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I stumbled my way in the dark among the ranks of canvas scenery, and stood on the stage. The house was gloomy and silent, and its emptiness depressing. I went into the dark among the scenes again, and for an hour and a half gave myself up to the horrors, wholly unconscious of everything else.

"Then I heard a murmur; it rose higher and higher, and ended in a crash, mingled with cheers. It made my hair rise, it was so close to me, and so loud. There was a pause, and then another; presently came a third, and before I well knew what I was about, I was in the middle of the stage, staring at a sea of faces, bewildered by the fierce glare of the lights, and quaking in every limb with a terror that seemed like to take my life away. The house was full, aisles and all!

"The tumult in my heart and brain and legs continued a full minute before I could gain any command over myself. Then I recognized the charity and the friendliness in the faces before me, and little by little my fright melted away, and I began to talk. Within three or four minutes I was comfortable, and even content. My three chief allies, with three auxiliaries, were on hand, in the parquette, all sitting together, all armed with bludgeons, and all ready to make an onslaught upon the feeblest joke that might show its head. And whenever a joke did fall, their bludgeons came down, and their faces seemed split from ear to ear; Sawyer, whose hearty countenance was seen looming redly in the center of the second circle, took it up, and the house was carried handsomely. Inferior jokes never fared so royally before.

"Presently I delivered a bit of serious matter with impressive unction (it was my pet), and the audience listened with an absorbed hush that gratified me more than any applause; and as I dropped the last word of the clause I happened to turn and catch Mrs. ———'s intent and waiting eye; my conversation with her flashed upon me, and in spite of all I could do, I smiled. She took it for the signal, and promptly delivered a mellow laugh that touched off the whole audience; and the explosion that followed was the triumph of the whole evening. I thought that honest man, Sawyer, would choke himself; and as for the bludgeons, they performed like pile-drivers. But my poor little morsel of pathos was ruined. It was taken in good faith as an intentional joke, and the prize one of the entertainment, and I wisely let it go at that.

"All the papers were kind in the morning; my appetite returned; I had abundance of money. All's well that ends well."

This was in 1866.

Hope's Quiet Hour.

Forget and Remember.

Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others.—Phil. 2, 4.

The other day I read a little story about a young girl whose daily prayer was: "Lord, help me to forget myself and remember others." I promptly adopted it as a daily prayer also. Won't you do the same? It is so short, and yet covers so much ground. If we could all live that little prayer, as well as say it, how radiant our lives would be. Then selfishness would have no chance to hold the reins, but love would rule supreme.

Let us look at life from this point of view. We can't have just what we want. Instead of fretting or grumbling, we can forget our own wants and remember that we have a chance to brighten some other life. It is a very easy thing to give pleasure. A few minutes ago an express-man came with a parcel, and he was so jolly that I felt inspired with a desire to radiate sunshine, too. Yesterday it was the man who sells vegetables whose face of good cheer made me feel the truth of the proverb, "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine."

Years ago, I heard of an invalid lady in California who was anxious to forget herself and remember others; so she made it her pet mission to treat with kindness and courtesy all those who came to her house to peddle books or other wares. She was poor, and could not often buy anything, but she was pleasant and considerate in her way of speaking to them, and sometimes invited a poor, tired woman or feeble old man to sit down and rest, offering a glass of water, or some other simple refreshment. I thought of her a few days ago, when a lame man rang the bell and asked if I would buy some pins or needles. He was so very grateful for a few words of sympathy for his pain, and for some small purchases which I made, saying that he had been getting "terribly discouraged," for no one wanted to be bothered with him, that I felt quite ashamed of my first impulse, which was to say decidedly, "I don't want anything to-day." How often we are so busy with our own concerns that we have no time to remember other people, forgetting our Lord's common way of appearing in disguise and giving us a chance to offer Him the "cup of cold water" of some little courteous kindness. It was the lady in California who saved me that time, but how often have I missed the chance of hearing the Master say, "Inasmuch as you have done it unto one of the least of these, My brethren, you have done it unto Me." I have been so busy remembering myself that He has been forgotten.

How good for us it is to forget ourselves for a time, to turn from our own ambition, cares and work, and simply remember God. We must, like Moses, spend much of our time with God on the heights, if our faces are to be radiant and our lives are to be of real service to our fellows.

"Thy dearest Friend dwells deep within thy soul,

And asks thyself of thee,
That heart and mind and sense He may make whole,

In perfect harmony.
Doth not thy inmost spirit yield
And sink where Love stands thus revealed?

Be still and veil thy face;
The Lord is here,—this is His holy place!
Then back to earth; and 'mid its toil and throng,

One glance within will keep thee calm and strong.
And when the toil is o'er, how sweet, O God, to flee
Within, to Thee!"

Last week, a lady who was making an address to some members of "The Girls' Friendly Society," described some woman whom she had that day noticed in a Toronto street car. She had held up a quarter to the conductor, and snapped out, "Tickets!" When these were provided, she said, "Transfer!" with an utter absence of ordinary politeness, and certainly none of the beauty of womanly courtesy. It was a little thing, but little things often reveal years of bad habits, even to a casual looker-on. Was she too poor to be able to afford a "please" or a "thank you"? She evidently did not remember that the conductor was not a part of the machinery of the car, but was a man—as sensitive as we all are to rudeness in word or manner—and was also one of the "brethren" of the King of Kings. Discourtesy to one of Christ's brethren is really discourtesy to Him, and is not such a trifling matter as it may seem.

One day a woman who was serving me in a shop, said—as another customer went out—"That lady does not know it hurts me to be told all day long that things are 'dear.' I can't help it if food has gone up in price; but to have people nagging all day long makes me feel bruised and sore and miserable." How often we remember only our own point of view, and forget that it hurts anyone to be constantly found fault with. We all want to be of use to our world—perhaps wish hopelessly that we had influence or wealth so that we might have a chance to do big things—and this chance of helping many people lies always close beside us. Sometimes a little act of eager service is so plainly stamped with God's approval that it is held up for all men to copy for thousands of years. It is about four thousand years since a man

was sitting in his tent door in the heat of an Eastern noontime. Seeing three strangers approach, he ran out to salute them and offer them the best hospitality in his power. Hurrying into the tent, he told his wife to "quickly" make cakes of "fine meal." Then he "ran" to the herd to choose a calf that was "tender and good," and, when the food had been hastily prepared, this man—a man who was very rich—himself waited on his guests and stood by them while they were eating. He was not forgetful to entertain strangers, and thereby he had the high privilege of unawares entertaining angels and the Lord of angels. On that occasion, God lifted the veil which usually hides His face—but He only lifted it after Abraham had shown an eager desire to remember and supply the needs of those who appeared to have no claim on him. We may be very sure that many others since that memorable day have had the opportunity of offering kindness to the Lord of Hosts. Let us eagerly make the most of these glorious opportunities, without fearing to suffer loss by forgetting to look sharply after the interests of "Number One." God will not forget those who joyously remember Him, and He delights in giving His children pleasant surprises.

"Not by appointment do we meet delight
And joy; they heed not our expectancy;
But round some corner in the streets of life,

They on a sudden clasp us with a smile."

Here is a chance for getting pleasure by giving it. "A Faithful Reader" asked for the addresses of some lonely people who would be glad to receive second-hand magazines or other literature, and the following readers of "The Farmer's Advocate" have expressed their desire to receive any such books or papers:

1. Mrs. Hardy Miller, Oshweken, Ont.
2. Mrs. Bettington, Pinehurst, East Bolton, Que.
3. Mrs. David McLellan, Noel Shore, Hants Co., N. S.

Another reader (see letter given below) wishes to have any useful literature for distribution.

Here is a description of Two Days. In the first, Self was remembered; in the second, Self was forgotten. Which was best?

"A perfect day! I tried to hold it fast:

To make each hour my own, and sip its sweets,
As if it were a flower, and I its bee.
No one should come between me and my joy,

My will should rule my actions for one day.
Ah, yes! it slipped away, its secret kept,
And hid from me behind the sunset clouds.

"Another day: 'God help me use the hours!'
I said, 'And let Thy will be done, not mine.'
I watched if might be some one needed help,

If I might speak a word of cheer, or give
A hand, or even softly step where wounds
Were aching. Day of sweet revealing!

When
It passed, it left its perfume in my heart."

May God help us, by daily practice in small, unnoticed ways, to forget ourselves and remember others.

DORA FARNQOMB.

Editor Home Magazine Dept. of "The Farmer's Advocate," London:

Dear Madam,—In reading Hope's Quiet Hour in "The Farmer's Advocate" of 19th inst., I noticed "Faithful Reader" wished addresses of persons "who would be glad of magazines and second-hand literature." In the community in which I live are numbers of homes to which such reading would be a Godsend, and I would be pleased to receive anything, either religious or secular, for distribution among these people. Trusting it may be convenient for you to pass my address to "Faithful Reader," or anyone having literature to spare. Respectfully yours,

JACOB MATTHIAS,

Uffington, Ont.

Muskoka District.

The Ingle Nook.

[Rules for correspondents in this and other Departments: (1) Kindly write on one side of paper only. (2) Always send name and address with communications. If pen-name is also given, the real name will not be published. (3) When enclosing a letter to be forwarded to anyone, place it in stamped envelope ready to be sent on. (4) Allow one month, in this department, for answers to questions to appear.]

A friend of mine has a child who is left-handed, and hundreds of times I have heard her trying to train the little thing out of the "fault." "Now, Helen, put your spoon in your right hand." "Helen, the right hand is for the knife." "Why, Helen, you simply must not try to write with your left hand." This is the song a dozen times a day, until I am sure poor Helen has almost learned to hate that flunking right hand, which never seems to be on the spot to do its duty.

Of course, I had always thought this all right. All civilization had declared for the right hand, and so the right hand must it be—so meekly, like sheep, do we follow tradition!

One day, however, a pamphlet written by Dr. Geo. M. Gould, of Ithaca, New York, came into the office, and upset all my preconceived notions on the subject.

To be brief, the writer argued that any mother who tries to make a left-handed child use her right, is doing a great wrong. The pamphlet was very technical, written, as it was, chiefly for doctors, and so rather hard for ordinary mortals to understand, but part of it was clear enough, viz.: that the brain, eyes and hands are all, by means of the nervous system, in some mysterious way, connected, and that if this connection is upset, irreparable harm may ensue. "Visual function, righteyedness," says Dr. Gould, "is the cause of righthandedness, and lefteyedness is the cause of lefthandedness." And again,—"Mothers and teachers go to the extreme, and brutally train the child to disuse the left hand for writing, and to transplant the intellectual centers for speech, writing, etc., from their natural location with the left-handed in the right side of the brain, over to the left side."

All this, we may take to mean that the intellectual centers of our mysteriously-formed selves are definitely located in some portion of the brain; that there is a nerve connection between that portion and the eye and hand on the opposite side of the body; and that if we interfere with that connection, we do so at peril, injuring not only the eyesight, but causing suffering of many kinds.

Dr. Gould is very insistent that the slightest defect in vision be corrected at once, and by an expert in eye treatment. Astigmatism, he says, is likely to cause spinal curvature, which, in turn, may cause neurasthenia or nervous debility, with its attendant ills, and a large majority of diseases not usually attributed to eyestrain. Headache is a very common result of neglect of the eyes; even indigestion is at times due to it.

Spectacles exactly suited to his eyes, should be given at once, it is shown, to the astigmatic child, and he should, moreover, be taught to stand and sit in such a way that his spine shall be kept straight, and capable for the work that it must do. When writing, he should be taught to keep the paper 12 or 14 inches from the eye, and directly opposite the right arm and shoulder (if right-handed), the body itself being erect and squarely placed.

Should the slightest curvature of the spine be discovered, a skillful physician should be consulted at once, as delay may allow time for a series of complications, which cannot easily be grappled with.

It is a fact, not the less sad because so common, that many parents are stupidly blind concerning the physical welfare of their children. A child suffers from sore throat and colds; he is let run about with but little attention until catarrh, and perhaps worse, has been induced. Another has adenoids in his nose. It is noticed that his breathing is difficult, but nothing is done, and presently lung trouble or debility develops through persistent mouth-breathing. As has been seen above, defective vision is parent to a multitude of ills.

It is to be hoped that this reference to Dr. Gould's pamphlet, brief though it is, may suffice to awake a sense of responsi-