

Children's Corner



BLOSSOMING TIME.

finite love of God. Death does not destroy the love of the most degraded of God's creatures, how can it destroy the love of One who is LOVE? He dwells with men on the earth, and surely He does not cease to dwell with them after they leave this earth. I don't know how His love manifests itself after the barrier of death is passed, but His love could not be infinite—it would be very poor love, indeed—if it were stopped short by that barrier.

Jesus—God the Saviour—is always reaching out to draw up into beautiful purity the lives that have been trailed in the defilement of sin. Some may call me a heretic for saying this, but I would rather be called a heretic than doubt for one moment the glorious love of God—a love that must show itself often by awful severity, never by weak indulgence.

The indwelling presence of God—God manifest in our flesh—puts new life and courage into us. We can look up confidently into our dear Lord's face many times during the busiest day—not losing, but gaining time thereby—we can feel the thrilling touch of His hand as we go about our daily work. Then the commonest tasks will be transfigured, because we take each one from His hand, and give it back to Him when completed. Then each morning's waking thought will be: "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do for Thee and Thy children to-day?" Then love, joy and peace will fill our hearts and lives with gladness. Don't we always feel glad of heart when one we love very dearly is close beside us?

We are filled with the Divine nature because Christ is in us and we are in Him; let us keep our thoughts pure as crystal so that His light may shine through us to brighten other lives, this Christmas-time and all the year through.

"We who are of the earth need not be earthly;
God made our natures like His own,
divine.
Nothing but selfishness can be unworthy
Of His pure image meant through us to shine.
The death of deaths it is, ourselves to smother
In our own pleasures, His dishonored gift,
And life—eternal life—to love each other;
Our souls with Christ in sacrifice to lift."

HOPE.

CRADLE HYMN.

Away in a manger, no crib for a bed,
The little Lord Jesus laid down
His sweet head.
The stars in the bright sky looked down
Where He lay—
The little Lord Jesus asleep on the hay.
The cattle are lowing, the Baby awakes,
But little Lord Jesus, no crying He makes.
I love Thee, Lord Jesus! look down from the sky,
And stay by my cradle till morning is nigh.

—Martin Luther

"SPEAKIN' O' CHRISTMAS

Breezes blowin' middlin' brisk,
Snowflakes thro' the air a-whisk,
Fallin' kind o' soft an' light,
Not enough to make things white,
But jest sorter siftin' down
So's to cover up the brown
Of the dark world's rugged ways
'N make things look like holidays.
Not smoothed over, but jest specked,
Sorter strainin' fur effect,
An' not quite a-gittin' through
What it started in to do.
Mercy sakes! it does seem queer
Christmas Day is 'mcst nigh here.
Somehow it don't seem to me
Christmas like it used to be—
Christmas with its ice an' snow,
Christmas of the long ago.
You could feel its stir an' hum
Weeks and weeks before it come;
Somethin' in the atmosphere
Told you when the day was near,
Didn't need no almanacs;
That was one o' Nature's fac's.
Every cottage decked out gay—
Cedar wreaths an' holly spray—
An' the stores, how they were drest,
Tinsel till you couldn't rest;
Every window fixed up pat
Candy canes, an' things like that,
Noah's arks, an' guns, an' dolls,
An' all kinds o' fol-de-rols.
Then with frosty bells a-chime,
Slidin' down the hills o' time,
Right amidst the fun an' din
Christmas come a-bustlin' in,
Raised his cheery voice to call
Out a welcome to us all,
Hale and hearty, strong and bluff,
That was Christmas, sure enough.
Snow knee-deep an' coastin' fine,
Frozen mill ponds, all ashine,
Seemin' jest to lay in wait,
Beggin' you to come an' skate.
An' you'd git your gal an' go
Stumpin' cheerily through the snow,
Feelin' pleased an' skeert an' warm,
'Cause she had a-holt your arm.
Why, when Christmas come in, we
Spent the whole glad day in glee,
Havin' fun an' feastin' high,
An' some courtin' on the sly.
Bustin' in some neighbor's door,
An' then suddenly, before
He could give his voice a lift,
Yellin' at him, "Christmas gift!"
Now sich things are never heard,
'Merry Christmas!' is the word.
But it's only change o' name,
An' means givin' jest the same.
There's too many new-styled ways
Now about the holidays.
I'd just like once more to see
Christmas like it used to be!

—PAUL LAWRENCE DUNBAR.

A MOTHER AND FIVE BABIES.

Dear Cousin Dorothy:—I saw my last letter in print and thought I would write again, for my little sister is writing and wanted me to write too. I saw where Kit Allan was telling about her rabbits. I keep them too, and think they are dear little pets. I have six, a mother and five babies.

It will soon be winter again, it hardly seems as if we have had any summer at all. The frost spoiled a lot of grain around here. I am taking music lessons now, and I like it very much. I am also going to school every day and am in the fifth book.

I think it is a fine idea to send pictures to the Children's Corner, but I can't draw good ones so won't send any. I am very much interested in your story called "Carmichael", which appeared in the last two issues.

My sister, who is teaching near Weyburn, has been up to spend Thanksgiving and only went back to-day. She will not be back till Christmas.

Sask. (a).

LIZZIE STEWART.

COYOTES GOT THE CHICKENS.

Dear Cousin Dorothy:—This is my second letter to the C. C. Pa is not home at present for he had to go down in the country one hundred miles from home after some cattle. We have a teacher now. His name is Mr. F. He is a fine teacher I think. We had two cats this year but the coyotes got away with one. They are getting away with the chickens every day. My two brothers go to school with me. We have got our grain all stacked but the hay is not finished yet. My birthday is on the tenth of December and I will be eleven then. I will close wishing the ADVOCATE every success.

Alta. (a) PEARL BARNETT (10).

A FAMOUS RUNNER'S SISTER.

Dear Cousin Dorothy:—I have been reading the letters in the Children's Corner, and decided to write too. I live on a farm two miles from Neepawa. I have a brother and sister that go to school with me. In the summer we walk, and in winter we drive our pony. His name is Tony, and he is an Indian pony. I have two sisters and six brothers. One brother has three wolf-hounds, and sometimes they kill quite a few wolves. One of my brothers competed in the Hamilton Road Race this fall. There is a lake near the town and there is skating on it every night.

Wishing the Corner and its members every success, and a merry Christmas.

Man. (a) EDNA PARSONS.



IN HOLIDAY UNIFORM.



GOOD PLAYFELLOWS.

(Didn't your brother win in the twenty-mile road race held in Winnipeg last summer? I saw the finish of that race. It was a good one. C. D.)

THE YEAR'S PROSPERITY.

Dear Cousin Dorothy:—I am in the third reader and had my examination Friday before last. The school closed at the last of November.

We had some number three northern wheat. Papa sold fifteen cattle out of thirty-six, and ten of them were shipped. I helped to load a car of number five northern wheat for papa which was sent to Fort William. There is a railroad goes by our house and it is three miles to the nearest station. We have a tree belt around the east and north side of our house which was planted five years ago and some of the trees are sixteen feet high.

Sask. (a) INGOLFUR BERGSTENSON.

(10)

(You ought to be able to have a fine garden in the shelter of that tree belt. I liked your letter. There wasn't a single mistake to be corrected. C. D.)

NOT A VERY LARGE SCHOOL.

Dear Cousin Dorothy:—We have had the privilege of reading the FARMER'S ADVOCATE for some time. The man that we had took it. I read the letters every week and was very much interested in them.

We live on a farm four miles east of Boissevain. Our farm consists of a half section of land. We have six head of horses. Their names are Dan, Charlie, Tupper, Nance, Lark and Frank, also twenty head of cattle, two pigs, three calves, and three turkeys.

I go to school every day. Our teacher's name is Miss F—I study arithmetic, geography, physiology, composition, reading, writing, drawing and spelling. The school I attend is Rayfield. It is not a very large school. There are fourteen pupils attending.

Well I think I have told enough for the first letter to the ADVOCATE. Hoping to see my letter in print, I remain a faithful reader.

Man. (b) EVA LUDGATE. (12)

A LOT OF PUPS.

Dear Cousin Dorothy:—I thought I would write to the Children's Corner and see my letter in print. We had a lot of pups and sold eight of them, kept one for ourselves and still have one for sale.

We have two dogs, four horses, two colts, two pigs, one turkey and I don't know how many hens and chickens. I have two sisters and one brother. Father has taken the FARMER'S ADVOCATE for I don't know how long. I am nine years old. I go to school and my teacher's name is Miss C—. We lived on a farm five years ago and I like the farm best.

Man. (a) LESLIE E. SCOTT.