

## THE FARM HOMES

WAD some poo'er the giftie gie us,  
That see ourselves as ither see us;  
It wad frae monie a blunder free us,—  
An' foolish notion.—Burns.

### The Second Chance

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Author of "Sowing Seeds in Danny"

(Continued from last week)

IT seemed to be quite a natural thing for them to sing "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow," and for the hand-shaking to begin all over again. They were only a handful of very ordinary people in a desolate-looking unpainted schoolhouse that dark Sunday afternoon, but a new spirit seemed suddenly to have come over them, a new spirit that made them forget their worries and cares, their sordid jealousies and little meannesses, the spirit of love and neighborly kindness, and there were some there who remembered the old promise about the other One who was come wherever "two or three are gathered together," and thought they felt the Unseen Presence.

A few hours later Bud was sitting in the cushioned rocking-chair of the tent before a cheerful fire that blazed in the Klondike heater. On the lounge sat his father, mother, and Mrs. Cavers.

Libby Anne, in a pale blue kimono, and wrapped in a warm shawl, was on Bud's knee, holding in her hands a gold locket and a chain, and saying over and over to herself in an ecstasy: "Bud did come back, and I'm Bud's girl."

Mr. Perkins was in radiant good-humour. "By George, it's great to have Buddie home!" he said, "and our kid here gettin' better. Let me tell you, Buddie, we've had a pretty dull, damp time around here; things have been pretty blue and with no one to help me with the stock since Ted left. I was tellin' ye about Ted, wasn't I? Well, sir, we've been up against it all right, but now I'm feelin' so good I could a whoop and yell, and still, I kinda feel I shouldn't. I'm a good deal like old Bill Mills, down at the Portage, the time the boys 'shivered' him. You see, just the day after the first woman was buried old Bill started in to point up his buckboard, and as soon as the paint was dry he was off huntin' up another woman; and he got her, too, a strappin' fine big Crofter girl, by George! you should see her milkin' a cow—I passed there one day when she was milkin', and I can tell you she had a big black and white Holstein cow shakin' to the horns! Well, anyway, when Bill and the girl got married, the boys came to 'shiver' them. The old woman was just dead two months, and when the news started Bill came out, mad as hops, and told them they should be ashamed of themselves making such a racket at a house where there had so lately been a funeral! That's how it is with us, eh, what? By George, it's great altogether to have Buddie home."

#### CHAPTER XXXIV. THE CONTRITE HEART.

Who knows whither, the clouds have fled?

In the unscarred heaven they leave no wake.

And the eyes forget the tears they have shed.

And the heart forgets its sorrow and ache.

—James Russell Lowell.

During Libby Anne's illness Mrs. Cavers had been so anxious about her that she had hardly given a thought to anything else; but when the little girl's perfect recovery seemed assured,



There is No Place Like Home—Especially a Country Home

The beauty of the city home depends on the wealth of its owner. In the country Nature, properly directed, will make the home beautiful at little expense. Study the planting in this illustration of the home of R. J. Walker, a Peterboro county reader of Farm and Dairy.

ed, she was confronted again by the problem of their future. Libby Anne's illness, in spite of the neighbours' and the doctor's kindness, had made a hole in the two hundred dollars Mrs. Watsons had given her. She still had some money left from her share of the crop, but she would need that for new clothes for herself and Libby Anne; there would be the price of the tickets, and the other expenses of the journey, and she must save enough to buy her ticket back to Manitoba.

Of course, there were still the two cows and the hens, which the neighbours had kindly taken care of for her, and there was some old machinery, but she did not expect that she would get much from the sale of it. The first day that Libby Anne was able to walk, Dr. Clay came out to see her, and brought to Mrs. Cavers a letter from the new tenant who had

rented the Steadman farm. The letter stated that the writer was anxious to buy all her furniture, machinery and stock, and wanted to make her an offer of three hundred dollars cash for them.

Mrs. Cavers read the letter with astonishment. She had never hoped for such a price. "Now, doctor," she said, "you've been to me one of the best friends any one ever had. Tell me one thing—Is Sandy Braden paying part of this?"

Dr. Clay was prepared for the question and answered evasively. "I'll bring the man here to see you—he's an old Indiana farmer with lots of money, and you know your implements are in very good shape. I went out with him to the farm, and together we figured out what the stuff was worth. Here is the list; he is perfectly satisfied if you are."

Mrs. Cavers shook her head doubtfully. "I know that the stuff is not worth more than half that amount, and I know very well that either you or Mr. Braden has fixed this up for me to let me still feel independent and have my trip back home. I know that, but I'm going to take it, doctor, without a word. I am not even going to try to thank you. I haven't seen my mother or any of my own people for twelve years. It has been my sweetest dream that some day I would go back home, and now it looks as if the dream were coming true. I am like a little hungry boy who has been looking at a peach in a shop window for days and days and days, desiring without hope, when suddenly someone comes out and puts it in his hand—he will quite likely run away with it without so much as thanking his friend, but he's grateful the same. That's the way it is with me, doctor; I am grateful,

Cavers when, in the quiet afternoon lay in the hammock on the porch. Always as they talked the mother was thinking of the evil day that the world had held for her girl, and planning in every loving heart could devise to make up to her, after the fashion of the world, the world over.

To Mrs. Cavers, the spring summer days were full of peace and happiness. The quiet restfulness of her mother's home—the well-appointed rooms, the old-fashioned furniture with its yellow keys, in the back of the dear familiar pictures on the walls—all these seemed to soothe her tired heart. The garden, with its patches of ribbons, its sunny green and scarlet runners, its fragrant and pleasant associations, and she sat in the little vine-covered summer in the trees above, the long years she had lived seemed to have faded, hazy and unreal—the things were the birds and the flowers and her mother's love.

July came in warm and sunny, behind the morning glory vines, closed in the small veranda, the days were cool and pleasant. Mrs. Cavers, lying in the hammock, was looking at the sweet face of her mother, who sat knitting beside her. All afternoon as she lay there had been thinking of the hot but busy work on the farm which she must face the busy, busy farm, where she had to be for the work he had to do. Each day she seemed to feel more—the early rising, the long hours, the constant rushing, the interminable washing, the heavy dishes in a hot kitchen, reeking with tobacco smoke. She had gone through it many times before, bravely, for there had been years in her when she had something better—good days, surely come, when her husband had done better, and they would be happy. This thought had sustained her many times, but the good days never come, and now—how could she go back to it with no hope. There was nothing ahead of her but a toil, just working every day to raise a few dollars, and a life of a merciless boss that people she loved so!

"Must you really go back to West, Ellie, dear?" her mother asked as if she read her daughter's long thoughts.

Mrs. Cavers sat up and answered bravely. "Oh, yes, mother, it's West for me; but some day we'll be back, I ain't afraid of no one of them, I love visits, always I love to go back, but I can't go back here and had to go to the side me. But, of course, I must be back in the harvest—it is really beautiful country, and especially in the fall of the year, I must have some business there which I must attend to." She did not tell her mother of the business.

"Ellie, I would like to have you stay with me, and your dear little girl—there's only the four of us, and we are so happy here. Why can't we stay with us?"

Mrs. Cavers knew why, but she could not tell her mother that she had very little left of the money she had made the price of a ticket back to Manitoba.

"I've been praying every day for you, Ellie, that we would see you to part again," her mother said, "I can't let you go, my dear. Great peace of soul when heavy step came rapidly up the stairs. Mrs. Cavers, starting to her feet, herself face to face with Sandy Braden as he came up the steps.

(Continued next week)

## The Upward

Love Thy

Therefore, if thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself, thou shalt love thy brother as thyself. —St. Mark.

Has your brother ever been in your power to love him, in order that you might love him with all your heart, mind, and strength?

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