

about twenty things. If you don't stop finding fault I'll ask Mrs. Parsons to let Sally Ridge room with me. She's untidy, but she always has a good word for everybody, and is not carping at everything."

The girl was shocked to find that she was making herself so disagreeable, but her companion convinced her that she was judging her schoolmates, teachers, clothes, bed, everything, not by their best points, but by their defects. She set herself to look at things more justly, and in later life her condemnation or praise of anyone had unusual weight because she was famous for never judging hastily or rashly. White avoiding the danger of faultfinding we must not fall into the insincere habit of pretending to admire everything and everybody. We all know people who gush over everything, and know also that their opinion carries no weight at all, because it is not the sincere expression of a true spirit. If you ask such an one, "How do you like my new hat?"

prepared on purpose to shape our souls for eternal joy:

"Machinery just meant
To give thy soul its bent,
Try thee, and turn thee forth, sufficient impressed."

Chronic grumblers are drags on the world's wheels, hindering where they should be helping, weighing down instead of lifting up. Let us never dare to forget that it is good for us to be here—here where God Himself has deliberately placed us.

May I quote again from Dorothy Quigley?

"Everything proves to us that cheerfulness upbuilds, uplifts, attracts. Be cheerful. Grumbling, whining, complaining are just so much capital taken from your bank account of mental force, and put to a very poor use; indeed, to no use at all. If you drew your money out of your bank every day, and tossed it into the sea, people would deem you insane. You would soon become poor and neglected. You waste your precious



A DREAM OF FAIR WOMEN.

"In every land I saw, wherever light illumined,
Beauty and anguish walking hand in hand the downward slope to death."—Tennyson.

you are prepared for a burst of ecstatic admiration; but if you really want to know whether the hat is a success, you go to some one who you know, will tell the absolute truth about it. Flattery may be sweet, but it is very unsatisfying. If we want to give others real help in life's battle, we must learn to look out for all the pleasant things within sight, without sacrificing truth in our desire to give pleasure. Dickens's story of the father who made his blind daughter happy by an untrue description of her surroundings, is pathetic and beautiful; but such fiction—such a doing of evil that good may come—is an attempt to build happiness without any foundation but shifting sand. The truth will out, and then everything will be instantly swept away. The truth is always best, even when it is hard and unpleasant, but it is not truthful to judge things or persons by their virtues and advantages. And it is very discouraging to deal with people who are continually finding fault, no matter how much trouble you take to please them. The weather is never exactly right—though it comes straight from our wise, loving Father's hand, and grumbling about it is really grumbling at what He has seen fit to send us. Then they seem to think that they have liberty to grumble about their clergyman as much as they choose, forgetting our Lord's awful words: "He that receiveth whomsoever I send receiveth Me; and he that receiveth Me receiveth Him that sent Me." "He that heareth you heareth Me; and he that despiseth you despiseth Me; and He that despiseth Me despiseth Him that sent Me."—(St. John xiii.: 20; St. Luke x.: 16.) We see that it is no light

Offense to speak lightly or disrespectfully of an ambassador of the Most High even though he may not be worthy of his high office—one of the men sent out by Christ was the traitor, Judas. Then there is the bad habit of grumbling about the work and environment which God has given us, as though we could have chosen better than God has done. We forget that we are as a vessel on the Potter's wheel, and that He understands perfectly the shaping we need, and that the pressure of circumstances, which frets us sometimes, is

God-given force just as foolishly, and lose your power of attracting by fretting over trifles—a letter expected, a bit of dirt on the floor, imaginary insults, and a hundred other silly, false ideas. Your vital energy, your very life is thus uselessly dissipated, and soon you rebel, and people study how to avoid you and you lose opportunities of success. Determine to be cheerful. Project a vision, a picture of yourself as cheerful, lovable, courageous, hopeful, and make yourself like it. Concentrate your thoughts upon cheerfulness. Concentration is one of the chief forces of success in everything. You even comb your hair better if you concentrate your thought upon doing it. Your good-morning is more magnetic, more helpful to both yourself and your hearer, if you concentrate your thought upon the person as you utter it. You project a shaft of concentrated spiritual light that warms and brightens.

We have no right to add to the sorrows of the world by being gloomy or discontented. We all create a certain soul-atmosphere. Let us see to it that the atmosphere we are creating every day may help others to thank God and take courage. We can all walk in the glad consciousness of sins forgiven and in the radiance of God's wonderful Love.

"We cannot of course, all be handsome, and it's hard for us all to be good, We are sure now and then to be lonely, And we don't always do as we should.

To be patient is not always easy,
To be cheerful is much harder still,
But at least we can always be pleasant,

If we make up our minds that we will.

"And it pays every time to be kindly,
Although you feel worried and blue;
If you smile at the world and look cheerful,
The world will soon smile back at you.

So try to brace up and look pleasant,
No matter how low you are down,
Good humor is always contagious,
But you banish your friends when you frown."

HOPE.

CHILDREN'S CORNER

QUITE WELL, THANK YOU.

Dear Cousin Dorothy:—I thought I would write to you as I have not written to you before. How are you? We are all well. I go to school every day if it is fine. We have two dogs, their names are Floss and Collie. We have three cats whose names are Tommie, Tabby, Kitty. I have one sister and one brother. I am in the second Reader. We have ten horses, twenty three head of cattle, forty three pigs and one hundred and fifty hens and seven turkeys. As this is my first letter to the Children's Corner I hope to see it in print.

Age 7.

RUTH McMILLAN.

GLAD TO HEAR ABOUT THE BERRIES.

Dear Cousin Dorothy:—I thought I would write a letter to you as I have never written before. I have read many other little letters in the C. C. and it gave me quite a notion to write too. We get our mail twice a week and when the FARMER'S ADVOCATE comes I like to read the C. C. page. I go to school mostly every day that it is fit. I am twelve years old and I am in the fifth reader. My studies are arithmetic, literature, geography, composition, physiology, drawing, writing and history. Our teacher's name is Miss McR. I had a great laugh about the punishment for little runaways. The railway runs through my uncle's farm (just across the road from us). We live five miles from MacDonald station and are eighteen miles from the town of Portage la Prairie, which is situated on the banks of Crescent Lake. There is a fine farming district around here called Portage Plains. I will close now so as not to crowd out any other C. C. members. If I see my letter in print I might write again and tell about my trip picking strawberries. Good-bye, with sincere wishes to C. C. and yourself.

NAOMI McMILLAN.

SNOWED FOR THREE DAYS.

Dear Cousin Dorothy:—This is my third letter to the ADVOCATE. I like reading the Children's Corner very much. There is quite a storm here. It has been storming for three days steady and there is about a foot and a half or snow on the level. We live about twenty three miles north of the town of Dauphin. My father keeps the post office. He has three hundred and twenty acres of land. I go to the school called the Mowat school. We have a man teacher and I like him very well. I go two miles to school and am in the third reader.

Age 10 years. LORNE H. LACEY.

WE ARE GLAD TOO.

Dear Cousin Dorothy:—This is my first letter to the Children's Corner. I go to school every day. I have seven brothers and one sister. We have four horses. I live a mile and a half from school. Only one of my brothers and my self go to school. We have two dogs and one cat. We have five cows and five calves. I am eight years old and will be nine on January sixteenth. I am glad I can write a letter to the Children's Corner.

HARRY HODSONS.

NEVER MIND—KEEP ON WRITING.

Dear Cousin Dorothy:—It has snowed about six inches here, and is very cold now. Papa has gone to British Columbia and I think he will buy land. There are some people south of here and they get your paper, and read my letter and make fun of it. But I don't care I will write anyhow. The river has frozen over, it has been frozen a little for a long time. I like your plan of Christmas presents very much and thank you for it. I will tell you what I did for my teacher next time. I will not write any more this time but will leave room for others.

Age 13 years.

LENA M. COLE.

LIKES SKATING.

Dear Cousin Dorothy:—This is my first letter to the Children's Corner. I like reading the letters in the Corner. We live on a farm four miles south of Balgonie. My papa has taken the FARMER'S ADVOCATE for six years. We have eleven head of horses, twelve cows, nine pigs and two hundred chickens, a pair of turkeys and eight ducks. I have a pony I call Bob, and two dogs and two cats. I call them Tiny and Darcy. I have three tame rabbits. I have five brothers and two sisters. I don't go to school in the winter. I am in the third grade. We will soon be able to skate now. I like skating.

DAISY EDMONDS.

JUST WAIT TILL NEXT YEAR.

Dear Cousin Dorothy:—This is my first letter to the Children's Corner. I love to read the letters written by other little boys and girls. I am staying with my married sister and they take the FARMER'S ADVOCATE and like it very much. I cannot go to school as we are living in a new country and have no school-house yet. I have four sisters and four brothers. As this is our first year on the farm the crops were not large, but wait until next fall. Wishing the Children's Corner success.

Age 11 years

OLGA LITWIN.

A MUSICAL FAMILY.

Dear Cousin Dorothy:—I have never written to the Children's Corner, but am going to write a few lines now. We have three horses and one of them is a little pony which is mine. Papa is going to buy me a side saddle for my eleventh birthday which is on May the sixth. We have three cows and a calf and a number of pigs, besides about seventy five Plymouth Rock fowl. We had very sad news this year, my uncle Harry died in England, last May. He was my papa's brother; and in July my uncle George, Mamma's brother, died at Wolseley. We all feel their deaths very much. My papa is a miller and my brother buys wheat for a grain company. He is just 21 years old. I am ten years old. We have a piano, organ, cornet, flute, piccalo, concertina and accordion. I can play on the organ and piano very well, so every one tells me. I have two sisters, one named Mildred, 13 years old, and Olive, 12 years old. Mildred plays on the piano and organ, and Olive plays on the piccalo. I have a little dog named Shep, and an old one named Sport. Sport is very old now and deaf and almost blind but we are keeping him till he dies. At our fair we took 36 prizes on vegetables. Mamma took three first on bread made from three different kinds of flour. This makes the fourth year Mamma has taken first prizes on bread.

BLANCH CLIFFORD.

[That first-prize home-made bread sounds pretty good to me. I'd like a slice this very minute. (It is five minutes to twelve.) C. D.]

HERE IT IS—IN PRINT.

Dear Cousin Dorothy:—This is my first letter to the Children's Corner. I like to read the letters in our Corner. My father has taken the FARMER'S ADVOCATE for nearly a year. We live on a farm six miles from Vegreville. We have ten horses, one hundred head of cattle. We have a lot of pigs and chickens. I would like to see my letter in print.

Age 12 years.

HARRY RYAN.

FOREVER AND EVER.

Dear Cousin Dorothy:—As I have never written a letter to your paper before I will write a few lines to the FARMER'S ADVOCATE now. I will be glad to see my letter in print. My papa has taken the paper for a long time. I will be thirteen years old on the eighth of January. I will close for this time hoping the paper will be a success forever and ever.

ELLEN APPLEBY.