

the cathedral, I found it to be a large stone building. The inside was beautifully decorated with statues and colored pictures. The ceiling was all arched and beautifully carved. It was painted a sky blue, ornamented with gilding. Around the pulpit was a platform of marble.

I thought this was the prettiest sight I ever saw in my life.

As it was near train-time, we started for the station, and arrived there a few minutes before the train came in. We started for home about 5.20 p. m., and arrived there at 9 p. m., ready for a long night's sleep.

I thought this to be the best time I ever had, because it was my first pleasure trip on the train.

JANE PETERS
(Age 14, Continuation Class).
Orchard, Ont.

A Happy Christmas. (Prize essay.)

Dear Puck and Beavers,—I noticed in the last "Farmer's Advocate" that there was a new competition, which interested me very much. I have had many happy times during my life, all of which I look back to with a vivid memory and happiness. Well, I shall relate to you the story of one day that seemed to me the most delightful of all the holidays I have had, the picnics, the socials, the fairs, etc.

Every Christmas we go to visit one grandmother; then on New Year's we go to visit the other. My story is about a visit to the first grandma.

We children awoke early and hurried down-stairs to get our stockings. Santa Claus had not forgotten us, as he left gifts for each member of the family. After a hasty breakfast we did up the work; then we got ready and started to our grandmother's home.

We all "piled into" the cutter, which was not very large, but as there was only my brother Simon, my sister Jessie J., father, mother, and myself, it accommodated us all.

The road was well beaten, and the horse, Chungo by name, was keen to go. The horse was called that name when a little colt because he looked much like a monkey, and the Spanish word for monkey is "Chungo." My father was in Mexico for a while, and while there he learned the Mexican language.

We turned the corners quickly, and soon were at the gate of grandmother's home. It is a large brick building, with large windows, veranda, balcony, two lovely green hedges, small, little rounded evergreens, and a large maple grove at the west side.

Auntie, uncle, and the children met us with a very sociable "Merry Christmas!" Grandma and one of her sons, who is a miner in Council, Alaska, met us. Oh! how glad we were to see Uncle Ewen. Besides, there was another uncle and his wife.

After we had taken off our thick clothing, our cousins, who were a little younger than we, showed us what Santa had brought them.

By and by some more cousins came, and some more. The house was large and comfortable.

The aunties and the older cousins helped with getting dinner, while the younger ones played games and told each other their gifts.

After a while dinner was ready. The aunties and uncles had dinner in the dining-room, and the children had theirs in the kitchen. There was a large turkey, with huge "drum-sticks." Besides this, there were chickens.

After eating all the turkey, potatoes, cranberry sauce, etc., we could, we were helped with mince pie and Christmas pudding. How we did enjoy that dinner!

After dinner we played games, but something was a little odd. We were not allowed in the hall. They told us that Santa Claus had arrived. In a few minutes we went into the dining-room. Then the large folding doors were opened and we beheld a beautiful Christmas tree, with lighted candles and tinsel, red and green paper, etc., decorating it.

Besides this, Santa stood with a toque on his head, and fur coat and gaiters. He distributed the gifts, each one laughing with enjoyment. Each received gifts, and Uncle Ewen gave us silver quarters.

He gave his three sisters solid gold brooches (gold which he mined himself), and each of his brothers and brothers-in-law gold nugget stick pins.

Late in the afternoon we returned home, feeling tired but happy. We ate some of the goodies which we got in our stockings, then went to bed to dream of Christmas.

Well, Puck, is this too long? I have in my eye the huge monster, the w.-p. b., but hope this may escape.

MARGERY M. FRASER
(Age 12, Book Sr. IV.).
Williamstown, Ont.

A Berry-picking Good Time. (Prize essay.)

Dear Puck and Beavers All,—Good day. Yes; I am going to tell you all about "The Best Time I Ever Had in My Life."

It was the time two girl friends and myself went berry-picking. Now, don't smile and say, "Hum! mine was the time Cousin Jean and I went to Niagara Falls," or some other famous place. Well, let me say that I got more real enjoyment out of this berry-picking day than any other when I rode on the cars.

Well, a friend of ours told us that she knew of a good berry-patch, and invited us to go with her; we would take her pony and buggy. We planned to go the next Monday morning; but it rained on Monday, so we went on Tuesday.

On Monday night we could hardly sleep from excitement; but on Tuesday morning we were up before six. We packed our lunch-basket and walked up to our friend's home. We left for the patch just as the factory whistles were blowing for seven.

Now, let me tell you that a drive in the morning is just a pleasure, with the dew on the flowers, grass and grain. As we drove along we saw people milking cows, feeding calves or chickens; and the hum of the separator could be heard. A robin would be calling to its mate, a meadow lark carolling down in the fields, while the swallows were skimming over the waving grain. Now, the road we took I had never been over before, but my friend had, so it was all new to me.

As we drove along we saw some lovely homes and pleasant surroundings, and exchanged ideas on how to fix the others up. As we drove through the woods we picked out lovely camping places by the river that flowed through them. We watched its waters sparkle and gleam as the sunlight danced on it. We saw the cattle standing in the cool waters under the shade of the trees. By the pond we stopped, and there the water-lilies lay half-asleep. On farther a little creek rippled and murmured over its stony bed, carrying the foam-flakes on. We watched the shadows of the trees as they checkered the roadside. We laughed at the saucy squirrels.

At last we reached our destination. The owner of the farm did not live on the place. We drove past the house down to the barn, where I held the pony while the girls went to see if the stables were fit to put her in. They soon came back and reported everything satisfactory. So we unhitched her, put her in the stable and took off the harness. We fed her some hay, put the buggy in the shed and took out our pails and lunch-baskets. Then we started out for the berry-patch.

We reached there and put our traps in a shady place and begun to pick. Now, berry-picking is much the same all over; you fill your pail, empty it, and pick again. After awhile we found a shady place and sat down to eat our lunch. Now, when you go berry-picking, take a little more lunch with you than you think is necessary, as your appetite is likely to grow. We picked some more after lunch, and after a while started for the barn. Here we gave the pony some oats, washed our face and hands at the pump, got a drink, and at last hitched up and started for home feeling very tired.

Now, this is the best time I ever spent, because I was near Mother Nature all the time. I am sure anyone would enjoy the time we spent.

It was a pleasant drive home in the cool of the evening. Now I will close, wishing you every success.
MARY WILLIS.
Malcolm, Ont.



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