

did you know this experienced that's all there and o' Liberty, ough," cries Mr.

of her arrival Rebecca's hand ap. "I didn't e afraid," she eath; "but I ite."

queries her She flashed and then said, ck—I might be med to run. randy's is like dark. There ts under the h, there might and enchanted

ca's compound anifest by her tly from con- ce, and partic- ul strain in was certainly ifted but ir- co de Medici temptation, obb, to divert ears.

as I can see, entry in the take the whip drive fast; you lap, and open an' we'll just

ant for a mo- but quickly, a- er put me in- nt me to be Mirandy's. ase stop a me change?" m their win- f in buff cali- ck seat, hold- illacs in one in the other, e calico yoke tiously over he red coming s, and a mist brilliant dark

had ended. H. A. B.

Bible, though e that every -has it ever ook, or even though many such claims without the as it most servants of ives for Him -scarcely-of ded, before tten at all. not all come oken by His Himself, per- a still small to you. His ed men and accept un- our English ust in Him. d good lead- as the Cen- claims Him- e work, and to all who n Him—da- provide suc- e claims the ing each of a have been all the con- ent and ed- uly for good a right our thought—and ct. And He n all of us, en Him nor man in all ade such a And, most soul in all ever yielded y authority abler, purer, a medicine

by its effect, we learn to trust a physi- cian if he always succeeds in curing the patients who faithfully carry out his treatment, and who can rival the Good physician in the treatment of sin-sick souls?

We who know Him as our nearest and dearest Friend have found by long ex- perience—both our own experience and that of other—that He can meet the in- finite need of our hungry souls. Can anyone else? It has been declared that it would be as easy to convince a man who was drinking into his lungs the life- giving sea-breeze that he was breathing poisonous carbonic acid gas, as to con- vince anyone who knows what it is to live and move and have his being in Christ that He is "only a myth, a legend or an idea."

The power of the Personality of this one Man is thrilling the world to-day, and men who are filled with enthusiastic love for Him have also a wonderful power of drawing souls after them to His feet, and at the same time winning affection for themselves. No matter how men of the world may profess to look down on their opinions, they cannot look down on the men themselves. Those whose devotion to Christ is real and en- thusiastic will win respect, approval and affection on all sides. Those who side with the Great Captain are winning victories in every land. His side has always been the winning side, even when Christians were persecuted everywhere. The blood of the martyrs has always been the seed of the Church. But to be a Christian in name only is to be branded as a hypocrite by men as well as to be disowned by God. Intellectual belief will never satisfy Him who claims both obedience and love. If you think that love can't be made to order, try the path of obedience, and love will spring up in your heart before long. Throw your whole nature open to Christ, and you will find by experience that His promised peace and joy are no idle words. These things are never revealed to those who stand aloof and criticise Christianity. The secret of the Lord is only revealed to those who fear Him—and it is a secret still, a shining jewel with a message of love which no man knoweth saving he that receiveth it and He that gives it. Though the Name

dearest to each Christian is that Name which is above every name—JESUS—still He reveals Himself secretly and pec- uliarly to each disciple whom He loves. Only an infinite God can satisfy the varied and infinite longings of any soul, and even God could only come perfectly into touch with man through becoming Man. Like the wise men, we are all seeking the King, seeking Him in order to present our treasures of love and service; though, until we find Him, we may not really know that we were seek- ing Him.

"Tis the weakness in strength that I cry for! my flesh that I seek In the Godhead! I seek and I find it. O Saul, it shall be A Face like my face that receives thee; a Man like to me, Thou shalt love and be loved by, for- ever; a Hand like this hand Shall throw open the gates of new life to thee! See the Christ stand!"

Surely our inmost souls must echo those burning words of Robert Browning. If this Man should fail us, to whom can we go? If this Man be not able to save us from sin, and lift us nearer to God, then no other man can. It is Christ or no one. Choose ye this day whom ye will serve.

"I have a life with Christ to live, But ere I live it, must I wait Till learning can clear answer give Of this and that book's date?"

"I have a life in Christ to live, I have a death in Christ to die, And must I wait till science give All doubts a full reply.

"Nay, rather while the sea of doubt Is raging wildly round about, Questioning of life, and death and sin; Let me but creep within Thy fold O Christ, and at Thy feet, Take but the lowest seat.

"And hear Thine awful voice repeat In gentlest accents, heavenly sweet: 'Come unto Me, and rest; Believe Me, and be blest.'" HOPE.

Space Telegraphy.

Oh, God! mysterious are Thy ways, How can our thoughts to Thee be known?

How may the cry of him who prays Be carried to Thy Great White Throne? For over miles of trackless space The prayer must travel, ere the soul Feels the sweet sense of pard'ning grace That journeys backwards to its goal.

And yet in just one moment's time How oft the drooping heart revives, Cheer'd by a sense of love sublime That from its heavenly source arrives. The voiceless message breathes no sound, No touch, disturbance, can we feel, So calm the silence all around, We question, "Can those things be real?"

"Is heaven a myth and God a dream?" The scoffer says, "There is no God!" That souls adrift upon Life's stream Alone must bear their weary load. What reason can the sceptic give To prove the truth of what he says? Systems of science he receives Because he sees their works and ways:

Then, unbeliever, tell us how The electric instrument can throw Its spiral wave, that, broadening now In space, doth ever onward flow Until the receiving station feels Vibrations that it understands, And soon the operator reels Off messages from distant lands.

Long years ago some persons said That telegrams through space could fly, O'er woods and vales and ocean bed, Without a line to guide them by; But unbelievers shook their head And muttered, "It can never be! The days of miracles are fled, Such wonders man will never see."

But now we know that man achieves Those possibilities so grand, Then, cannot the great God who lives Above, all ways mysterious command? If instruments we here devise Can send their messages through air, May not our thoughts to heaven arise And to God's ear our wishes bear?

Space-telegraphic study would Be source of strength and courage here, It would advance our spirits' good And make our Christian duties clear. The electric instruments must agree, The receiving and the sending one Must be in tune, in harmony, Or else the work cannot be done.

One hundred instruments may stand Within the field disturbed, and one Receive the message, as the band Of ninety-nine are out of tune. Ah, there's the secret! Oft we fail To reach the Infinite, because Our thoughts are not in-tune, our frail And erring lives fit not God's laws.

If we would have our souls to feel Th' eternal life is not a dream, To know the unseen world is real And God and heaven are what they seem; Then we must earnestly desire To conform our souls with the Divine, Our inmost thoughts must all aspire To make our lives with goodness shine.

Father! Thy spiral wave of light Into our sinful natures throw, Dispel those doubts of darkest night And let hope's dawning sunbeams glow Within us. Father, fill all space With messages of truth and love, That, though we cannot see Thy face, We'll feel the quickening Spirit move.

"Receiving Stations" here on earth, For God! Oh, friends, it is sublime! But "Sending Stations!" throwing forth Comfort, encouragement, through time To needy ones in deep despair, Is grander still, it seems to me, Breathing out fragrance everywhere Of sweetest fellowship with Thee.

—Mrs. J. Arnell, Calgary, Feb. 20, 1906.

Your thought is indeed a beautiful one, Mrs. Arnell, and I am sure your verses will bring comfort and courage to many a dispirited and doubting heart. Spirit telegraphy is a very real thing, not only between a soul and God, but also between soul and soul. What would life be worth without the "Communion of Saints?"

HOPE.

The Pirate's Cave.

By Burges Johnson.

Under the table, when dinner's through, There is my fav'rite cave. My sister she is a pirate crew And I am a captain brave. With treasure out of the cookie-jar, And plunder from other lands, To the pirate lair that's hidden there We creep on our knees and hands. Before the people get up to go, Then is the time to hide; I whisper, "Ho, my lads! lie low! There are foes on every side!" And then I thump on the table-top, And Papa says: "Hey! What's that?" And another thump makes Mother jump And guess that it's just the cat. But Papa says, when I thump again, "P'raps it's a pirate bold!" And his legs an' feet come huntin' then, A-tryin' to catch ahold. He keeps me hurryin' back an' forth Till his hands come huntin' too,— Then I sink the ship when I feel his grip, And Mother she gets the crew!

Exact Reasoning.

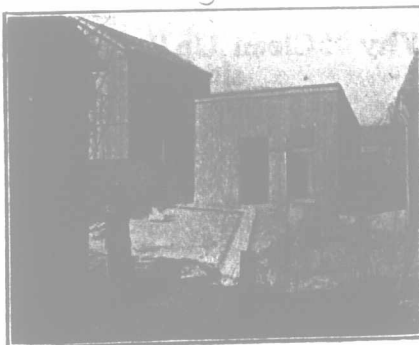
Here is a bit of exact reasoning on the part of a little schoolgirl. The teacher wished to impress the idea of the wrong of idleness. He led up to it by asking who were the persons who got all they could and did nothing in return. For some time there was silence, but at last the little girl, who had obviously reason- ed out the answer inductively from her own home experiences, exclaimed, with a good deal of confidence, "Please, sir, it's the baby!"

"He who wishes to walk in the most peaceful parts of life with any serenity, must screw himself up to resolution. Let him front the object of his worst apprehension, and his stoutness will com- monly make his fear groundless."—Eme- son, in "Prudence."



Gardening Competition.

These pictures show plainly what an industrious boy or girl can do in one season with an ugly back-yard. We will give a prize for the best snapshots sent



in by anyone under 18. Take your first picture now, and your next when the garden is at its best, say about the middle of August. Send the two pic-

tures, for this competition only, to Cousin Dorothy, "The Farmer's Advo- cate" Office, London, Ont.

Luck and Laziness.

Luck tapped upon a cottage door, A gentle, quiet tap, And Laziness, who lounged within, The cat upon his lap, Stretched out his slippers to the fire And gave a sleepy yawn; "Oh, bother! let him knock again!" He said; but Luck was gone.

Luck tapped again, more faintly still, Upon another door, Where Industry was hard at work Mending his cottage floor. The door was opened wide at once; "Come in!" the worker cried, And Luck was taken by the hand And fairly pulled inside.

He is still there—a wondrous guest, From out whose magic hand Fortune flows fast—but Laziness Can never understand How Industry found such a friend. "Luck never came my way," He sighs, and quite forgets the knock Upon his door that day.

St. Louis Republic.

Bird-hunting Competition.

A prize will be given for the longest list of birds actually seen this spring. Write on one side of the paper only, and de- scribe each bird in a few words, and, if possible, give its name (this is not nec- essary to win the prize). Competition closes June 15th.

COUSIN DOROTHY, 52 Victor Ave., Toronto.

A Remarkable Vegetable.

This is something you would never see at a fall fair—a squash big enough to hold a calf! But such a squash was grown in California, and, you see, it has been hollowed out, so that the calf could take its nap inside. The puppy on top looks as if he had grown the squash himself.



Which of our boys and girls can "grow" a squash as big as this one this year?

Fable of the Pansy.

A pretty fable about the pansy is current among French and German children. The flower has five petals and five sepals. In most pansies, especially of the earlier and less high- ly-developed varieties, two of the petals are plain in color and three are gay. The two plain petals have a single sepal, two of the gay petals have a sepal each, and the third,