

papers follow in the same strain, till from it all we turn to the magazine part of "The Farmer's Advocate" to rest our weary spirits and think of the beautiful things of life.

Now, don't let any reader suppose that I am belittling the life of toil and earnest endeavor. The parent trying to provide for his family, the toiler in the humblest walks of life, who patiently and bravely faces and overcomes difficulties, is worthy of our highest respect and admiration. But having, to the best of our ability, performed our duties, let us try to develop the other side of our nature and have a little rest and meditation.

Some say that it was in a moment of weakness that Tennyson wrote "The Lotus Eaters." This, however, is only a shallow view to take of it. The poet takes as a background the siege of Troy, with its ten years of toil and danger. How weary they were with

"Sore tasks to hearts worn out with many wars,
And eyes grown dim with gazing on the Pilot stars."

How often on a lovely May or June Sunday afternoon have we wished for a land

"In which it seemed always afternoon."

Fancy how restful it would seem to the tired warriors—

"All round the coast the languid air did swoon,
Breathing like one who hath a weary dream."

Were any more beautiful lines written than

"There is a music here that softer falls
Than petals from blown roses on the grass,
Or night dews on still waters between walls
Of shadowy granite, in a gleaming pass,
Music that gentler on the spirit lies,
Than tired eyelids upon tired eyes;
Music that brings sweet sleep down from the blissful skies."

In the second verse of the "Choric Song" we are asked a question that it is well for us to consider:

The Quiet Hour.

THE GLORY AND BEAUTY OF WOMANHOOD.

The King's daughter is all glorious within: her clothing is of wrought gold.—Is. 45: 13.

So shall the King greatly desire thy beauty.—Is. 45: 11.

"We, too, would wear unspeckled
The garments of the King,
Would have the royal perfume
About our path to cling,
And unto all beholders
A fitted beauty bring."

The love of beauty is an instinct of our nature—something we inherit from our Heavenly Father. We only need to look about us in God's universe to know that He delights in beauty. Think of the varied beauty of the sky, by night and by day. Think of the beauty spread out before us in mountain, meadow, and water, in each tiny flower, bird and insect God has made! And much more does He delight in spiritual beauty—the beauty of holiness. If the King greatly desires our beauty, may we not earnestly pray: "Let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us." We can see the beauty of our King—the wondrous beauty of His life of perfect holiness and self-sacrifice for His people—and it is our part to reflect His beauty. Every true woman longs to be beautiful, and before each one lies the possibility of obtaining the greatest beauty of all—a beauty which will not fade with age, but will increase and be a glad possession in time and in eternity. Probably the outward beauty of the resurrection body will be dependent on the way soul beauty has been persistently cultivated

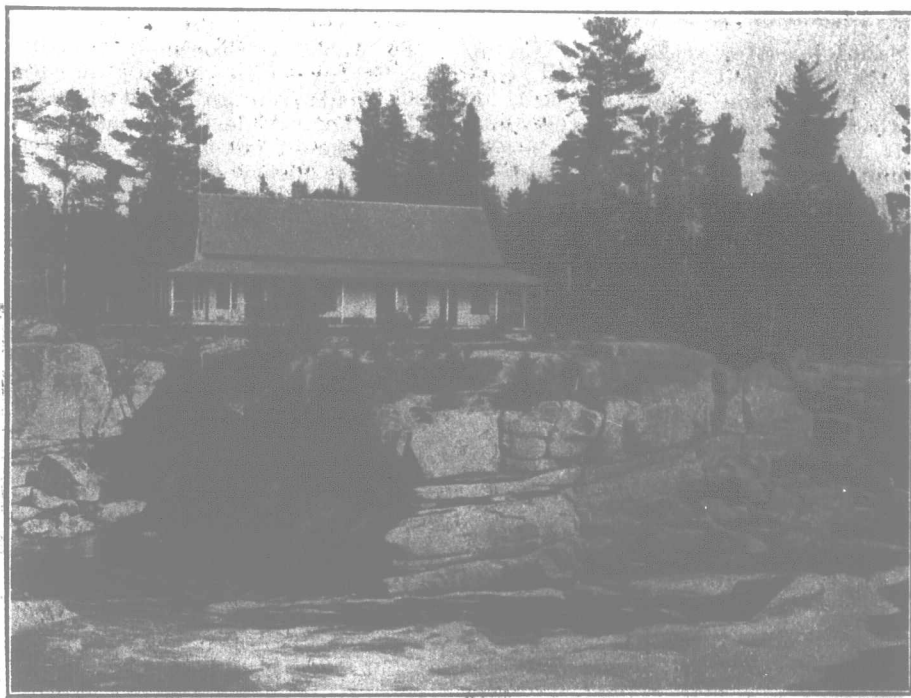
"Why are we weighed upon with heaviness,
And utterly consumed with sharp distress,
While all things else have rest from weariness?
All things have rest; why should we toil alone,
We only toil, who are the first of things,
And make perpetual moan."

In the third verse we see how easily and quietly all things in the woods fulfil their mission.

In the eighth verse we are given a picture of the conception the heathens had of their gods, and in this place it is good for us to think how different is our idea.

If any reader of "The Farmer's Advocate" turns to his bookshelves for Tennyson, remembering that the poet first took his warriors to the Siege of Troy before he gave them the Lotus Eaters' glorious rest, he will see a wonderful beauty in the poem, and will often turn to it for rest and refreshment.

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Canadian Views.—On the Nepisiquit, Bathurst, N. B.

here. Even now the soul is steadily moulding the body, and a holy, joyous soul can hardly fail to continually add attractions to the house it lives in.

Since God stooped to take our nature, honoring woman by choosing her to be the connecting link between Himself and man, everyone who calls himself a Christian should honor her too. But even before the Incarnation woman was placed by God in a very high position. How full of poetry the account of her creation is. The man, feeling his loneliness, looks vainly among the creatures surrounding him for a soul to meet his need. Then God, who knows the hunger of the soul for real communion with a kindred soul, gives him a sweet and lovely wife to satisfy his heart-hunger and help him in his struggle Godward. She could help him, and surely she did in the end, though once at least she used her influence to tempt him out of the straight path of righteousness. And woman has great influence still. That is part of her glory—or should be. When God gave woman to man He intended her to be a helper, not a hindrance, in his onward climb. And beauty is a very important part of her power—both physical and spiritual beauty. If you want to help men to be noble and good, then recognize the possibilities of your womanhood, and cultivate them to the utmost extent of your ability. There is no need to be extravagant in dress, but a woman who always looks clean and fresh and neat has far more influence than one who goes about looking slipshod and slovenly, with hair in curl-papers, and a skirt and waist that are continually drawing apart. Orderliness has a beauty of its own, though some women are so desperately tidy that they sacrifice greater things to their idol, and make the whole family low down meekly before it. Order was intended to

RE BERTOLET ON "THE EDUCATION OF THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER."

Mr. Editor.—In reading Bertolet's essay on "Education of the Farmer's Daughter," one is forced to the conclusion that the farmer's daughter of to-day needs be a many-sided woman. She must begin young and continue long to obtain that proficiency which he indicates.

He quotes Ruskin's acquaintance was with the upper classes of England, and to them he referred; hence his remarks have literally no bearing on the life of a daughter of the Canadian farmer. Is it necessary that the wife of a barrister or a physician should study the profession of her lord and master, that she be able to sympathize and help him in his work? Or that the wife of a blacksmith should help her husband with the shoeing of horses in a busy season? Why, then, should the farmer's wife go out and help to do the labor of the farm?

I admit that in the partially-civilized nations of the world the women go out into the fields and work like

beasts of burden, but in this fair Canada of ours it should be a phantom, a nightmare of the past. If the farmer's daughter is unfortunate enough to know how to "drive" the machinery, "build a load of hay," and "feed all kinds of stock," I should think it would "hurt" her very much when the time came for her to do so. Moreover, how could she know how to do all this, except by very dear experience? After having fed forty head of cattle, as many swine, etc., we can imagine the farmer's wife or daughter sitting down to play the piano, or, perhaps, if she preferred painting, to paint. I am sure she would be able to prove her "genuine ability" at such a time. It was merely an oversight on the part of Bertolet not to have mentioned that the farmer's daughter should be proficient in the handling of an axe. Many farmers' wives have to procure their own kindling and light the fire, in the summer months at least.

We are informed that three-fourths of the women in the asylums for the insane in Canada come from the farm. Why? Because, while they are keeping a house in order and attending to a large family of young children, they must also go and help their "overburdened husband" in the hayfield or elsewhere. Under such conditions, the outdoor life she leads is not quite so beneficial as might seem.

When we are educating the farmer's daughter of to-day, we are educating the mother of our future sons and daughters—the rulers of our noble empire—and, therefore, to obtain the best result, she must be carefully reared and sheltered from the coarsening effect of drudgery. And drudgery will numb a woman's best aspirations, thus causing her to degenerate; this, in a few generations, would produce class distinction.

Space does not permit of my pursuing this painful subject, Mr. Editor, so I must needs close, trusting my letter has not been all in vain.
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Study No. VI., "Tintern Abbey," will appear next week.

slave to the oar? Work, like fire, makes a good servant but a bad master, and many women in this age of "rush" sacrifice unnecessarily beauty of spirit, heart and mind—yes, and of body too—for things of far less value. They have no time to read or think or talk about the realities of life, and scarcely take time for necessary rest. God help them if they secure no time for prayerful communion with the Lord and Giver of life. I am not speaking of those who are forced by sternest necessity to work beyond their strength. God can and does give to such patient heroines a martyr-beauty of fortitude and endurance, which brings the brightening touch of romance even into their dark lives.

What a wonderful beauty there is in girlhood! Sweet sixteen should be always charming. But is it always? When I see girls on the city streets behaving roughly and rudely, attracting attention by their loud talking and noisy bursts of silly laughter about nothing, I sometimes wonder whether the gentle, modest dignity of maidenhood is only a sweet dream of the past. Our girls all want to have their rightful share of beauty; surely they know that a woman's best adorning does not consist in showy clothes and a bold, loud manner, but in a "meek and quiet spirit," which is "of great price" in men's eyes, as well as in the sight of God. As there is nothing women admire more in a man than "manliness," so there is nothing men admire more in a woman than "womanliness." They know what men are like, and they don't want their woman friends to be poor imitations of men; they look to them for the mysterious inspiration which is the natural effluence of a holy, shining soul—a soul which veils itself in maidenly modesty instead of boldly thrusting itself into notice and flaunting like a gaudy poppy in gay and con-