



Keep your face always toward the sunshine, and the shadows will fall behind you.

The temper of the mind in which we meet the hundred and one tiny circumstances of every hour determines our happiness or unhappiness far more than does the detail of what those circumstances are. We cannot choose the circumstances, but we can choose the temper.

A Woman's Heart

A woman's heart is a curious thing! You may bruise and break it and roughly fling.

The balance away as a useless thing; But the sunshine and warmth of a kindly word

Will nourish the tendrils broken, And newness of life is within it stirred.

By a word so gently spoken.

But woman's heart is a foolish thing! With never a doubt all its wealth 'twill bring

And feverish beatow. To its idol will cling Though the world may condemn. Ah! a woman's heart

To reason will never listen:

She will peril her soul, scorn every art, And barter her hopes of heaven;

Will stand unwearied, through night and day.

By the bed of pain, will tenderly lay Her own life down; through years will watch and pray

For the soul of one, who could never know, Could ne'er believe, except in pain,

All the strength of love, all the joy and woe,

That lies concealed in a woman's heart.

The Farmer's Home

By J. B. Wightman.

"Be it ever so humble there's no place like home" is a sentiment that will hold good as long as the world stands. The squalid peasant in overcrowded countries where the lordly rich hold domineering sway over the lower classes, lives in his filthy hut contented, because all attempts to aspire to better surroundings and conditions are crushed, or nipped in the bud, or, more likely, no bud is ever allowed to form. So his days are spent in an unending round of wretchedness, yet his humble cot is his home. All his pleasures, however meagre, centre there with his family around him.

But with the farmers of Canada, how different the conditions! The former's lot is dependence, and the latter's is independence. So it would seem that the Canadian farmer should have a comfortable, happy home. But what should a home be—a model home? My idea is that a home should be a place which a farmer can enjoy, where his children grow up around him to years of discretion. The building should be kept in good repair. The yard should be enclosed with a neatly painted fence. Shade and fruit trees should be set out in abundance around the dwelling. There should also be a nice garden with vegetables, fruits and berries in their season, so that the pork barrel will only have to be visited at intervals "few and far between."

The children should have a good district school education and a winter or two at the academy if possible. What stock is raised should be of good blood, so that the boys will be interested and encouraged. With reasonable conveniences and advantages the farm and farming have no terrors to an ordinary energetic boy. There should be a workshop where leisure hours and rainy days may be spent. A few necessary tools should be there, the more the better. Then when a rainy day comes, the boys will be there, hard at work making or repairing something that will please the head of the family, and they will soon become expert in the use of tools, thereby saving a good many bills. And as regards the house—the home—see that it is supplied with reading matter suitable to the ages of the children. Supply them with books, not of the yellow covered kind, however; give them current newspapers, magazines, etc. If they have a desire for music, get an organ or piano if you can afford it.

Young people brought up under such influences can be trusted to make men and women such as the country needs.

They should not merely be required to share in the work of the farm; their value in that capacity should be recognized by allowing them innocent liberties, and by giving them, as frequently as possible, something they can call their own. In that way they become shareholders in the farm, and they will be nearly as likely to leave it when they have grown to man's estate.

Running an Account

It is doubtless a convenient thing to have a standing account at a store, where you can go at any time, order what you please, and have it charged without the worry of having to consider whether you have money in your purse to pay for it or not, but it is also true that these items, small though they may be, amount up with appalling rapidity into a sum that always surpasses expectation. Besides this, the very best calculators, and those who generally use a wise economy, buy things in this way which they could easily do without did they take the time for reflection which cash payments often compel. It is so easy, when an article that seems at the time desirable, to order it sent and charged for, the temptation overcomes the buyer before the strength which comes from looking at the matter on all sides enables her to resist the impulse to buy. Often purchases are made in this way and regretted, while something that was far more necessary must in consequence be gone without.

A man never knows how truly grateful he was for a past favor until it is time to ask another.

It requires a small mind to understand small things, and just as truly a mind becomes great seeking to understand great things.

Did you ever notice two growling dogs on opposite sides of a fence suddenly butt into an open gate?



The home of a Niagara farmer who believes in the value of pleasant surroundings.