

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'er-  
joyed 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."  
\* \* \* \* \*  
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 for-  
get 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 Christ-  
mas 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 some-  
thing, 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 let-  
ters 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 in-  
cubator 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 Christ-  
mas entertainment now that we are go-  
ing to have on the twenty-first of De-  
cember. This being the first letter I  
have ever written to you, I hope to see  
it in print. E. PEARL WILLIAMS.

Ostrander, Ont.

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 Al-  
berta 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 suc-  
cess.

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 sec-  
tions 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 en-  
rolling clerk, in copying the bill, ac-  
cidentally changed the hyphen in the  
compound word "fruit-plants" to  
a comma, making it read, "all for-  
eign fruit, plants," etc. As a re-  
sult 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. How-  
ever, 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 re-  
quest 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.

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, Bon,  
Sylvia and Silver. I have one sister,