



## Life, Literature and Education.

[Contributions on all subjects of popular interest are always welcome in this Department.]

### EASTER DAWN.

Awake, O earth! the rose of dawn  
Flames softly over Olivet,  
The night of pain and death has gone,  
The air is full of fragrance drawn  
From blossoms of the thorn, dew-wet.  
Awake, O earth! awake and greet  
The day and all it brings to thee—  
Love's crowning triumph, full, complete;  
Awake and sing with rapture sweet  
Thy song of Immortality!  
Awake, O earth! the rose of dawn  
Flames softly over Olivet.  
—Jean Blewett, in the Canadian Magazine.

### THE DAUGHTER'S SHARE.

"The Farmer's Advocate" is proving itself the friend of every farmer and his daughter in raising the question of the daughter's portion.

It is a very old idea, belonging to the days of barbarism, that sets aside the daughter's claim, though there are some few who, even in these better days, believe that a daughter has a right to nothing more in her parents' estate than her board and keep. Simple justice laughs such an idea out of court. The daughter, in her way, works quite as hard in the financial interests of the homestead as does her frequently more-amply-rewarded brother. It is she who does her full share in making the farmer's house, not a shanty or a shack, but a home. Further, she renders valuable service in the garden, in the poultry-yard, and in the dairy. Added to these, she has the duties of sick nurse, to say nothing of her work as a maker and mender. It may be said that these are the duties of her womanly sphere. But are not the duties of the son simply those of his manly sphere? For that reason, he has no better claim upon the family purse than his equally-deserving sister.

Common chivalry demands that the daughter should have the better chance. Physical limitations and custom close many a door that stands wide open to her brother. Nature and social life have placed a handicap upon her, and a sense of fairness demands that she should not only be equally well provided for with her brother, but that, if any advantage is to be given, it should be conferred upon her.

Further, a girl's preparation for facing the problem of earning her living should be carefully attended to. It is a disputed question as to whether parents should leave their children any considerable portion of money, or its equivalent. There can be no question as to the necessity of parents doing all they can to equip their children for a successful part in the inevitable struggle for existence. Particularly is this the case regarding the daughters in the family. There is no more pitiable spectacle than that of the middle-

aged woman without means, and yet unfit to do anything whereby she can keep poverty at arm's length. Parents responsible for such a condition of affairs have a deal to answer for.

On no account should a daughter be allowed to feel that her parents regard her very much as a chattel, to be passed on, when she has served their turn, to someone else. Even clerks in our better class of stores are treated better than that. Business firms everywhere find that it pays, in financial returns, to consider the welfare of their employees. Every dollar wisely invested for this purpose gives astonishing returns in enthusiastic service and increased sales or product. Many parents are quite unaware of the returns awaiting them by bestowing a little more attention upon their growing girls.

In the last place, many a father will do well, when apportioning his estate, to ponder the following lines, and to act in view of their teaching:

"A son's a companion till he gets him a wife,  
But a daughter, you'll find, is a helper for life."  
Wentworth Co., Ont. J. M.

the plane of the mere fairy tale. We have, indeed, never read anything better in patriotic Canadian literature, and we venture to suggest that the reading of "The Storm King" might well be made a part of the next Empire-Day programme in the schools of Canada.

Among others who submitted good work, we may mention H. Toley, Wellington Co., Ont.; Sonora, Bruce Co., Ont.; Milla, Rouville, Quebec; M. C. Dawson; Apto, Halton Co., Ont.; M. C., Carleton Co., Ont.; and M. H. Veale, Oxford Co., Ont.

### The Storm King: A Story for Children.

Far, far away in the North, on a great white mountain of snow which the eyes of Man may never behold sits old King Storm. On a throne of strangely-carved ice is he seated, the back of which, rising high into the blue sky, glitters and sparkles—now crimson, now blue, now green, now like the rainbow—until the aged Sun, shamed by a brilliance he cannot equal, hides his head for long

North and sends them far southward, like hungry wolves, to raven the Earth.

When, in the long night, the wail of the lynx is lost in the roar of the blast; when the swaying trees in the lane sigh and moan; when within is light and cheer, and the merry faces of children, and without nought but the scream of the wind, the hissing snow and the loneliness, then you hear the cry of the Storm King. Draw near, therefore, O Children, and list to a tale of the Northland—a tale of the Old King who sits on the Lone Mountain forever, waiting for the world to freeze.

One day great excitement prevailed among the warriors of His Majesty, for had not the retreating sun, ere finally departing, signalled all along the flaming horizon that the Earth was awaiting the onslaught? The small Snowflakes, whimpering excitedly, hurried hither and thither. Old Frost, whom Man fears, noisily crackled with laughter, while the stout North Wind whistled aloof his wild battle song. Suddenly the King arose, and, summoning his forces, assembled them there before his stern eye; and truly they presented an awesome sight. First stood the Snowflakes, rank on rank, myriad on myriad, farther than the eye or imagination might extend, and next came strong Frost and the fierce Wind. Old Storm, perceiving all was ready, threw out his hands with the shout, "The time has come, away, smite the Earth!" and the Snow flew, and the Frost soared, and the Wind blew, and all of that great host rushed out over the world.

Far-flung on either hand, the squadrons rushed quickly onwards. On and on they flew, over mountain and sea of ice; over plain and precipice, river and lake, until a great forest, black and forboding, loomed grimly on their van, which for years had been their battle-ground, and in front of which stood the champion, the White Oak. For a moment all seemed hushed and still—then came the shock. And the Snow crushed upon that Oak, and the Frost bit him to the heart, and the lusty Old Wind smote him with his power. But the victor of an hundred battles bowed himself in his might, and his feet gripped the rock, and his gnarled arms grappled the foe, and though he quivered and groaned with the struggle, he moved never an inch.

"Ho! Ho!" roared the North Wind, "Long years have we fought with thee, O Tree, and thou, with the courage of the North in thy heart hast prevailed;" yet, know this, in the end we conquer," and the host swept on—on over and around the homes of Men. And Man, like the Oak, groaned and vanquished, for this is the law of Old Storm, that, though he assail his servants in fury, yet to them he gives the courage of three, and a strength which the South knows not.

Still the tempest sped forward, over little streams and broad rivers; over high mountains and great prairies; over the proud cities of humanity, and where human foot had never trod, until the white-haired sentinels hove in view, which, placed along the great water by God in the beginning to guard the land forever, are standing there as stand the sol-



Spirea Van Houttei.

One of the most attractive shrubs for the lawn. Flowers in June.

### OUR LITERARY SOCIETY.

#### SHORT-STORY COMPETITION.

It was with some misgiving that we announced a short-story competition for our closing Literary Society tourney, but we shall never be afraid again. Although fewer entered the lists, the quality of the work submitted was, on the whole, better than we had expected, while that of the best story, which appears in to-day's issue, was a decided surprise. Mr. Miller has, in short, given evidence of unusual talent in his tale of "The Storm King."

Poetical both in conception and expression, this story is well worthy of ranking with some of Hans Andersen's best, while the meaning underlying the whole raises it far beyond

months beyond the southern hills. Then it is that silver censers filled with luminous light, swung to and fro around that mountain by unseen hands, fill the air with the soft, rosy illumination that glows so rudely on the northern sky. The king's robes are made of finely-woven ice, embroidered with delicate snowflakes and gleaming frost-spangles; and his crown, likewise composed of ice, gleams in the sunshine and red light like a circle of living gems, beneath which his long white hair, sweeping downward, partly falling over his shoulders, mingles with his hoary beard—for he is old, old as Time, and wise. Much of the time he slumbers peacefully beneath the lone North Star, but at stated periods, which Men call Winter, he, awakening, gathers the legions of the