

breaking and they were feeling discouraged and tired out. Did anyone care for their disappointment? Did it matter to anyone that they were cold and hungry? Yes; a cheery voice comes from the beach asking in friendliest fashion if they have anything to eat. Their answer is short and gloomy, "No."

But the stranger on the shore does not turn away, although His friendliness meets with no encouragement. His help is not asked, but it is needed, and the cry of need is in His ears a call for help. "Cast the net on the right side of the ship," He says, and when the advice was taken, their weariness and discouragement vanished, and the toil of the long night was forgotten in the joy of finding the net full of great fishes.

When the fishermen reached the shore, they found themselves expected. There was a fire on the shore to warm them and dry their wet clothes. Breakfast was ready, and the Master not only gave a hearty invitation, "Come and break your fast," but He also reversed the usual position of master and servant. He waited on His hungry disciples with the pleasure of a man serving his dear friends, giving them bread and fish with His own hands—the hands that were pierced because of His love to them.

Probably it is intended to give us some idea of the welcome that will meet each faithful worker when the Great Morning shall break on the shore of eternity.

"Where the Light for ever shineth,
Where no storm ariseth more,
Where the SAVIOUR meets His loved ones
On the shore."

But, as I said, it is also a record of facts. No wonder those men loved One who, though He was so evidently far above them, was so thoughtful and considerate, so friendly and obliging, so tender and practical in caring for their ordinary needs. They were cold and wet and hungry, so He provided a fire and a good hot breakfast. They were weary, so He waited on them. Has He changed since then?

In these last days, we are told, God has spoken unto us by His Son, "by Whom also He made the worlds." Think of the thoughtful consideration for our comfort and pleasure which is shown everywhere in this world of ours. We are hungry for beauty, for the mystery of infinite distance, for harmonious coloring and graceful forms. We soon tire of looking at a never-changing wall—as invalids know. Think of the changing beauty and coloring of sky and landscape and sea. There is infinite variety and harmonious coloring everywhere. Just think what we should have suffered if the sky had been a glaring crimson all over, and the grass and trees had been black. But no mother could prepare a nursery for her darling with more thoughtful tenderness and profusion of beauty than our Father has lavished on us. As Browning says:

"I find earth not gray, but rosy,
Heaven not grim, but fair of hue.
Do I stoop? I pluck a posy.
Do I stand and stare? All's blue."

There is a tradition that when Moses was keeping Jethro's flock, a little lamb ran away and was lost in the desert. Moses searched for it for hours, and when he found it, he laid it in his bosom, saying, "Little lamb, thou knewest not what is good for thee, trust me, thy shepherd, who will guide thee aright." Because of his tenderness to one stray lamb, he was chosen to be shepherd to God's people. And the Good Shepherd never fails in thoughtful tenderness for each of us.

Let us try to trust Him, though we may not understand everything He sends. We are assured of His considerate love in a thousand ways. We have the outward beauty of flowers and trees, the sweet sounds of the summer breeze, the rippling water, the songs of birds, and the pleasant hum of insects. There is an infinite variety of good things provided for us—to eat—meat, vegetables, fruit, etc. If our Father had not taken delight in giving us pleasure, would He have got together so many things for our enjoyment? And see how we are waited on. We plant seeds and the great sun exerts himself to make them grow. We launch them and the mighty wind puts his shoulder against the sails; the giant team of ocean is harnessed to our cars;

riages; electricity could destroy us in a moment, but it submits obediently to do our work and run errands at our bidding. But these things are not the greatest proof of God's considerate tenderness. He has given us that marvelous sweetener of life—human love—to reveal something of His own Love which passeth knowledge. The lives that are rich and full and sweet, are those which are rejoicing in an atmosphere of love—love given and received. Never call yourself "poor" while you love and are loved. Margaret Sangster sings:

"There's always love that's caring,
And shielding and forbearing,
Dear woman's love to hold us close and
keep our hearts in thrall;
There's home to share together,
In calm or stormy weather,
And while the hearth-flame burns, it is
a good world, after all.
The lisp of children's voices,
The chance of happy choices,
The bugle sounds, the hope and faith,
through fogs and mists that call;
The heaven that stretches o'er us,
The better days before us,
They all combine to make this earth a
good world, after all."

And what can we do to follow the example of our Master? Does He ask us for great sacrifices most days, or for the little tokens of tender, considerate thoughtfulness that reflect His care for the tired fishermen on the shore?

In a certain home one day, the grocer had forgotten to send some eggs. It was a bacon-and-eggs dinner, and there was a probability of the one who had cooked the dinner having nothing over for her share. The master of the house jumped up from the dinner-table, mounted his wheel, and returned from the store with a dozen eggs before the family realized what he was going to do. He



How to Live in the Open Air.

This veranda is arranged so that it may be enclosed by glass to form a sun-room in cold weather. Wide porches and verandas are a very sensible fashion.

proved himself a true master by providing for a servant—as Christ has commanded: "Whosoever will be great among you, let him be your minister."

Emerson says: "'Tis the fine soul that serves," and again: "It never troubles the sun that some of his rays fall wide and vain into ungrateful space, and only a small part on the reflecting plant. Thou art enlarged by thine own shining."

DORA FARNCOMB.

A married couple stood looking into a shop window. A handsome tailor-made dress took the lady's fancy, and she left her husband's side to examine it more closely. Then she went back to where she had been standing and took his arm. "You never look at anything I want to look at!" she exclaimed. "You don't care how I dress! You don't care for me now! Why, you haven't kissed me for three weeks!" "Indeed, I am sorry. It is not my fault, but my misfortune!" said the man. Turning round, she looked at him and gasped. She had taken the arm of the wrong man.—Argonaut.

The Ingle Nook.

[Rules for correspondents in this and other Departments: (1) Kindly write on one side of paper only. (2) Always send name and address with communications. If pen-name is also given, the real name will not be published. (3) When enclosing a letter to be forwarded to anyone, place it in stamped envelope ready to be sent on. (4) Allow one month, in this department, for answers to questions to appear.]

Dear Chatterers,—I am going to ask your indulgence for just this once. As you see, but one letter appears. I did want, you know, to let you all read an article which I read lately in *Suburban Life*. There are so many hints in it, and it is so interesting. I am giving it to you practically in its entirety; not, of course, that any of you may try to copy the methods given exactly—circumstances and places must always be considered—but because of the suggestions, and that it may be evident that a woman with brains and foresight can often help herself, if necessary, on the land.

I shall be very glad if any reader can send us an equally clear and interesting account of a similar success made by a Canadian woman, on a Canadian farm.

A Woman with Twenty Acres.

By Marthe A. de Bois Reymond.

Her Own Account of How She Makes a Good Living from the Land.

When I decided to move to Vineland, N. J., nine years ago, I had two objects in view; to get a country home near enough to a large city so that my boys might go daily to college, and to regain my broken health.

When a rich American buys a country home, he expects that it will entail a

and I attribute my success to my adherence to them. If my experience can be of assistance to others, it will be most gratifying to me.

I felt from the first that, if I was to exact a living from my twenty acres, it must be done by good management, intelligent direction, the finding of good markets, wise discernment in the selection of crops, and the careful choice of hired help. After visiting a number of places, I decided that the twenty-acre fruit farm where I now live was the most appropriate for me, and one where my own special ability could find scope and bring out satisfactory results. Half of the farm was in grapes, there being 5,000 vines. Like most French people, I knew something of grape culture, and, as Italian farmers were numerous in the district, I was certain that I could find competent help, at a reasonable price, to work under my direction. I calculated, before buying, that the crop of grapes alone could be made to pay more than the interest on the investment; and, for the rest of the farm, I resolved to study, during the first season, the methods of other farmers and their favorite crops.

Every newcomer in a farming community will get an abundance of advice, solicited and unsolicited, and so many confusing and conflicting statements generally are bewildering. During my first season, I paid the penalty of listening to free advice.

Sweet potatoes constitute one of the leading products of this region. The soil is well adapted to their culture, the yield and quality are excellent; therefore, it is in good faith that ordinary farmers will advise the newcomer to plant a few acres of "sweets." But the genuine farmer is able to do a lot of hard work; he generally has several children who are also made to do their share of labor, and, having no hired hands to pay, the income from the crop is really very large; and, while sweet potatoes are a good-paying crop for such farmers, their cultivation requires such a lot of work from beginning to end, that those who must hire all their help should avoid their culture.

During my first season, I had four acres planted, and, although the yield was satisfactory, I did not come within a hundred dollars of making my expenses. I resolved, then and there, to eliminate from my farm all such crops as "sweets," peppers, and berries, and to engage in the growing of those crops, the total possible cost of which I could calculate in advance, as well as the probable income. I noticed that the majority of people were too much engrossed in the culture of vegetables and berries to grow the hay and corn they needed; yet, such products were in great demand, were selling at high prices, and the possible cost and income from them was easier of approximation than from almost any other crop. This was the first consideration to make me decide in favor of their selection.

Another consideration, no less important, was that I needed corn for poultry; then, the farm, vineyard, orchard and all, had been neglected for years; it needed fertilizing, and to that effect I resolved to put in crimson clover on the whole twenty acres, but, fearing that the soil was too poor to grow it, I purchased three cars of lime and two of stable manure. The resulting crop of clover was immense, and paid more than three times over the cost of fertilizing. I used the lime and manure the first year only, to redeem the long-neglected soil, but every year since that the crimson clover has been sufficient to keep the soil in fine condition. In the spring, in places where it is heavy, it is rut and the rest is plowed under. The soil is then prepared for corn, or some other crop. I manage every year to have a few acres of corn, where the soil is suitable; but I occasionally grow some other crop, to rest the land. Whatever I select to plant, I always make sure beforehand of the safe disposal of the produce, in a good market. For instance, I planted some cucumbers and tomatoes, after making a contract with the purchaser, who furnished the seeds, the barrels or baskets, paid the shipping expenses, and paid weekly \$1.50 a barrel for cucumbers, and twenty cents a half-bushel basket for green tomatoes. The yield gave me a net profit of \$75 an acre. The first crop had been crimson clover, cut in May, just