

**"Mollie" Visits "Hope."**

My friends of the "Farmer's Advocate" will lose all track of me unless I occasionally tell them where I am, and what I am doing.

I have not long remained anywhere in any place since my return from England, and still I have not been out of Ontario, but flitting about, first to a farm and then to a village and then to a city, and thoroughly enjoying every day and every bit of this lovely "Canada of ours." I have always been accompanied by one, if not by both, of the Australian cousins. Our last visit together was in Toronto, when Nell left for Vancouver, from which place she sailed for Australia, wishing to reach home before Christmas.

Dr. Eleanor, after receiving much kind attention from the faculty in Toronto, thus seeing under the best of auspices its excellent hospitals, has now gone to New York, where she is taking a short course. She also intends visiting the celebrated "Johns Hopkins University" at Baltimore. Is she not a very lucky girl to have studied in so many of the best cities and hospitals in the world, and to have practiced in some also? If she does not marry, I shall expect her to be, by royal appointment, physician in ordinary to H. R. H. Queen Alexandra (won't she be cross when she reads this!). She is a merry, bright little girl, and quite unlike what we would picture, with so many letters after her name.

One pleasure was granted to us before we separated and that was a visit to "Hope" of the "Quiet Hour," where we travellers received a warm, loving welcome from Hope and her dear mother to that large old house, with its beautiful gardens, on the shore of Lake Ontario.

I venture to think that Hope will forgive me if I tell her readers and mine just a little bit about her home and her own sweet personality there. I am proud to claim for myself long years of unbroken friendship with our dear "Hope." It began in our schooldays, and will, I trust, never end while life lasts. One of the nicest things she said to me after her words of welcome, were those in which she traced back to that friendship the hand of Providence in opening up through it the channel for her heart-to-heart talks in the columns of the "Home Magazine" of the "Farmer's Advocate": "No, Mollie, it was no 'chance' which made us friends in those days of our girlhood."

Another link binds us. Each has had laid upon her the sacred duty of constant tender ministry during the long years of suffering of one very near and dear to us. My ministry is ended, leaving only a blessed memory of a strength granted according to the need, whilst to Hope the same strength is given in answer to her prayers.

I believe that some of our readers, drawing their conclusions from the ripe wisdom of her words in the "Quiet Hour," believe "Hope" to be quite elderly, and very staid and quiet. I wish I could show them "Hope" as we saw her during those lovely days of Indian summer which we spent under her roof. Never have I known a brighter Christian than this friend of mine and yours, her sweet nature reflected in her kindly eye, and her lips bubbling over with mirth and happiness. The eyes so keen to see the good in her fellow-creatures, are of purpose blind to their defects; her ears, open to the praises of others, are deaf to any story which may injure them. Gossip she abhors, and so it seldom comes nigh her. "To the pure all things are pure," and so it is with "Hope." Home claims are never laid aside for parochial duties, but nevertheless "Hope" is always to be counted upon as filling her niche in Church, in Sunday School or Bible Class, and when has she failed in her message from that Place of Rest, "The Quiet Hour?" She loves to prepare for it, and to ask God's blessing upon it, and I think God's blessing dees rest and ever will upon our "Quiet Hour," and upon our loved and loving "Hope."

"MOLLIE."

**Out of Season.**

Hatched in late November  
Was poor little Jim,  
Almost in December—  
So bleak, cold and grim.  
Must the little chicken die,  
Frozen 'neath a winter sky?  
Would he never make a pie?  
Alas! Alas for him!

As he stood and shivered,  
Teddy spied him out,  
Picked him up and hurried  
Indoors with a shout.  
All the children crowded round  
This new pet that Ted had found—  
Too weak yet to make a sound,  
Yet his legs were stout.

In a sock they tucked him,  
Right down to the toe,  
Placed it near the stovepipe,  
Safe from cold and snow.  
There this little orphan chick  
Nestled in his bed so thick—  
Oh, he was a real "brick!"  
Soon would learn to crow.

How the children loved him,  
Fed and kissed their pet,  
Thanked the foolish mother  
Who so late had set.  
With old boxes cooped him in,  
Round the stovepipe black and thin,  
Kept him neat as any pin—  
There he might be yet.

But one day the tom-cat  
Sneaked inside the door,  
When no one was looking,  
Crept across the floor.  
Teddy heard poor Jimmy's cry,  
Rushed in just to see him die  
And to see the tom-cat fly—  
Jim was seen no more.

Cousin DOROTHY.



Out of Season.

**Preparing for Christmas.**

(By Hettie Sleep, Port Whitney, Ont., aged 13.)

I do not know whether you are thinking of Christmas yet; but the question will soon be ringing in our ears, "What are you going to make for Christmas?" Here are some suggestions: Iron-holders are very useful, and one will make a very serviceable Christmas box. Take a piece of thick cloth, such as felt, and cut it large enough to cover the iron handle, then take cotton batting to pad it with. If this cannot be got handy, pieces of soft cloth will do. A piece of braid about half an inch wide will do to bind it with; then if you wish it fancy, work some kind of fancy stitch around the braid. This present will be appreciated by everyone who has housework to do. Match-scratchers are also very useful. Take a fancy lady, in bright colors, such as you would find in the front of a De-lin-eator, and mount it on Bristol board. Some like the skirts covered with sand-paper, while others would rather have it along the bottom of the board. Half a yard of ribbon, with little fancy bows at the end, will be sufficient to hang it up by. You may put these words on it:

"What if a man should strike me?" or "Waiting for a match." Or take a man with a pair of overalls on, and put these words on it: "Don't strike matches on the walls, strike them on my overalls."

Pincushions are very easily made by taking two pieces of cardboard the size of a small flag. Lay a thin piece of batting between them and sew them together; then pad both sides of the cardboard. On the front put the flag, and on the back, red silk or sateen and the ribbon to hang it up by, with little bows at each side; then fill the sides with pins. This is a very pretty and useful gift.

Holders for curling-tongs are also easily made. Take a ring about an inch in diameter, and crochet it around with any color of silk, say blue, and ribbon to hang it up with—about a quarter of a yard will do—and bow the ribbon around the ring. People who use curling-tongs find this a very useful article.

The making of these presents will help you to pleasantly employ the time before Christmas.

**Looking for Santa Claus.**

The snow was falling on the mountains, hiding their tops in a misty veil, and the air was full of whirling flakes, which were rapidly covering the brown earth with a carpet of white and obliterating the trail upon the mountain-side, where trudged, or rather stumbled along, a childish figure in a man's rough jacket, the sleeves rolled over and over to let out the small brown hands, while the edge of the coat, on a line with her heels, left a trail in the snow. A red hood covered the child's head, dark curls peeping out around her face, and in the fearless, wistful eyes shone a new light, for Dorothy was going to find Santa Claus. When her mother had gone to Heaven a

short time before, they had carried her up the mountain, and God and Santa Claus were always associated together in the child's mind. So, if God lived there, Santa Claus could not be far away. Thus reasoned little Dorothy in the hours when her father was off working in the mine, and she was left alone with her rag doll in the little brown hut which served as shelter and home. "Santa Claus may not come here, now that mother has gone," the little girl said.

"And it must be Christmas, so I will find him, and perhaps he will take me in his reindeer sleigh to see mother and God." Little Dorothy

paused in the task of sweeping the one room of their own home, and, putting some potatoes in the ashes to bake, that her father's supper might be ready for him, she had wrapped herself in his old coat, donned her red hood, and started out to find Santa Claus. It chanced that day that one of the mine owners was down from the city on a tour of inspection, and, having seen Dorothy on a previous trip, he had, remembering another little girl who was very happy on Christmas eve, brought down a Christmas box for Dorothy, and so strolled along with her father as he started homeward, that he might give it into the hands of the little maiden herself. But when they reached the brown hut Dorothy was not there, and, when repeated calls brought no answer, the two men, alarmed, started in opposite directions to seek her. Mr. Golden following the most obliterated path up the mountain-side, where, a mile beyond, he found the little one almost buried in the falling snow, and as he stopped to lift her in his arms, she murmured, drowsily, seeing the kind face bending over her:

"Dear, good Mr. Santa Claus, I want—"

When she opened her wistful dark

eyes again the same kind face was bending over her as she lay on her cot in the little brown house, her father holding her in his arms, while beside her was the most beautiful doll of which she had ever dreamed, and clasping it close to her heart, little Dorothy asked with reverent joy, her dark eyes filled to overflowing: "Dear Mr. Santa Claus, is you God too?"

**The Gentle Art of Listening.**

We all want to be attractive; in fact, it is our duty to be as charming as we may. One of the secrets of popularity is thus laid bare by an anecdote quoted in The Youth's Companion:

The Duc de Noailles, speaking of the two women who were foremost in French society at the close of the eighteenth century, once said: "When you left Madame de Stael, you felt that she talked better than any woman living; but when you left Madame Recamier you knew that you had talked better than you ever had done before in your life."

The world honored and feared Madame de Stael, but it loved Madame Recamier even in her feeble old age.

The witty Bishop Stubbs, of Oxford, once described a bore as "the man who talks to you of his affairs while you are longing to talk of your affairs."

A young girl just entering the world is said to have asked Sydney Smith how she could become a charming woman of society.

"There is a very short way," he replied. "Now, listen."

She waited a moment and then said: "Go on."

"That is all," said the witty dean. "Listen."

**Humorous.**

Bridget (in an aggrieved tone): "I'm that sorry, Mum, but if yes want thim oysters scolloped, sure an' ye'll have to be after doin' of it yerself, or be hirin' a new cook. Faith, an' I've tried the cravin'-knife, the case-knife, the scissors, and the pinkin' iron, an' nary a scollop kin I be puttin' on the slippery cray-thurs."

"There is a Persian story about a pessimist. This story is so old that no date can be assigned to it. It concerns a pessimistic farmer.

"Good friend," a visitor said to the farmer, "you are fortunate this year." He pointed to the heavy and rich grain fields spreading as far as the eye could see. "You can't grumble," he went on, "about your crop this season, eh?"

"No," whined the pessimist, "but a crop like this is terribly wearing on the soil."

**RIDDLES.**

1. Add half a score to nothing. What animal does it make? O X (ox).
2. What part of a fish weighs most? The scales.
3. What is that which, though black itself, enlightens the world? Ink.
4. What line of steamers has always music on board? The P. & O. (piano).
5. What is the merriest letter in the alphabet? U, because it is always in fun.
6. When is it a good thing to lose your temper? When it's a bad one.

**A BOY'S ESSAY ON TOBACCO.**

Tobacco grows something like a cabbage, but I never saw none cooked. I have heard men say that cigars that was given them election day for nothing was mostly cabbage leaves. Tobacco stores are mostly kept by wooden Injuns, who stand at the door and offer them a bunch of cigars, which is glued into the Injun's hand, and is made of wood also. I tried to smoke a cigar once, and I felt like Epsom salts. Tobacco was invented by a man named Walter Raleigh. When the people first saw him smoking they thought he was a steamboat and was frightened. My sister, Nancy, is a girl, I don't know whether she likes tobacco or not. There is a young man named Leroy who comes to see her. He was standing on the steps one night and he did not know as she would like it, and she said, "Leroy, the perfume is agreeable." But when my big brother, Tom, lighted his pipe Nancy said, "Go out of this house you horrid creature, the smell of tobacco makes me sick. Snuff is Injun meal made out of tobacco. I took a little snuff once, then sneezed."