Heart's Sunshine

Oh, if only those who love us Would but tell us while we live, And not wait until life's journey Ended is, before they give The smile we hungered after, Tender words we longed to hear, Which we listened for but vainly, For many a weary year!

There is much of pain and sorrow All must bear, and bear alone, Yet how helpful is the sunshine, Of a cheery look and tone, How it brightens up life's pathway, And dispels the shadows grim, And restores our shattered idols, Which we built in days now dim.

Then bestow your sunshine freely! Let it shine from out your eyes, Let it speak in warm hand pressures, Let it breathe in heartfelt sighs, Let it cheer the fainting spirit Of some sister in distress, Let it thrill our jarring voices With a note of tenderness.

For in serving fellow mortals We best serve the Father, too, And in lightening their burdens Ours grow light and fade from view, And a sympathetic nature That vibrates to other's needs Is a bit of God's own sunshine Quickening to noble deeds.

Miss Willard from childhood was very systematic-her play with her brothers was that of forming organizations. As a school girl she was more reckless and careless about religious affairs than the others. In fact she ridiculed religion a great deal. But when her heart was touched and her eyes opened to the Christ life, a boundless amount of love and beauty and truth and Christliness tion from her writings. sprang from a personality so deep that it penetrates into all parts of the world. thoughts after Him-only a steady hand

many clever and brilliant women who heart unhurried by artificial stimulants needed their blinded eyes opened to the beauty of the Christ life in order to save humanity from vice and sin.

When great mentalities are placed in the world, they are needed to serve humanity. When we feel the influence of this one woman like Miss Willard who had Christ in her heart, we realize how empty and useless are the lives of famous women who had not Christ. -Madame de Stael.

Then I like Miss Willard's spirit of cheerfulness. She said she wanted to make the world more homelike—to make humanity feel at home.

I like the thought in the song "Always leave a person happy when you say good-bye.

Such is a brief outline of the study of the purity, the tenderness, the hopefulness, the sympathy, the thoughtfulness, the helpfulness, the cheerfulness the inspiration, the godliness that constitute a noble life—that formed the life and noble life of Frances Willard. But I would not do the subject justice if I should leave out the theme of Miss Willard's life work, for Frances E. Willard was the founder of the World's Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

Though the first woman in the United States to be chosen to the important and responsible position as dean of a college of ladies when the Lord called her to the temperance work in 1873, she left her work in the college and joined the women in their prayers and fight to free the wrecks of humanity from the power of strong drink. Her beautifully trained show. life she dedicated to God and temperance, and her matchless oratory won friends to the cause of temperance in all parts of the land. Let us remember this quota-

"Only a clear mind can think God's

We have had in the world's history can glorify the Divine carpenter. Only a can be loyal in its love to Christ and

humanity."
Miss Willard—America's uncrowned queen-left these words for us to remember-they were her last words: "How beautiful to be with God". A fitting farewell to a noble life.

The Summer Boarder

(Continued from page 16)

any use for him after he jumped out of the rig that time.'

"Thank heaven! I—I—there's something I've been wanting to ask you, Rosemary. I'll put it up to your pa when I come back."

"Ask me now, John. Anyway, if you catch that—that fellow, dad can't refuse you-anything.

But John gathered up the reins quickly.
"No—I'll wait. It'll give you time to decide—on the answer. "The answer won't change ever. Good

bye, John—dear!' Then John dug his heels into the mare's flank and was out of the gate and down

the road like a flash.
"Silver Sam" was captured at a border town that night, and Billy and John —and Rosemary—shared the reward of six thousand dollars.

Handicapped

An elderly woman, slightly deaf, who is inclined to make the imperfect ear a greater handicap than it really is, was recently taken to a moving-picture

"And how did you enjoy the picasked her companion aftertures?"

"Well, on account of my poor hearing I do not get the pleasure from ententainments I used to."—Harper's Magazine.

Correcting Faults Through Play

By May Belle Brooks

A visit to a kindergarten where I saw little children rapidly absorbing facts through impressions gained in play gave me the idea of experimenting on my own little ones regarding several inconvenient habits.

The most annoying of these was slowness in dressing and making their morning toilet. The oldest had formed the dilatory habit of putting a book before her and reading as she dressed. Of course she would become interested in the development of her story and consequently cease dressing. Or the children would become absorbed in a discussion among themselves and oftentimes start a game, completely oblivious to their unclothed condition or the lateness of the hour.

I organized a fire brigade, naming one child the captain. At the rising hour I rang a loud bell rapidly. They scrambled out of bed in great glee and slid down the banister rail (like the fireman they had once seen sliding down a pole) and fled to the bathroom. Here they pretended they were afire and proceeded to "put it out" with a vigorous onslaught of soap and water. Then the bell clanged again and the one who was dressed first received a credit mark. He who claimed the largest score at the end of the month had the privilege of being treated by the others to anything they decided to do or give. One child disliked her task of washing the dishes and grumbled a great deal over it. But when I taught her to bring her imagination to bear upon the hateful work, it was quite different. I started her off by pretending that the dishes were dollies all waiting for their bath. The colored decorations were their dresses. The pots and pans were little pickaninnies. Each morning, instead of saying, "Hurry, now, and wash your dishes," I said, "Well, what are your dishes going to be to-day?" I tried to make the work interesting.

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Another thing they are now eager to do where before they were driven to it. is brushing the teeth. A well-known advertisement gave me the idea of a toothbrush drill. I waited until all were ready, and then at a signal from me, their general, the paste was spread on the brush. Command number two was to bring the brush to the mouth, number three to scrub, and number four, to rinse the mouth, was not given until I was satisfied sufficient time had elapsed to insure a thorough cleaning. Number five was to put brush and glass in their proper places. Then, "Face about, forward, march!" I called, and they filed in to breakfast.

Breaches of etiquette and courtesy have likewise been corrected through interesting games. The most difficult thing of all to learn was that childrenand older people for that matter-must not interrupt others in speaking, or monopolize the conversation. They were so eager to tell all about their little affairs and a great deal of the family's also. So I played house with them a few times and through my example they learned how to conduct themselves when visitors

It was also easier to impress their minds with correct ideas for table conduct through little tea parties than by means of advice administered at the family dinner table. Children enjoy playing "make believe" at anything and if I noticed a fault at meal time, I did not correct it then, unless very annoying, but next day I invited the children to a tea party and took my opportunity to correct it then, possibly through instruction to the dolls.

Habit is a blessing as well as a curse. Knowledge and efficiency are the outcome of well-established habits and if a good habit may be inspired through play, the kindergarten methods are the best weapons at the parent's command for the welding of character in her children.

Let me but live my life from year to year With forward face and unreluctant soul, Not hurrying to nor turning from the goal. Not mourning for the things that disappear In the dim past, nor holding back in fear From what the future veils; but with a whole

And happy heart that pays its toll To Youth and Age, and travels on with cheer.

—Henry van Dyke.

