

much patience and education, but it will go a long way in helping to solve the rural problem.

A good road is one that is good in bad weather. Rural life is suffering from our pioneer road system. The state road commissioner of Michigan has figured it out that one dollar will take one of goods four miles on an average country road, eight miles on a good road, 130 miles on a railroad, from 300 to 700 miles on a canal or inland lake or 3,000 miles on an ocean steamer. Our governments have assisted in every way our railways and steamship lines. It is a sign of the good time that is coming when Ontario is feeling its way to a good roads policy.

The high cost of living problem is largely in the farmer's favor. The Canada Year Book of 1913, shows us that, taking 272 articles in common use, divided in thirteen groups, taking 100 as a standard wholesale price, while the average of all the groups has increased from 92 in 1897 to 136 in 1912 the groups including four products have increased from 86 to 172. There never were such good prices and as ready a market especially for the better class of product. With better farming, better business methods and better returns for labor there should and will result better living. The farm is not a place to make a living but a place to live. Many rural homes show signs of taste and culture in the house and its grounds. The lawn mower is in increasing demand, silviculture and horticulture are coming.

Everything exists for the home. In modernizing the rural home water is being piped into the house and is found on tap, hot and cold. The advocate of our new agriculture has his inviting bath-room for a bath after his busy day, the telephone, rural mail, well supplied library and cosy den, while a power machine relieves much drudgery by milking the cows, running the separator, the pump, the washer. In many a rural family the hours of labor are already reduced to ten with holidays recognized. This must come, with some leisure for recreation, the fine arts and reading and the living of the better life. An acquaintance of mine, a member of a Farmers' Club, entertained recently all their neighbors, twenty at a time, to a supper and an evening's pleasure, and the other members did the same. The sociability of other days is renewed. A new appreciation of country life is at hand. "Back to the land," they say. Oh, the joy to honest folk to realize that we are partners with God in making the earth new. Some have lived too long in the old way, like Bunyan's man with the muck rake, to see it. Our hope is in the young people and their education for their life's work. Our next article will thus deal with education and the rural church.

## The Legend of Naramata

Note—This legend is reproduced from a letter written by Rev. W. P. Bunt, Naramata, Okanagan District, British Columbia Conference to the Epworth League of Chilliwack on the occasion of an absent members' meeting held some time ago. Because the legend is of general interest, Rev. A. E. Roberts has kindly placed it at our disposal for the benefit of our readers.

The name Naramata is of Indian origin and has such a beautiful meaning that I shall try and tell you the legend connected with it. A long time ago, or as the Indians would say, "many, many moons ago," when the pine-clad foothills and mossy slopes of the mountains were marked by many paths of wild game, there came into this district to hunt and fish, a tribe of Indians from the great south and east. The summer was indeed a happy one, for the hunters of the tribe had their hearts made light and glad with much game. The dance of plenty was a daily occurrence around the big camp fires before the men started out on their hunt. The echo of laughter resounded through the forests, love-songs were sung, hoops of gold were exchanged, and every face was bright and cheery the summer long, for there was enough for all. "But when the hills put on their blankets of brown, and frost jewels shone on the breast of the lake, and the moss grew dead and dry, and the sage brush rattled like dry sticks under the moccasins, the Rain Gods forgot to walk and there came a strange sickness upon the people. The pain spirits sat at their fire-side and never left, but mocked them and tore their strained muscles like wolves until the hearts of their sick ones were full of fear and they fell upon their faces and wandered into dreamless stupor. Then the evil north wind came chill and cold and taunted the people with their lack of blankets and empty baskets."

Poakope, the old medicine man, sat in his painted tepee and made magic and planted in black soil the prayer seeds, but Mother Earth did not answer. One by one the sick felt the Life Spirit drift from them and the people covered their faces to sing "The Song of the Great Shadow." All despairing, save Poakope, and he by his dying freight called again and again upon the Sun God for help; "and as he called he listened, and listening heard a sighing like the rustling of soft wings; then waited for the Sun God to send the sign of his favor, for he read the stars and saw a promise there. When the dawn time came he heard the laughter of a girl child new born, and on the breath of the warm wind came gentle rain which washed the fear from the hearts of the people, and the Pain Demon fled forever. Poakope said, "It is well; the Sun God will give his smile to us once

more." Then he took the girl child from the blanket of her mother who had dreamed her way across to the twilight land, and in his strong hands held her face, wondrously fair, up to the path of the morning star, and put the sign upon her forehead and said, "Naramata," the Smile of Manitou. The child grew to the flower of womanhood, and with her love mate, Gon-co-wan-da (Big Moose), kept their firelight burning for many moons on the soft-blanketed hills of the Okanagan.

This is the legend of Naramata, partly as it has been told me and much as I have read it. Should you ask the people here they would still tell you that they live at Naramata, "the Smile of God," and if the sunshine is any evidence of God's smile, her does indeed smile on Naramata.

Our town is ten miles from Penticton, at the foot of the lake, and directly opposite Summerland, which is on the west side of the lake. We see the full glory of the sunsets perhaps better than at any other spot on the Okanagan, and our sunsets here are even as beautiful as some I saw last year as the sun was sinking behind the shoulder of Sumas mountain. The people who live on the benches above the town have a magnificent view, especially at night. Beneath are the lights of Naramata; across the lake those of Summerland throw their rays across the water; to the south and left those of Penticton shed forth their beams; while to the north and a little more distant those of Peachland are plainly visible. In the background of each picture are the "ever-lasting hills." It is truly an inspiring scene.

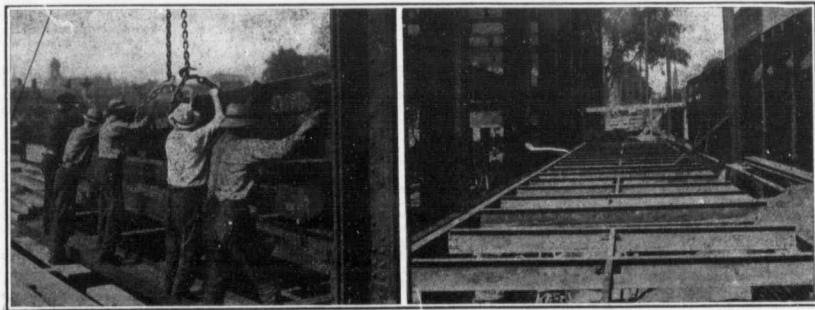
### Applied Natural Philosophy

Pat had been engaged to take a trunk across the lake. He placed the trunk in the bow of the boat, with the result that the boat tipped forward.

Man (on the dock): "What are you rowing with that trunk in the bow of th' boat for, Pat?"

Pat: "Sure, an' if it was in the stern wouldn't I be rowin' uphill all the time? An' this way I'm rowing downhill all the time!"—*Kansas City Times.*

Edward was the proud owner of his first pair of pants. On the occasion of his first wearing them a neighbor happened in and was chatting with his father, but, much to Edward's disgust, the all-important subject was not mentioned. The little fellow stood it as long as he could; then, in a very indifferent manner, remarked, "There are three pairs of pants in this room."



SWINGING A HEAVY LOAD INTO PLACE.

WHERE THE RICHMOND ST. SIDEWALK WILL BE LAID.