

English country, and very lovely it was, especially after dried-up Australia. Although it was the end of the summer, the grass was beautifully green. I think this is the thing that strikes an Australian, viz., the greenness of the grass and the beautiful trees, so different from our eucalypt. From Liverpool we went to Chester, and had a look at that picturesque old cathedral town.

The river Dee runs through Chester, the town where the "Jolly Miller" lived, and the remains of the mill are still to be seen. It is one of the oldest towns in England, and can date back to 500 A. D., and is supposed to have been built on a Roman encampment. From Liverpool to London by express takes a little over four hours. Wonderful Old London, with its narrow, winding streets; curious old 'busses, and cabbies with their coarse wit; gray fogs and mists; and yet the one place in the world to so many people.

We spent six weeks there sight-seeing, going over the beaten track, viz., the National Gallery, British Museum, South Kensington Museum, Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's, Madame Tussaud's, and other places equally entertaining but too numerous to mention. I must not forget to say we went to Canterbury and enjoyed a day in the beautiful cathedral, saw the Don John, St. Augustine's College, and St. Martin's, the mother Church of England, where Queen Bertha, the first Christian woman, had an altar. The font in the church is supposed to be the one in which Ethelbert was christened. We also saw Oxford and Cambridge, with their beautiful colleges. I think I must give the palm to Cambridge, with its fine old gateways and lovely banks of the Cam; the Isis at Oxford is also very beautiful.

In Kent we spent a week, and although rather late for the hops, for which this county is noted, there were a few gardens still ungathered, and we saw them in their full beauty; the vast houses in which the hops are dried struck us as being very peculiar.

England would be very delightful if it only had a different climate; a little of the sun of which we have so much would be good for it. Towards the end of October it began to get so cold and foggy, and those cold east winds, which almost freeze one's marrow, to blow so hard that we thought it advisable to be once more on the move for home.

We left Southampton in the "Pring Regent Luitpold," on October 28th, and after 34 days we passed the historical rock of Gibraltar in the night; it was very foggy, and we only saw a dim outline of the rock.

Genoa was reached in seven days from our start, and we stayed there 24 hours to take on cargo—500 tons of marble, and the Captain thought it advisable to coal; the usual coaling station in Naples, as the coals are cheaper there.

Genoa is a filthy, dirty but picturesque town, with its white and pink houses on the hillsides. It was evidently washing-day in the town, as clothes were hanging from all the windows on poles, making the place very unsightly.

Campo Santo, the burial ground of Genoa, is well worth a visit. Here is to be seen the finest statuary in the world; and as the monuments are placed in corridors, the marble retains its whiteness; the designs are very beautiful and artistic.

There are some exquisitely painted churches in the town, and the roof of one is almost perfect; it has rather a history. It seems an artist had a very clever pupil who in time bid fair to eclipse the teacher, so the latter, in a passion, slew his pupil, and to atone for the crime he painted the ceiling of this church. The place abounds in beggars, who stick to you like burrs, and it is almost impossible to be rid of them. We arrived at Naples the next day, but only stayed a few hours; we visited a few churches with lovely paintings and beautiful marble columns.

Vesuvius was smoldering quietly, and at night we could see the lava running down the sides of the mount. The much-talked-of Bay of Naples is decidedly disappointing, but a fine view is to be had from the hills. Unfortunately, time would not permit a visit to the famous ruins of Pompeii.

Port Said is flat and uninteresting, and intensely hot; the bazaars were all open, although it was Sunday, and the owners made a desperate dive at the new arrivals, and begged them to "just have a look at their wares, and that they need not buy." Everyone knows what this means. Some very good Maltese lace can be got there at not an outrageous figure.

The weather was perfect going through the canal, but as we approached the Red Sea it began to remind us that the tropics were near at hand. On the whole, though, we had a delightfully cool passage. The sunsets in the Red Sea are remarkable for their brilliancy of color—red, green and mauve intermixed. I believe these sunsets are peculiar to this part of the world.

Of Aden we saw nothing, as we arrived after dark, and merely replenished the bunkers and were off again. Colombo, with its tropical vegetation and its varied life, is most picturesque and interesting. We were going up to Kandy, where the scenery is very fine, but we were too late for the train. We had a jolly day in the town instead; some of us went out to the Cinnamon Gardens in a bullock cart, but the more staid members of the party preferred a carriage.

We went out to Mt. Lavinia, where we breakfasted and made some purchases; moonstones, sapphires, silk, and cat's-eyes being the principal things they have on view. A visit to Colombo must include a ride in a rickshaw, which is very enjoyable, the Cingalese trotting along at the rate of six miles an hour.

The passage down the Indian Ocean was very pleasant; one usually expects a tossing up going around the Lemoine, but we were favored with calm weather. The good "Pring Regent" dropped anchor at Largs on Sunday, December 7th, being exactly six weeks out; and having made our adieux to the Captain, we wended our way home, much delighted with our six months' pleasuring.

"Tommy Toddler's Dream."

I had a fearful dream one night—
I dreamt I was a man.
My face was an awful sight,
Because a beard of tan
Did cover up my cheeks so white,
And down my chin it ran.

I wore a shiny beaver hat,
Just like my father wears;
I had a great big silk cravat,
And, oh, such lots of cares.
So heavy were my troubles that
I'd two or three gray hairs.

The queerest thing about it, though,
I'd still my toddling walk;
No matter where I'd wish to go,
My feet my step would balk;
And when I'd try to speak, d'you know,
I spoke a baby-talk!

Then everybody laughed at me,
And I—I up and cried;
And then their horrid mean old glee
Made me so horrified
I rushed up in the nursery
And locked myself inside.

I slammed the door—'twas made of oak—
With all my might and main;
So hard I slammed it that it broke
A part of it in twain.
And then I howled till I awoke
And changed to me again.

That's why now days I always cry
As loudly as I can,
Why tears flow from my great blue eyes
Like gravy from a pan,
When anybody says that I
'M a pretty little man!

THE QUIET HOUR.

Through Death to Life.

Have you heard the tale of the Aloe plant,
Away in the sunny clime?
By humble growth of an hundred years
It reaches its blooming time;
And then a wondrous bud at its crown
Breaks into a thousand flowers:
This floral queen, in its blooming seen,
Is the pride of the tropical bowers.
But the plant to the flower is a sacrifice,
For it blooms but once, and it blooming dies.

Have you further heard of this Aloe plant,
That grows in the sunny clime,
How every one of its thousand flowers,
As they drop in the blooming time,
Is an infant plant that fastens its roots
In the place where it falls on the ground;
And fast as they drop from the dying stem,
Grow lively and lovely around!
By dying it liveth a thousand-fold
In the young that spring from the death of the old.

Have you heard the tale of the Pelican,
The Arabs' Gimmel el Bahr,
That lives in the African solitudes,
Where the birds that live lonely are?
Have you heard how it loves its tender young,
And cares and toils for their good?
It brings them water from fountains afar,
And fishes the seas for their food.
In famine it gives them—what love can devise!
The blood of its bosom, and, feeding them, dies.

You have heard these tales: shall I tell you one,
A greater and better than all?
Have you heard of Him, whom the heavens adore,
Before whom the hosts of them fall?
How he left the choir and anthems above,
For earth, in its wallings and woes,
To suffer the shame and the pain of the Cross,
And die for the life of His foes?
O Prince of the noble! O Sufferer divine!
What sorrow and sacrifice equal to thine!

Have you heard of this tale—the best of them all—
The tale of the Holy and True;
He dies, but His life, in untold souls,
Lives on in the world anew.
His seed prevails, and is filling the earth
As the stars fill the skies above;
He taught us to yield up the love of life,
For the sake of the life of love.
His death is our life, His loss is our gain,
The joy for the tear, the peace for the pain.

Now hear these tales, ye weary and worn,
Who for others do give up your all;
Our Saviour hath told you, the seed that would grow,
Into earth from the dark bosom must fall!
Must pass from the view, and die away,
And then will the fruit appear:
The grain that seems lost in the earth below,
Will return many fold in the ear.
By death comes life, by loss comes gain,
The joy for the tear, the peace for the pain.

—Henry Harbaugh.

"The Measure of the Cross."

There stands the Cross, teaching us by its very shape, as it points upwards and downwards to either side, "what is the breadth and length and depth and height" of the "love of Christ which passeth knowledge." And there hangs the Redeemer, stretching wide His holy Arms, as though to gather the whole world in His all-embracing love. Christ upon the Cross stands forth as the all-comprehensive symbol of Christianity. The hands are nailed to the wood. The feet are pierced. The side is rent asunder. Every power of the body is restrained; all except the soul within, and that which makes up the thinking, feeling man. These are free; but it is that they may be more keenly aware of the great restraint of the Cross; that they may note the hands which move not, and the feet which are pierced. All is a symbol of what Christianity must effect in every life, for it is only through such death, experienced in the believer's own life, that he can truly live. Man must be crucified with Christ in order to live with Him. Until his own will is really dead, he cannot really live. What is known as individual freedom is no part of true Christianity. "Ye are not your own, ye are bought with a price;" hence, man is not at liberty to use body, soul or spirit for his own pleasure or for his own ends. He is to "crucify the flesh," and hold all under subjection to that higher law which is revealed in Christ. Then does man indeed truly live. The hands and feet may stand for the symbol of all personal energy and human intelligence. Great is the temptation to use their powers for purely selfish ends. But let the nails of the Cross pierce through such hands and feet, and restrain them from selfish movement. Let the higher life of self-sacrifice be daily practiced; then we may, in some faint degree, follow the example of Christ upon His Cross, and follow Him through the gate which we call *Death*, but which is only the beautiful portal leading to *Life*.

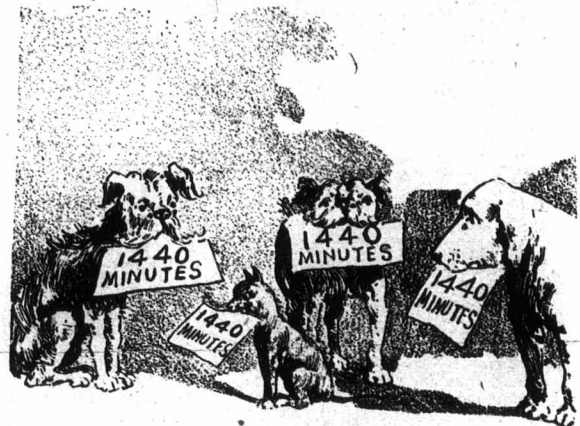
The Bright Side.

Don't look for the flaws as you go through life;
And even when you find them;
It is wise and kind to be somewhat blind,
And look for the virtue behind them.
For the cloudiest night has a hint of light
Somewhere in its shadows hiding;
It is better by far to hunt for a star,
Than the spots of the sun abiding.

The world will never adjust itself
To suit your whims to the letter;
Something must go wrong your whole life long,
And the sooner you know it the better.
It is folly to fight with the infinite,
And go under at last in the wrestle;
The wiser man shapes himself into God's plan
As the water shapes into a vessel.

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

A "Proverb-Hunt" will now begin this column. A prize is offered for correct solutions of the first three pictures. Only children of subscribers may compete, and competitors must be under sixteen years of age. Answers should be sent in for each group, e. g., 1-3, 4-6, 7-9, etc. A prize is offered for each group of three pictures, and a better one at the end of the year for the largest number of correct answers. Letters marked "Proverb-Hunt" will not be opened until ten days after the third picture of each group is issued. The first letter opened, containing correct answers, will be prize winner; all others will receive honorable mention. Address your letters to Cousin Dorothy, FARMER'S ADVOCATE, London, Ont., and mark them "Proverb-Hunt"—outside the envelope.



HIDDEN PROVERB—NO. 12.

Three MSS. have been sent in already for the historical competition, but one of the writers has overlooked the fact that the prize is offered for the best account of the death of a Christian martyr before the year 305 A. D., and dates hers 1792. Will "Lila" please send me her full name and address, as I am not quite sure of it?

One of my young "paper relatives" writes:—"I just think the ADVOCATE is grand—the Children's Corner is the best." Possibly your parents will not agree with you, Lizzie; but I don't think the old folks grudge us our little "Corner," do you?

G. B. Rothwell writes:—"Many thanks for the book you so kindly sent me. I anticipate great fun reading it. I intend to try all the Proverbs." I hope you will always be as successful as you have been so far, George—is that your name? You and John Sheehan still run "neck-and-neck"—isn't that the correct racing language? I ask the boys, of course. We of the weaker sex are not supposed to know anything about such things.

There are now 13 boys and 17 girls competing in the Proverb-Hunt. Add those two figures together, you clever children who talk so learnedly about "mathematics" and "problems"—we used to say "arithmetic" and "sums," but that was long ago, and, of course, we were very ignorant—add them up—quickly, now! Don't you think our "Corner" is getting quite crowded? Still, it is elastic—like a bobsleigh—and there is always room for one more. I particularly want to hear from you. I speak now especially to the young person who is reading this paper; no names mentioned, of course—that would be too personal. Letters from old friends and from you, the "young person" mentioned above, will always be welcomed by—
COUSIN DOROTHY.

Little Things.

It was only a little thing for Nell
To brighten the kitchen fire,
To spread the cloth, to draw the tea,
As her mother might desire—
A little thing; but her mother smiled,
And banished all her care.
And a day that was sad
Closed bright and glad,
With a song of praise and prayer.

'Twas only a little thing to do,
For a sturdy lad like Ned,
To groom the horse, to milk the cow,
And bring the wood from the shed;
But his father was glad to find at night
The chores were all well done.
"I am thankful," said he,
"As I can be,
For the gift of such a son."

Only small things, but they brighten life
Or shadow it with care;
But little things, yet they mould a life
For joy or sad despair;
But little things, yet life's best prize,
The reward which labor brings,
Comes to him who uses,
And not abuses,
The power of little things.

A Brave Christian Soldier.

At the close of the first day's fight at Fredericksburg, America (on December 13th, 1862), hundreds of wounded were left dying on the field. Their agonizing cries went up for "Water! water!" but none could help them, and the roar of the guns mocked their distress. Many who heard the poor soldiers' piteous appeals felt the pangs of human compassion, but stifled them under necessity. But at length one brave fellow behind the stone rampart, where the Southern forces lay, gave way to his sympathy, and rose superior to the love of life. He was a sergeant in a South Carolina regiment, and his name was Richard Kirkland. In the afternoon he hurried to General Kershaw's headquarters, and finding the commanding officer, said to him, excitedly:

"General, I can't stand this any longer!"

"What's the matter, sergeant?" asked the general.

"Those poor souls out there have been praying and crying all night and all day, and it's more than

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