

Ingle Nook Chats.

My dear Guests,—

One of the pleasantest afternoons I have had for some time was spent in reading and judging the thirty-eight sets of Memory Gems sent in response to Contest XII. To read them was a delight, to judge their respective merits oftentimes a trifle puzzling, but I at length got through them all. I then counted up the marks obtained by each, and selected about a dozen of the highest; these I carefully went over again, after which I arrived at a decision. An unprecedented occurrence was the sending of two prize sets by one contributor, but this should remind others that there is nothing like trying to do one's best. The prizewinners are (1st) Miss Kate E. Crane, Burnstown P. O., Ont.; (2nd) Miss Margaret L. A. Matheson, Massie P. O., Ont., and (3rd) Miss Kate E. Crane, A. L. McDiarmid and "Mossback's Daughter" and Jean Lane were very close contestants for 3rd prize, while Jennie MacVannel, Nettie MacCallum, Annie E. Newlove, "Morag," Mrs. Philip, Bernice Devitt and Robt. B. Forsyth were but little behind. Contributions of merit were also received from "Imperialist," Pearl Shepherd, "Nancie," Charlotte Borrowman, Alan R. G. Smith, Fannie Newman, Ethel M. Lewis, Maud Jose, Douglas E. MacVannel, Janet Waterman, "McGinty" and David A. Ashworth.

I am pleased to note the popularity of this sort of contest, but would like to see keener competition in the essays.

Miss Mary Gillies acknowledges receipt of prize, and comments kindly upon the Ingle Nook. Thank you, Miss Mary.

Our Camera Contest should excite a friendly rivalry among many of our guests, as the prizes offered are very liberal.

The winning Memory Gems (also others which have not won a prize) will appear from time to time, as space permits. In order to allow room for as many as possible this issue, I shall bid my guests good-bye for the present.

THE HOSTESS.

Ingle Nook Chats, Pakenham, Ont.

FIRST-PRIZE MEMORY GEMS.

(By Miss Kate E. Crane, Burnstown, Ont.)

Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
'Tis only noble to be good;
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.
—Tennyson.

Talk not of wasted affection: affection never was wasted. If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters, returning back to their springs, like rain, shall find them full of refreshment. That which the fountain sends forth returns again to the fountain.—(Longfellow.)

Look not mournfully into the past: it comes not back again. Wisely improve the present; it is thine. Go forth to meet the future without fear, but with a manly heart.—(Longfellow.)

Endeavor to be patient in bearing with the defects and infirmities of others, of what sort soever they be; for thou thyself also hast many failings which must be borne with by others. How seldom we weigh our neighbor in the same balance with ourselves.—(Thomas a Kempis.)

You can't isolate yourself and say that the evil in you shall not spread. Men's lives are as thoroughly blended with each other as is the air we breathe. Evil spreads as necessarily as disease. Every sin brings suffering to others besides those who commit it.—(George Eliot.)

How happy is he, born or taught,
Who serveth not another's will,
Whose armor is his honest thought,
And simple truth his highest skill.
This man is free from servile bonds
Of hope to rise or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And having nothing, yet hath all.
—Sir Henry Wotton.

I hold it true, whate'er befall;
I feel it when I sorrow most,
'Tis better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all.
—Tennyson.

Small service is true service while it lasts;
Of friends, however humble, scorn not one;
The daisy, by the shadow that it casts,
Protects the lingering dew-drop from the sun.
—Wordsworth.

Sow love and taste its fruitage pure;
Sow peace and reap its harvest bright;
Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor,
And find a harvest home of light.
—H. Bonar.

He prayeth well who loveth well,
Both man and bird and beast;
He prayeth best who loveth best
All things, both great and small;
For the dear God, who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.
—Coleridge.

Make yourselves nests of pleasant thoughts. None of us yet know, for none of us have been taught in early youth, what fairy palaces we may build of beautiful thoughts, proof against all adversity. Bright fancies, satisfied memories, noble histories, faithful sayings, treasure-houses of precious and restful thoughts which care cannot disturb, nor pain make gloomy, nor poverty take away from us—houses built without hands for our souls to dwell in.—(Ruskin.)

SECOND-PRIZE MEMORY GEMS.

(By Miss Margaret L. A. Matheson, Massie, Ont.)

No stream from its source
Flows seaward, how lonely so ever its source,
But what some land is gladdened.
No star ever rose
And set without influence somewhere. Who knows
What earth needs from earth's lowest creature? No life
Can be pure in its purpose and strong in its strife,
And all life not be purer and stronger thereby.
—Mrs. E. B. Browning.

We have not wings—we cannot soar,
But we have feet to scale and climb,
By slow degrees, by more and more,
The cloudy summits of our time.
—Longfellow.

For mankind are one in spirit, and an instinct bears along,
'Round the earth's electric circle, the swift flash of right or wrong;
Whether conscious or unconscious, yet humanity's vast frame,
Through its ocean-sundered fibers, feels the gush of joy or shame;
In the gain or loss of one race, all the rest have equal claim.
—J. R. Lowell.

It isn't the thing you do, dear,—
It's the thing you leave undone,
That gives you a bit of a heartache
At the setting of the sun.
The tender word forgotten,
The letter you did not write,
The flower you might have sent, dear,
Are your haunting ghosts at night.
—Margaret Sangster.

We never can tell what our thoughts will do,
In bringing us hate or love.
For thoughts are things, and their airy wings
Are swifter than a carrier dove;
They follow the laws of the universe—
Each thing must create its kind—
They speed o'er the track to bring us back
Whatever went out of our mind.
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

By the cynic, the sad, the fallen,
Who had no strength for the strife,
The world's highway is cumbered to-day—
They make up the stem of life.
But the virtue that conquers passion,
And the sorrow that hides in a smile—
It is these that are worth the homage of earth,
For we find them but once in a while.
—Anonymous.

How sour sweet music is,
When time is broke, and no proportion kept:
So it is in the music of men's lives.
—Shakespeare.

We know not half the power for good or ill,
Our daily lives possess o'er one another;
A careless word may help a soul to kill,
Or by one look we may redeem a brother.
'Tis not the great things that we do or say,
But idle words forgot as soon as spoken;
And little thoughtless deeds of every day
Are stumbling-blocks on which the weak are broken.
—Anonymous.

To serve with lofty gifts the lowly needs
Of the poor race for which the God-man died,
And do it all for love—Oh, this is great.
—J. G. Holland.

I count this thing to be grandly true,
That a noble deed is a step toward God,
Lifting the soul from the common sod
To a purer air and a broader view.
—J. G. Holland.

THIRD-PRIZE MEMORY GEMS.

(By Miss Kate E. Crane, Burnstown, Ont.)

To live well in the quiet routine of life; to fill a little space because God wills it; to go on cheerfully with a petty round of little duties, little avocations; to smile for the joys of others when the heart is aching—who does this, his works will follow him. He may not be a hero to the world, but he is one of God's heroes.—(Dean Farrar.)

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
'Dust thou art, to dust returnest,'
Was not spoken of the soul.
Lives of great men all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.
—Longfellow.

Then gently scan your brother man;
Still gentler, sister woman;
Though each may gang a keemi wrang,
To step aside is human.
—Burns.

Honor and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part, there all the honor lies;
Worth makes the man, the want of it the fellow.
The rest is all but leather or prunella;
A wit's a feather and a chief a rod,
An honest man's the noblest work of God.
—Pope.

Think truly, and thy thoughts
Shall the world's famine feed;
Speak truly, and each word of thine
Shall be a fruitful seed;
Live truly, and thy life shall be
A great and noble creed.
—Bonar.

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial;
We should count time by heart-throbs,
He most lives who thinks most, feels the noblest,
acts the best.
—Bailey.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour;
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.
—Gray.

Kind words are the music of the world. They have a power which seems to be beyond natural causes, as if they were some angel's song which had

lost its way and come on earth, and sung on undyingly, smiting the hearts of men with sweetest wounds, and putting, for the while, an angel's nature into ours.—(Faber.)

There's a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea;
There's a kindness in His justice,
Which is more than liberty.
For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind,
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.
—F. W. Faber.

Life is a leaf of paper white,
Whereon each of us may write
His word or two, and then comes night.
Greatly begin! Though thou hast time
But for a line, be that sublime:
Not failure, but low aim is crime.
—J. R. Lowell.

CAMERA COMPETITION.

As a new departure, we announce a "Camera Competition," which will surely give pleasure to the many lovers of amateur photography.

We offer six prizes, as follows:—1st, \$3; 2nd, \$2; 3rd, \$1; 4th, \$1; 5th, 50c; and 6th, 50c; for the best photographs of country homes, groups of animals, gardens, pretty bits of scenery, or anything of that nature, subject to the subjoined rules:

All photographs must not be less than 4 x 5 inches in size, and mounted, and must be the work of amateurs.

All photographs must be clear and distinct in detail, and well finished. They must reach the FARMER'S ADVOCATE, London, Ontario, not later than October 1st, 1901.

The photographer's name and post-office address, and the name and location of scene, must be written on back of photograph.

Any person is at liberty to send more than one photograph if desired. We reserve the right to use any photograph entered in competition.

All the prizewinning photographs will become the property of the FARMER'S ADVOCATE for the purpose of illustration. We also reserve the right to purchase at a fair valuation any photographs that do not win a prize.

Postage stamps must be enclosed if competitors wish photographs that do not win a prize returned. Do not make any mistake in the address, as such delay might debar you from the competition.

THE HOSTESS.

Ingle Nook Chats, Pakenham, Ont.

Harvest.

"While the earth remaineth, seedtime and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night, shall not cease." Such was the promise given to our common ancestors long centuries ago, when out from the ark, the dove, that messenger of peace, flitted far over the lowering water-wastes of the East, and found her a home upon the dry land.

The ages since then have recorded changes in the world without number. Slowly, but surely, the power of men's thoughts has deepened and widened, probing the mysteries of science, and grasping the hidden meaning of things that are and have been. Men have discovered, and men have invented; but each, like the coral insect, wrought his part and ceased to be—sowed his seed, as it were, leaving the harvest of benefits to be reaped by his fellow-men. So the longest and most useful lives have ceased, and in the same way, customs, beliefs, laws, cities, empires, and continents, have changed, or ceased to be; but always, since primeval ages, has there been summer and winter, heat and cold, seedtime and harvest; and at the present time, in Canada, we have summer, and heat, and harvest.

Just what that means, we rustic women know best. It means flies; it means long days with pitiless, scorching sunshine blazing in the back yard; it means early breakfasts, and sharp dinners, and suppers just on time; it means washings and ironings, and bakings, that make one long for Switzerland, not because of its scenery, but because of its half-yearly wash and baking of bread; it means fruit, and sugar, and a preserving-kettle; it means chickens that take the "gapes" and die, and ducks that will fall on their backs and die, and turkeys that die for no apparent reason whatever; it means—but there! "nuff sed" about the disagreeables. Ruskin says, "There is no solemnity so deep to a rightly-thinking creature as that of dawn," and to those who will see and hear, the time of harvest means still, solemn mornings, with the mists lying white in the valleys, and the wheat-stocks showing yellow in the early sunshine; it means cool evening shades, redolent with harvest perfumes, and with the cooing twitter of the cat-owl, and the song of the cricket sounding soft and clear; and what can be pleasanter than a ride through country lanes when "fades the glimmering landscape on the sight," or a slow paddle across the lake? If we cannot have these recreations, we can at least keep near us a book of favorite poems, and its restful thoughts will help to lift us above the small vexations of the day, and lead us into nobler lives.

Harvest is full of blessings and delights apart from its poetic side. The clusters of fruit in our gardens are good to the eye, and better to the