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# Setting Our Sails for Loveliness

By KATHERINE HENRY.

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god on our front verandah be- friend of my children who had o visit us. He looked out across untry and said to me, "Mary, I ever seen a more beautiful view his anywhere. I've seen wilder rander country but nothing more iful, and I envy you for having ne in this spot."

had just returned from a trip gh Italy and France (peaceful and I must confess that I felt if he had seen nothing more beau- than what was spread out before e had idled away a lot of money ery little purpose. Fortunately d not tell him so. I had spent tically all my life in the country had little patience with farm ry and orations about the joys of try life. I always had a secret ing to live in town; life there ap- ed to be so easy and with so many resting and beautiful things to y.

ie following spring I was not well far from happy. Spring is a busy on the farm and for a while I sed to go away; but I could do work and finally consented to l with my husband's sister, Em- who had a business tour to make. rst we visited a mining village, about twenty miles away from e, but as different as could be and interesting. Emma's position ed many doors to us. We went gh the big breaker, we explored ark mines, saw coal in its natural , and something of the mining ss. We were shown acres and of the big "stripping" (some- like a great stone quarry), and high walls of solid coal we saw bands of peacock colors glowing sun.

ctually envied the woman in home we were staying; she enjoy this most interesting place day! I was full of questions hat evening as we sat on the lah I asked her many questions: the coal stamped or ground in reaker? How deep was the where the men were let down in e? How thick was a vein of

What did the men mean by damp," "outcrop," "gangway"? was some coal "stripped" and "mined"?

t woman could not answer one on! "I don't know," was her reply and her manner added, "don't care!" Emma joined us talked and asked about the ful fossils that the woman's d had collected: ferns, leaves, nd animal foot prints. Her s were the same. The one sub- liked to talk about was her ss, her lack of opportunity, dislike for this "dirty," coal- town, filled with foreigners. nted the theatre and flower nd big stores, and crowds. She to live in a city! I was puz-

### Different Point of View.

vere more fortunate when we e jolly little school teacher. bbled over with interest in ing around her. She told us he free class in English for ers that she and the young apher had conducted all win- e lessons in French that one engineers had given them in of the Italian she was learn- n her school boys. She told olk songs and the beautiful e foreign women had taught h, it is a wonderful place!"

Then I began to look toward home and as the days went by I was really longing for the farm.

I would not have believed that I could ever be so glad to be at home. I could understand now what a friend of mine meant when she said that the best part of a trip was the home-coming; I felt like running to every chair and table and saying, "How do you do!"

That evening, while packing wait- ed, I stole out to the front verandah and, as I sat before the familiar pic- tures I began to know what my old friend meant when he spoke of our beautiful view.

Then and there I took time to "look and look and look" at the green fields, the dark woods, the freshly plowed earth, the misty veils that marked the brooks, the distant mountains, and the wonderful sky over all and I began to feel the beauty and to receive a mes- sage of peace and security that I had never allowed them to bring me be- fore.

### Improving the Surroundings.

Everything around me was not all beauty and I knew it, but I resolved to bring out the best, and keep the unsightly in its proper place. It was our own fault that the cow yard, the pig pen, the ash pile, and an open drain were in plain sight from the kitchen.

I began to work. There was no hurry. In time a change was manifest. A row of sumachs, beautiful all sum- mer and wonderful in the fall, hides the pig pen; a screen of evergreens, brought from the woods, shuts off the cow yard and shelters it from the north wind; the drain is closed over; the ashes are put into a covered bar- rel and regularly carted into the mud holes in the lower lane. I keep the garbage pail, the washing machine, even the scrub bucket and the dish pan "out of sight and out of mind" when not in use; and keep, where I can see them often, a blooming plant, a pitcher of wild flowers, or some pret- ty china.

I have learned how to take time to look into the heart of a flower until I feel some of its beauty; when a song sparrow perches on the spring-house roof and nearly bursts his little throat singing to me I stop to listen, and it takes the drudgery out of my scrub- bing. When my little daughter asks me to come with her to watch the sunset, I enjoy it with her if I pos- sibly can. I have made friends and very interesting ones, of every dog and horse on the place; I am even be- ginning to like the little pigs, but I confess I have found nothing in the big ones to admire except the dainty way in which they lift and plant their front feet—and even that is some- thing.

My small daughter and I have bought a few simple bird books, a flower book and a pair of field glasses, and I am more and more amazed to find so many and such beautiful wild things in our woods. When Emily discovered that it takes two of the little "twin flowers" to produce one berry she was as happy as if she were the very first one to know it.

We must set our sails for the way we wish to go. There is no need to drift. The wind that blows toward discontent and failure will blow toward bliss and success—if you will only will to have it so and set your sails that way.

"So many gods, so many creeds,  
So many ways that wind and wind,  
The old, sad world needs  
The art of being kind."

is the best policy; but a honest only through policy depended on to resist very otation.

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