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Measure them by quality's standard and they score 100 per cent. If you haven't tried MOONEY'S, you've missed a treat in crackers.

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OF ANY KIND—
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causes extreme annoyance to a sensitive woman but no disfigurement on the face is so troublesome or annoying as

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The popularity of the New Century Ball-Bearing Washing Machine is the best evidence of its success. The universal praise of the machine who use it is our best advertising, and from the kind things said about it in letters from our friends we believe the New Century is entitled to a place in the Hall of Fame. We will mail you a booklet describing it on application. Sold by local dealers everywhere at \$8.50.

THE DOWSWELL MFG. CO. LTD., HAMILTON

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"Doest Thou Well to be Angry."

Be not hasty in thy spirit to be angry: for anger resteth in the bosom of fools.—Eccles. vii. : 9.

"O man, forgive thy mortal foe,
Nor ever strike him blow for blow;
For all the souls on earth that live
To be forgiven must forgive."

"Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered," says the inspired poet; but think of the unblest and dangerous state of a man or woman who is indulging an unforgiving spirit. Our Lord's words on this point cannot be mistaken by the most superficial reader, and His warning is clear and solemn. If words have any meaning at all, then one who is nursing a grievance and refusing to forgive, need not appeal to God for forgiveness. Our Lord says: "Forgive, and ye shall be forgiven," and again: "If ye forgive men their trespasses, your Heavenly Father will also forgive you; but if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses."—S. Matt. vi. : 14, 15.

We constantly pray to be forgiven "as we forgive," but sometimes we should hardly dare to say the Lord's Prayer if we thought what we were asking. Even the pardon for past sins, which God has already freely bestowed, may be recalled. The servant who owed ten thousand talents had been set entirely free of that enormous debt. His master let him start fair again without anything to clog his progress; but when he refused to forgive the fellow-servant who owed him a trifling sum, the cancelled debt was again written up in full against him, and he was delivered to the tormentors with faint hope of release. We are not left in the slightest doubt about the application of this parable, for the conclusion is: "So likewise shall My Heavenly Father do also unto you, if ye from your hearts forgive not every one his brother their trespasses." You see, outward forgiveness is not enough, a decent appearance of friendliness will not deceive God, forgiveness must be in thought, as well as in word and deed: "from your hearts."

"But," some may protest, "this is an impossible thing to require of any man, for love cannot be forced." Yet God never requires impossibilities, though He sometimes may seem to do so, as when Israel at the Red Sea received the order to go forward. That apparently impossible command was quite possible—as those who tried to obey it soon found out—and, when God not only says that we must forgive those who have injured or offended us "until seventy times seven," but must also "love" our enemies, those who set themselves determinedly to obey the hard command will find that it is not impossible. The trouble generally is that we don't very much want to forgive or love either, being quite content to settle down on a level, which even the heathen can reach without the slightest effort—the easy business of loving those who love us and being kind to those who are kind to us. As one of my S. S. class once expressed it: "I act white to the fellows who are white to me." He really seemed to think that was very meritorious, instead of being the most easy and natural thing for anyone to do.

But, if the person with whom you are quarrelling should refuse to accept your advances, or if love should refuse to spring up in your own heart, the wisest plan is to follow the advice given by the Captain of the Lord's Host to Joshua, Jericho—like your enemy's heart—was straitly shut up inside a high wall, but after the ark of God (the sign of His presence) had been carried round it once every week-day and seven times on the seventh day, the defences dropped at the first shout of victory, and it could be entered at any point without the slightest difficulty. If you follow out the type in spirit, obeying our Captain's command: "Pray for them which de-

spitefully use you," at least once a day and seven times on Sunday,—you, too, shall find that Love has sprung up in your own heart and has undermined the wall of ice between you and your enemy, so that it is ready to fall at the first kindly word.

"For those who wound with bitter words,
Who say untruthful things,
Whose slander, worse than two-edged swords,
Deep wounds of anguish brings;
Entreat, when at God's throne you bend,
His grace may these subdue;
Thus be to those indeed a friend,
Who never pray for you."

We all need forgiveness every day of our lives, therefore it is a terribly dangerous thing to be unforgiving; for it is both useless and presumptuous to ask forgiveness for ourselves when we are refusing it to anyone else. For our own sake, then, it is important to be honest in approaching the subject. "It takes two to make a quarrel" is a very true saying, and, if we think we have a grievance, probably the other party in the quarrel is equally sure that he has something against us. A genuine, truthful apology will generally be met by another equally frank. To make a pretence of asking forgiveness—thinking all the time that the blame is all on the other side—is to be a hypocrite. Hypocrisy is always felt and resented, and can do no possible good; so it is both foolish and wrong to ask pardon unless you really feel that at least part of the blame is on your side. Nursing a grievance is a grand way of making one's self miserable, and only when it is buried and forgotten can peace and happiness come back to the heart. The Puritans used to plant corn over the graves of their dead so that the Indians might not know how their numbers were decreasing; and soon, of course, they could not be sure of the spot themselves. So, it has been wisely suggested, we should always bury a grudge without erecting a lofty tombstone to remind us of its past existence, and should plant over it flowers and grain of kindly thoughts, words and acts in favor of the person who has wronged us. Our Lord was not satisfied only to forgive the men who seized Him in Gethsemane, He was actively kind, healing the wound which St. Peter's rash loyalty had caused. Then let us try hard not to make the grievance larger by talking about it here, there and everywhere. Our orders are: "If thy brother shall trespass against thee, go and tell him his fault between thee and him alone: if he shall hear thee, thou hast gained thy brother. But if he will not hear thee, then take with one or two more, that in the mouth of one or two witnesses every word may be established." If this wise command were obeyed, simply and literally, how few serious quarrels there would be. But, as a matter of fact, the person who has given offence is usually the last, instead of the first, to hear of it. The one who has taken offence—probably at some careless remark which has been maliciously repeated by a scandal-monger—tells the grievance over and over to all the friends and acquaintances within reach, carefully avoiding all intercourse with the only person who could clear the matter up. The necessity of making the grievance important enough to be worth talking about causes it to be exaggerated almost unconsciously, foolish condolence fans the flame of anger, sometimes the matter is exposed to public view in the columns of a local paper (that is a grand way of making a mountain out of a mole-hill and stirring up life-long bitterness), or it is, quite unnecessarily, carried by post to distant correspondents who may be trusted to spread the fire still farther and make more mischief. If a letter to or about anyone be written in a white heat of anger, it is folly to post it. You will be pretty certain to be very sorry if you

do. Put it quite out of sight for a week, and then read it again. Probably by that time you will be thankful to have it safely in your own hands so that it can be put in its proper place—the fire. When a grievance is pushed about from hand to hand, it grows like the snow-balls children roll on the ground, gathering a lot of foreign material, and getting bigger all the time. But, unlike the snow-ball, it gives no real pleasure to anybody, only bringing a lot of unnecessary misery to everybody concerned.

"Sometimes we fondly nurse our grief
With soothing, tender care;
And then to see how fast it grows
Makes e'en its owners stare.
We feed it with the richest food
A fertile mind can give,
When smarting under fancied griefs
From those with whom we live.
And with this food it thrives so well,
And grows to giant size,
And though rich blessings strew our path,
They're hidden from our eyes.
'Tis wiser far to take our griefs
And troubles day by day
To Him who waits and yearns to lead
Our every grief away."

Yes, the best cure for this as for all other troubles is to take it to the foot of the Throne—and be particular to leave it there. Remember it only before God, and it will soon change its very nature. Christ is the Branch who can change the "Marah" waters of anger or hate into the sweet fountain of love. If you carry on your heart your enemy's name when you enter into the Holy Place, you will soon find that the enemy is changed into a friend in your thoughts; understand that he is really a friend and then the next step will be to make him not an enemy any longer.

"My proud foe at my hand to take no boon will choose—
My prayers are the one grace which he cannot refuse."

HOPE.

Doing Something.

By W. S. Whitacre.

If you're sick with something chronic,
And you think you need a tonic,
Do something.
There is life and health in doing,
There is pleasure in pursuing,
Doing, then, is health accruing,
Do something.

If you're fidgety and nervous,
Think you need the doctor's service,
Do something.
Doing something will relieve you
Of the symptoms that deceive you,
Therefore, if these trouble grieve you,
Do something.

If you do not like the weather,
Don't condemn it altogether—
Do something.
It will make the weather clearer,
Life will sweeter be and dearer,
And the joys of heaven nearer—
Do something.

And if you are seeking pleasure
Or enjoyment in full measure,
Do something.
Idleness! there's nothing in it;
If you're busy, don't begin it,
'Twill not pay you for a minute—
Do something.

Recipes.

Raspberry Cake: Half a cup butter, one cup sugar, two eggs, half a cup sour milk, one teaspoon soda, one cup canned raspberries, and enough "Five Roses" flour to make a stiff batter.

Apple Cake: One egg, two tablespoons butter, one small cupful each of sugar and milk, three cupfuls "Five Roses" flour sifted with two teaspoons baking powder, and a pinch of salt; spread in a shallow pan, and press in four tart apples, pared and cut in eighths; sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon, and bake.

The things we want most in this world are always those beyond our reach. If we had them we wouldn't be a bit happier. We only think we would. No matter how little we have, we always have plenty to be thankful for.

In answering my advertisements in this page, kindly mention the FARMER'S ADVOCATE.