncan giving their help and fatherly care. Every child who has been there longs for the "Jordan days" to come again.

The work is still carried on in simple faith and trust in God, believing that He knows the needs of these poor children and will bountifully supply them to His own glory. No requests, directly or indirectly, are made for money, our Treasurer receiving any amount that God puts it into the hearts of His people to give. The average cost per child for the two weeks' holiday is One Dollar.

We are very grateful to the railway companies for their continued interest and assistance in the work.

"And a Child Shall Lead Them."

Last summer, could be seen a dear little boy and girl standing on one of our streets, watching other children pass by with their parents and baskets to spend the day at the summer resorts. You could only tell how they felt by looking at their pale, disappointed faces,



"A Pause in the Day's Occupations."

Ah, then, no joy would seem so dear
and blessed
As spending months and years
In ceaseless service for the vanished
darlings
So vainly mourned with tears.
But while you have your dear ones still
around you,
Do not regret your care;
For easier aching feet and arms and
shoulders,
Than aching hearts to bear.
And still beyond your household duties
reaching,
Stretch forth a helping hand;
So many stand in need of loving com-
fort
All over this wide land;
Perchance some soul you aid to-day,
to-morrow
May with the angels sing;
Someone may go straight from your
earthly table
To banquet with the King."

The latest theory in "the new view

want the children to be happy. And seldom do they disappoint. His loving desire in this respect. Look at the children where you will, and you will find a love of play and fun is a strong element in their natures. Their sorrows are short-lived, their gladness brightens long hours of every day with its merry sunshine, if only they are given a fraction of a chance to have a good time. And city children enjoy life quite as thoroughly as their country fellows; but all children are delighted with a change. A country child loves to ride on the street cars, and a city child is just as delighted when he can get astride a steady old farm horse. And it is true enough that "the child seems to be long to the country." It is true that children, who are so sensitive to every impression, are harmed and stunted in soul as well as body by living for long years in dirty, crowded streets, without a chance to hear the birds sing, or see the grass grow. A kindergarten teacher told me yesterday that last summer she took