

vide for their stock, they extend their business by adding farming to ranching. Their stock may still constitute the main portion of their business, but by marketing their surplus produce they find that what seemed a source of loss to them has really been a blessing in disguise. It has developed into actuals, the potentialities both of themselves and of their land.

There may be "mixed farmers" just as there may be "mixed ranchers." The conservative narrow-minded man toils on from the time the frost is four inches out of the ground until returning winter leaves him nothing to do but wield his pick-axe on frozen manure. Frugal, industrious, God-fearing, he has worked year in year out along so narrow a path that he is unaffected by the march of progress. Jealous of his neighbor, suspicious of "new-fangled" methods of doing business, he is as soft as butter in the hands of the city dealer to whom he hauls his scanty harvest. But the shrewd up-to-date ranch-farmer is by no means "mixed" and is always "there" when an opportunity for bettering his position presents itself.

Another Wesley.

Cardiff, South Wales, has published abroad the tale of a new evangelist, Evans Roberts by name, who, from a common collier, has suddenly leaped into fame as almost a second Wesley. He draws vast throngs to hear him, and not only do his words thrill and fire his hearers, but he seems to possess the power of conferring upon them the gift of eloquent speech. Old men and maidens, young men and even children, rise and give testimony to the spiritual change he has worked in their lives. This rustic divine preaches the gospel of joy. He smiles and laughs in the pulpit, and his services in their gay and festive character are in marked contrast to the familiar lugubriousness of our own camp-meetings, with their weeping mourners and their overpowering sense of sin. It is said that at many of the factories in South Wales the hands have stopped work to hold prayer-meetings, and the owners complain that they are in consequence put to serious loss. At one of the large tin-plate factories, when the horn sounded the other morning, the men all dropped their tools, and for three-quarters of an hour they held a prayer-meeting, while the machinery stood still. They prayed for the manager's soul, but he replied that he preferred their work to their prayers. The whole story may remind us that the Celtic character in Wales, as in Ireland, or Scotland or Brittany, is singularly prone to waves of religious emotionalism, and goes to extremes in fervent piety.



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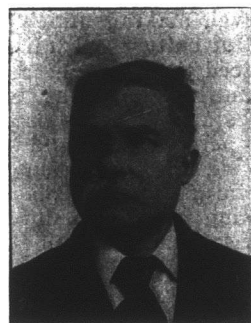
Be Strong.

We are not here to play, to dream, to drift,
We have hard work to do and loads to lift;
Shun not the struggle, face it, it's God's gift.
Be strong!
Say not the days are evil—Who's to blame?
And fold the hands and acquiesce, O! shame;
Stand up, speak out, and bravely in God's name!
Be strong!
It matters not how deep entrenched the wrong,
How hard the battle goes,—the day how long,
Faint not! Fight on! To-morrow comes the song!

—M. D. Babcock.

A New Move.

With the view of furnishing readers of The Western Home Monthly with entertaining and up-to-date reading, we have made arrangements with a number of individuals in the West for articles on different subjects. We cannot name all, as the letters promised are so varied. This issue we give a couple. One is on the Constitutional



WM. TRANT,
The well-known writer,
of Calgary.

Growth of the Northwest Territories, by that well known speaker and writer of Regina, Mr. Wm. Trant. He deals with the growth of the Territories up to the present in an interesting manner. The other article is about the leading horse stables in the West. As will be noticed, these articles are well illustrated, and this course will be followed throughout. We have procured a very large number of photographs from towns all over the West, and these will be used as copy for halftones in illustrating our pages.

Notwithstanding the fact that the expense entailed in producing such a magazine is very heavy, we have set our face successward, and it is pleasing to know that our efforts are being appreciated. This is evinced by the large number of names we are receiving as subscribers. The list to hand for 1905 has been very gratifying indeed.

Good Nature Often Allied to Heroism.

A public school in one of the large eastern cities recently awarded one of its boy-pupils a medal for a rather unusual trait—the constant manifestation of good nature. He had not delved deeply into the profundities of academic learning; he had not mastered obstacles in the pathway of knowledge which the essayist delights to glibly characterize as "almost insuperable." He had not fired his fellow scholars with his eloquence nor established new records on the cinder path or football gridiron. He had simply met the mutations just as frequent in school life as real life, and relatively as important, with a placid front.

When he failed in a class recitation, when he was disciplined righteously or otherwise, when he came to school on various mornings and found the stove smoky and the temperature inhospitable, when he was suffering from headache, toothache—in the face of

all and singular of the paltry worries which, collectively, make for every-day exasperation, he was serene, unmoved to wrath, with an infectious smile and a word of inspiration for those who take the little things of life more tragically. The authorities were justified, too, in distinguishing him from his comrades for the possession of this specific characteristic, for good nature is one of the most valuable qualities with which any individual may be endowed in the scramble for preferment.

Mind you, however, there are two varieties of good nature as there are two species of every quality peculiar to human kind. Amiability of temperament may be inherent or acquired. In the former instance the individual deserves no more credit than he would for the possession of brown instead of blue eyes. It came to him by no effort or volition of his own, and though it oils his way through life and increases the happiness of other people, he should ascribe no glory whatever to himself or permit himself to look with censorious eyes on the man who, through the operation of laws equally beyond his personal control, has been weighted down with a moodiness or biliousness of disposition. Another well-defined and rather prevalent type of the man generally reputed to be good-natured, is the lymphatic customer.

With a heart in his breast which never varies in its slow, methodical pumping, no matter how exciting events in the surrounding world, with nerves of nickel-steel, and sensibilities about as keen as those of a well-regulated steam engine, he moves on impassively through life, passing for a man of good nature. As a matter of fact, he is no more entitled to credit for his even poise than is that same steam engine for the rhythmic, unemotional performance of its functions. And neither is he good-natured, unless the term be applied as we might apply it to a lump of putty—a substance complacent enough in its way, albeit seldom appealing to the man whose veins bulge with a fluid that has nothing in common with clabber.

But it is when you arrive at the individual hampered by super-personal physical or psychological peculiarities, which induce a chronic saturnity of mental vision tinging his view-point with melancholy and veneering his labors and his pleasures with a yellowish, blue shade, that you should begin to get your microscope in action for the detection of commendable will-power and self-control. For if such a person exhibits a buoyancy of conduct, an enthusiasm, a philosophic interpretation of the disappointments of existence, you may be sure that you have discovered a hero. He is literally wrenching himself loose from impulses and propensities which gird him on every side and which seek to dominate his every action. Most likely he has learned by sordid experience, that the view-point of despondency does not pay, and that it puts him out of sympathy with the rest of the universe. But you may rest assured that it has been a desperate struggle for him to emerge from his slavery to himself—a slavery the most abject, and one which carries fetters more binding and galling than those of the most tyrannical external master.

So, when you are shedding your likes and dislikes so blithely in every direction, selecting persons for the former who ever greet you with a smile and a jovial word, don't forget the man whose smile may not be quite so spontaneous and inspiring as would meet your whim, but who may be making an uphill fight against his own morbidity of temperament. And don't be so ready to eulogize "old John, that sunny tempered fellow" at the expense of "James, who always looks as though he's attending his own funeral." Perhaps John's optimism came to him at birth as a legacy and, though he is to be congratulated as we would congratulate any friend similarly situated, James is infinitely more commendable if he is waging a hard war against a perversity of disposition for which he is to be no more condemned than is John for the happy reverse.

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