



"Summer's sweetly calling
To the hills and plains;
Singing with her south-winds,
Smiling through her rains.

"With her lowland shadows,
With her rippled streams:
In my violet-valleys
Rest you, with the dreams!"

Two Pictures.

By Mary Wood-Allen.

No. I.

Little Agnes Martin had a broom and a dustpan among her Christmas gifts. She was very anxious to use them, but had only succeeded in annoying her mother with them. When she saw her mother preparing for sweeping day, she was overjoyed.

"Oh, I can help sweep, can't I, mamma?" and she ran away to bring her broom. She returned with eyes shining with anticipation, and began flourishing her broom over the carpet here and there in a very irregular way.

"Stop that," called out Mrs. Martin. "You can't sweep. You are raising a dust and making me more work. You are a regular little nuisance. I wish you hadn't been given a broom. There'll be no peace with you now."

"But I want to help you sweep," persisted the child.

"Well, you can't help, so run away and stop your crying. I'll warrant that when you are old enough to help you won't be so anxious. Clear out, now. Come, get out from under my feet."

The child obeyed, but the brightness had gone from her face, the light from her eyes.

Three hours later, Mrs. Martin began setting the table for dinner, and again little Agnes pleaded to be allowed to help.

"You can't help," said her mother, "you'd drop and break things. I wish you'd keep out of my way. I'm in a hurry. Go to your play and don't bother me."

Three years later. Baking day. Agnes, now seven years old, wants to help, but, as usual, Mrs. Martin refuses her aid. "You can't help," she repeats, as before. "You are only in the way. I'd rather you'd clear out entirely."

"Susie Morrow's mamma lets her cut out cookies, and help get the dinner, and do lots of things," pleads Agnes.

"Well, I can't help that. I can't be bothered."

"It isn't bother, it's help," persists little Agnes.

"Yes; you can call it help, but I'd rather do it alone than show you how. Clear out now. When you are older you can help; only you won't want to then. Children never want to do things they can do, but are always teasing to do what they can't do."

Seven years later. Saturday morning. Mrs. Martin has an excruciating headache, and comes into the sitting-room to rest for a few moments. Here she finds Agnes, a large girl of fourteen, busy reading a book.

"Oh, here you are," exclaimed Mrs. Martin, irritably. "Reading as usual. I warrant you haven't done a single stroke of work this morning. Have you taken care of your room?"

Agnes gives an inarticulate reply and continues reading.

"Go and sweep your room, and put it in order," commands Mrs. Martin. "Then I want you to help get dinner. There's to be company, you know."

"I don't know how to get dinner," Agnes says, sullenly, as she leaves the room.

"That's always the way," sighs Mrs. Martin. "I've slaved to save her, thinking she'd be grateful, but she isn't one bit. She doesn't care that I'm sick and tired out. She'd never offer to do a thing for me. Solomon was right, it is sharper than a serpent's tooth to have a thankless child."

Agnes paid no attention to the suggestion that she was to get dinner, so Mrs. Martin got it herself, but at its close, told her daughter to wash the dishes. "I hate dish-washing," pouted Agnes. "I hate housework. I never mean to do one bit of it when I'm grown up."

"It's very little of it you've done yet," said Mrs. Martin. "I thought if I saved you when you were young, you'd repay me by saving me as you grew up, but I was mistaken."

"I'll tell you where you made your mistake," said the girl. "You wouldn't let me work when I wanted to, and now I don't know how, and don't love work, and I'm not to blame."

"Oh, of course you'll blame me. I might have known that would be the thanks I'd get," and Mrs. Martin sobbed in self-pity, while her daughter sullenly washed the dishes, feeling sorry only for herself.

No. II.

Among her Christmas gifts Lois Barrows had received a broom and dustpan. She saw with great delight her mother's preparations for the next sweeping day, and ran to find her tiny implements.

"I can help sweep, mamma," she exclaimed, joyfully, as she began flitting her broom vigorously over the carpet.

"Yes, dear," replied Mrs. Barrows, who believed her child to be of more importance than things. "You can help if you will do just what mamma wants you to. First, you can take these books and put them on the sofa as mamma dusts them."

With shining eyes and a feeling of great importance at being mamma's helper, little Lois carried the books. "What next, mamma?" she asked.

"Now you can help me put the sheets over the furniture."

"Why do you do that?" queried the child, as she straightened out the sheet over the sofa.

"To keep the dust off," answered Mrs. Barrows.

"Now, we'll open the windows, and then you can go and sweep the porch while I sweep here. Let us see which can sweep her room the best."

By this ruse she got the child out of the dust of her sweeping, but did not deprive her of the privilege of helping. Occasionally she would go to the door to oversee the sweeping of the porch and to make encouraging suggestions.

"Can I help dust, mamma?" asked Lois.

"Yes, dear; here is a cloth, and this is the way to dust a chair. You see, it will help mamma a great deal if you do it well, for then she won't have to stoop so much."

The child was really anxious to do her work right, and soon learned to see the dust and remove it, to shake her dust-cloth out of doors, as mamma did, and surveyed her finished work with great pride. Her eyes glowed under her mother's just commendation. "I'm your little helper, ain't I, mamma?"

"Indeed you are and always will be."

Three hours later. "Can I set the table?" asked little Lois.

"You can help. Go to the other end of the table and pull the cloth straight as I throw it to you. Now you can put on the knives, forks, spoons and napkins."

"And dishes, too, mamma?"

"Not quite yet, dearie. We'll have to save some work for you to learn when you are older. It will not be long until you can set the table all by yourself."

"Goody!" said the child.

Three years later. Baking day.

"Can I help?" asked little Lois.

"Oh, yes, dear, of course you can. I'd hardly know how to do without you. You know how to do so many things now. You may beat these eggs. Then you can bring up some apples, and chop them after I have peeled them."

"What next? Can I cut out the cookies?"

"Certainly."

"And ornament the pies?"

"To be sure. We wouldn't know our pies if you did not ornament them. Then you can wash the potatoes for dinner, fill the kettle with water, wash the rice, fill the salt cellars and set the table."

While Lois was busy with these tasks, her tongue was clattering merrily, and Mrs. Barrows learned much of the school life of her daughter, much about her companionship, much concerning her thoughts and feelings, and felt that the most important results of the morning were not the bread, pie and cake, or the well-cooked dinner, but the sympathy, confidence and companionship that grew out of the hours spent with her child.

Seven years later. Saturday morning. Mrs. Barrows and Lois have been busy working together, and now sit down for a moment's rest. "You look tired, mother," says Lois, lovingly.

"I've had a headache all the morning," replies Mrs. Barrows.

"Then you're not going to do another bit of work. You just lie here till dinner is ready."

"But you know, dear, papa is going to bring home company to dinner."

"Well, what of that?" laughs the girl. "I think it's a pity if I can't get dinner, such an experienced housekeeper as I am."

"Oh, I know you are competent," says Mrs. Barrows, smiling.

"Then let me prove it. Surely I ought to 'do you proud.' You have been such a faithful, patient teacher, I must have been an awful nuisance when I was little, always wanting to help. Didn't you often want to drive me away?"

Mrs. Barrows gently smoothed the girl's hair from her forehead, as she lovingly replied:

"Your help was not always the most efficient, but I never wanted to drive you away. I was too anxious to keep you close to me, and now I am having my reward."

Lois kissed her mother tenderly. "I'm so glad you were patient with me, for now I know how to work, and I love it. Agnes Martin is to be married next month, and she says she hates work and means never to do any. I wonder what kind of a house she'll have. She thinks her mother will live with her, and work for her, as she always has done. But, mother, I'd be ashamed to do that. It seems to me the least a girl can do is to take the burden of her own life when she is married. I'd like to have you always with me, but I mean to work for you, to pay for what you've done for me." —[American Mother.

Camera Competition.

Now that the holiday season is here, cameras and kodaks are greatly in evidence, and as our previous competitions in photography have proved so successful, we have decided to announce another, open to all amateurs. Our range of subjects will be wide, so that competitors may pursue the special line for which they are particularly adapted.

Our offer is:

1st Prize	\$5.00
2nd Prize	4.00
3rd Prize	3.00
4th Prize	2.00

for the best photographs of country homes, home or garden groups, interior views, field scenes, fruits or flowers, choice bits of scenery now at their best, children, animals, and so on.

RULES GUIDING COMPETITORS.

All photographs must be mounted, and preference will be given to those not less than 4 x 5 inches in size.

They must be clear and distinct. In making the awards, consideration will be taken of the artistic taste displayed in the choice of subjects.

They must reach the office of the "Farmer's Advocate and Home Magazine," London, Ont., not later than October 1st, 1904.

The name of competitor, with P. O. address, must be marked on the back of each photo, as well as the name and location of the view photographed.

Any competitor may send in more than one photograph, but can only obtain one prize.

All photographs competing shall become the property of the "Farmer's Advocate."

No photographs from which any engraving has been made is eligible for competition.

A Cheerful View.

Two men who had been sitting together in the seat near the door of a railway car became engaged in an animated controversy, and their loud voices attracted the attention of all the other passengers. Suddenly one of them arose and said:

"Ladies and gentlemen: I appeal to you to decide a disputed point. My friend here insists that not more than three people out of every five believe they have souls. I take a more cheerful view of humanity than that. Will all of you who believe you have souls raise your right hands?"

Ever hand in the car went up.

"Thank you," he said with a smile. "Keep them up just a minute. Now will all of you who believe in a hereafter please raise your left hand also?"

Every hand in the car went up.

"Thank you," he said. "Now while all of you have your hands raised," he continued, drawing a pair of revolvers and leveling them, "my friend here will go down the aisle and relieve you of whatever valuable articles you may have. Lively, now, Jim."