

The Upward Look

The Sowing Time

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The spring time should be a season when farmers, as they are scattering the seed in the soil, should reflect on the teachings of the One who on Galilee's shores looked up and saw a farmer scattering the seed and remarked: "Behold a sower went forth to sow."

Occasionally one is reminded of the former methods of scattering the seed, as he sees a man with a basket or pail hang over his shoulders and with both hands proceeds to scatter the seed. Almost invariably, however, one sees it done by machinery these days and perhaps that is the reason the parable of the sower is having less effect on farmers to-day than formerly; at least to all appearances.

What is it the farmer is sowing, good, pure, vital seed?

What a blessing it would be if this were universally true. On examination it is discovered that very many weed seeds of various kinds are going in the soil along with the good seed. The seed itself ranges from good to bad and indifferent. What will the harvest be? It is natural to ask. The Apostle Paul says "that whatsoever a man sows that shall he also reap."

If a man sows the wind he will reap the whirlwind. Sow cards, reap

gamblers. Sow drink, reap drunkards. It is a natural law.

WHAT A SEED IS

Let us look for a moment at the seed the farmer is hiding away in the soil at this season of the year. On close examination we see it has a germ, a miniature plant, which if it be a large seed, has stored up around

KEEP the mind so occupied and the life so full of good things that there is no room for the bad, no time for worrying. Keep the mind so occupied that there will be no opportunity for the enemies of your happiness and your prosperity to gain an entrance. The full mind is the happy one. The empty mind, like a vacant lot, soon filled with all sorts of noxious weeds—Marden.

it food material to draw upon in the early days of its existence, while its root fibres are reaching out in the soil and its plumule or the growing coning through the ground is opening up to take material out of the air. The farmer knows that, if his seed is good, well selected, plump and large, by burying it in a rich, moist, fine seed bed free of weed seeds that the possibilities of a crop range from 30

to 60 or even 100 fold. The Word says, "Except a grain of wheat fall into the ground and die it abideth alone." What a privilege is here given to the seed to reproduce itself many fold. The seed has won-

derful possibilities. I have sometimes wondered if farmers when seeding thought of the Master's words, that the seed in the spiritual world was the Word of God and that if they were as careful to cultivate the heart soil and would receive the Word into it, that it too has life that cannot help but grow and would spring up first the blade, then the ear, and finally the full corn in the ear.

Farmers have faith or they wouldn't sow the seed. Yet what do we too often lose? Not much else but grumbling and not infrequently cursing for the weather, the soil conditions and the seed. If as farmers we will let hearts, it will produce blessings for ourselves, our homes, our neighbors, and will give to us an added pleasure in going forth to sow both kinds of seed in the glad spring time. What will the harvest be from this year's experience?

A Farm Range

Mrs. Wm. Kelly, Elgin Co., Ont.

Summer is almost here again and with it we look forward to the warm trying days when we have to work in hot kitchens and around a hot stove. Sometimes we almost wish it was not necessary to eat in order to sustain life, as it would save us women-folk many weary hours preparing the daily meals, to say nothing of many other tasks that require working around the stove.

This summer cooking, baking,

washing, ironing, etc., had always been a bugbear to me until last summer when I decided that a change had to be made if at all possible. While visiting my sister in the city, strongly. She could go to her kitchen, prepare a meal and place it on the table and yet appear quite cool and untroubled, while if I had been at home preparing that meal I would have been quite uncomfortable with the heat, almost fagged out and altogether likely out of temper. Of course a great many of us live in the country have no way of getting gas into our homes, but even so, there are other ways out of the difficulty.

A DECIDED IMPROVEMENT

Before returning to my home I visited some hardware stores where all sorts and descriptions of stoves were displayed, and invested in a neat coal oil range. And what a difference that range has made in my work! It has three holes and an oven, so I can do all my cooking and baking with it. I sometimes wonder where the heat goes as my kitchen is so cool. Then, too, it is easily managed. There is no preparing of kindling, lighting of fires, or ceaseless carrying of wood. Another pleasing feature is the lack of dust and dirt, which is bound to be apparent when using wood.

I now consider my coal oil range one of the most valuable labor savers in my home and would urge my country sisters to invest in one at the very first opportunity.



"Listen, Rose."

Bud reads:

"Madam, your own white hands are the first to touch FIVE ROSES.

"For nearly one mile it travels through hygienic automatic processes—more and more spotless.

"Till in a clear creamy stream it flows into clean new packages, filled full-weight by infallible machinery—sewed automatically."

"Goodness!" said round-eyed Rose.

Bud reads eagerly:

"Hand-proof, germ-proof. Every littles bit of machinery is bright—polished like those piano keys of yours. FIVE ROSES is healthy flour, wholesome, none like it. Unbleached, too."

"Nobody touches my flour—but me" said Rose. Imagine such purity—get FIVE ROSES.

Fine Roses Flour

Not Bleached



Not Blended