

GOES TO SCHOOL IN TOWN.

Dear Cousin Dorothy:—This is my first letter to the FARMER'S ADVOCATE. Papa has taken it for over four years, and likes it fine. I found it very interesting to read the letters in it, so I thought I would write one too.

We came here to Swift Current last spring from North Dakota. We have a farm seventy-five miles northwest from here. But we are living in town. I go to school here and am in the third reader. We are having Christmas holidays now, and expect to have a new teacher when school starts again. We have four big working horses, two ponies and three cows. I have five sisters and three brothers. Two of my sisters are married but none of my brothers.

(Age 11 yrs.) RUTH M. BENSON.

THE FIRST LETTER.

Dear Cousin Dorothy:—This is my first letter to the ADVOCATE. I go to school pretty nearly every day. We drive to school alone and leave our horse in the shade all day. I like reading the Children's Corner though papa has taken the FARMER'S ADVOCATE for only two months. We live on a farm and have six horses and eleven head of cattle. I have two brothers and two sisters. We live four miles out of town. We are having our Christmas holidays now. There are twenty children going to school. I am in the fourth book.

(Age 11 yrs.) LIZZIE GRAHAM.

A WEDDING PRESENT.

Dear Cousin Dorothy:—My father takes the FARMER'S ADVOCATE and I enjoy reading the Children's Corner. I go to school and am in the Third Reader. I have a horse named Charlie, and I drive him to school every day when the weather is fit for us to go. Our teacher is going to be married so we scholars gave her a nice present, for we liked her very much. My father has five horses, two cows and five calves. I live on a farm three and a half miles from the town of Milestone. We came here in nineteen hundred, seven years ago next spring. We like the country fine, but this winter is cold and stormy with plenty of snow. Hoping you spent a Merry Xmas and a Happy New Year.

(Age 9 years.) LAVERNE BARKWELL.

LIKES THE COUNTRY FINE.

Dear Cousin Dorothy:—We have taken the FARMER'S ADVOCATE for five years and my father likes it very much. I like to read the Children's Corner. My father keeps horses, cattle, sheep, pigs and chickens. I have thirty-five pigeons and they are very fine. I have to haul the wheat about fifteen miles and get 60 cents a bushel for it. I have been here a long time and I like this country fine. My father got fifty tons of hay this summer. We have a half section of land and my two brothers have another half section. I have got a rifle and I shoot the rabbits and prairie chickens. My father has kept the post office nearly a year. I do not go to school now because it closed in October. I am in the Second Book.

(Age 12 yrs.) A. S.

"There was a man who smiled
Because the day was bright;
Because he slept at night;
Because God gave him sight

To gaze upon his child!
Because his little one
Could leap and laugh and run;
Because the distant sun

Smiled on the earth, he smiled.
"He toiled and still was glad
Because the air was free;
Because he loved, and she
That claimed his love and he

Shared all the joys they had!
Because the grasses grew;
Because the sweet wind blew;
Because that he could hear
And hammer he was glad.

"Because he lived he smiled
And did not look ahead
With bitterness or dread,
But nightly sought his bed

As calmly as a child,
And people called him mad
For being always glad
With such things as he had
And shook their heads and smiled."

The inspiration which no language finds.

There is a land where every pulse is
thrilling
With rapture earth's sojourners may
not know,
Where Heaven's repose the weary
heart is stilling,
And peacefully life's time-tossed cur-
rents flow.

Far out of sight, while sorrow still
enfolds us,
Lies the fair country where our hearts
abide,
And of its bliss is nought more wondrous
told us

Than these few words—"I shall be
satisfied."

"I shall be satisfied"—the Spirit's
yearning
For sweet companionship with kindred
minds,

The silent love that here meets no
returning,

The inspiration which no language finds.

FULL SATISFACTION.

Not here! not here! not where the
sparkling waters
Fade into mocking sands as we draw
near,
Where in the wilderness each footstep
falters,

"I shall be satisfied!" But oh not here!

Not here—where all the dreams of
bliss deceive us,
Where the worn Spirit never gains its
goal,

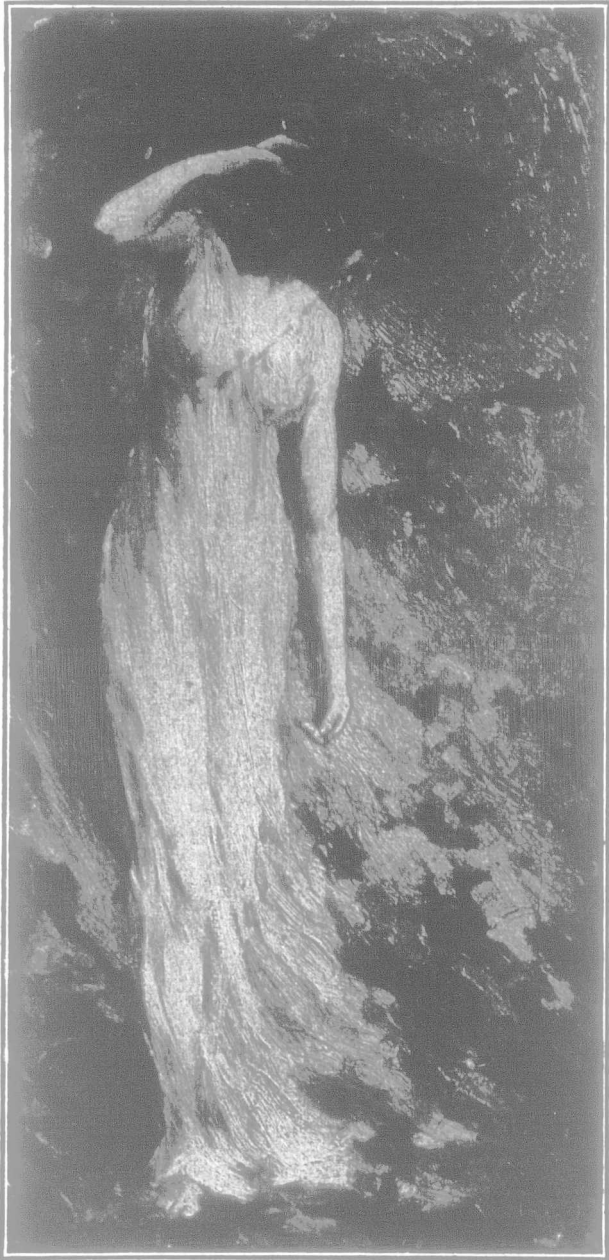
Where, haunted ever by the thoughts
that grieve us,
Across us floods of bitter memory roll!

Shall they be satisfied? the soul's vague
longing,
The aching void which nothing earthly
fills,
Oh what desires upon my heart are
thronging!

As I look upward to the Heavenly Hills.
Thither my weak and weary steps are
tending.
Saviour and Lord! with Thy frail child
abide,
Guide me toward Home where all my
wanderings ending
I shall see Thee "and shall be satisfied."

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

The Literary Society



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"THE POPPY-SUMMER."

TO REMOVE A DIFFICULTY.

Will all who are kindly contributing
articles for the Literary Society columns
please mention on their manuscript
somewhere that it is intended for that
department? One or two articles have
come in that look as if they had been
written for our page, but with nothing
that states definitely where they were
to go. A word to the wise is sufficient.

HOLIDAY TIME IN SASKATCHEWAN.

I wonder who can describe it! A
country with peoples from every quarter
of the globe, flitting to and fro; in one
locality for a few days, busy in their
minds with thoughts which may not be
uttered, visions of a future, differing
materially from the impulse which
drew them to pull away from their
own home and strike out for the "Great
West." What that meant then was
but a haze of confused ideas drawing
them to efforts for betterment of condi-
tion. Now that they are here, the
environments are so peculiar, so essen-
tially unlike all their imaginings, that

they are obliged to re-arrange all their
plans, if plans they really had. But as
the dear old Christmas-time draws near
it matters not whether they are in a
settled or movable condition the
custom of the old home is revived, and
for a few days beforehand they live
over again the familiar Christmas-tide.

Still Canadianism is all embracing.
In every settlement old or new, all
hearts open to strangers. In every
city, town and village, wherever there has
been a name given and our ubiquitous
school house built, there preparation
is made, and all are welcome. The
prairie school-teacher helps to train
her pupils for the entertainment and
admiration of the parents, who at home
are more than busy, making not only
pies and cakes of every description, but
secretly and in fear of discovery are
dressing dolls, and manufacturing most
wonderful ornaments for young and
old.

Why yes, it adds greatly to their
labors, but then it is for Christmas!
Frequently it is the old-time Christmas
tree which is burdened with the fruits
of their industry; sometimes a great
chimney of brick hides a mystery; then
again a most wonderful ship sails around
the world, calling at every port, at
least one port in every land, but always
the universal children's friend Santa
Claus appears and amid breathless
excitement distributes his gifts. Not
one child in the neighborhood is for-
gotten, and if from illness or any other
cause he be not present, the name is
there, the parcel is handed to some
person who sees that he receives it
before the disappointment is too keen.

Our land is rich in hospitality and
good will. All along the Christmas
week invitations are extended, and
midnight oil is burned. Laughing
voices mingle in terms of good wishes
to all, songs are sung, sometimes
well rendered, sometimes open to
criticism, but ever with the echoes
of "Peace and good will." We are a
pushing, energetic, hard-working people,
building up our country and helping the
stranger, who is welcome within our
gates; but the Christmas of 1906 in
Saskatchewan has not been so very
different from our first Christmas in
Regina in 1883.

RESIDENT.

UNBELIEF.

There is no unbelief,
Whoever plants a seed beneath the sod,
And waits to see it push away the clod,
He trusts in God.

Whoever says, when clouds are in the
sky,
"Be patient, heart, light breaketh by-
and-by,"
Trusts the Most High.

Whoever sees 'neath winter's field of
snow
The silent harvest of the future grow,
God's power must know.

Whoever lies down on his couch to sleep,
Content to lock each sense in slumber
deep,
Knows God will keep.

Whoever says "To-morrow," "the
Unknown,"
"The Future," trusts the Power alone
He dares disown.

The heart that looks on when eyelids
close,
And dares to live when life has only
woes,
God's comfort knows.

There is no unbelief,
And day by day, and night, uncon-
sciously,
The heart lives by that faith the lips
deny.

God knoweth why!
—EDWARD BULWER LYTTON

THE STARLESS CROWN.

"They that turn many to righteous-
ness shall shine as the stars forever and
forever."—Dan. xii. 3.
Wearied and worn with earthly cares, I
yielded to repose,
And soon before my raptured sight a
glorious vision rose:
I thought, while slumbering on my
couch in midnight's solemn gloom,
I heard an angel's silvery voice, and
radiance filled my room.