

There will be no Chances This Year for

The idler.
The leaner.
The coward.
The wobbler.
The ignorant.
The weakling.
The smatterer.
The indifferent.
The unprepared.
The educated fool.
The impractical theorist.
Those who watch the clock.
The slipshod and careless.
The young man who lacks backbone.
The person who is afraid of obstacles.
The man who has no iron in his blood.
The person who tries to save on foundations.
The boy who slips rotten hours into his schooling.
The man who is always running to catch up with his business.
The man who can do a little of everything and not much of anything.
The man who wants to succeed, but who is not willing to pay the price.
The one who tries to pick only the flowers out of his occupation, avoiding the thorns.—[Success.]

Arcady at Home.

I may be writing to someone who has a home remote from her own kith and kin, a home apart from neighbors, with long intervals of silence and brooding. There are such homes. Fortunate it is if in them is a cradle in the living-room, if little feet patter up and down the stair, and if there are friendly cats and dogs that make for themselves a place beside the fire. A mother can never feel herself an exile if her children are around her. One such lonely woman wrote me not long ago, "I stand at the door and listen to the sound of the hoof-beats until they die in the distance, and know that I have seen the last of my husband for the whole day. He waves his hand at the end of the lane, and is gone. He likes this big new country, with its great spaces, and he lives in the future when we are all going to be rich. But I don't care for a big, empty, level landscape. I pine for the hills and the sea. I long for the dear people in the little home village, for the gossip and the familiar faces, and the church fairs, and the little things that happen. Nothing happens here."

You may imagine that it is a pleasure to correspond with a sister who is far away and discouraged, who, in some of her low moods can hardly enjoy her children's company. In her case, as in that of many another, loneliness and homesickness are aggravated by continual drudgery and the pressure of routine. Husbands have over wives the decided advantage that they go out for a daily change of scene, and return at night to an environment that greets them with cosy comfort and a smiling welcome. Office, shop, ranch, farm, field, whatever place of toil a man has, he goes to it daily, and in due course he returns. Out on the ocean the sailor may toss in a wild gale, but he does not lose heart, for somewhere on the shore, where the lamp is burning and the kettle sings, there is a home, there is a wife, there are babies.

Heart's desire is always satisfied when one goes home, but not always does heart's desire incline to stay there. This is why, when you stand on the wharf and wave good-bye to the friends who are to cross the ocean, you need not waste a sigh on them. They are going away for a good time, and will return to their Arcady by-and-bye. Your sympathy must be for the ones who stay at home, abide by the stuff, and accept the monotony of the daily grind.

—Margaret Sangster, in Woman's Home Companion.



Good Temper.

"When it drizzles and drizzles,
If we cheerfully smile,
We can make the weather,
By working together,
As fair as we choose in a little while.
For who will notice that clouds are drear
If pleasant faces are always near,
And who will remember that skies are grey
If he carries a happy heart all day."

It has been said that good temper is nine-tenths of Christianity; whether that be true or not, it certainly goes a very long way in making the comfort of home life. If we don't display an attractive kind of Christianity, we must be driving people farther from Christ, instead of drawing them nearer to Him. But the true test of anyone's temper is not his behavior in society—when he has his company manners on—but his behavior in the privacy of home life. Some people, especially semi-invalids, seem to think that they have a right to be as irritable as they choose when they have no visitors to be shocked with their bad manners. It is all very well to talk of "nerves," and we healthy people are bound to make large allowance for those whose nervous system is all on edge; but, on the other hand, to give way to "nerves" is the very way to become slaves to them. Others should be treated with some consideration, they may have "nerves" too, although they don't make a fuss about them. Have we any right to get cross and impatient a dozen times a day, or to go about looking as though we hadn't a friend in the world, just because our liver is not in first-class condition? Have we any right to be rude

A peace, in importunity, possessed—
A reconciliation generously sought—
A purpose put aside—a banished thought—
A word of self-explaining unexpressed:
Trifles they seem, these petty soul-restraints:
Yet he who proves them such must needs possess
A constancy and courage grand and bold.
They are the trifles that have made the saints:
Give me to practice them in humbleness,
And nobler power than mine doth no man hold."

Will you study those lines carefully? There is a great deal in them. Think of the glad sound of the voice which might be cultivated by a constant habit of repressing tones of pride or petulance. As the little invalid said when a visitor addressed her in what was intended for sympathy with her ailing condition: "Peak like you do when you laugh!" We don't want our friends to laugh all the time, that would be very tiring, but doleful, mournful sympathy is worth less than nothing. Then take the next line: Why, home would be a new Garden of Eden if all the members of a household were seeking the comfort and pleasure of the other members instead of their own. But I am not going to enlarge on each line—you can easily do that for yourselves.

One of the old philosophers said that everything had two handles—by the one it could easily be carried, but by the other not at all. "Thus, if your brother has injured you, do not take hold of this event on the side of the injury, for that handle will not support it—it is, as we say, intolerable—but take hold of it by the other handle and say, 'Well, he is my brother after all.'" But it is a great



"The Auld Stane Hoose."

The William Henderson homestead, Oxford Co., Ont.

and contemptuous in manner—or even in thought—towards those whose little tricks of manner are not quite to our taste? They may have real solid qualities of soul and heart, which, in the sight of God yes, in the sight of man too—are worth far more than our French polish which is only put on for state occasions. They may be living lives of noble self-sacrifice, beside which our refined, self-seeking existence is very mean and petty. The very fact that they put up cheerfully with our whims and fancies shows that they are above us, although probably they are quite unconscious of the fact.

"A tone of pride of petulance repressed—
A selfish inclination firmly fought—
A shadow of annoyance set at nought—
A murmur of disquietude suppressed—

mistake to think that a weak, easy amiability is a good thing to encourage. It was that kind of thing that brought misery and destruction on the house of Eli. He was, as we say, "good-natured," and allowed his sons to do as they pleased, even a virtue changed into a vice. David made the same mistake in regard to his son Absalom, spoiling him by weak indulgence—and he reaped a bitter harvest when his son drove him from home and kingdom. So, in cultivating good temper, we had better be careful that it is strong temper, and not a weak, milk-and-water article.

It may be hard to be cheerful and healthy in the city, where the air is impure, and only the works of man can be seen, but we who live in the country have far less excuse for irritability or peevishness. The very air should fill us with joy and gladness, and the beauty of

God's handiwork is all around us to fill our hearts with wondering praise. God floods the world with sunshine, and no one has any right to pull down the blinds of his soul and then complain that his life is sad and dreary. It is always possible to find something to fret about, if one is determined to be miserable, but this made-to-order misery is most ungrateful to God, who has given us so many rich blessings for which we hardly trouble to thank Him, although we are generally ready enough to find fault if they are withdrawn. It is very doubtful if those who make a point of finding something to be miserable about would be very happy even if their lives were made perfectly smooth and easy. Their grievance then might be that there was really nothing to grumble about.

"Oh, don't the days seem lank and long,
When all goes right and nothing wrong?
And isn't your life extremely flat
When you've nothing whatever to
grumble at?"

But we are not likely to have that grievance, so let us make up our minds to put up cheerfully with the grievances we have, or fancy we have. It isn't only the present comfort of the other people that may be endangered by our fits of bad temper or irritability. We may do them a deep and lasting injury, if we don't take care. Worldly people are watching professed Christians, watching eagerly to see if they really do possess a pearl of great price, which it would be to their advantage to gain even if they had to sell everything they owned to win it. If they see a joyful spirit, rising triumphant over the little vexations of life, shining always because always reflecting the light of the Sun of Righteousness, they are sure to be attracted by it. It is not by books of evidences of Christianity that most souls are won for Christ. There are no sermons so powerful as the quiet lives of consistent Christians. Let no one say he has no chance to preach for Christ, or to be a missionary. We are all preaching—something—every day of our lives, whether we want to preach or not. But, perhaps, our sermons are doing more harm than good. Our everyday life has far more effect than we realize at the moment, far more effect also than the great acts of heroism that we should like to practice, if we only had the chance. Even if we had the chance, we might not shine in them—quite the reverse, perhaps—and, if we did, they would not help on the cause of Christ as much as the accumulated influence of everyday cheerfulness.

"Am I wrong to be always so happy?
This world is full of grief;
Yet there is laughter of sunshine, to
see the crisp green in the leaf.
Daylight is ringing with song birds, and
brooklets are crooning by night,
And why should I make a shadow
where God makes all so bright?
Earth may be wicked and weary, yet
cannot I help being glad.
There is sunshine without and within
me, and how should I mope or be
sad?
God would not flood me with blessings,
meaning me only to pine
Amid all the bounties and beauties He
pours upon me and mine:
Therefore will I be grateful, and there-
fore will I rejoice:
My heart is singing within me! Sing
on, O heart and voice!"

HOPE.

"I Envy Not."

I envy not in any moods
The captive void of noble rage,
The linnet born within the cage,
That never knew the summer woods.

I envy not the beast that takes
His license in the field of time,
Unfetter'd by the sense of crime,
To whom a conscience never wakes.

Nor, what may count itself as blest,
The heart that never plighted troth,
But stagnates in the weeds of sloth,
Nor any want-begotten rest.

I hold it true, whate'er befall;
I feel it, when I sorrow most;
'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all.

—Alfred Tennyson.