

Although she is no longer with us, the gentle and gracious influence of Miss How still abides, and we who were associated with her in the work she loved so well can truly say that it was a privilege and blessing to be associated with her. When Mr. Kelso organized the Children's Fresh Air Fund in June 1887, it was to Miss How he turned for the first party of children, and from that date she continued her active interest in this movement. It was her belief that happiness and goodness were very closely related, and in all her dealings with the children she endeavored to put that belief into practice.

Blink Bonnie Fresh Air Home, Grafton.

To the Members of the Toronto Children's Fresh Air Mission:

It is with deep sense of gratitude that I express my thanks to the members of this society for the assistance given to me in my fresh air work at Blink Bonnie, Grafton.

During the season of 1915 there were about 300 of the needy ones of the city who came to us, delicate children, and mothers direct from the hospitals, and with care, fresh air and good food we have restored them to health, and under the supervision of the Deaconess, Miss Kellogg, the time passed happily, and all too soon came the call to school and the children's return to the city.

One of the most pleasant features of the work this year was the last party taken out, which included 40 of the small Italian children of the city. These little ones had suffered greatly during the past winter and many of them had never been out of the city before.

I wish to express my thanks particularly to Mr. Ledger and Mr. Love, who, as in previous years, kindly assisted me in arranging for the transportation, looking after tickets and cars and seeing us comfortably on our way. The officials of the Railways are most courteous and obliging. Very sincerely,

(Sgd.) M. H. BARNUM.

The Blink Bonnie Boys' Home,
378 Victoria St., Toronto.

Sunshine.

"When it drizzles and drizzles,
If we cheerfully smile,
We can make the weather,
By working together,
As fair as we choose in a little while.
For who will notice that clouds are drear
If pleasant faces are always near?
And who will remember that skies are grey
If he carries a happy heart all day."

You will find my text in Hab. 3:17, 18, and a wonderful text it is. The prophet declares that if all his crops fail and his flocks and herds be destroyed, "Yet I will rejoice in the LORD, I will joy in the God of my salvation." You notice he finds his joy "in the Lord," no other joy can stand such a tremendous test. If we find our joy in earthly things, of course the joy will vanish when the source of supply is cut off. But those who are really rejoicing "in the Lord" can't be cut off from their source of gladness.

We have had heavy clouds hanging over us this year—clouds which poured down more rain than we wanted in the sodden fields, and clouds which threatened to blot out the sunshine of many a home. We can't reach the clouds, so it is useless to grumble and complain about them, but we can obey St. Paul's counsel and "rejoice in the Lord always."

It has often been said that good temper is nine-tenths of Christianity. Whether that be true or not, it certainly goes a long way in making home life attractive. And it isn't only the comfort of other people that may be endangered by our fits of bad temper, our crossness or sulkiness. We may do them deep and lasting injury, driving them away from our Master instead of attracting them to Him. Worldly people are watching professed Christians, eager to find out whether they really do possess a pearl of great price. If they see a joyful spirit, rising triumphant over the little vexations of every day life, and able to "rejoice in the Lord" when all earthly light is cut off—shining always because always reflecting the light of the Sun of Righteousness—they are sure to be attracted by it.

Some people—especially semi-invalids—seem to think they have a right to be as irritable and unreasonable as they choose, when there are no visitors about. They are always pleasant and amiable before visitors.

It is well worth while to win the victory over each temptation to be glum or downhearted, for every soldier of Christ is pledged to accept his Master's will not only patiently but joyously; is called to be a conqueror in all things, large or small. To look like a thunder-cloud, to speak crossly, to show temper by impatient words or movements, is to lose the chance of a victory. To be worried, anxious, impatient, and afraid that things may go wrong, is to prove that we have no confidence in our Leader.

Clouds hide the glorious sun from our sight, let us refuse to let any clouds shut out the face of God. Then we may still "rejoice in the Lord," though life be dark, and may brighten the lives of others by reflecting the Sun of Righteousness.

Whittier says:

"Well to suffer is divine;
Pass the watchword down the line;
Pass the countersign, 'Endure!'
Not to him who rashly dares,
But to him who nobly bears,
Is the victor's garland sure."

DORA FARNCOMB.

The Ingle Nook.

[Rules for correspondence in this and other Departments: (1) Kindly write on one side of paper only. (2) Always send name and address with communications. If pen name is also given, the real name will not be published. (3) When enclosing a letter to be forwarded to anyone, place it in stamped envelope ready to be sent on. (4) Allow one month in this department for answers to questions to appear.]

Our Friend, John Burroughs.

(Concluded)

To the great majority of people who have spent their childhood in the country, whatever they may have drifted into later, there comes, sooner or later, a compelling desire to drift back to the farm. Thus it is that we see so many successful business men and professional men eventually taking up farming, or, at least, purchasing farms. "His hobby," say their friends, but it is more than a hobby; it is the satisfying of an elemental longing for "the land" itself, a trying to win back the golden glow that hung over childhood's years, vanished so long since. The same craving seldom calls to men from other spheres; the man who has won away from a machine-shop seldom wants to go back to it; the one who has spent his early life in any sort of mercantile office has no such drawings. But the workshop and the office have no beauty to hang over the years. Not theirs the sunrises and sunsets, clouds, fleeting shadows, green of fields and of trees, gossamer of spider webs on the grass, gold of dandelion and buttercup, ripple of meadow-brook and rustle of wind in the corn. When the country calls, it is beauty's own self that calls.

John Burroughs was born on a farm, and spent his boyhood in the very heart of the Catskills, within hearing, almost, of the Pepacton, the Neversink and the Beaverkill. Almost all of his ancestors were farmers, and so it was little wonder that the instinct of "the country" was so strong in him that, after wanderings out in the world, during which he spent some years in the Currency Bureau at Washington, he should go back with glad heart to the woods and fields that he loved. At present he owns, quite away from cities, in addition to his woods-cabin, "Slabsides," a beautiful home "Riverby," on the bank of the Hudson, near West Park, N. Y., and a third haunt, "Woodchuck Lodge," near the old farm on which he was born.

"Riverby," a fine stone house with a "parcel of land" adjoined, was the first venture, and almost his first act after going there was to plough in the vineyard. "How I soaked up the sunshine to-day!" he wrote, at the end of the first ploughing. "At night I glowed all over; my whole being had had an earth bath; such a feeling of freshly-ploughed land in every cell of my brain. The furrow had struck in; the sunshine had photographed

it upon my soul."—Perhaps no one could write with such fervor as this but a poet and naturalist long chained to the Currency benches in a city government building.

One feels the touch of the pathetic in the account that Mr. Burroughs gives, simply and truthfully as is his wont, of his early life. He was the "odd" one in a large family, the only one who loved books, the only one who dreamed dreams. Little sympathy did he ever receive from his own people, and yet how he loved every stick and stone connected with that early life on the farm. "Oh the old farm days!" he writes, more than half a century later, "How the fragrance of them still lingers in my heart! the spring with its sugar-making and the general awakening about the farm, the returning birds, and the full, lucid trout streams; the summer with its wild berries, its haying, its cool, fragrant woods!"

It was, however, from his mother, he thinks, that he derived the disposition which made him a nature-writer. Comparing her with his father, "she had more of the stuff of poetry in her soul," he says, "and a deeper, if more obscure, background to her nature. That which makes a man a hunter or a fisherman simply sent her forth in quest of wild berries. What a berry-picker she was! How she would work to get the churning out of the way so she could go out to the berry lot! It seemed to heal and refresh her to go forth in the hill meadows for strawberries, or in the old bushy bark-peelings for raspberries. I am as fond of going forth for berries as my mother was, even to this day. Every June I must still make one or two excursions to distant fields for wild strawberries, or along the borders of the woods for black raspberries, and I never go without thinking of mother. You could not see all that I bring home with me in my pail on such occasions; if you could, you would see the traces of daisies and buttercups and bobolinks, and the blue skies, with thoughts of Mother and Old Home, that date from my youth."

Like many another famous man, Mr. Burroughs used school-teaching as a stepping-stone in early life—not a very happy experience to one of his temperament. "I 'boarded round'" he tells, "going home with the children as they invited me. I was always put in the spare room, and usually treated to warm biscuits and pie for suppers. A few families were very poor, and there I was lucky to get bread and potatoes." The teaching, however, only lasted during the winter; the summers he still spent working at home on the farm.

At first, by selling maple sugar, he earned enough to buy some books; later the proceeds of his teaching amounted to enough to send him away to school, and he tells of going there, late in November, "riding the thirty miles with Father, atop a load of butter." When the winter was over he reached home again in the 20th of May, "with an empty pocket and an empty stomach, but with a bagful of books." It was during one of his teaching periods that he met Ursula North who, later, became his wife. "I wrote her a poem on reaching home," he tells, with delightful candor.

One by one he encountered the books that, more than anything else, influenced his life. "It was at this time," he writes, "that I took my first bite into Emerson, and it was like tasting a green apple—not that he was unripe, but I wasn't ripe for him. But a year later I tasted him again, and said, 'Why, this tastes good,' and took a bigger bite; then soon devoured everything of his I could find."

It was not, however, until he came upon Audubon that the course for his own life became mapped out. "Ever since the time when in my boyhood I saw the strange bird in the woods of which I have told you," he says, "the thought had frequently occurred to me, 'I shall know the birds some day.' But nothing came of the thought and wish till the spring of '63, when I was teaching school near West Point. In the library of the Military Academy, which I frequently visited of a Saturday, I chanced upon the works of Audubon.

I took fire at once. It was like bringing together fire and powder! I was ripe for the adventure; I had leisure, I was in a good bird country, and I had Audubon to stimulate me.

How eagerly and joyously I took up the study! It gave to my walks a new delight. I could go fishing, or camping or picknicking now with my resources for enjoyment doubled. . . . At once I was moved to write about the birds, and I began my first paper, 'The Return of the Birds,' that fall, and finished it in Washington, whither I went in October, and where I lived for ten years."

From that time evolved quickly the "John Burroughs" whom we know, student and lover not only of the birds but of the bees, and the frogs, and the plants and little wild animals. His first magazine article about birds appeared in the "Atlantic" in the spring of 1865. During 1864, while in Washington, he wrote "Wake-Robin," based on his memories of the country, but his first published book was "Walt Whitman as Poet and Person" (1867), re-written, years later, as "Whitman, A Study."

"Wake-Robin," "Winter Sunshine," "Locusts and Wild Honey," "Pepacton," "Birch Browsings," "A Bunch of Herbs," "The Long Road,"—do titles such as these awaken a thrill in you, Nature Lover? If so they are a recommendation to the works of John Burroughs; not one of which should be missing from the literary section of the farm library.

John Burroughs is now seventy-nine years old, but he still writes, usually in the study at Slabsides, but often in the hay-mow of the barn at Woodchuck Lodge near the Pepacton, whence he can look out towards "Old Clump" over the beloved old fields which had once known his bare boyhood feet. It was Mr. Burroughs, the "odd" one, indeed, who was able to pay the mortgage off the old farm and secure it for the family, and it seems almost pathetically strange that not one of that family has ever taken enough interest in his writings to read them. One cannot but feel a bit sorry for him when he tells, not in the least complainingly, of bringing one of his books to his brother Hiram, who lived with him for a time at Slabsides, with the remark that this was the first off the press after his work of four years. "Is it?" said Hiram, and went on drumming on the table with his fingers.

But Mr. Burroughs does not want for friends and admirers, among them such kindred souls as John Muir, who was one of the party on the trip to Alaska of which Mr. Burroughs tells in "Far and Near." Wherever the English language is read his books are known—not only because he writes of beautiful things, but because he writes about them beautifully. And everywhere he is limpidly, unaffectedly honest—never writing for effect, but as naturally and musically as a brook flows. As has been said he "re-creates for each of us our own youth, with our own childhood scenes and experiences invested with a glamour for us, however, prosy they seem to others."

What better recommendation, for pure joy, could be given to the work of any writer?

JUNIA.

[John Burroughs' Books: "Locusts and Wild Honey," "Pepacton," "Wake-Robin," "Leaf and Tendril," "Winter Sunshine," "Birds and Poets," "Riverby," "Signs and Seasons," "Time and Change," "Ways of Nature," "Far and Near," "Squirrels and Other Fur-Bearers," "In the Catskills."]

Wedding Queries.

Dear Junia.—As my father has taken this paper for some time, I read the Ingle Nook every week. I find it very interesting indeed, also find it a great help for getting good recipes. It teaches one a great many things. I now come to ask a few questions about a July wedding. What kind of flowers would you suggest? And do you think that to have the arch and tables in the orchard would be out of the way? How many courses would be suitable for an inexpensive wedding dinner? I would like to have it cold, as it will likely be warm weather by that time, and one does not care to be over a hot fire. I intend to be married in the evening, so would you prefer a dinner or