

the Lord GOD;
send My four
Jerusalem, the
the noisome
cut off from
ngdom is too
owed to sink
But His peo-
ant shall be
know that I
se all that I
Lord GOD."

ty for cleans-
ur own loved
gbie, in "The
was published
declares that
ad weeds in
cribed by St.
f his Epistle
statement, in-
were possible
ings, such a
ould lacerate

that she had
of love and
he might en-
world. He
e to live in
worldly, that
o purify and
ven to raise-

whole matter
eth not with
he heart of
side respect-
arify, or ele-
of the great-
er seen offers
e to each of
be satisfied
His borders
of arms, but

ar of cruelty
ng attractive
but when we
ble, self-for-
wounded for
ger desire to
f sin is con-
let us re-
that the reign
ible beast-
eddingly—could
minion estab-
rong has the
within itself.
and they shall
consume and
Righteous-
n wickedness,
and shall last

en, and our
d also strong
are just and
to obey them
Our Lord, in
bed a noble-
untry to re-
and to re-
ed him, and
saying, "We
sign over us."

n" land, has
the face of
ame of fire!
stable house-
in their cus-
aiting, with
ands. Much
hat he should
of all saints
h is before
ense" is the
of our King
grant clouds
thly prayers
ally with it?
fancy that if
d there" to
just as well
ice?

a boy called
a humble

nd night,
erite."

praise God,
r's dome; so
voice in the

or day nor
delight."

Therefore the archangel Gabriel took the place of Theocrite and toiled contentedly at his trade, praising God all day long. But angelic praises did not satisfy the Father's heart. Who said: "I miss My little human praise." So the angel flew to Rome and took the place of the new Pope, Theocrite; who went back to his trade when he received Gabriel's message:

"Vainly I left my angel-sphere,
Vain was thy dream of many a year.
Thy voice's praise seemed weak; it
dropped—
Creation's chorus stopped!
Go back and praise again
The early way, while I remain."

Though the King is so high and His kingdom so great, He is listening for your voice and mine. Does He listen in vain, missing His little human praise?
DORA FARNCOMB.

Fashion Dept.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS.

Order by number, giving age or measurement, as required, and allowing at least ten days to receive pattern. Also state in which issue pattern appeared. Price ten cents PER PATTERN. If two numbers appear for the one suit, one for coat, the other for skirt, twenty cents must be sent. Address Fashion Department, "The Farmer's Advocate and Home Magazine," London, Ont. Be sure to sign your name when ordering patterns. Many forget to do this.

When ordering, please use this form:

Send the following pattern to:

Name
Post Office.....
County
Province.....
Number of pattern.....
Age (if child or misses' pattern).....
Measurement—Waist, Bust,
Date of issue in which pattern appeared.....



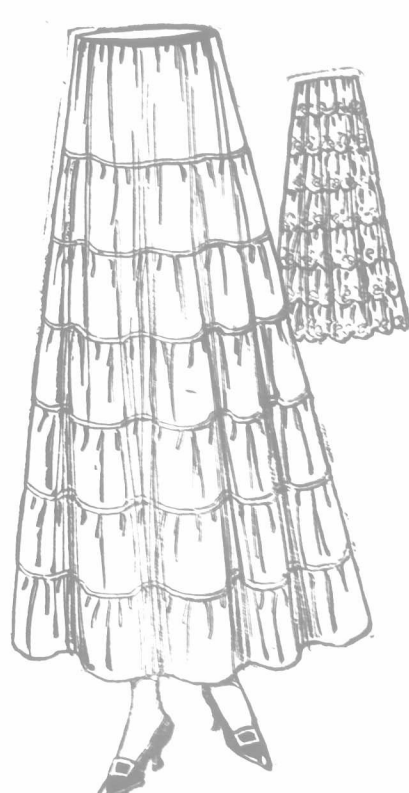
8594 Girl's Apron, 8 to 14 years.



8546 Waist with Fox Plaits, 34 to 42 bust.



8529 Child's Dress, 6 mos. or 1 year, 2 and 4 years.



8648 Sectional Skirt, 24 to 32 waist.



8581 Semi-Circular Skirt with Yoke, 24 to 32 waist.



8622 Bolero Costume with Three Piece Skirt, 34 to 42 bust.



8642 Girl's Dress, 6 to 12 years.



8635 Empire Gown, 34 to 42 bust.



8650 Dressing Jacket, One Size.



8630 Blouse with Bolero Effect, 34 to 42 bust.

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.]

Pictures in the Home.

The subject under discussion was "walls."

"I tell you," said He, "the color of a room in which we live has a far deeper effect upon us than we imagine. It's been proved by medical experiment;—too much blue likely to develop melancholia, too much red, temper, and so on."

"I know," added She, "that when I was so ill that time I never felt so restful as when removed to the gray-green room. Of course, there was a sunny window and a pot of daffodils. I believe all helped."

The Friend nodded approvingly. "Yes, and if we should be careful about our wall-colorings we should be even more so about the pictures we hang about us. They have an influence, too, especially upon children."

"She" laughed. "That brings up old memories. Once, when teaching away out in I-won't-tell-you-where I was given a bedroom which had three pictures on the walls. One represented Wellington's funeral, another Napoleon's tomb, and the third—you could hardly call it a picture, but it was framed—was the breastplate from a coffin mounted on black velvet."

The Friend shuddered, then all three laughed.

"It was a good thing you had a bump of humor," said He, "else I could never have married so doleful a maiden."

"Oh," She explained, "I scarcely saw them. I draped them quite entirely with fuzzwuzzy clematis. It passed. No one was angry."

"Queer," mused the Friend, "that so many people have so few ideas about pictures. I've been in houses, otherwise furnished in fair taste, where the whole effect was utterly spoiled by gaudy lithographs on the walls,—girls with big hats and gleaming teeth, looking exactly like tooth-powder advertisements; landscapes all crude green and blue; fierce sunsets; very décolleté ladies with roses in their hair,—Horror!"

"Or, worse," laughed She, "home-made" paintings, everything out of proportion, color impossible! I really think that an artist who permits an aspiring pupil,