



Widow Gray on Homemade Worries.

It was a quiet summer evening, cool and pleasant, the thunderstorm having cleared the air and brought the temperature down most acceptably. The cottage was of medium size, bearing signs of wear-and-tear, but none of poverty or neglect. It was on a corner lot in one of our larger cities, and sometimes the question of the heavier taxes this desirable situation entailed became a burning one with its owner; but so far she had managed, by the strictest economy, to meet all claims, and she hoped that for the remaining span of her existence, which could not, in the natural course of things, be a long one—she might be able to remain in the dear little place to which her John had brought her as a young bride some forty years ago, and in which her children had been born and brought up. Some of them had gone to other elsewhere, from which they came to visit her from time to time; and two others had gone to the best Home of all, where, "please God," she would say, "I hope to join them presently"; but meanwhile life held many blessings for her which her grateful heart was not slow to recognize. Widow Gray was seated in her rocking-chair, on a snug corner of her little veranda, with its peephole through the thick-leaved creeper which almost covered it—"kind o' thinking," she would have told you, adding, "but perhaps not so much thinking as letting little thoughts and little ideas and little fancies run helter-skelter, one after another, through my head." To-day a very joy-bell of anticipation was ringing in her ears, for to-morrow, John, her eldest, and Jim, her youngest, were coming with the crowd of "Old Boys" whom the city was preparing to welcome, but who (in her case, and perhaps in the case of many others also) really came "to see mother." At church the minister's sermon had been all about joy—about rejoicing, not "sometimes," but "always," and Widow Gray had recalled an oft-repeated saying of her dear old husband: "We are meant to be joyful, Bessie. I cannot understand a child of God being anything but cheery and happy. There must be something wrong if a Christian man or woman carries a long face."

"Well," thought Widow Gray, "I know that's how it should be, but there's many a cloud of our own making which comes between us and the light. And so it is that some of us, who should be so bright, look so gloomy. It seems to me that we get the good and the bad, the sunshine and the shadow, all mixed up somehow. Some are so afraid of cares which may come to-morrow, that they have no eyes for the blessings which are already theirs to-day. My John was fond of quoting what Robbie Burns had to say about this:

"Human bodies are sic fools,
For a' their colleges and schools,
That when nae real ills perplex them,
They make enow themselves to vex them."

"Now, for instance, how many young couples spoil the happiness of their whole married lives by the terrible mistakes they make by beginning, so to speak, at the wrong end. They lay up untold worries for themselves by their want of common sense, if not common honesty, though they would think that a hard name to give it. There's that dear young couple over the way. Any one who knows what he earns, and how unfit, from want of proper training, she is to spend his wages wisely, can see with half an eye that it will not be long before their troubles begin; and that they will be troubles of their own making won't make them easier to bear. They have furnished their little cottage on a scale far beyond their means. They got one of those circulars headed, 'Why pay cash when you can buy everything on the instalment principle?' and nothing I could say, and I did try to say it kindly and lovingly to them, could persuade them that it was not the very easiest thing in the world to pay by degrees. 'Why,' Auntie Gray, 'we shan't feel it. It's called the "hire system," and is ever so much better than having to pay for it all in a lump. Besides, we can get married NOW, instead of having to wait for goodness knows how long!' My talking wasn't of any use, and but too soon will come for these deluded young people, not only worry, but sorrow, for sorrow always follows sharp upon the heels of worry."

"This 'pay by degrees' plan is a downright snare to our young men, too—a regular pitfall. I call it. They want bicycles, they want musical instruments, they want all manner of things good enough in their way, but which should be earned before bought; and but too often, even after really pinching themselves to meet the pay-

ments, their so-called possessions are forfeited or find their way into the pawn shop. All these are what I call homemade troubles. Our dear Lord never sent them to us, and I can't help thinking that they are amongst 'the crooked paths' cut out of which He leaves us to find our own way—they are not those which He has promised to make straight. I cannot be too thankful for the manly uprightness of my dear old John. Bessie, my woman," he would always say when I showed a hankering after something we could not rightly afford, 'we'll only have what we can pay for on the nail, and then there'll be no sorrow with it.' Our children knew his way and respected his motives even when sometimes they seemed difficult to understand. Now that they are fathers and mothers themselves, they realize what a good foundation he was laying by precept and example for our future happiness. To his self-denial and careful provision I owe the comfort of my declining days and the prospect of my boys' home-coming to-morrow without a thought of bitterness to mar our pleasure." Here Mrs. Gray suddenly remembered that it was time to put on the teakettle, and having done so, and partly to prevent her thoughts upon this fruitful subject "running away with her," as she termed it, she took from the top shelf of her bureau, which held many such treasures, the following extracts, which, she said to herself, "express so much better than I can what are the best of all remedies for every trouble, whether of our own making or which may come to us in the Providence of God." And as the dear old white-haired lady bends over the pages we will bid her good-bye for the present. This is what she reads:—

"Two remedies for worry.—The first by Daniel Quorn: 'Start the day thinking like this: There will be nothing to-day but He will help me through it. There will be nowhere to-day but He will be with me; no temptation but He can deliver me; no burden but I can cast it upon Him. He looks over the day for us. There's a worry waiting, He sees it, and here's the patience. There's a temptation; yes, He knows, and here is wisdom and strength. There's a bit of a trial, and here He is waiting to give thee a bit of courage and faith. But don't let that be all. Ah! He will make thee glad with His favor and send thee forth cheerful to thy work.'

"The second remedy by Mary D. Brine:

"Cheer up; cheer up, ye moody ones,
Look for the bit of blue!
And when you find it you will feel
The warm sun shining through.
And if the shadows come, why, then
Just wait awhile; you'll find
That clouds can't last forever,
When the sun lies just behind."

(I. A. B.)

Do You Know?

Do you know that every cruelty inflicted on an animal in killing or just before death poisons to a greater or less extent its meat?

Do you know that every cruelty inflicted upon a cow poisons to a greater or less extent its milk?

Do you know that fish killed as soon as taken from the water, by a blow on the back of the head, will keep longer and be better than those permitted to die slowly?

Do you know that birds destroy millions of bugs, mosquitoes and harmful insects; that without the birds we could not live on the earth, and that every little insect-eating bird you may kill and every egg you may take from its nest means one less bird to destroy insects?

Do you know that a check-rein which will not permit a horse to put his head where he wants to when going up a hill is a cruel torture to the horse?

Do you know that the mutilation of a horse by cutting off his tail compels him to suffer torture from flies and insects every summer as long as he lives?

Do you know that every kind act you do and every kind word you speak to a dumb animal will make not only the animal but yourself happier, and not only make you happier, but also better?

GEO. T. ANGELL.

His Amazed Daughter.

The wife of a Gordon Highlander received, some time ago, an invitation to visit him at the barracks in Scotland. She did so, taking with her their little six-year-old girl. When they arrived, as it happened, the husband was engaged on sentry duty, and so they could not approach him.

The child eyed her "daddy" with a rather sorrowful but amazed expression, as he paced up and down the square, shouldering his rifle and wearing a kilt. She had never before beheld him thus arrayed, and for a few minutes the spectacle seemed to be quite beyond her; but for no longer could she keep silent.

"Mamma," she said, in a voice that betrayed a trace of childish coyness, "if daddy finds the man what stole his trousers, will he gimme dat little frock?"

The Secret of How to Secure a Good Wife.

(Written especially for the bachelor readers of the "Farmer's Advocate.")

Whoso findeth a wife findeth a good thing and obtaineth favor of the Lord, and a prudent wife is from the Lord.—(Solomon, the Wise Man.)

While giving advice to a canny Scotchman regarding the better way of getting married, rather than living alone, I was confronted with the question, "Are ye mairitt, yersell?" When I answered in the affirmative, my questioner replied, "Oh, weel, ye'll ken a' about it."

When God at the beginning created man, he said: "It is not good that the man should be alone. I will make him an help meet for him." God does not change, but what He says in His wisdom is always true, and certainly the farmer, of all others, should not think of living alone. While these facts will at once be admitted by all reasonable men, some will at once tell me that they have friends who are unhappily married, and that it is very difficult to get a good wife. Others will say that it is a question of falling in love, etc. Now, let us reason this matter out. What do you fall in love with? One married man, whose wife was very homely, was heard to say that he did not marry his wife for her beauty, but because she had such a beautiful gesture. It is told of a man who was in the habit of calling where there were three sisters: One day, while at dinner with them, he noticed that one cut off all the rind from the piece of cheese she was eating. He decided that she might be a little wasteful. The second ate her piece of cheese, rind and all. He then feared that she might not be as cleanly as he would like. The third scraped the rind very carefully and neatly. He at once decided that she was both economical and cleanly, and concentrated his affections upon her and won her.

Young men's tastes are often very different, but it might be possible to lay down some general principles that might be applicable to all.

Common Sense and Good Taste are perhaps the best talents and gifts that any woman—or man either, for that matter—can possess. It is certainly nice to have a fine healthy wife, strong and of good physique, and a man ought certainly to see to it that the one who is to be the mother of his children would not be likely to impart to them any disease or weakness of body or mind that she might have inherited from her parents. Then the mind is very important. As the body requires training and development, so does the mind. The model farmer's wife should have both: be well trained and developed in all ordinary accomplishments, and should, above all things, be a good cook. Very few people, however strong, can continue to eat badly-cooked food and retain good health.

But the soul, or spiritual part, is not that the most important of all? A bachelor used to sigh for "a little farm well tilled and a little wife well willed."

A man who had a fine-looking team of horses got stuck fast in a soft place on the road. A neighbor, whose team would not bring as much money as either one of the other horses, came along and pulled the load out of the hole. The fine-looking team would only pull only one at a time; when the one was ready and willing, the other was sure to hang back; but the shabby-looking team pulled together as one horse and easily took the load out.

Now, this is the secret of getting along well in the married life—pull both together.

But the question still confronts the bachelor, How am I to know the mind?

The story related in Genesis, of Abraham sending his servant to get a wife for Isaac, is a very beautiful one, in that it shows the Patriarch's implicit trust that God would direct. It is written that it is God only that knows the heart, and Abraham believed this and acted accordingly.

While a young man and woman were walking in opposite directions, on the deck of an Atlantic steamer, the Lord sent a heavy wave which gave the vessel such a sudden jerk that the young man and woman, who up to that moment were entire strangers, were literally thrown into one another's arms. A long time afterwards the mother of that young man, after telling me how well she was pleased with her daughter-in-law, remarked, "Was it not a queer way that they became acquainted?" Truly, God moves in a mysterious way.

To sum up, God is willing to give a prudent wife to every lonely bachelor who consecrates himself to the Lord and asks him for an help-mate. "No good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly." "Ask and ye shall receive." Of course, you must use means; you must become acquainted with her, pay attention to her, gain her affections, and by your real worth and manliness make yourself worthy of her love and affection. Of course, it is better never to be late, but better late than never. If you are a little old, never mind, go on in the right way and God will bless you.

Yours faithfully, UNCLE DANIEL.