



A greeting to you, children dear,  
At last my face you see.  
Come, draw your chairs up very near,  
And have a chat with me.

Where did I "get the bonnet?" Eh?  
That's rather rude, you know.  
Don't make remarks, or I'll not stay.  
You'd cry if I should go.

My dear, you're welcome to your joke.  
The fact is—don't you tell—  
But in the attic hung this "poke"—  
I'm sure it suits me well.

Oh, don't you love the attic, chicks?  
It's great fun, is it not?  
In grandma's hopes to play wild tricks,  
And rattle out such a lot  
Of queer old hats and skirts and waists,  
And "dresses up" when we can!  
The old folks have such stupid tastes,  
I'd never be a man!

Did some small boy say, very low,  
"You never got the chance!"  
Oh, well, perhaps it may be so.  
The boys all love to prance  
And strut about and put on airs  
And on the girls look down.  
Don't mind them, girls, let's go upstairs  
And try on every gown.

—Cousin Dorothy.

### The Sick Fairy.

(Continued from page 191.)

The Countess, or as we may as well call her, the fairy *Ophryanthemum*, was sitting in her pleasant drawing-room entertaining the mayor's wife, who had come to pay her a morning call. The neighbors afforded our fairy no little amusement, for although she had often come to Mortal-land to practice her magic, she had never stayed long enough with human beings to know much of their manners and customs, which were refreshingly new to her.

"Pray, Countess, are you aware that this house is haunted?" Mrs. Jones was saying.

"I have heard it said," replied the Countess, indifferently; "but what does it matter? Ghosts are poor flimsy things who never interfere with anybody."

"Ah, Countess, if we all had your nerves of iron! It is my duty to tell you that I don't think you will be able to keep your servants much longer, in consequence of the strange sights which haunt them. The whole neighborhood knows of the strange creature that prowls about at night taking the shape of your respectable butler, Mr. Parakeet. Mrs. Ricketts, the housekeeper, imagined it to be himself in his green and scarlet livery, and with his large, projecting nose; but on approaching it the creature displayed two great flapping wings, and flew off, to her horror. Others of your household have met dragons crawling about with bodies striped like those long waistcoats that some of your pages wear."

"You amaze and distress me very much," said the Countess, looking really concerned.

"But I have not told you half all," went on Mrs. Jones. "As if it were not enough to have all kinds of flying creatures wandering about at night, very extraordinary things happen in the day. The cook has found her saucepan overturned if she has left it a minute, and woe to the housemaid who leaves a corner unswept. She is sure to find 'slut' written there in letters of phosphorus next time she passes."

"Then I am indebted to the ghosts," observed the Countess, who could not restrain a smile, "for the greater attention to their duties shown lately by the servants engaged in the neighborhood; but believe me, Mrs. Jones, this shall all be put a stop to. I'll have no ghosts in my house, and I am accustomed to be obeyed."

"Oh, no doubt, Countess," said her humble and admiring friend, "any mortal would obey but a sign of your finger, but with ghosts, alas! I fear me that even you are powerless."

The accusation of being unable to deal with such poor things as ghosts seemed such an affront to the fairy as caused her to flush with anger, but, remembering her assumed character, she drew herself up with all the dignity of a haughty old mortal lady, and said,

"Mrs. Jones, the ghosts shall be exorcised. You need not doubt my word, for I repeat that I am accustomed to be obeyed."

Mrs. Jones' back was scarcely turned before the old lady rang the bell and summoned into her presence the butler, lady's-maid, and all the pages—the servants, in short, that she had brought with her from Fairyland.

"What did I enjoin upon you before I left home?" she asked, sternly. "Did I or did I not tell you to abjure all magic arts, and behave exactly like the human beings we have come to live amongst?"

"You did me'am, and we endeavor to obey, but we are always forgetting," they replied in chorus.

"One can't always be creeping along as if one hadn't got wings," muttered Mr. Parakeet, echoed by Peacock and Firefly.

"And we can't always be standing up on our hind legs," said Creeper and Crawley, "it's so fatiguing."

It was at this moment that a ring at the front-door bell summoned Mr. Parakeet to his post, and the fairy, having dismissed the servants with a severe rebuke, awaited her next visitor.

It was no other than Charley Morton, who, hearing how kind the Countess had been to his sisters, was bent upon trying his own luck with her; but his reception was not equally gracious.

"Well, what do you want, child?" asked the Countess, sharply, as Charley came in bowing, with his hat in his hand, for he had very good manners when he liked.

"Please, noble lady—"

"Never mind about all that."

"I think you know my sisters?"

"Yes; and nothing good of you, Charles Morton. I wonder you are not ashamed to come into my presence, reminding me as you do of my—humph—I mean, after your conduct to your brother."

"It wasn't my fault that he disappeared, ma'am."

"It wasn't your fault that he cried, I suppose? You never ate any strawberries when you had been told not? You never sneered at the poor child? I wish you were in his place, with all my heart, and I've a good mind—"

The enraged fairy seized the poker in temporary forgetfulness that it was not a wand, but remembered in time and put it down.

"Oh, don't hit me, ma'am!" cried Charley, "I'm very sorry I behaved so badly, I am indeed, and I came to ask you to help me to find Ernest."

"You must go home then and look in the kitchen garden for a turnip-top which has not yet flowered, and that turnip-top must be watered with your tears."

"But, oh! ma'am," said Charley, in perplexity, "how can I cry over a turnip? Do you want to make a laughing-stock of me?"

"Well, and if I do, what then?" retorted the fairy. "Don't you think you deserve to be one? Go home and do as I tell you, or, mark my words, you will rue it!"

"And if I do, ma'am, will you help me find my little brother?"

"Yes," replied the Countess; "that's a promise, and I think you hardly know what a very powerful old lady I am."

(To be continued.)

### The Great Canadian Puzzle.

What's this? Oh, no, it cannot be!  
And yet it is, a Gold Watch Free!  
A Silver Watch! and, best of all,  
A Prize which none can say is small.  
My friends, don't throw this chance away,  
But Fifty Dollars earn to-day.  
Perhaps you think the task too great,  
Why, then, remember, only eight  
Correct replies, for you will win  
The right to wear a handsome Pin.  
A New Subscriber first secure,  
Then search the map to make quite sure  
Of every city, town and bay  
In this great land, and send away  
The list at once, you need not wait.  
The end of May will be too late.  
Don't call this "work" and say you need  
Your time for putting in the seed.  
It is not work, it's only play,  
And need not break into your day.  
When evening comes, and work is done,  
You'll find the children think it's fun  
To fill the missing letters in.  
Why should not each obtain a Pin,  
If each a New Subscriber get?  
Don't miss this chance, or vain regret.  
Will fill your heart, when, all too soon,  
The Winners' names appear in June.  
See to it, then, that yours is there,  
And let each household send a pair  
Of lists, with New Subscribers' names.  
This Puzzle's worth a dozen games.  
The FARMER'S ADVOCATE, you'll see,  
Will treat all lists impartially.  
There is no risk of loss to you,  
And possibly you may win two.  
Good handsome Prizes for your pains,  
You only need to use your brains.  
Don't let them rust for want of use,  
Come, get your pencils out, induce  
Both young and old to try their hand  
In studying their Native Land.

### A few Notes from a Sermon to Children on Thankfulness.

Comparing the conditions of life where there is home comforts and fresh air, to the misery witnessed in some of the great cities of the world: 6,000 boys and girls in London, England, sleep outdoors every night in the year. To give an idea of the number of children attending Public school in that great city, if they were to join hands they would make a line reaching 300 miles.

50,000 families have only one room each, and most of them in miserably lighted and scantily furnished dens of filth and sin. If you wanted to walk on every street in London, you would need to travel over ten miles a day for nine years.

Most of the suffering is brought on by liquor, and it is painful to look upon half-starved women and children who carry bruises and cuts inflicted by brutal men.

Many organizations are seeking to lessen this misery, by opening homes for the children, where they teach them of the Saviour who came to take away the sin and bear the sorrow of all mankind.

If we ever feel inclined to murmur, let us remember how much God has given us by placing us in such a glorious country, and giving us comfortable homes and loving parents.

Glen Oak P. O.

J. W. MACKENZIE.

## THE QUIET HOUR.

### Fra Ildefonso's Quest.

Fra Ildefonso one spring evening stood Without the convent gate, and felt it good To watch the shadows steal with subtle grace Across the pavement of the market-place. The great cathedral's shadow lay before The good man's eyes, and made upon the floor A silhouette of nave and roof and spire, Which, as the sun sank lower, mounted higher, Until there stole to Ildefonso's side The shadow of the cross.

"And thus," he cried, Thy cross, O Lord, overshadows everything, And the wide world is covered by Thy wing! Praise to Thy name!"

Then, while the light still burned Upon the far-off hills, the good man turned Within the gates, and in his lodge sat down, Hearing meanwhile the murmur of the town, That like the hum of insects in the shade, Came from the streets where happy children played, And made fit concert with the silent prayer Which Ildefonso formed as he sat there. For 'twas the good man's habit every day Within his porter's lodge to wile away The evening hours in meditation deep Upon his Lord, that happily he might keep Less worthy thoughts from out his secret mind. Upon this night he thought:

"One thing I find, And only one in all I know of Him Whose light fills all the world and ne'er grows dim, Which I should like to alter, and 'tis this: That I might have the unutterable bliss Of seeing Him! Oh, that I had been Some humble Jew or lowly Nazarene In those old days when Eastern land He trod! Monks those who in His person saw not God! Am I so wrong in longing for a sight Of Him whose face I see by Faith's great light? Ah, Lord, I trust to see Thee in that day When earth and time shall both have passed away, And Thou Thyself shalt make Thy children blest, Because Thy glory shall be manifest. And yet I long all day to see Thy face, And think full oft how this poor humble place Would be transformed into a court of heaven If Thy dear presence to it once were given. Well, thanks to Thee, one comfort still is mine, I know Thee near in Sacrament divine! And if aught troubles me or brings me low, To seek Thy feet I have not far to go; And howe'er sad I am, my sadness flies When I behold Thy presence with Faith's eyes. I will go now, and at Thy altar pray, And speak with Thee."

But as he turned away There came a ringing at the convent bell; And Ildefonso said: "I know full well That this is one who rings from want and need And seeks a night's repose; because, indeed, 'Tis only beggars ring so modestly." Then, opening wide the door that he might see Who rang the bell, the good man saw outside A beggar, gaunt, and starved, and hollow-eyed, Who looked as though the world had used him ill For many days, and tossed him at its will About its byways.

Ildefonso said: "Come in, good man; for thee is board and bed, Thou seem'st as one whose need is great, and we Who serve the Master, have a place for thee." Therewith he brought the weary man a chair, And made a swift haste to place the convent fare Before him on the table, all the while Thinking unto himself with happy smile How good a thing it is to serve God's poor, And how God's glory is increased the more By little acts of tender love which flow From out the heart.

And, while he pondered so The stranger rose, and blessed and brake the bread; And suddenly around his tall, worn head A halo came, and all the place grew bright With radiance that was not of earthly light! Fra Ildefonso, falling on his knees, Heard a voice say: "In doing it to these Ye do it unto Me. Thou wishest well To see Me on this earth; but when the bell Tells thee some beggar stands outside the door, Know it is I, in person of My poor." Fra Ildefonso raised again his reverent head And lo, the Lord had blessed him and was fled.

I. S. FLETCHER.

Above all things, be kindly; kindness is a grace very near to the likeness of God, and one which disarms men above all else; gentle, charitable thoughts of others gradually stamp the countenance and help to win hearts.

Sympathy, love and unselfishness give happiness. It matters not what our physical condition, what our material surroundings. With these as our ingredients we shall extract the glorious elixir of life.

Do not be afraid of spoiling anyone with kindness. It can't be done. Instead of spoiling, it beautifies the character, cheers the heart, and helps to raise the burden from shoulders which, though brave, sometimes grow very, very tired. Let not a little adversity frighten you away, for under the most frigid exterior there is always to be found a tender chord which can be touched by kindness and which responds in beautiful harmonies to those little acts of courtesy that are as sunshine to a struggling plant.

Love is given us to help us onward nearer to God. The most blessed is that which draws us nearest to Him. The essence of true love is not its tenderness, but its strength, power of endurance, its purity, its self-renunciation. Never forget, a selfish heart desires love for itself—a Christian heart delights to love, without return.

He Whose loving care never fails His own is near. He holds all things in His power. He is at hand, watchful and ready to guide, to cheer, to help, to guard, to avenge. The time draws nigh when He shall make all know how close He has always been to every one, and shall set all wrongs right.