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insist that polygamy and slavery shall be instantly stopped. He instils principles of higher living, which grow, and in time kill out the evil. So we find that polygamy is not so sternly forbidden in the Old Testament as in the New. People had to be educated slowly. And as for slavery, it is not actually forbidden in words, even by Christ; and yet His teaching has slowly, but surely, crowded it out of Christian countries.

The Bible is a revelation of God, growing more and more clear through the ages, until it shines out in perfect beauty in the Face of Christ.

Our best answer to those who doubt its value is "Read it, and see." But it must be read with an earnest desire to find truth, and with the spiritual eyes open. Go through a beautiful garden, looking for withered leaves and thorns, and you will probably find what you look for, and entirely miss the beauty of flowers and fruit. So, if you go through the Bible searching for flaws, you need not be surprised if you don't find its pages profitable for instruction. In fact, you may be harmed by using strong medicine foolishly. St. Peter says that in his beloved brother Paul's epistles "are some things hard to be understood, which they that are unlearned and unstable wrest, as they do also the other scriptures, unto their own destruction." It is not safe to treat lightly and recklessly sharpened tools, and the Bible itself warns us that "the Word of God is quick, and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword." Our Lord said to the Sadducees: "Ye do err, not knowing the Scripture," because they denied the reality of a resurrection, not understanding that the familiar words: "I AM the God of Abraham," proved that Abraham still lived. God is the God of the living. It is possible to be very familiar with the words of the Bible and yet fail utterly to hear God speaking in it. It is possible to argue very hotly over the question of the authorship of the first five Books, or be very indignant with those scholars who consider that the story of Adam and Eve talking to the serpent is intended to be an allegory, and yet fail in brotherly love most terribly. Love is the keynote of the Bible. It reveals the love of God to His children—a love that is tender and forgiving, yet stern in condemning evil. And it calls the world to catch the inspiration of the infinite love of God and reflect the light.

Let us have faith in our Bible. Why should we be afraid to let the critics examine it? We may have to change some of our mistaken notions about it, but the more we can learn about it the better. God's word need not shrink from the light. If you ever get nervous and imagine that the Bible is not inspired by God, don't sit down and fret. Open the Bible and read it, with prayer for the illuminating power of the Holy Spirit. If you pray earnestly and read thoroughly you will certainly find that it is God's word to you. If you doubt the value of the medicine, take it. Really speak to God, and listen for His answer or you may miss the "still small voice."

This is a very imperfect answer to an important question, but the truth is that everyone must dig for treasure himself, if he wants to find it. I can't tell out to you the glory of the Bible, any more than I could tell a blind man about the glory of the sun. Seeing is believing. Browning says: "The more of doubt, the stronger faith"—but it is only when faith has proved its strength by victory—"If faith o'ercomes doubt."

DORA FARNCOMB.

Zones and Genders.

While inspecting examination-papers recently, a teacher found various humorous answers to questions. A class of boys, averaging about twelve years of age, had been examined in geography, the previous day having been devoted to grammar. Among the geographical questions was the following: "Name the zones." One promising youth of eleven years, who had mixed the two subjects, wrote: "There are two zones, masculine and feminine. The masculine is either temperate or intemperate; the feminine is either torrid or frigid."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

The Beaver Circle.

[All children in second part and second books, will write for the Junior Beavers' Department. Those in third and fourth books, also those who have left school, or are in High School, between the ages of 11 and 15, inclusive, will write for Senior Beavers. Kindly state book at school, or age, if you have left school, in each letter sent to the Beaver Circle.]

The prizes in the drawing competition have been won by Joseph Hodgson, Minde-moya, Manitoulin Island; Luella Kil-lough, Auburn, Ont.; and Gertrude Morrison, Alvinston, Ont. The drawings were too faint to reproduce, but we are sending the prizes.

On the Honor Roll are Reeta McClelland, Lottie Thomson, Ephraim Snell, Edith Ward, Bertha Scott, and Kathleen Morrison.

Our Next Competition.

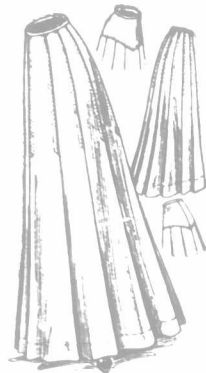
This competition was announced before, —the subject, you will remember, being a composition on "Flowers in Bloom in My Vicinity," all compositions to be illustrated by three drawings of flowers described. Do not forget that all must be received at this office not later than July 20th.

"The Farmer's Advocate" Fashions.



6684 One-Piece

Blouse, 34 to 42 bust.



5633 Thirteen Gored Skirt, 22 to 34 waist.



6695 Straight Pleated Skirt, 22 to 30 waist.

Kindly order by number, giving measurement. Price ten cents per pattern. Address: Fashion Dept., "The Farmer's Advocate," London, Ont.

Eaton's Summer Bargains.

Eaton's summer catalogue is just out. It gives a list of bargains in men's clothing, floor furnishings, furniture, hammocks, china, etc., as well as the usual list of skirts, wash dresses, waists, etc., that go to make up women's apparel. Send for the catalogue, and read all particulars for yourselves.

The Ingle Nook.

[Rules for correspondents 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.]

I have remembered that bouquet, even though other things infinitely more important have gone off into the limbo of things forgotten. It was carried by a fat, good-natured, red-faced woman, dressed in stuffy black cashmere, although the day was a hot one in mid-August. She wore a black hat, too, a sailor, much more suitable for a girl of sixteen, than for this rotund, middle-aged "body," and trimmed with cornflowers and poppies, whose blue and red not only shrieked at each other—they swore. She carried, too, a box about which flies hovered; it seemed, indeed, that every fly in the car was buzzing about the seat in which we sat; and presently the reason appeared when my fat woman informed me that the box contained a "plummy cake," which she was taking to a friend in a hospital in Chicago. . . . From the viewpoint of some people, perhaps, my seatmate was quite impossible, yet, if unprejudiced by awful hats and a wholesale murder of the King's English, one might not find it hard to like her.

But the bouquet?—for I have wandered. It matched the hat,—nay, outdid it by several leads. It contained some zinnias, some larkspur, some asters, some phlox, some nasturtiums, some half dozen other things,—some red, some blue, some yellow, some pink, some purple—all huddled together in a tight mass of ugliness,—yes, of ugliness; for under such circumstances even flowers can be ugly. Evidently, the bouquet was also on its way to the sick friend, and it was to be hoped that the loving care with which it was put together, even though in so awful a fashion, would be understood, as no doubt it was, by the invalid. It was to be hoped, too, that some wise nurse would separate the poor crowded things, and give the flowers a chance to be their own sweet selves, the blues, here, the pinks there, with maybe a touch of white.

And, now, so much for the story.

It is really important to know how to arrange flowers when summer comes, and there are so many of them to be made use of. The Japanese are artists in this respect, and so may we not let them be our teachers?

They never use more than one kind of flower at a time, and invariably choose a glass, or jar, or bowl, suited to the kind of flower which is to be placed in it.

Occasionally, people of very good taste place two kinds of flowers together, and, if carefully chosen, the effect is very good. Mignonette, for instance, may be used with almost any other flower; so can the feathery white "Baby's Breath," or gypsophila. One of the most beautiful bouquets I have ever seen was made up of apple-blossoms and pink japonica, but as a rule one kind of flower, with its own foliage, even one kind of flower in a room, is safer.

Imagine a room with two or three brown pottery jars filled with apple-blossoms; or two or three dull-green jardinières, or broad, low jars of the same color, filled with snowballs or pink peonies!

Don't you like, too, to see the stems of some flowers, such, at least, as have fresh, green, beautiful flower-stalks? For these, glass flower receptacles seem suitable, plain, clear glass, which do not obtrude design of their own upon the beauty of the flowers. It always seems a pity to conceal beautiful stems, by placing them in opaque vases, no matter how beautiful the vases may be.

Then, ostensibly, the receptacle must suit the character of the flower. Cut the stems off daffodils and place them in a low rose-bowl,—how foolish they look! Quite as foolish as a bouquet of pansies at the top of a slender vase a foot high. Put the daffodils in the long, slender vase, the pansies in a low glass dish, and the roses in the rose-bowl, then you have visions for the gods.

For the tall vase, you will have flowers a-plenty all summer, narcissus, and black-

eyed susans, and golden glow, and lilies, and tall asters, and iris—not too many at a time, just a few flowers, loosely arranged, with some of their own blessed green. And the rose-bowl will "come in" for hyacinths, and bleeding hearts, and nasturtiums, and low-growing asters, and alyssum, and sweet peas, and all such; and the low glass dish for daisies, and violets, and pigeon berry, and all sorts of starry blooms, with their stems stuck in moss or a mass of tangled greenery.

Try a change of flowers on the dining-table, one kind for breakfast, another for dinner, another for tea. No matter how simple the meal, let it have its centerpiece of flowers. It is worth while, for more reasons than one, as you will quickly find out.

Furnishing a Drawing-room.

Dear Dame Durden,—I have been a constant reader of the "Nook" for a long time, and enjoy it very much. I am now coming for help and advice, which I hope you or some of the chatters will be able to give. I am intending to renovate our parlor. It is twenty feet long by fourteen feet wide, with ceiling nine feet high. There are two large windows in the west, and one in the north. There is an 18-inch base around the room. The woodwork has been grained in light oak, but it is rough and worn.

Please suggest a color scheme. What would be best to do with the woodwork? Would you have it regrained or painted? What color and material for rug or carpet? (The floor is pine, painted yellow, and worn off in patches.) What kind of curtains? Would you advise upholstered furniture or wooden rockers? What kind of wall paper would be best?

We live on a farm, and I want the room to be pretty and "comfy" without being too nice to use, and would like it as inexpensive as possible. Could you give me an idea of what things would be likely to cost?

I saw hard oil-finish recommended in the "Nook" for maple floors. Would it do for a kitchen floor, which has been in use for some time? PANSY.

I believe I should like a plain, cool, gray-green paper for your room, as the west windows will supply all the necessary warmth of color. If you have nice pictures to put up, the plain paper shows them so nicely, and it is always restful. I should choose a good ingrain, I think,—not the cheap trash. Some of the cartridge and tapestry papers are also very nice. The latter invariably comes with a pattern, but you could choose a quiet, dull-finished, two-toned paper. Let the paper run quite to the ceiling, and finish with an ivory-white moulding. Have the ceiling ivory-white. Grained woodwork—being an "imitation"—is considered in very bad taste nowadays. You might paint the woodwork also ivory-white, if there is not too much of it, as white woodwork in a drawing-room is always pleasing. Your rug might be a darker shade of green in the same tone, or green and brown mixed, with the bordering floor done with brown floor finish.

Upholstered furniture in satin-damask is often seen in drawing-rooms, but such a room as I have been describing would look very well with wicker furniture, painted gray-green, and a wooden rocker or two. Pretty cushions in gray-green would supply the necessary comfort. The curtains might be madras to match, with net ones next the glass.

To add the necessary touch of color, you might have a jardiniere of dull yellow, or terra cotta, with a fern in it, a dull bronze clock, and a choice jar or two on the mantel. Do not have too much. Better just one or two pieces of really choice ware, than a multitude of cheap, gaudy stuff.

You call the room a "parlor," hence, I have given a scheme for a rather formal drawing-room, although it would do in a living-room not subjected to too much hard usage. Had you said "living-room," I might have suggested a somewhat different treatment. However, I shall give a number of schemes especially suited to living-rooms in an early number.

As to price, you really can economize by getting rather good things, one at a time, according as they can be afforded.