

who really for a while did think Pieter had peeped out of the corners of his eyes at her more frequently than he ought to have done consistently with his not choosing her after all, to the downright, not-to-be-choked-down, bubbling-over laugh of the youngest of all, to whom the whole thing is simply a good joke, out of which she at least will take her share of fun. The high, raftered roof is a rare conveyer of sound; therefore, oh! Pieter, and oh! Gretchen, muffle your kisses, or kiss not at all.

Pieter's trials are not ended yet, for here, as in more civilized lands, the bridegroom has the worst of it on his wedding day. Why should this be, I wonder? Their wedding day has come, and there is much to be done before they subside into the private, humdrum, every-day life which lies before them, back in the old home—her home, for Pieter's wife takes him, not he her, to the old roof-tree, which might be made of India rubber, so unlimited are its powers of expansion. They will not start housekeeping for themselves; not they! Their flocks and their herds, the produce of the small number of young ewes, heifers, etc., branded with the special mark of each in their babyhood, are now joint property, and it is only when their riches increase with these that at last they may, as comparatively middle-aged folks, with olive branches many, move off into a homestead of their own.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE WEDDING DAY.

We will fancy the "Dorp," or town, where the ceremony is to be performed by their Dutch minister, or Predikant, to be Pretoria. According to the distance they live from the capital, have they taken from one to eight or ten nights on the road, their "royal" road to matrimony.

Arrived in the Plaas, or square, in which their church is its most prominent, but by no means most beautiful object, the wedding party outspan, sending their oxen to graze outside the town, tended by a Kaffir herdsman, while they prepare for the great event which has brought them so far. The bride arrays herself, as a bride is bound to do, veil, orange blossoms, and all; but, beyond these, I doubt if she makes any more purchases by way of trousseau. Pieter, poor soul, hires his wedding garments, and a pain and a weariness of the flesh are they to him. He is only thankful to know that as long as Gretchen lives he need never, no, never, suffer such discomfort more. Should she die, which, of course, she hopes she will not, why then, you know—. A Dutch widower considers three or four months a long and tedious time of mourning. What better compliment can he pay the dear helpmeet whom he has really loved and faithfully cherished after his stolid way for years than to replace her as soon as possible? Look at our Pieter, then; he would not know himself in the glass, did he possess one, and it is on the cards that he may not. An unmitigated "topper," stovepipe, or whatever the real name of that unsightly head-covering, of which our civilized nations have never got the better, crowns him. His unaccustomed feet are stuffed into stiff, shiny-leather boots, instead of his dear old, easy-going "veldt schoons," of home manufacture; his hands into gloves, and the rest of his body is enveloped in a swallow-tail, black cloth coat, white waistcoat, and trousers of a size so accommodating that if they be hired by a lean man of ordinary height, he must put up with their bagginess and take a reef in them somewhere to shorten them, so that a bigger man than he may wear them too if so disposed. The ceremony over, Pieter and Gretchen have to exhibit themselves to an admiring world in their new characters as man and wife. Arm-in-arm they parade through the principal streets of the town, the husband taking the wife's arm, which may or may not be sym-

bolic of the order of precedence which shall be their rule hereafter.

A few hours of further sacrifice to the Dutch Mrs. Grundy and our wedding party, again assuming the homely attire they will now doubly appreciate, inspan their oxen, and hie homewards, where, let us hope, they will end their days, story-book fashion, "happily ever afterwards."

H. A. B.

The Quiet Hour.

Dear Hope,—You need not be discouraged, for your letters are very encouraging to those who read. I always look for "Quiet Hour" first thing when I see "The Farmer's Advocate," and enjoy them very much. I trust you will continue on in your good work, and may God bless you.

E. A. T.

Wyman, Que.

Thamesford, 8th June, 1903.

Dear Hope,—I felt led to-day to sit down and write a short article for your department in "The Farmer's Advocate." I appreciate your work very much, and trust that you may be blessed in your own soul. I am sure that many will rise up and call you blessed. I sympathize very much with you, and trust that you will not be discouraged, but that you will press on. Discouragement is of the devil, but courage is of God. See how often God told Joshua to be of a good courage. We are told that the word courage is from "cor," the heart. So if we keep our hearts right we will be all right. "The Farmer's Advocate" is a great power for good, and the "Quiet Hour" department is not the least important. If the enclosed article meets with your approval, I would like to write another on "Why I am a believer in Jesus Christ as the Son of God." May the Lord abundantly bless you, is the prayer of,

Yours very faithfully,

DAVID LAWRENCE.

WHY DO I BELIEVE IN A GOD THE ALMIGHTY MAKER OF THE UNIVERSE?

Nearly everyone knows that there are some people who profess to believe that the world and all that is on it grew or evolved from nothing.

We are told in the Bible that we should be ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh us a reason of the hope that is in us, with meekness and fear. Now, then, let us look at the reasons why I should believe in God as

the Almighty Maker of the Universe. Supposing we were to go into the harvest field and look carefully at a self-binder at work. See how perfectly it does its work; how every part is there for a special purpose; why, it is a perfect marvel of ingenuity! What would you say if a clever, educated man were to come along and say that that machine evolved; that it simply grew out of nothing? Would you not tell him that the self-binder was the invention of clever mechanics, who spent a great amount of time and thought in bringing it to its present state of perfection?

Now, just so, I examine this beautiful world we live in and see how wonderfully it is made, and how, for, so far as we know, nearly 6,000 years it has revolved in space, making the diurnal and annual revolutions with the greatest accuracy without ever failing. What is its motive power? It moves through space without ever colliding with any of the other very many stars and planets, and is never behind time. Is this not really wonderful? Why, then, there must be some great power to run it. Is not this power derived from the Great Maker? I think so. Then look at the world, how wonderfully it is made and fitted up for man's comfort and convenience. There are salt, coal, oil, stones, water, etc., etc., in the earth for man's use. Then look at all the animals and trees and plants growing for man's use and convenience. Do you think these grew out of nothing? No, my friend, they were all made and planned by an all-wise beneficent Creator for man's use and benefit. Is it not a shame that there should be some men so ungrateful as to try to deny the very existence of our kind Heavenly Father?

Then look at our bodies, how wonderfully they are made; how the brain is made to think and the hand to act. The ear, how about its minute mechanism? Did it grow out of nothing? I firmly believe that our bodies are the most wonderful product of the work of the Great Creator, and show His great wisdom and power. The self-binder was the product of a great many minds, each improving upon the ideas of his predecessor, but God made man at first without any experimenting, and how marvellous our bodies are! I think everyone should read Dr. Mary Wood Allen's book on the "Marvels of our Bodily Dwelling." Well and truly did the Psalmist say, "I am fearfully and wonderfully made."

Farmers, of all classes, should be firm believers in the Great God, who made all things, as we see His handiwork in nature all around us; in the beautiful flowers and shrubs and trees. There is a prodigality of beauty in the flowers that is found nowhere else in nature.

No wonder that when God finished the creation He said that it was all very good.

Electricity is a wonderful force which God has created, and see how many thousands of years before man got to understand how to hitch it up, as it were, for his own use, and I believe that there may be a very great deal that man has yet to learn of the Great Creator's power and love, and of what He has provided for man's comfort and convenience. And should not our souls and all that is within us be stirred up to bless and magnify the Lord for all His goodness and love toward us. We must not forget that when God made man he was free from sin, and God gave him a free will to choose between good and evil, and he voluntarily chose the evil; and then God showed His great love toward man by providing a Saviour and opening up a way of escape from sin and its power.

DAVID LAWRENCE.

I thank both our correspondents for their kind words of encouragement, and gladly give space for the able words in defence of our faith. In these days, when the old-fashioned faith seems childish to many eager young spirits, it is well to remind them occasionally that if belief is sometimes difficult, unbelief is infinitely more difficult. This little world of ours is crammed with marvels, repeated over and over again in wonderful sameness, and yet with endless variety. How any sane person can believe that the miracles we see in every garden, in every field of grain or vegetables, every farmyard or forest—not to speak of the crowning marvel of the human body—came into existence accidentally, must be credulous indeed. If each of these miracles occurred only once it would be incredible enough, but when it is repeated over and over again—the same miracle and yet never quite the same (as it is said that no tree has two leaves alike, although they are all of the same pattern)—the mystery is infinitely greater.

And yet I don't believe souls often find God through argument—though arguments are useful to strengthen Faith's assurance. The heart of man is hungry for God's love, though often the man himself has no idea of the meaning of his restlessness; and mathematical proof that there certainly is a loving and holy God does not satisfy that hunger. Some of our readers may possibly be trembling on the edge of the dark road of doubt, longing for a gleam of light, feeling that they would give anything to have the untroubled faith of childhood back again. We are all religious at heart. A man may laugh to scorn the idea of a future life, but God knows how to teach him better. Let him stand by the coffin of

(Continued on page 1142.)



"The Road Through the Woods."