

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.

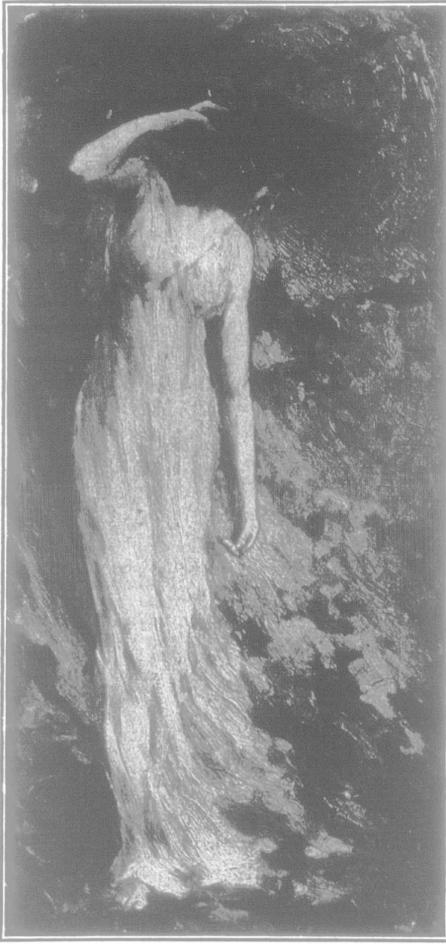
The Literary Society

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 our 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.



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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 drove 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 condition. Now that they are here, the environments are so peculiar, so essentially 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 forgotten, 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, unconsciously,  
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.

"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."

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 currents 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.

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