

But fairer far than all besides I saw my Saviour's face;  
 And as I gazed He smiled on me with wondrous love and grace.  
 Lowly I bowed before His throne, o'erjoyed that I at last  
 Had gained the object of my hopes; that earth at length was past.  
 And then in solemn tones He said, "Where is the diadem  
 That ought to sparkle on thy brow—adorned with many a gem?  
 I know thou hast believed on Me, and life through Me is thine;

But where are all those radiant stars that in thy crown should shine?  
 Yonder thou seest a glorious throng, and stars on every brow;  
 For every soul they led to Me they wear a jewel now.  
 And such thy bright reward had been, if such had been thy deed,  
 If thou hadst sought some wandering feet in paths of peace to lead.  
 Thou wert not called that thou shouldst tread the way of life alone,  
 But that the clear and shining light which round thy footsteps shone,

Should guide some other weary feet to My bright home of rest,  
 And thus, in blessing those around, thou thyself hadst been blest."  
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 The vision faded from my sight, the voice no longer spake,  
 A spell seemed brooding o'er my soul which long I feared to break;  
 And when at last I gazed around in morning's glimmering light,  
 My spirit felt o'erwhelmed beneath that vision's awful might.  
 I arose and wept with chastened joy that yet I dwelt below,

That yet another hour was mine my faith by works to show;  
 That yet some sinner I might tell of Jesus' dying love,  
 And help to lead some weary soul to seek a home above.  
 And now, while on the earth I stay, my motto this shall be,  
 "To live no longer to myself, but Him who died for me."  
 And graven on my inmost soul I'll wear this truth divine,  
 "They that turn many to the Lord bright as the stars shall shine."  
 —Printed by request.

Children's Corner.



Another Pet of the Family.  
 (Sent by Pearl Williams.)

The Christmas Gift.

In the sunny land of France there lived, many years ago, a sweet, sunny little maid named Piccola.  
 Piccola's father had died when she was a baby, and her mother was very poor, and had to work hard all day in the fields for a few cents. Little Piccola had no dolls and toys, and she was often hungry and cold, but she never was sad or lonely.  
 What if there were no children for her to play with! What if she did not have fine clothes and beautiful toys! In summer, there were always the birds in the forest, and the flowers in the fields and meadows; the birds sang so sweetly, and the flowers were so bright and pretty!  
 In the winter, when the ground was covered with snow, Piccola helped her mother, and knit long stockings of blue wool. The snowbirds had to be fed with crumbs, if she could find any; and then there was Christmas Day.  
 But one year her mother was ill, and could not earn any money. Piccola worked hard all the day long, and sold the stockings which she knit, even when her own little bare feet were blue with the cold.  
 As Christmas Day drew near, she said to her mother: "I wonder what the good Saint Nicholas will bring me this year. I cannot hang my stocking in the fireplace, but I shall put my wooden shoe on the hearth for him. He will not forget me. I am sure."  
 "Do not think of it this year, my dear child," replied her mother. "We must be glad if we have bread enough to eat."  
 But Piccola could not believe that the good Saint would forget her. On Christmas Eve, she put her little wooden shoe on the hearth, and went to sleep to dream of Saint Nicholas.  
 As the poor mother looked at the little shoe, she thought how unhappy her dear child would be to find it empty in the morning, and wished that she had something, even if it were only a tiny cake, for a Christmas gift. There was no money in the house but a few cents, and these must be saved to buy bread.  
 When the morning dawned, Piccola awoke and ran to her shoe.  
 Saint Nicholas had come in the night. He had not forgotten the little child who had thought of him with such faith. See what he had brought her! It lay in the wooden shoe, looking up at her with its two bright eyes, and chirping contentedly as she stroked its soft feathers.  
 A little song sparrow, cold and hungry,

had flown into the chimney and down to the room, and had hopped into the shoe.  
 Piccola danced for joy, and clasped the shivering sparrow to her breast. She ran to her mother's bedside. "Look, look!" she cried. "A Christmas gift, a gift from the good Saint Nicholas!" And she danced again on her little bare feet.  
 Then she fed and warmed the bird, and cared for it tenderly all winter long. She taught it to take crumbs from her hand and her lips, and to sit on her shoulder while she was working.  
 In spring, she opened the window for it to fly away; but it made a nest in the woods near by, and came often in the early morning to sing its sweetest songs near the door.  
 (Copied by) JANET McNABB (age 12).  
 Ottawa, Ont.

The Letter Box.

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—I read the letters in the Children's Corner every week, and enjoy it very much. We have taken "The Farmer's Advocate" five years, and think it is a very good paper. I live on a farm of over one hundred and fifty acres. I go to school, and am in the Fourth Class. We have an incubator and raised over two hundred chickens this year. We have twenty-nine cows, three bay horses, three sorrel colts, and one pony which I ride, and a little pony colt, which I am sending the picture of. I am practicing for a Christmas entertainment now that we are going to have on the twenty-first of December. This being the first letter I have ever written to you, I hope to see it in print.  
 E. PEARL WILLIAMS.  
 Ostrander, Ont.

Cousin Dorothy,—I have been very interested in reading all the letters in the Children's Corner, and I thought I would like to write to you. I go to school, and I am in Senior Fourth Class. We have a library in our school, which I enjoy very much. I spent my vacation very pleasantly. I shall be glad when winter comes, so I can skate and go coasting. I am ten years old. It is a nice time of the year to paint. We paint at our school. In the spring, we paint Mayflowers, and in the autumn we paint leaves, for they are so pretty. I am reading "The Flower of the Family." It is one of the Pansy series. I would like some little girl to write to me. I think it is time to close. Wishing your paper every success.  
 HELENA MALE.  
 Addison.

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—This is the first time I have written to your paper. I like to read the Children's Corner. We have taken "The Farmer's Advocate" for more than four years, and think it is a good farm paper. I have a pony; her name is Nancy; and a colt; her name is Stella. She is red, and very pretty. We have 23 cows, 11 horses, 40 hogs, 35 sheep and lambs. I have a Shorthorn cow. She took first prize at our county fair. She is a dandy; her name is Fancy. I think I will leave room for someone else. Wishing "The Farmer's Advocate" every success.  
 SARAH C. McALPINE (age 12).  
 McAlpine P. O., Ont.

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—I am going to write to the Children's Corner: it is the first letter I have written. My father has taken "The Farmer's Advocate" for

Winnabel, and one little brother, Willie. Our cat is named Jerry, and our dog, Togo. We are talking of going to Alberta to live in the spring.  
 BEATRICE BROWN (age 9).  
 Elgin, Ont.

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—My father has taken "The Farmer's Advocate" for a number of years, but I have never before written to the Children's Corner. I go to school every day that I can, and am in the Fifth Class. My favorite subject is Geography. Like a great many of the other members, I am fond of reading, and have read quite a number of books. My father owns three hundred acres of land. I am sure Dorothy Bull must be happy with so many pets. I close, wishing "The Farmer's Advocate" every success.  
 EDNA V. ROBINSON (age 12).  
 West McGillivray, Ont.

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—My father has been taking "The Farmer's Advocate" for a number of years. We live on a farm of 50 acres. We have horses, pigs, cattle, hens and two little calves. This is my first letter to the Children's Corner. Wishing you and the readers every success.  
 NOREEN QUINLAN (age 9).  
 Newcastle, Ont.

Something to Think About.

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—In reading the letters in our Children's Corner, this thought came to me: Why not try to write on some interesting subject, some topic of the day, instead of telling how many dogs, cats, sheep, pigs, etc., our fathers own. I think every letter written to "The Farmer's Advocate" should benefit both writer and readers. Why not some of our children give their ideas on phonetic spelling, or some other popular subject discussed in our schools and newspapers at the present day? Would like to hear the opinion of other members of this Corner.  
 I enjoy your fairy stories very much.  
 EULALIE JEFFS (age 13).  
 Bond Head, Ont.

I am printing this letter out of its turn, because I think the older cousins might write much better letters than they do. When the pile of letters still on hand is all used up, we might try some kind of debate. As for the little tots, letter-writing is such hard work that we must let them tell us about the farm stock if they like.  
 C. D.

A Costly Comma.

A number of years ago, when the United States, by its Congress, was making a tariff bill, one of the sections enumerated what articles should be free of duty. Among the many articles specified were "all foreign fruit-plants," etc., meaning plants imported for transplanting, propagation or experiment. The enrolling clerk, in copying the bill, accidentally changed the hyphen in the compound word "fruit-plants" to a comma, making it read, "all foreign fruit, plants," etc. As a result of this simple mistake, for a year, or until Congress could remedy the blunder, all the oranges, lemons, bananas, grapes and other foreign fruits were admitted free of duty. This little mistake, which anyone would be liable to make, yet could have avoided by carefulness, cost the Government not less than \$2,000,000. A pretty costly comma that.



Drawn for "The Farmer's Advocate" by our young artist, Jas. Frise.

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—As this is my second letter to your corner, I will try not to take up too much space. However, I hope that what I do write will not be overlooked, as I wish to make a request.  
 Would any of the Cornerites, fourteen or over, like to correspond with me? I would be delighted to have some new correspondents. If you will write to me, I will answer all letters. Hoping my request will be granted, I remain a loyal Cornerite.  
 ESTELLA McCUTCHEON (age 14).  
 Croton P. O., Ont.

several years. I read the letters, when we get "The Farmer's Advocate." I go to school, and I like going very well. There are a lot at school. I am in the Second Reader. I am nine years old. Hoping to see this in print soon, and wishing "The Farmer's Advocate" every success.  
 BERTHA FRETTER.

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—This is the first time I have written to "The Farmer's Advocate." We have taken it about four years. We live on a farm, and have 12 cows, and 4 horses—Dobbin, Don, Sylvia and Silver. I have one sister,