



### A House Blessing

THE beauty of the house is order. The blessing of the house is contentment. The glory of the house is hospitality. The crown of the house is Godliness.

## The Domestic Adventures

By Joshua Daskin Bacon  
(Continued from last week)

It was when I realized that we were really living in our rented house, which turned out, by the way, to be very well arranged with closets and a good furnace and a refrigerator bought from the last tenants, Chloe suggested to them that they would probably enjoy trying an apartment, and that in that case the refrigerator would be built in, and they actually decided to—that I determined to write an account of our life here with Chloe. For any one could see that there would be things worth writing. And since I have seen the manuscripts Sabina has to read (and the ones she accepts) I feel more encouraged about my literary efforts. I am sure that if Chloe were put into a book it would turn out to be a novel all by itself, with very little assistance from the author, because wherever she is, things happen, and certainly nothing could be more helpful than living with a heroine like her.

A temperamental lady has its advantages, however, and one of the most recent disadvantages has been Mamie. Before I begin my character study of Chloe I really must express my mind about Mamie for a page or two; for if I ever do get the courage to show this to Sabina, she will understand, when she reads this part, a little of what I have gone through with that girl. Naturally, as I am the housekeeper, I have most to do with the maid, and that being the case, I cannot help feeling that my judgment.

But this is not quite fair. If I had seriously objected to Mamie, of course she would not have been engaged. And I did not—seriously. I only felt that a little more experience would have been desirable. Still, it was very sweet of Chloe to save me the trouble of advertising or going to one of those dreadful bureaus. I had discovered a good laundress—to come in for a day and a half a week—and Chloe, going down to her house with a message, saw Mamie, her niece, sitting by the window, on a visit.

She said that it struck her immediately what an ideal maid Mamie would make in a blue-and-white-striped ringham, to match her eyes, and a white apron, she flushed so prettily when she came to the door. She is, in a real manner, Chloe said, in showing them in, and going for her aunt; not coarse and blundering and forward, but just sweetly interested. Mr. Ogden, who was with her at the time, saw it, too, and thought we were in great luck to get her. And as Chloe

says, no one would have been more willing to learn, and there seemed to be no reason why she should not make a good cook in time, with her aunt there every week to help her; only she never did, and her aunt never told me privately that she never would, in her opinion.

I have never denied that Mamie was very pretty. She was. She had wavy chestnut hair and the most won-

"I consider The Canadian Dairyman and Farming World to be a clean farm journal, and think that it is not only improving all the time, but is fast getting to the front as one of Canada's alive, wide-awake agricultural papers." Mr. A. Hector Cutten, Inglewood Farm, N. S.

derful complexion. I admit cheerfully that she looked nothing less than charming in her striped blue-and-white morning dress, with her plain cap and apron, and Mr. Ogden is by no means the only gentleman who has remarked that she was simply bewitching in her clear blue afternoon uniform, with embroidered capes on her aprons and velvet rosettes for the caps. Mr. Ogden had a natural interest in Mamie's afternoon appearance, because he and I shopped for that blue dimity through the entire Twenty-third street district all one afternoon. Chloe had intended to go with us, of course, and she had matched Mamie's eyes most carefully with blue sewing silk, and we had the silk for a sample. In the station, however, she met one of the teachers from Miss Mason's with matinee opera tickets, so she invited the teacher to luncheon (with Mr. Ogden) and dashed off at two with her. Mr. Ogden watched them jump on the car. The other teacher pulled herself in, but Chloe sprang up like a big girl of fifteen and actually waved her hand at us.

"What a magnificent vitality!" he said; and then, "And what a strange life!" "Tristan and Isolde" this afternoon in the top gallery, with that estimable young woman in the shirt-waist and "Aida" next Wednesday night in the Stuyvesant's box, with handsome shoulders!"

"I believe she enjoys me almost as much as the other," said I. He gave me such a grateful smile. Then he pursed his lips and cooed at his heart's little.

"Wonder," he said. "We had a hard time with the dim-

ity, because as Chloe impressed upon us, Mamie's eyes were real old blue, not china, not aniline blue, and the stuff had to be washed once or twice at least, as Sabina sarcastically added. So we tried to satisfy them both, and I hate to remember what I paid for it. Still it was a very pretty idea of Chloe's, not having any black dresses; she thought it would be simple and distinctive, to say nothing of cool in the summer; and as she very truly says, it is those little details carefully carried out that give the air of personality and selection, when you haven't a great deal of money. There was plenty of distinction in Mamie's dresses—very, one noticed them, and one of Chloe's friends, an illustrator, paid her five dollars for posing for him three mornings—but I have never been sure that they were really simple. The dimity had to be washed very carefully, you see, and her aunt took such pains with it that the rest of the laundry suffered terribly, and Sabina complained, for she has lovely under things, though her dresses are so severe. Then ever since Chloe told her that Anna Sykesant noticed how neat her finger nails were when she passed the tea. Mamie spent altogether too much of her afternoon on her hands, and I am afraid she used my manicure set. No one could blame the girl for wanting to look nice when every body praised her appearance so, and I understand perfectly that cleaning rooms, particularly floors, is hard on the appearance. I understand, because I had to do it over again after Mamie pretended to.

On the other hand, I appreciate Sabina's point of view when she said that she didn't mind cold meat the

We all have some faults of character that to find it difficult, possibly impossible, to overcome. Perhaps it is our tempers. We try and try and hard to master what we know to be a serious defect. When we awake in the morning we say to ourselves: "Now I won't give way to my temper today," and, perhaps, before we are downstairs something has happened, somebody has said something, or the child, that we have made some childish mistake, and instantly, before we have time for a moment's thought, the cross words, that the next moment we would give almost anything to take back, have been spoken.

Or perhaps we succeed and for several days we conquer our tendency to speak sharply. We begin to think that at last we are gaining the mastery over ourselves. Then, a day comes when we have a headache or a long anticipated pleasure turns out to be a bitter disappointment. That night we suddenly realize that all day we have been venting our feelings on the loved ones around us or on those with whom our work has brought us in contact. How disheartening the whole struggle then appears. It seems as though we might just as well give up trying not to be cross.

Perhaps we may have prayed for help, but we have not asked for it. It may seem to us that there is no use, even in praying. This thought may be the most disheartening of all. If God will not answer our prayers, we ask, how can we hope to succeed?

### VICTORY IS ASSURED

God will answer our prayers. He will only ask us to leave our faults unto the uttermost; until we have gained their complete mastery. Do you ask how can we be sure of this? Then I answer, because He has promised to. If we are not gaining the victory now we may be sure that the fault is ours, not His.

We know that His God's will that we shall be loving and kind because He has told us to love one another. Therefore, when we pray for strength to overcome our temper, we know that we are asking for help. That if in accord with His will and that He hears us, and that he will grant us our petitions.

Many years ago I used to wonder why it was necessary that we should pray every day for help and guidance. It seemed to me that we were bothering the Lord too much. That if we prayed once a month for good health and for our food and raiment it should be sufficient. I failed to realize that my lack of capacity was the reason which made daily prayer necessary. We are like engines. An engine can carry only a limited supply of fuel and water. It must be refueled to stop frequently for coal and water or it could not run. In the same way we must pray constantly or our tempers will give out.

We should not fail to recognize, also, that God probably has given us our tempers as a means by which we may learn to gain patience. "If we can once realize that if we will give way to anger, a God will give us the opportunity to be patient, and thus to grow in love and power, we may, in time, learn to be thankful for the tempers that God will give us to strengthen, and not to weaken, our character."

## The Upward Glance

### Our Bad Tempers a Blessing

This is the confidence that we have in Him that if we have anything according to His will. He hears us; and if we know that He hears us, whatsoever we ask, we know that we have the petitions that we desired of Him. 1 John, 5: 14, 15.

I received the alarm clock not long ago and am surprised at it. It is much better than what I ever thought it would be. It is a fine clock in every way and for only two new subscribers.—Irwin Shepherd, Waterloo Co., Ont.