

can't possibly fail when we are fighting enthusiastically, prayerfully, lovingly, and trustfully. If we are not doing this we are certainly failing, no matter how successful our lives may appear to be, no matter how many selfish prayers seem to be immediately answered.

Those who gave alms in order to have "glory of men" were apparently successful. They received the reward they wanted. Their prayers for a good reputation were easily and swiftly answered. How terrible are the words of Him Who can see plainly the mockery of such paltry success: "Verily I say unto you, They have their reward." May He keep us from aiming at such a degrading reward.

We become like the objects we continually look at. Does that seem impossible? Yesterday I was reading an account of the way fish can be marked on the skin—marked from within. Figures (round or square) are distinctly traced on the floor of the tank in which they swim, and slowly these figures are formed on the fish themselves—unless they are blinded, when no result follows.

If such a thing is possible in the world of "things," how much more possible it is in the world of spirits. To fix one's thoughts constantly on the idea of winning a good reputation among men, is to pursue the appearance and miss the reality. Having won the desired reputation, it seems to be a priceless treasure, to be kept at any cost—even the cost of character. Seeking constantly for that glittering object which seems to be a treasure, we forget to prize the reality—character—which only can give reputation real value. The praise of men may be very sweet, but it should always draw us low on our knees before God. There we must bare all the secrets of our hearts, hiding nothing, and inventing no excuses. It is poor success to win the praises of men—men who can only see the outside of a life—if He Who sees the real soul is forced to say, sternly and sadly: "I know thy works, that thou hast a name that thou livest, and art dead." It is sometimes dangerous to have a good name, if that good reputation is prized as success in itself. It is so easy to feel safe when a sin is hidden from men, to consider that being "found out" is disastrous failure. Why, that exposure of secret sin, which is necessarily painful, is God's merciful way of awakening a soul from deathly torpor.

How lightly people ask the question: "Would you rather be better than you seem, or seem better than you are?" We value the good opinion of our friends very highly—which is natural and right—but the approval of God is the very breath of life to our souls. One who aims to appear better than he is, must shrink away in shame when his own conscience sternly brands him with the horrible name "Hypocrite." I say one who "aims" to win a reputation above his character, for it is not always possible to escape undeserved praise. Some lines from one of Keble's children's hymns made a great impression on me in early girlhood. As nearly as I can remember the words are these:

"When mortals praise thee hide thine eyes,
Nor, in thy Master's wrong,
Take to thyself His crown and prize—
Yet more in heart than tongue."

Note that last line. It is not a noisy refusal of praise, but humility of soul that is the most natural result of over-praise. And another natural result is the determination to try and live up to our friends' high opinion of us. It is unnatural to be puffed up with pride at undeserved praise, for we are the children of God, and it is our instinct to shrink away in horror from any hypocrisy, and especially to loathe it in ourselves. We long for real beauty of soul, and have an instinctive contempt for sham religion or "cant." If our God-given friends see our ideals, instead of looking constantly at our frequent failures, they help us marvellously. How can we bear to disappoint them? We are inspired to try and climb nearer to their opinion of us. They see us as we shall be, as a farmer fixes his mind on the harvest when he sacrifices his precious seed. So God sees not only what we are now, but what we shall be. If He trusts us, and waits patiently

through our many failures for our final perfecting, can we not learn to trust Him Who never makes a mistake? This world is not a prison, but a school. Unless we trust the Master, we shall miss his most priceless lessons. It was when St. Stephen was called to endure torture that his face shone with the light reflected from his Master's face. Our hardest days may be our grandest days—if we will. The Sun of Righteousness is always shining, and when earth grows dark we may turn to Him for light.

"Lord, when I look on high,
Clouds only meet my sight;
Fears deepen with the night,
But yet it is Thy sky. I pray,
Wait in the dark and tearfully obey."

DORA FARNCOMB.

The Mending Basket

[A corner in which our subscribers may suggest things that should be mended, and methods for mending them.]

Women's Finances on the Farm.

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

Am I too late to say a few words on the subject of "Man's Duty in the Home"? In my opinion, there should be "giving and taking" on both sides. If a man asks his wife to help him coil hay, build stooks and loads, etc., he, in his turn, should be willing to help her with the heavier part of her work. I don't believe in a man having to do his own mending, prepare his own meals, help with the washing, etc., except on special occasions, such as sickness, but I do think he ought to be willing to carry in an occasional pail of water, see that a plentiful supply of wood is provided, and help with the heavy lifting at house-cleaning time.

I know men come in tired from the field, but if the man is tired, the woman is generally more so, and what would be a heavy strain on her, is often merely a laughing matter to him.

Then, again, he gets indirectly the benefit of the sale of eggs and chickens, and should be willing to provide proper accommodation and feed for them.

Now, as regards the finance question, if the wife helps him milk the cows, feed the calves, etc., she should be entitled to a share of the profits for them, if not in actual cash, in improvements in the house,—I do not say in equal proportion to the expenditure on labor-saving devices in the barns, etc., but certainly a percentage of not less than 25 per cent. A city husband makes his wife an allowance to keep house on, and the surplus goes in her own pocket, and if any woman has a right to share of her husband's money, it is the woman on the farm.

Of all the farming people I am acquainted with, and they are not few in number, neither are they limited to one district, I cannot think of one instance where the woman is not pulling fair with the man.

Now comes the question of the man's duty as a parent. I think he is co-responsible with the mother for the physical, moral, and spiritual welfare of the child. A man's duty does not end with feeding, clothing, educating, and sending to Sunday-school. His life should be just as intimately related to the children as the mother's, only while her influence should be for the gentler side of things, for kindness, for consideration and unselfishness, his should be for the manly attributes, for courtesy, courage, honesty, and trustworthiness.

Stormont Co., Ont. LILIAN.
"Lilian's" letter suggests a new topic, "Women's Finances on the Farm." Has anyone anything to say about this?

Straighten up! Look at the blue sky and the green hills once in a while. Keeping the eyes fixed on the gray earth all the time makes a fellow color-blind. Away yonder is the cure for weak eyes and weak hearts.



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