

Keeping Sweet.

It is not a matter of temperament nearly as much as some people imagine. To have a cheery and sunny and care-free habit of thought and life is something probably to be sought after and cultivated more than it is, but there is a greater achievement than this, and a much more Christian and fundamental one.

It is not a matter of circumstances or surroundings or chance happenings in life. Some of the sweetest souls, those who keep most resolutely the bitterness of envy and mistrust, and narrowness, and pessimism out of their scheme of life, have had to drink most deeply of the cup of sorrow and trouble and affliction. Keeping sweet is a habit of the soul; it is not learned lightly by very many of us, but it may be, it ought to be, maintained and persisted in even when life is doing its worst for us.

Just to take men and things at their best, perverse men and perverse things, it may be; to resolutely shut your soul to withering doubt and pessimism and fear; to be brave and hopeful and expectant of the best; to let kindness and patience have their perfect work both in your thought and in your deed—all these are implied just in keeping sweet. Yes, surely, it is a great achievement, the crown and glory of Christian attainment.

We discount our religion most seriously and fatally when we do not allow it to train and discipline us in this fine art of Christian expression. We get the notion sometimes that harshness means strength, and we try to justify bitterness and unkindness in the name of our zeal for righteousness and truth. But we seldom succeed in satisfying our own conscience by the subterfuge, and we do always succeed in taking something from the winsomeness and charm and real power of the religion that we profess. It is a question if the lack of kindness, of forbearance, of sweet reasonableness, that manifests itself in our lives so often and so constantly does not do more to dishonor the name of the Son of Man and to discredit the causes of His Kingdom than all other failures and shortcomings that our lives do show. Just to keep sweet, in our own soul life and in all our relations with the world about us, is to give to our profession of religion a winsomeness and vitality that will make it a power for the bringing in of the Kingdom.—Christian Guardian.

A Fisherman's Cottage.

When all the house be still as death,
And I lie wakin',
There comes a rattlin' at the door,
A vanced step upo' the floor;
I lie an' scarce can draw my breath,
Wakin', wakin'.

Es et the ghosts, that come an' go
When voke es zleepin',
Of those who toiled an' zorrowed here
Long zince? or es et you, ma dear,
Come home to me?—I do not know—
Weepin', weepin'.

Zumtimes I watch upo' the shore
The boats come home'ard.
I count 'em as they come to view;
O God, there's always wan too few!
Wan boat that cometh nivermore
Home'ard, home'ard.

I veel zo lonzome dru the day,
Zo weary waitin';
But night-times i' my little room,
There i' the zilence an' the gloom,
You dawn't zinn quite zo far away,
Waitin', waitin'.

When all the house es dumb an' drear,
And I lie wakin',
Es et a callin' o' the sea,
Or es et you that calls to me?
The door is on the latch, ma dear,
And I lie wakin'.

Little Johnnie, who had been praying for some months for God to send him a baby brother, finally became discouraged. "I don't believe God has any more little boys to send," he told his mother, "and I'm going to quit it."

Early one morning not long after this he was taken into his mother's room to see twin boys who had arrived in the night. Johnnie regarded them thoughtfully for some minutes.

"Gee," he remarked finally, "it's a good thing I stopped praying when I did."

"Keep a Goin'."

The following lines of J. Whitcomb Riley have been posted in the public corridor of the Government Immigration Hall at Winnipeg, by the Presbyterian chaplain, Rev. Mr. Bowman, who says that they have given a lift to many a man who has come in strapped or stranded, and whose eye happened to fall on the verses:—

If you strike a thorn or rock,
Keep a goin'.
If it hails or if it rains,
Keep a goin'.
'Taint no use to sit and whine,
When the fish aint on your line;
Bait your hook and keep on tryin',—
Keep a goin'.

If the weather kills your crop,
Keep a goin'.
When you tumble from the top,
Keep a goin'.
S'pose you're out of every dime,
Gettin' broke ain't any crime;
Tell the world you're feelin' fine,—
Keep a goin'.

When it looks like all is up,
Keep a goin'.
Draw the sweetness from the cup,
Keep a goin'.
See the wild bird on the wing,
Hear the bells that sweetly ring;
When you feel like sighin', Sing,—
Keep a goin'.

When Icicles Hang by the Wall.

When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail;
When blood is nipp'd, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
To-whit!

To-who!—a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw,
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
To-whit!

To-who!—a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

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Current Events.

A process for disinfecting library books has been devised by M. Marsoulan, member of the Paris Municipal Council.

It is estimated that the new university, to be erected in Saskatoon, Sask., will cost about one million dollars, of which amount the Agricultural Building will take about \$200,000.

A monument to Barbara Heck, the "founder of Methodism in Canada," has been erected in Prescott, Ont., and was unveiled on July 1st. Her great-great-granddaughter pulled the string which unveiled the memorial.

The building of a dam across the Niagara River to raise the level of the Great Lakes, has been under discussion at the meeting of the International Waterways Commission, and it is understood that the project has been approved of, and will be recommended.

Westminster Abbey and other old stone buildings of the British metropolis have been found to be greatly damaged by certain acids contained in the smoke of the great city, and steps are being taken to devise some means by which the danger may be lessened.

Some Dying Speeches.

Addison's dying speech to his son-in-law was characteristic enough of the man, who was accustomed to inveigh against the follies of mankind, though not altogether free from some of the frailties he denounced. "Behold," said he to the dissolute young nobleman, "with what tranquility a Christian can die."

Haller died feeling his pulse, and when he found it almost gone, turning to his brother physician, said, "My friend the artery ceases to beat," and died.

Petrarch was found dead in his library, leaning on a book.

Metastasio, who would never suffer the word death to be uttered in his presence, at last so far triumphed over his fears that, after receiving the last rites of religion, in his enthusiasm he burst forth into a stanza of religious poetry.

Alfieri, the day before he died, was persuaded to see a priest, and when he came he said to him with great affability, "Have the kindness to look in to-morrow—I trust death will wait four and twenty hours."

Napoleon, when dying, and in the act of speaking to the clergyman, reproved his sceptical physician for smiling, in these words: "You are above those weaknesses, but what can I do? I am neither a philosopher nor a physician; I believe in God, and am of the religion of my father. It is not everyone who can be an atheist." The last words he uttered—Head—Army—evinced clearly enough what sort of visions were passing over his mind at the moment of dissolution.

Leibnitz was found dead in his chamber, with a book in his hand.

Keats, a little time before he died, when his friend asked him how he did, replied in a low voice, "Better, my friend. I feel the daisies growing over me."—[T. P.'s Weekly.

A country clergyman, on his round of visits, interviewed a youngster as to his acquaintance with Bible stories. "My lad," he said, "you have, of course, heard of the parables." "Yes, sir," shyly answered the boy, whose mother had instructed him in sacred history; "yes, sir." "Good?" said the clergyman. "Now which of them do you like the best of all?" "The boy squirmed, but at last, heeding his mother's frowns, he replied: "I guess I like that one where somebody loafs and fishes"—Puck.