

hours—until the morning—to be slow in spreading the good tidings that would turn misery into gladness, would be a terrible sin. God's swift judgment was to be feared in such a case. He had led them into the midst of plenty, not that they might eat by themselves alone, but that they might be His messengers to His other children who did not know that rich treasures were lying there—treasures for all who would put out a hand to take them.

What a parable this wonderful story of the relief of Samaria is! People talk so easily about missionary work being of little or no use. Some even say that the heathen are better if left alone in their old religion. They sit down comfortably after making such remarks, feeling that the matter is settled and that they are quite free from responsibility. How would such persons like to change places with the heathen? How would they like to be deprived of their rich Christian heritage of joy and light? They are thankful to know that a loving Father is watching over them. They can accept even pain and trouble as blessings in disguise, knowing that He has sent these trials to perfect them. They can face the last great enemy fearlessly, because they know that death only opens the gate of a fuller and more abundant life. They are drinking in unconsciously the thrill of that marvellous life that for nearly two thousand years has inspired men to suffer and to die. They rejoice in the good things provided for them; but how few, comparatively, seem to recognize the responsibility of their privileges. How few are like the lepers in fearing that punishment will follow if they are content to leave others a moment longer than is absolutely necessary in the darkness of doubt and uncertainty. We may say that, of course, souls are of far more consequence than bodies, and yet any of us would act as the lepers did, and eagerly proclaim to a starving city the good news that bodily food was to be had in plenty. But spiritual food

is quite another thing. We don't really believe that the heathen suffer much for the want of it, or we couldn't be so indifferent. How could we face death calmly, for ourselves or our friends, if we knew absolutely nothing about the after life? God has proclaimed to us the good news that He loves not only the human race, but also each individual man, woman and child. Will he not call us to account if we keep this knowledge selfishly to ourselves? We have no more right to withhold the good news than those lepers had. Do we realize our responsibility as they did? Certainly the world has its eyes open to the fact that each of us is his brother's keeper. We all—or nearly all—give something in the way of time or money to help others. But is the gift of a little money to the mission fund all that is required of us in the way of missionary effort? Any kind of knowledge is a stewardship, and we are bound to use it for the world. It is like seed grain—to hoard it up is to waste it. Every servant of God is called to be a witness for Him. Missionary effort is not always preaching to savages; it is far more often letting the light of a holy life glorify God before men.

The Master still "proves" His disciples by saying to them as He draws their attention to the hungry multitudes: "Whence shall we buy bread, that these may eat?" Shall we answer as they did, "Send them away, . . . that they may buy themselves bread"? To whom should they go for any really satisfying spiritual food? Don't we know quite certainly that Christ, and He alone, can satisfy their soul-hunger? and He still repeats the command: "Give ye them to eat." As it was then, so it is now. He is ready and waiting, longing to show His compassion toward the weary and heavy-laden in all lands. He, and only He, can supply their need—but notice how He did it. The food used was provided by His own company, it is carried by the

disciples to the multitude. They must work the miracle by His power, beginning with the placing of the crowds expectantly to be fed. "Make the men sit down," He says, and we must not seat them at an empty table, but be quick and eager to carry them the food their souls need so terribly. The multitudes are so great and so needy that we should lose heart and confidence if we were not careful to return continually to the only One who can be in any degree rightly called "The True Bread." There are so many souls, and they have such different needs, it seems hardly possible that even He can fully supply everything. The Apostles must have felt that, as they set out to feed the whole world; but if they had shrunk from the heavy, glorious responsibility think how different the world would have been to-day. Let us never be content to do nothing for the souls of others, just because we have only five loaves and "what are they among so many?" Without God they would, indeed, be worth little, but with God all things are possible. You can do something, if you have only one loaf to offer. God can work wonders with that. But your talent, whatever it may be, must be consecrated, placed in His hands to be used as He may choose. The more utterly it is consecrated, the greater will be the result—though, perhaps, the result may be hidden from sight for a while. There are hungry souls everywhere, children, young people, and old people too, need just what you can give them. The great thing is to make a beginning and reach out somewhere. You have a work to do that no one else in the world can do as well as you. Are you doing it, or even trying to do it? If not, now is the time to begin.

"Launch out into the deep,
The awful depths of a world's despair;
Hearts that are breaking and eyes that weep,
Sorrow and ruin and death are there,

And the sea is wide, and the pitiless
tide
Bears on its bosom—away,
Beauty and youth in relentless ruth
To its dark abyss for aye—for aye.
But the Master's voice comes over the
sea,
'Let down your nets for a draft' for
Me!
He stands in our midst on our wreck-
strewn strand,
And sweet and royal is His command.
His pleading call
Is to each—to all;
And wherever the royal call is heard,
There hang the nets of the royal Word.
Trust to the nets and not to your
skill,
Trust to the royal Master's will!
Let down your nets each day, each
hour,
For the word of a King is a word of
power,
And the King's own voice comes over
the sea,
'Let down your nets for a draft'
for Me!"

HOPE.

Dear Hope,—I have been reading "The Quiet Hour" for about six months now, and I want to say that I've been helped and cheered by the very encouraging "talks" that it contains. I might mention a number of articles that I have appreciated more than others, but I won't take up your time and space, but would say that the poems in last number, June 21st, "Keep Well Thine Heart" and "Apart with Christ," by Mrs. Hayward, have been of special blessing. They seem to come in time of need. I think I allowed the cares and duties of every-day life to rob me of that quiet place, alone with the Master. I would like to thank Mrs. Hayward for giving the readers of "The Farmer's Advocate" these beautiful verses.

Yours truly,

MAY VIRTUE.

Homestead, Verdun, Que.

Children's Corner. Cousin Dorothy's Letter Box. An Honest Newsboy.

The Punctuation Marks.

Six little marks from school are we,
Very important, all agree,
Filled to the brim with mystery,
Six little marks from school.

One little mark is round and small;
But where it stands the voice must fall,
At the close of a sentence all
Place this little mark from school.

One little mark, with gown a-trailing,
Holds up the voice, and, never failing,
Tells you not long to pause when hailing
This little mark from school.

If out of breath your chance to meet,
Two little dots, both round and neat:
Pause, and these tiny guardsmen greet—
These little marks from school.

When shorter pauses are your pleasure,
One trails his sword—takes half the measure,
Then speeds you on to seek new treasure,
This little mark from school.

One little mark, ear-shaped, implies,
"Keep up the voice—await replies";
To gather information tries,
This little mark from school.

One little mark, with an exclamation,
Presents itself to your observation,
And leaves the voice at an elevation,
This little mark from school.

Post-card Collectors.

The following would like to exchange post cards: Dora William, White Oak P. O.; Stanley Canfield, Vandecar, Ont.; Hilda Baldwin, Coaticook, Que.; Isabel Oliver, Branchton P. O., Ont.; Edward Body, White Oak, London, Ont. If you are a collector, write out these names before you lose the paper, and send your own name to Cousin Dorothy, 52 Victor Ave., Toronto.

Cousin Dorothy's Letter Box. An Honest Newsboy.

One Saturday evening a kind person invited about eighty newsboys to supper. A man was to address or speak to the boys after supper. He said: "One morning I gave a boy a two-and-a-half-dollar gold piece for a penny. The boy told me of my mistake. That boy is present to-night."

He called him forward to receive the money. He came and got it. The man told the boys always to be honest, and their reward would come sooner or later.

EDITH MACDERMAID (age 11),
Teviotdale, Ont.

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—I have never written to "The Farmer's Advocate" before. I enjoy reading the Children's Corner. We have taken "The Farmer's Advocate" for several years, and we think it is about the best paper for farmers. We have three horses—their names are Fanny, Tob, Caesar; and also three colts—their names are Doll, Maud, Lady. One of these is a pet colt. We give it milk six times a day. It is nearly three months old. We give it three cups of milk, one cup water, two teaspoons brown sugar, and warm the milk a little. We have also 40 pigs, a number of calves, about 90 hens, 100 little chickens. We have two geese and four goslings. I go to school, and have about half a mile to walk. I enjoy the walk very much. We are having a good time cleaning sugar beets and turnips. We have three acres sugar beets and two acres turnips. I have two sisters. I guess I will close, as I do not like to take too much of the precious Corner. Wishing "The Farmer's Advocate" every success.

BELLA MAY WEBER (age 12),
Spring Creek Farm, St. Jacobs, Ont.

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—This is the first time I have ever written to the Children's Corner, but I enjoy reading the letters. I go to school quite regularly. I am in the Third class. We live on a farm, and have nine cows. We have one colt and four horses. We call the colt Prince, and the horses, Nell, Tom, Min, Bess, and, besides, we have three cats and six little kittens. We have taken "The Farmer's Advocate" for about five years,

and we like it fine. Well, I guess I must close, wishing "The Farmer's Advocate" every success.

ALLAN RAYMER (age 10),
Markham, Ont.

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—I have been going to write to "The Farmer's Advocate" for a long time. I go to school every day, as we live close to the school. We have eight cows milking, but we will have nine this summer. We have seven horses. We have twelve pigs. We have a lot of chickens and seventeen turkeys. We have two cats and one dog. Our dog's name is Collie. There were two little boys drowned here on Wednesday night while going home from school. They undressed and got into the water, as they were going along. They slipped into a hole and were drowned. They were both brothers. There was a flood up here this spring, and washed a number of bridges away. We have taken your paper for quite awhile, and I am delighted to read the "Children's Corner." I am in the Fourth class at school. I think I will close, wishing "The Farmer's Advocate" every success.

MABEL CALDWELL (age 12),
Edgar, Ont.

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—I see so many letters in "The Farmer's Advocate," I thought I would write to the "Children's Corner." My birthday is on the seventh of March. I wonder if any little girl's birthday is on the same day as mine. I go to school. I am trying for the Second Book, and have a mile to walk. My teacher's name is Miss Stevenson. I like her very well. We live about one mile from the floating bridge. I went fishing with my father last Saturday. Father caught thirty pike. I didn't get any. I have for pets two little grey kittens. We have five horses. Their names are Minnie, Jim, Jennie, Lucy and Nelly. I have one sister and two brothers. Their names are Mary, Willie and Dave. I intend taking music lessons in the holidays. I close, wishing "The Farmer's Advocate" every success.

Galbraith, Ont. JEAN RINTOPL (age 8)

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—I have never written to the "Children's Corner" before. We have taken "The Farmer's Advocate" three years. I have one sister and one brother. I go to school

every day. I am in the Part Second Book, and am trying for the Second. I have two chums at school, Sadie Robertson and Joy Cornell, and Sadie sits with me. I have got a pet cat and a pet dog. Papa has four colts and two horses. HAZEL SANDERSON (age 7),
Reborno.

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—Will you let me join your club? I am a country girl, and would not change my country home for a city one. We live on a farm, and have four horses and a colt, fifteen cows, six pigs, twenty hens, thirty-one chickens, eleven turkeys, a dog, and other young cattle. There is a mine of silver, zinc and lead about a quarter of a mile from my home, also a school and church. The school is one mile from here, and the church half a mile. I go to school, and am in the Fourth Reader. Our teacher's name is Miss Stewart. We like her very much.

MARTIE DREW (age 13),
Long Lake, Ont.

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—I have read with much pleasure the different letters in the "Children's Corner" of "The Farmer's Advocate." I feel as though I would like to be one of the members. I am at present staying with my uncle and aunt. We have a big dog, whose name is Speed. He does the churning and separating. We milk ten Holstein cows. We have a very fancy team of horses, whose names are Frank and Charlie. I have piece two quilts and made five sofa pillows. We take "The Farmer's Advocate," and would not like to do without it. I know a few riddles, which I will send in if they will be acceptable. These are my riddles:

Through the woods and through the woods and never touched the woods? A knife in a man's pocket.

When is an engine like a dressmaker? When making up trains.

As I went out into the garden, I met my neighbor, Nan, pulled off her head and sucked her blood and let the body stand? A strawberry.

What is the difference between a donkey and a postage stamp? One you lick with a stick, the other you stick with a lick.

I will close, hoping to see this in print soon. LOTTIE DAVIDSON (age 13),
Frankville, Ont.