

But nothing local, as one may say.
There couldn't be—for the Deacon's
art
Had made it so like in every part
That there wasn't a chance for one
to start.
For the wheels were just as strong
as the thills,
And the floor was just as strong as
the sills;
And the panels just as strong as the
floor,
And the whipple-tree neither less nor
more,
And the back crossbar as strong as
the fore,
And spring and axle and hub encore,
And yet, as a whole, it is past a
doubt,
In another hour it will be worn out!

First of November, 'Fifty-five!
This morning the parson takes a
drive.
Now, small boys, get out of the
way!
Here comes the wonderful one-hoss
shay,
Drawn by a rat-tailed, ewe-necked
bay.
"Huddup!" said the parson.—Off
went they.
The parson was working his Sun-
day's text—
He had got to fifthly, and stopped,
perplexed
At what the—Moses—was coming
next
All at once the horse stood still,
Close by the meetin'-house on the
hill.
—First a shiver, and then a thrill.
Then something decidedly like a
spill—
And the parson was sitting upon a
rock.
At half-past nine by the meetin'-
house clock,
Just the hour of the earthquake
shock!
—What do you think the parson
found,
When he got up and stared around?
The poor old chaise in a heap or
mound,
As if it had been to the mill and
ground!
You see, of course, if you're not a
dunce,
How it went to pieces all at once—
All at once, and nothing first—
Just as bubbles do when they burst.

End of the wonderful one-hoss shay.
Logic is logic—That's all I say.

The Windrow.

Ellen Terry, the famous actress, is
now winning much praise for the lec-
tures on and readings from Shake-
speare, to which she is now devoting
her time.

On January 2nd, Lord Roberts un-
veiled a statue to General Wolfe at
Westerham, Kent, Eng., the birth-
place of the hero of the Plains of
Abraham. Among those present
were Lord Strathcona and Sir
Charles Tupper.

A model village is being created in
Long Island, nine miles from New
York, for the use of men of moder-
ate means, employed in the city, the
cost, \$2,750,000, to be paid for out
of the Russell Sage Foundation.
Moderate rents will be charged.

Public feeling has been much worked
up in England over the recent conflict
in London, in which policemen and
soldiers fought against two desperate
anarchists who were killed in the
fray. As a consequence, the Home
Secretary has promised to inquire
into the working of the Aliens Act,
and stringent measures will probably
be adopted before the coronation of
the king, which might otherwise be
attended with much risk to the
crowded heads present.

Open your eyes, Thou Sun of life and
gladness,
That we may see that glorious world of
Thine.

Hope's Quiet Hour.

Neither Murmur Ye.

Neither murmur ye, as some of them
also murmured, and were destroyed of
the destroyer.—1. Cor. x.:10.

A writer has stated that "a great bank
of darkness envelops the world." Now,
I am not quite sure that I agree with
him in that remark, but I fully endorse
his next statement, that "every true
teacher is a torch-bearer advancing into
this darkness. You cannot add to the
general illumination by extinguishing the
torches of others." Now, that seems
to be the self-imposed task of complai-
ners. They are not satisfied to look only
on the dark side of everything, but they
persist in holding up that dark side for
inspection by others, who, perhaps, might
be able to forget it if the troubles and
 vexations of life were not always being
talked about. We must be careful not
to spoil the sunshine of other people, or
extinguish their torch-light of hope and
good cheer. A chronic complainer prob-
ably has no idea of the sinful habit he
is indulging, and does not suspect that
he is making himself objectionable to his
friends and relations. It is a mistake
to consider this a trifling offence in God's
sight. We read in Numbers XI.:1, that
"When the people complained it displeased
the Lord; and the Lord heard it; and
His anger was kindled."

What a warning to us! God is the
same yesterday, to-day and forever, so
He must still be displeased when His
people murmur and complain, finding
fault with His plans for their good.
Those who murmured were, St. Paul

love of them God would endure to the
uttermost. We do know something of
the love of Christ which passeth knowl-
edge, and yet we are so quick to com-
plain if the rain stops a pleasure trip,
if a letter is delayed, if we have to do
some distasteful bit of work or enter-
tain a prosy visitor. Think how Jonah
—who had been saved by a marvellous
deliverance—grumbled in a very un-
prophetlike fashion when he had to give
up a few hours of comfort.

Who dare say that the habit of grum-
bling is only a trifling fault? It can
ruin the happiness of a home almost
more thoroughly than a crime, for it is
a constant irritation. And it brings
other troubles along with it. A doctor
in Michigan has lately declared that
many a man is the victim of dyspepsia
because he has a nagging wife who
brings all her little troubles to talk over
at meal times. He says that he has
known homes where both husband and
children were kept in an unhealthy, nerv-
ous condition simply from this cause.

Is it always the women who are at
fault, though?

It is worth while to keep a watch on
our home conversation, and see whether
all our genial brightness is reserved for
outside use, while the freedom of home
means freedom to grumble and find fault
with everything and everybody.

A good deal of the faultfinding might be
stopped if we realized that it is at least as
important to provide food for mind and
spirit as for body. People often toil so
steadily, in the determination to provide
unnecessarily elaborate meals or clothes,
that they wear their souls thin for want
of a little attention. They starve the
king in order to pamper the servant.



An Attractive Small House.

(From a painting by Miss Burnett, London, Ont.)

tells us, "destroyed of the destroyer."
If God so plainly showed the severity
of His displeasure then, will He lightly
overlook the same sin now? He was
displeased when the people "were as it
were complainers" (margin), and yet—if
we had been forced to endure their hard-
ships—we might have fancied ourselves
justified in grumbling. They were home-
less and penniless, marching through a
desert, never able to lay up any provi-
sion even two days ahead, often parched
with thirst, weary and footsore. And
yet when they "were complainers"—
habitual murmurers—God was so dis-
pleased that "the fire of the Lord burnt
among them, and consumed them."

What of ourselves? Do we not ac-
cept hundreds of everyday blessings with-
out much gratitude—love, health, pros-
perity, the fresh air of heaven, fruit,
flowers, etc.—and then grumble and com-
plain if some little thing goes wrong? A
man in the desert, dying of thirst,
would lift up his heart in deepest thank-
fulness if he were given a little water—
though it might be warm and flavorless.
Many a weary worker in a hot city
slum, stitching day after day in cramped
breathless quarters, would thank God
eagerly for the sweet, fragrant breath
which blows in from your garden as you
sit peacefully on your veranda and read
"The Farmer's Advocate."

If the sin of the Israelites was very
great in God's sight, how much more
displeased must He be with us
when He hears us grumbling many times
a day. Did you not know that, for

What wonder if they grow weary and
cross, and find life stupidly dull?

A woman whose clear, healthy com-
plexion shows that she knows the value
of a daily bath, open windows and plenty
of sleep, is far more pleasing in a plain
white shirt-waist—or a colored one, for
that matter—than a woman who works
early and late in order to be elaborately
dressed, and is much too weary to set
off the dress which she has worked so
hard to make.

Think of the want of faith we show
every time we grumble! Our lives are
in God's hand. He knows what train-
ing and environment we need, and He is
faithfully giving us the best. One word
of complaint proves that we don't trust
His wisdom and His love. If He were
to offer us the choice, we should be
afraid to trust our own judgment, and
be quick to say: "Lord, choose Thou
for me, for I am sure to make mis-
takes." Then why are we not satisfied
when He does choose for us? Why do
we venture to find fault with His order-
ing, as though we could possibly know
better than He the things really best for
us?

"I sometimes think God's heart must
ache.
Listening to all the sad, complaining
cries
That from our weak, impatient souls
arise,
Because we do not see that for our
sake
He answers not, or answers otherwise

Than seems the best to our tear-blinded
eyes.

This is love's hardest task, to do hard
things

For love's own sake, then bear the
murmurs

Of ignorance, too dull to judge aright
The love that rises to this wondrous
height

He knows we have not yet attained;
and so

He wearies not, but bears complaint
and moan,

And shields each willing heart against
His own,

Knowing that some glad day we too
shall know."

And this habit of complaining is not
only a sin against God—a sure proof
that we have not faith in His love—it
is also a sin against our neighbor and
ourselves. It makes an unpleasant atmos-
phere wherever we go, and it soon writes
its name unmistakably on the face. It
is foolish to study advertisements of
complexion improvers, when one is de-
liberately writing lines on the face which
cannot fail to make it unpleasing to
others, depriving it of the beauty which
all have the power to obtain—the beauty
of continual gladness.

The sin of complaining can never be
conquered in negative fashion. It is
not enough for us to keep from spoiling
the happiness of other people, we are
bound to help them to have good times.
It is not enough to avoid extinguishing
the torches of others, we must be torch-
bearers ourselves. Whatever the weather
may happen to be outside our homes, it
is our business—as Christians—to keep
the inside bright and pleasant. Every
home should be a lighthouse to help
strugglers outside, but the lamps should
not wear shields reflecting the light
away from the family. Home courtesy
is the most beautiful courtesy in the
world—a flower that anyone may grow
in his window-box. Are you growing
it?

"Don't interrupt your father when he's
telling funny jokes,
Don't interrupt your mother when she's
entertaining folks,
Don't interrupt your visitors when they
come to call,
In fact it would be better not to in-
terrupt at all."

DORA FARNCOMB.

Among the New Books.

"He Restoreth My Soul." By A. H.
W. (Canada). Crown 8vo., cloth gilt,
6s. net. (London: Elliot Stock.)

Although we do not agree with all the
statements made in this book, there is
much which we heartily endorse. For
example: "Holiness is life. Religion
is the science of man's immortality, the
greatest and most important of all
sciences. . . . It is the cry of the
soul, longing for its ultimate home in
the heart of God." The writer speaks
very forcibly in his last chapter—"A
Good Citizen"—on the power of the home
for good or for evil. "The home," he
says, "is either the hotbed of iniquity
or the purifying furnace of our nation.
The hotbed, where poisonous fungi are
grown and fed to the race, or it is the
place where the purifying fires destroy
all selfish and murderous tendency from
out the minds of the children now born,
and yet to come, making them citizens
fit to live in a country that is seeking
to do the will of God."

Harleian Manuscript.

A. D. 1500.

When Christ was born of Mary free
In Bethlehem in that fair citie,
Angels sungen with mirth and glee,
In Excelsis Gloria!

Herdsmen beheld these angels bright
To them appeared with great light,
And said, God's son is born this night,
In Excelsis Gloria!

This King is comen to save kind
(Even) in Scripture as we find,
(Therefore) this song we have in mind,
In Excelsis Gloria!

(Then, dear) Lord, for Thy great grace
(Grant us) in bliss to see Thy face,
Where we may sing to Thee solace,
In Excelsis Gloria!