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faith which can remove mountains, the sacrifice of everything, even of life itself, profit "nothing" without Love. Illingworth says that Love is "The intensest, mightiest, holiest thing we know," and surely he is right. Love drew God Himself down to suffer and to die, and the flame kindled by His great Love in the hearts of men draws them after Him still. Constrained by that mighty power, men in every age have deliberately turned their backs on earthly honor and happiness, feeling that they could not bear to pitch their tabernacles on the Mount of Transfiguration while their Master was leading them towards the Cross. When we pray for this great gift of Love, let us not shut our eyes to the cost. Are we prepared to drink His cup of suffering and to be baptized with His baptism of fire? Love and self-seeking are directly opposed: to choose one is to sacrifice the other. Let us count the cost of Love, and then bravely stretch out both hands for it. It may call for the sacrifice of life, but what is a loveless life worth?

Love includes all the Christian graces, so let us see to it that "joy, peace, longsuffering, kindness, goodness, faithfulness, meekness, and temperance" are not lacking in our daily home life. Because we "love our own the best" let us treat them at least as considerately, politely and kindly as if they were strangers. If we are rude and ungenerous in our own homes, keeping "company" manners and clothes only for strangers, then our brotherly love must be of a very poor quality indeed. If we are constantly worried and fearful, careful and troubled about many things, and unwilling to yield our will to God in small trials and in great, then our love to Him must be very weak too.

"Love is life's only sign."

Some love we all have—life would be simply unbearable without it—but this great fruit of the Spirit should be steadily improved by cultivation,—by prayer and service. If we walk with God day after day, our love to Him will grow more strong and beautiful: if we bear on our hearts the names of friends, neighbors and enemies, when we enter into the Holy Place, our love for them will deepen steadily. And, if Love glories in the high privilege of serving, so service in its turn feeds the flame of love. Home should be the dearest spot on earth, a temple so holy that even the old, shabby furniture is glorified. And a sacred spot it surely will be if Love reign there openly and triumphantly, revealing itself every day in the outward signs of bright looks, tender words and the "little kindnesses which most leave undone or despise."

HOPE.

Fresh-air Mission.

Since writing the above, I have received the following communication:

My dear "Hope,"—I am sure you know my request when you see my letter. We are busy planning for our fresh-air work again this year. We are hoping to send out more this year than ever, as each year our number has advanced. Last year we sent out three hundred and fifty. This year we are hoping to reach five hundred.

I had hoped to have our little annual report ready to send you, but they will not be out until next week, when I will send you one. We were wondering could you put a little reminder in the first of June issue, and then the other fuller report in the middle of June issue of the "Farmer's Advocate." You see, we are trusting through you to receive the aid we did last year. We are asking that those who wish to take children will send in their names by the 20th of June so that we can get the children all out the first week in July. Each year the names come straggling after the first or second week in July, and it lengthens the work so. I am afraid I should have written you sooner. I trust I am not too late. The days rush by so, and I have been each day expecting the report.

I am sorry that I cannot tell you how many homes (and how much money) were offered through the "Farmer's Advocate, but our secretary has not got it counted up yet. I will tell you next week.

Sincerely yours,

ESTHER HOW,
506 Church St., Toronto, Ont.



Essay Competition.

The prizewinners are: Class I.—Winifred Jackman, Box 26, Kilsyth, Ont. (aged 17). Class II.—Christina McGillivray ("Hildred"), Paisley, Ont. (aged 15). Class III.—Laura Westover, Frelighsburg, Que. (aged 13). Class IV.—Mamie Beattie, Birr, Ont. (aged 11).

The competitors deserving honorable mention are as follows: Flossie Seabrook, Willie Smillie, Florence Duncalfe, Wilbur Potter, Myrtle Sinclair, Birdie Robb, Jessie McDonald, Bertha Barr, Ethel McConnell, Melvin Webb, Isabella Hannah, Luella Heise, Edna Groat, Grace Darling, Bertha Goodfellow, A. L., A. C. ("Memories of Billy" did not win a prize because we had no story competition going on when it was sent in). Annie McGowan, Blanche Thornton, Endeavor, Fred Kingston, Clover Flower, Lloyd Leask, Constance Hutchison, Gracie Pinder, Luella Cassel, Maggie McDonald, and Minnie Hughes. These names are not necessarily in order of merit. Some of our young essayists seem to think Canada abounds in lions, tigers, and other dangerous animals, and the girls evidently think that a shotgun is a suitable weapon with which to hunt them; the geography of one, at least, is rather mixed; and one, I am very sorry to say, sent in a poem by a well-known author, stating that she had composed it herself. She certainly could not expect honorable mention. Most of the Corner-ees chose "A Narrow Escape" as their subject, although several gave many good reasons why the "Farmer's Advocate" should be classed as a first-rate farmer's paper.

COUSIN DOROTHY.

A Narrow Escape.

It was a clear frosty night in January, and Medicine Hat and all the prairie lay flooded with moonlight. If you go to the extreme west of Medicine Hat you will find a road (or trail, as it is called) winding away toward the Rockies. Along this trail a young lad rode on horseback. It was Douglas Martin, son of the only merchant in Medicine Hat. Douglas was returning home from a visit to his cousin, Clarence Martin, who lived on a ranch with his father. The horse which Douglas rode was a beautiful dark-brown broncho, called Polly, and Douglas was very proud of her. As he rode homeward that night his thoughts were far away, and so he let Polly choose her own gait. Suddenly, however, a sharp yelp startled him, and turning, Douglas saw a large gray wolf not forty yards away; the brute was on his track, and coming swiftly toward him. As Douglas had no firearms the only way of escape was in flight, so with a sharp cry he shook the reins over Polly's back, who bounded away like the wind, but swift as she was the wolf was swifter, so that when they were within two miles of the town the wolf was not ten yards away. Douglas tore off his coat and threw it down, the wolf stopped to examine it, but was soon on their track again. Douglas now resolved upon a plan on which his life depended. He rode along one side of the trail till the wolf was close upon his heels, then he crossed the road and went on the other side, while the wolf not being able to check its speed in time to cross the road where Douglas did, would go on a piece further, and have to come back, hunt the scent, and then follow. After doing this several times, Douglas at last dashed into Medicine Hat, and was safe. When he got home he had quite a story to tell, in which he gave Polly her full share of praise for her heroic conduct. Though Douglas has gone over the trail many a time since, he has never done so without thinking of his narrow escape.

WINNIFRED JACKMAN.

Box 26, Kilsyth, Ont.

The Best Book I Ever Read.

After careful consideration, I have decided that of all the books I have ever read, I really enjoyed Tennyson's poems

most. Every one of them wholly enlists my sympathies, and I find a great deal of pleasure in perusing a volume of them.

Tennyson's poems have many attractive qualities. One of these is the simplicity of language of his shorter poems. To the ordinary intellect they are most commendable, because so easily understood. A remarkable feature of Tennyson's poetry is the simple yet graceful way in which he clothes a beautiful and solemn thought. So skillfully does he effect this that a reader of light literature becomes interested, and is led to a desire for greater things; whereas, if the same thought had been expressed in "words of learned length and thundering sound," such a reader would have thrown it aside, to return to the latest novel. Tennyson's poetry is characterized by a charming originality. Even in his poems founded on the myths of ancient Britain, of King Arthur and his Round Table, the old stories seem fresh, draped in delicate and lovely phrasing by his magic pen. "Morte D'Arthur" is a beautiful example of this.

Another thing I have noticed—how natural is his rhyme. Never, in reading his poems, have I been impressed by the unpleasant sensation that certain words have been inserted merely for the sake of the rhyme. His beautiful descriptions of scenery are all as natural as the winding of a rippling stream.

But Tennyson is capable, not only of describing exquisite bits of nature and fair ladies—such as airy, fairy Lillian—but also the din of battle, the overthrow of kings, the bitter pangs of disappointed love, and the fierce revenge of crushed hearts. These are all ably handled in his longer poems, some of which are already mentioned, those of the ancient, chivalric days. My favorite of these is "Lancelot and Elaine," but, ah! how pathetic the early close of the life of the lovely "Lily Maid of Astolat"?

Of all Tennyson's works, I think the "Lotus-eaters" clings to my memory most. The drowsy, blissfully restful air which pervades it enchants me. How sweet, when weary and oppressed, would it be to fly away to that bewitched isle, where "it seemed always afternoon," there to dream away our indolent existence, and return no more! Most delightful is the choric song:

"There is sweet music here that softer falls
Than petals of blown roses on the grass."

Some of Tennyson's shortest poems are also very beautiful. His "Ring Out, Wild Bells"; "Break, break, break," and "Crossing the Bar," never seem to grow old, though so often quoted.

Surely a poet who has bequeathed such a wealth of noble verse to the world merits the fulfilment of his wish:

"I hope to meet my Pilot face to face,
When I have crossed the bar."
Paisley, Ont. "HILDRED."

A Narrow Escape.

(Imaginary.)

On a secluded ranch lived a little girl who hardly ever saw a friend, and the appearance of a stranger was very rare. So it was quite an agreeable surprise to Alice (for that was the little girl's name) when her father told her that he thought of advertising for a governess. Alice was very glad, for she was fond of study, and as they lived so far from a school she had not been able to attend, and she was also very lonesome.

So when in a little while a lady by the name of Miss Merton answered the advertisement, which, by the way, appeared in the "Farmer's Advocate," Mr. Ross was pleased with her recommendations, and wrote her that he would expect her in three weeks, when he would be at the station to meet her.

But when the time came he was called away to a distant city, and as he had no one else to send, he told Alice that

she might go for her in her little pony-carriage.

The road was very long and rough, and part of it lay through a deep wood, but Alice was not afraid, for the Indians that used to inhabit the wood, and go around stealing sheep and other things from the farmers, had not been heard of for a long time, so she started off quite early in gay spirits.

The train was late, so it was about 3 o'clock when they started for home. They reached the woods about dusk, and while they were talking and laughing they suddenly saw dark shadows approaching, and four Indians rushed on them to steal the horse and carriage and to take them captives.

They were both very much frightened, but Alice happened to see the big, strong whip which they carried, and struck them several heavy blows; when just as they were about giving up the Indian Chief came up, and when he saw who it was (for he had been to the ranch, and they had been very gracious to him) he commanded his warriors to stop. And this was the way that Alice and the governess reached home safely, although they had had a narrow escape from the wild Indians.

LAURA WESTOVER (age 13).
Frelighsburg, Que.

"How I Spent My Christmas Holidays."

On the 23rd of December my friend Mary and I thought we would take a trip to Scotland to spend our Christmas vacation.

On the way we saw many beautiful sights and buildings, many large rivers and lakes, but were surprised when we arrived into a large city and saw engraved in big white letters, "Scotland's Western Station." This is where we were to get off, and here we were greeted by our uncle, who took us to his home. We arrived there as tired and sleepy as if we had walked all the way.

The next day we were going down to see the King. We reached there, entered the King's palace, and saw him in his magnificent white robes and crown of diamonds, seated in an easy chair worked with gold. After we had seen him, we turned around and walked out, pleased with our grand sight.

We walked up the street a piece, and on the corner was a poor little girl, clothed in rags, with no shoes on her feet. She was trying to sell matches, but no one seemed to notice her. We gave this poor child some money, and she went and got some bread to take home to her poor lame brother.

We stayed all night in England, and next day went to France, and saw all the grand sights there were to see at "Paris," the fashion city. On another corner in Paris was a blind man, with a little dog and a basket tied around his neck; we put some money in the basket and passed on. Tired out, we then went back to Scotland, and prepared for home next day.

We reached Birr tired out, but well pleased with our grand sight. We told all we had seen to grandma and grandpa, and they were glad we had such a grand time.

MAMIE BEATTIE (aged 11).
Birr, Ont.

Recipes.

Marble Cake.—White part: $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup white sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sweet milk, 2 eggs (whites beaten), 1 cup "Five Roses" flour in which has been sifted 1 teaspoonful baking powder.

Dark part: $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ brown sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup molasses, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, 2 eggs (yolks beaten), $\frac{1}{2}$ cups "Five Roses" flour in which has been sifted 1 small teaspoonful baking powder, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful ground cloves, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful cinnamon, a dash of nutmeg.

Drop the white and dark parts alternately in cake dish, and bake in a moderate oven.

"Ah, doctor, glad to meet you," said Mr. Forsythe. "I wish you'd drop around to the house at about nine this evening." "None of the children sick, I hope?" "No, but they will be when they get back from their grandmother's. They're there for supper."