

overflowing whenever a deserving programme is furnished. The school is not merely educating children, but proving a social rendezvous for the country round about. It is fulfilling the mission of the ideal rural school.

The question arises, cannot such schools be multiplied in Canada? The immediate answer from many quarters will be: It costs too much. Granted that \$25,000 is out of the question for any ordinary district, cannot a moderate approach to these conditions be attained? When the average ratepayer learns to prize results above cost, we believe it will, though not even then, we fear, under the existing regime of small sections; but under the new system which is gaining ground in the United States, and which Sir William Macdonald is laudably endeavoring to introduce into Canada. That is, the consolidation of several small sections into one large district, to which pupils may be transported in vans. Here a good school may be provided and liberal equipment secured, first-class teachers employed at reasonable salaries, and such subjects as school-gardening, nature-study, manual training and domestic science introduced, so as to bring our rural education more nearly into accord with the requirements and the spirit of the times.

REV. FATHER BURKE ON "CARMICHAEL."

I have just arisen from the reading of Anison North's clever book, "Carmichael," and, whilst from the point of view of the Catholic priest, it has, in its religious indifferentism, some slight disfavor, as a strong, clean, invigorating and uplifting rural tale, I have not enjoyed anything so thoroughly for many a day. The descriptions of farm life in Ontario, built upon conditions of recent pioneer years, as well as the mental and moral attitude of the class dealt with, so closely resemble our own here in Prince Edward Island, especially up to a date well within everybody's memory, that one seems to be a spectator in the scenes so artistically spread out before him, and, in such circumstances, the interest cannot fail to be other than personal.

It is not often that a book arouses the finer emotions so effectually as this one does. The departure of Dick Carmichael, and the reconciliation, ultimately, of the sadly-estranged families, when hatred's cruel dagger was so completely withdrawn from the heart of Peggie Mallory's mother, and she proceeded to the old enemy's fortress to capitulate unconditionally, whilst certainly not the most powerful passages in the story, were those which stirred our own soul to its greatest depths. Without doubt, Mrs. Jamieson's plight, and that of the butterfly, Gay Torrence, would appeal to the genuine sorrow of others. And the death of Sandy Dodd, with the simple and sincere sympathy-giving of that pastoral community which attended it, is as tenderly if not as elaborately painted as Dickens' death of "Little Nell," or that of "Little Jim," either.

The moral of the book, which at first I felt sure was to be drawn against the unfortunate and fatal Puritanism in family-having which has invaded Ontario, in even its rural sections, is formally directed against even an older and no less properly appreciated vice, the sin of rash judgment, which from the beginning has brought so much misery into the world, and which, unfortunately, notwithstanding all the open profession of brotherly love, is, perhaps, in the most insidious form, more rampant amongst us than ever. This work shows it up ethically, in its true light, and the plainness of the lesson must surely keep may readers from future serious lapses.

It is seldom that one reads a romance which he can conscientiously recommend to all classes of readers alike; this is one of the really reliable. It is not so straight-laced, either, if I may so speak, as not to

be absorbingly interesting from the first to the last line. And, what is of equal value with other phases of merit, it splendidly maintains the supremacy of agricultural occupation over all others. It should be and will be one of the most successful books of the season. And, as a perpetual inspiration, it will doubtlessly find a place in the family library of every Canadian farmer's home. The letterpress of the work is superb; the thoroughly-equipped bindery of Wm. Weld Co., Ltd., London, Ont., turns it out.

A. E. BURKE.

This book will be sent, postpaid, to any subscriber for \$1.25. Address "The Farmer's Advocate," London, Ont.

Current Events.

Lord Dundonald has retired from the British Army.

Several members of the Red Hussars, the Czar's favorite regiment, have been arrested for mutinying.

The Franco-Japanese entente has been formally completed by an agreement signed on June 10th.

The Czar has given his approval to a project for the construction of a tunnel under Behring Strait.

Twenty-nine lives have been lost and much havoc wrought by a tornado and coldburst which recently passed over parts of Illinois, Kentucky and Indiana.

A specific for spinal meningitis has been discovered by Prof. Wasser, of Berlin, head of the Prussian Institute for Infectious Diseases. The cure is in the form of a serum which is injected into the blood.

Prince Fushimi, of Japan, has been received with royal honors at various points of his progress through Canada. Before leaving Ottawa, he donated £300, to be given to charities in the various cities which he visited.

THE FARMER IS KING.

Oh, the mines may be rich with deposits of ore,

With ingots of silver and nuggets of gold;

And iron and copper, from shore unto shore,

From the depths of the earth may be constantly rolled;

But the wealth of the world is an atom compared

With the millions of dollars that annually spring

In the track of the plow, and the trail of the rake,

And the path of the hoe, for the farmer is king.

His throne is a stack of the sweet-smelling hay,

His crown is the gold of the carrot and corn,

His scepter a sheaf of the newly-cut wheat,

His audience chamber the meadows of morn;

The oats and the barley await his command

Their slender green spears from the darkness to bring;

The orchards drop apples of gold at his feet,

And all nature proclaims that the farmer is king.

—Mina Irving, in Leslie's Weekly.

APACE WITH SCIENCE.

Doctor.—What? Troubled with sleeplessness? Eat something before going to bed.

Patient.—Why, doctor, you once told me never to eat anything before going to bed.

Doctor (with dignity).—"Pooh, pooh! That was last January. Science has made enormous strides since then."

The Quiet Hour.

WHAT FRUIT IS OUR LIFE PRODUCING?

When He came to it, He found nothing but leaves.—St. Mark xi.: 13.

Behold, these three years I come seeking fruit on this fig tree, and find none: cut it down; why cumbereth it the ground.—St. Luke xiii.: 7.

"Nothing but leaves! The Spirit grieves

Over a wasted life;

Sins committed whilst conscience slept,

Promises made but never kept,

Hatred, battle, and strife—Nothing but leaves!

"Nothing but leaves! No garnered sheaves

Of life's fair, ripened grain;

Words, idle words for earnest deeds;

We sow our seeds—low! tares and weeds

We reap with toil and pain—Nothing but leaves!

"Nothing but leaves! Memory weaves

No veil to screen the past;

As we trace our weary way,

Counting each lost and mis-spent day,

Sadly we find at last—Nothing but leaves!

"And shall we meet the Master so,

Bearing our withered leaves?

The Saviour looks for perfect fruit—

We stand before Him humble, mute,

Waiting the word He breathes—'Nothing but leaves.'

One of our Lord's miracles of destruction was the withering of the fig tree which gave a promise of fruit, and yet produced nothing but leaves. This stands forever as one of His many warnings that sins of omission are at least as great as sins of commission; that it will not satisfy Him to have servants who are not actively bad, and he expects them to be actively good. When for many years a fig tree produces no fruit—nothing but a fair show of leaves—the order is given (a terrible order), "Cut it down, why cumbereth it the ground?"

We cannot expect to escape observation; each life is closely and constantly examined. What will be the Master's verdict in our case? is a solemn question for each of us. It is not enough to be constantly busy. It is possible to rise early, and late take rest, and work all day long, and yet live only to heap up treasures for ourselves. If we are busy about our Master's business, then all will be right. We should hold ourselves always at His disposal, saying—as David's servants said to him—"Behold, Thy servants are ready to do whatsoever my Lord the King shall appoint."

Our Lord's first recorded words are the declaration that he must be about His Father's business, and in the worship of Nazareth or on the altar of Calvary, He never wavered in the pursuit of that high ambition; until the great climax came, and He was able to say, confidently, "It is finished."

First, then, we must be "ready" to do what our Master shall appoint, not choosing our own work, but following always the guiding pillar of God's providence. If we are ready and willing to do not our own will, but His, praying to be led where He wishes us to go, there is little fear of our making serious mistakes. Our Lord gives us an example of this readiness to accept interruptions as part of the day's plan. When on his way to raise the dead child He stops willingly to cheer and help a poor woman; when escorted by an excited crowd of admirers He does not fail to hear and help a blind beggar; when resting by Jacob's well He is not too tired to instruct an ignorant and sinful woman. And so it always was with Him—He was never too busy or engrossed with anything that interested Him to be kind and obliging to anyone.

It is well to remember that we are really "servants," and, therefore, our time is not our own; we are bound to do cheerily and without necessary delay whatsoever our Lord the King shall appoint. If the business He gives us to do seems trivial to us, what does that matter, our part is simply to obey orders and

not ask questions. As Miss Havergal says: "If He appoints me to work there, shall I lament that I am not to work here? If He appoints me to work indoors to-day, am I to be annoyed because I am not to work out of doors? If I meant to write His messages this morning, shall I grumble because He sends interrupting visitors, rich or poor, to whom I am to speak, or 'show kindness' for His sake, or at least obey His command, 'Be courteous!' If all my members are really at His disposal, why should I be put out if to-day's appointment is some simple work for my hands, or errands for my feet, instead of some seemingly more important doing of head or tongue?"

If our lives are to be fruitful—pleasing to Christ and helpful to our fellows—they must first of all be obedient. A soldier must always be ready to go or stay in simple obedience to orders.

"Thy servants militant below have each,

O Lord, their post,

As Thou appoint'st, who best dost know the soldiers of Thine host.

Some in the van Thou call'st to do,

and the day's heat to share;

And in the rearward not a few Thou only bidd'st to bear.

A brighter crown, perchance, is theirs to the mid-battle sent;

But he Thy glory also shares who waits beside the tent;

More bravely done (in human eyes), the foremost post to take;

My Saviour will not those despise that suffer for His sake."

This is such a valuable talent that it seems dreadful to think that anyone can speak lightly of "killing time," as though the supply were inexhaustible. But it is possible to waste time without knowing it—to lay it out to no good purpose, and leave the world no better from our living in it.

Let us never be like Martha—too busy to sit at the Master's feet, hearing and speaking to Him. Whatever else we have to leave unread—even though it may be "The Farmer's Advocate"—at least let us find time to study the Bible diligently. If the Master has put some of His little ones in our care—in the home or the S. S.—let us find time to tell them about Him, and let us take time to prepare the S. S. lesson carefully. As someone has said: "Is the work of training young, eager souls of less consequence than the trimming of a hat which 'must be done for Sunday,' and which took up all Saturday evening?"

"From the palace to the city on the business of thy King

Thou wert sent at early morning to return at evening.

Dreamer, waken!—loiterer, hasten!—what thy task is,

understand!

Thou art here to purchase substance, and the price is in thy hand.

Has the tumult of the market all thy sense and reason drowned?

Do its glistening wares attract thee? or its shouts and cries confound?

Oh! beware lest thy Lord's business be neglected while thy gaze

Is on every show and pageant which the giddy square displays!"

HOPE.

TRADE TOPIC.

A CASH-PRIZE COMPETITION.—Lady readers of "The Farmer's Advocate" will be interested in the special advertisement of the McClary Manufacturing Company, of London, Ont., in this issue, offering \$165 in four cash prizes, ranging from \$65 to \$10, for the most suitable name for a new modern steel cooking range, patterns of which are now under construction. Here is a chance to compete for clean money in a fair field, with no favors, the company being of the highest standing in character, and the largest makers of their specialties under the British flag. Let the lady readers of this paper look up the advertisement, note the terms, and promptly get busy brushing up their mental equipment, and mail their selections (not more than three names to be suggested by one person, nor more than eight letters in one word, or ten letters in two words) to the address of the company, within two weeks from the date of this paper, June 20, and be sure to mention "The Farmer's Advocate."