

### Calling the Ferryman.

Standing on the bank of the narrow stream which divides them from the opposite shore are two peasants waiting for the ferryman to row them across. "Ahoy, ye hoy!" "Ahoy, ye hoy!" echoes and re-echoes along the silent banks of the limpid stream, but fails to penetrate the ears of the delinquent charon who has fallen asleep while awaiting the chance arrival of a passenger. Not until the call has been oft repeated is the ferryman roused from his blissful sleep, when a few powerful strokes from his brawny arms lands the boat at the spot where his passengers are waiting.

### THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

#### The Crow and the Grub.

A PARABLE.

BY W. J. KIRBY.

A somber old crow sat on a bending branch, looking in a most intense manner at something close to his feet. "Well, you're a strange-looking grub," said the crow at last, speaking to a caterpillar hanging to a leaf. "Where did you come from, I'd like to know?"

"Like you, Mr. Crow, I came from an egg."

"Ha! ha! ha!"

And the crow fairly shook his sides with laughter.

"An egg? Indeed; and, pray, who told you I came from an egg? If I came from an egg, like you did, I should expect to be as ugly as you are, and not have as smooth and shiny a coat as I have on to-day. You're homely enough to make me shudder, and really you're remarks would make me blush, only I can't show it on black."

"Well, as far as that goes, I confess I cannot boast of a very handsome form; but I am going to sleep presently, and when I wake up again I shall be more beautiful than you could ever dream to be, with all your pride," answered the grub.

"You little grub, I've a mind to make a dinner of you, only you are so small and ugly I should neither be satisfied nor pleased," responded the crow.

"Don't bother me, please," said the little grub. "I want to eat all I can of this leaf before I go to sleep, for I feel the drowsiness coming on."

The old crow looked more closely, and caught sight of the twelve tiny eyes, and sixteen short legs, and then, as if talking to himself, he said:

"Well, he may be ugly, but I declare if he isn't well supplied with eyes and legs."

"Caw, caw," he muttered, and then he spoke again: "Say, Grub, what will you do with all your eyes and legs when you go to sleep?"

"My twelve eyes will be strangely brought together, and form just two eyes like yours, only not so large, and my sixteen legs will become four wings, and, instead of crawling here a disgusting grub, I shall fly abroad as free as your superior majesty."

"Well, I should smile to see you flying; you're too amusing for anything."

At this the grub gave a peculiar twitch to his body, and very quietly whispered:

"Good-by; I'm going to sleep. I must become a chrysalis."

Mr. Crow was too busy to stay by and watch the change, but went away to tell others of the wonderful conversation with the grub. The last remark he made as he flapped his wings and flew was:

"Poor deluded little Grub! Some foolish little insects can believe anything. I guess all the resurrection he will ever know will be in his unreasonable imagination. You might well say good-by, for sure enough it's a final farewell."

After a time the warm sunshine came and smiled upon the cocoon, and that which looked dead, dry and useless began to show signs of life, and one day the living something seemed to be stretching itself for more room, and shook off its encumbrance, and a magnificent Butterfly with wings beautifully painted flew out, and passed very close to the beak of Mr. Crow, and caused him to burst forth in admiration as he said:

"What a beauty!"

"How do you do, Mr. Crow?" inquired the Butterfly. "I'm glad to see you. Some time since we met, isn't it?"

"You beautiful creature," said the crow, "I feel very much honored to be addressed by you, but, really, I do not remember seeing such a lovely thing as you are before. Pray, where did we meet?"

"Oh, you forget old acquaintances, then. You do not remember meeting a Grub some time ago?"

"Why, yes," he said, "I remember the ugly thing well. I wonder what became of him?"

"I presume he did as he told you he would. He went to sleep and then changed into an insect with two eyes and four wings, and instead of living on leaves he flies around and takes his fill of the sweetest honey from the choicest flowers."

"What a story!" exclaimed the crow. "Tell that to some more stupid creature; but you insult the wisdom of the whole family of crows to expect us to believe such a thing as that." And he drew himself up to his full height and looked as dignified as an Agnostic.

"If you only looked a little more reasonable, Mr. Crow," said the Butterfly, "I would tell you the whole truth: I—was—once—that—grub."

With that the crow almost lost his balance and came nearly falling into space. However, he calmed himself and took a more careful look at "the perfect insect," and thought he could detect something which made him say: "Well, I declare, I am almost persuaded to believe you; the whole story has come out just as you said, and I don't know why I should be unwilling to accept your statements, for, coming to think of it, I am not much like the egg I came from, and I do remember I stayed around all one winter and the trees all died, and everything came forth like a

chained as it seems by death's icy touch, flows the current, strong and unfaltering as ever—just as the truly great mind moves onward unwaveringly towards its desired goal, though hampered oft by adverse circumstances.

We could not do without our bright, breezy Canadian winters which enable us to appreciate more fully the warmth and beauty of the succeeding seasons. There are countries where summer is, as it were, perpetual. How its pleasures must pall upon the inhabitants! With what delight would they not hail "Our Lady of the Snows!"

The griefs with which we meet are sent by a Providential Hand, that by contrast we may esteem our joys more highly. Our draughts are tinged with bitterness only that we may learn to prize the honey; and the same all-wise, all-loving Director invests each of our seasons with charms peculiar to itself that we may doubly enjoy them—in anticipation and in realization. Just now we are on the borderland of springtime's fair domain, and already in fancy we traverse the still leafless woodlands and gather the first frail tributes that nature offers to the reigning goddess. (Next month we shall find them in reality.) O, the joy, the gladness of it all! Mrs. Blewett will pardon a prosy old fellow for daring to criticise a part of her poem, for his every pulse throbs in harmony with the rest of it. I sometimes think what beautiful poems lie hidden in many a heart, lacking only the ability to find utterance in words. Then come the clever ones, and speak for us as the above-mentioned author has done.

O for a thousand tongues to sing near and afar her glorious spring song!

Spring, with the warmth in her footsteps light, and the breeze and the fragrant breath,

Is coming to press her radiant face to that which is cold in death.

Spring, with the hyacinths filling her cap and the violet seeds in her hair,

With the crocus hiding its satin head in her bosom warm and fair;

Spring, with its daffodils at her feet, and pansies a-bloom in her eyes,

Spring, with enough of the God in herself to make the dead to arise!

The hill where she rested is all a-bloom, the wood is green as of old, And wakened birds are striving to send their songs to the Gates of Gold.

I would call the attention of all our readers to the "Great Canadian Puzzle" given elsewhere in this issue. Here is a chance for the bright ones—a chance to win fifty dollars, a gold or silver watch, or other valuable prize. Just put on your thinking-caps and get to work. No need to fear any dishonest dealing—the past reputation of the FARMER'S ADVOCATE is sufficient guarantee that "Fair Play" will be, as ever, the watchword in this competition. It has nothing to do with our Puzzle Corner, but I shall be pleased to have all my boys and girls try it; and still more pleased to see their names head the list of winners, as I have no doubt they will. Don't for a moment suppose that because your work for our column is not mailed direct to me I do not keep posted about you. I am glad to see so many new friends. May our circle continue to widen!

By all means, little Maudie, come and be one of my nieces and bring Alice with you. We have a special welcome for the tiny people, and are always "at home" when they call.

You will see at the head of the Puzzle column what rules are to be complied with. Now, my merry boys and girls, don't forget the "Great Canadian Puzzle" is the parting injunction of—

UNCLE TOM.

#### Milk Dressings for Burns.

A valuable suggestion, which seems to have been made by a French newspaper originally, has been picked up by several American medical papers lately. The use of so simple and available a dressing for burns as milk is recommended. Clothes soaked in milk should be bound on, and changed at least twice a day. Remarkable results are said to have attended this kind of treatment. Says *The Chemist and Druggist*, quoting from some foreign publication, no doubt:

"In one instance an extensive burn on the leg, treated in this manner for three or four days, was reduced from five inches to an inch in width. In another instance a severe burn that had been rebellious under a treatment with olive oil and zinc oxide healed rapidly under the application of milk compresses. This suggestion may serve as a valuable one for country practitioners when their accustomed remedies for burns are not at command."



"CALLING THE FERRYMAN."

resurrection in the springtime. And all this really looks as if there was some power behind it all."

And he heard an echo, but could not trace the voice, saying:

"Way should it be thought a thing incredible with you that God should raise the dead?" And because of the great emphasis, the last word which echoed through the clear, calm atmosphere was the blessed word "God."

### UNCLE TOM'S DEPARTMENT.

MY DEAR NEPHEWS AND NIECES,—

O, the frozen valley and frozen hill make a coffin wide and deep, And the dead river lies, all its laughter stilled within it, fast asleep.

No carol of love from a songbird's throat, the world lies naked and still, For all things tender and all things sweet have been touched by the gruesome chill."

Thus of the past months sings one of our Canadian poetesses, Mrs. Jean Blewett. Although there is much truth in her words, for the "gruesome chill" that has hushed the notes of the songbirds and blighted the promise-freighted flower buds has given us so many fresh delights in exchange that we are not unwilling to relinquish the old. And the world is not "naked." Old Mother Earth has been wearing one of her fairest robes—her stainless diamond-flecked ermine; nor "still," for never more cheerily does the laugh ring out than when accompanied by the merry jingle of sleigh-bells, or when blithesome youth skims o'er the glassy bosom of the "dead river." Beneath that frozen surface,