

The Woman's Quiet Hour

By Miss E. Cora Hind

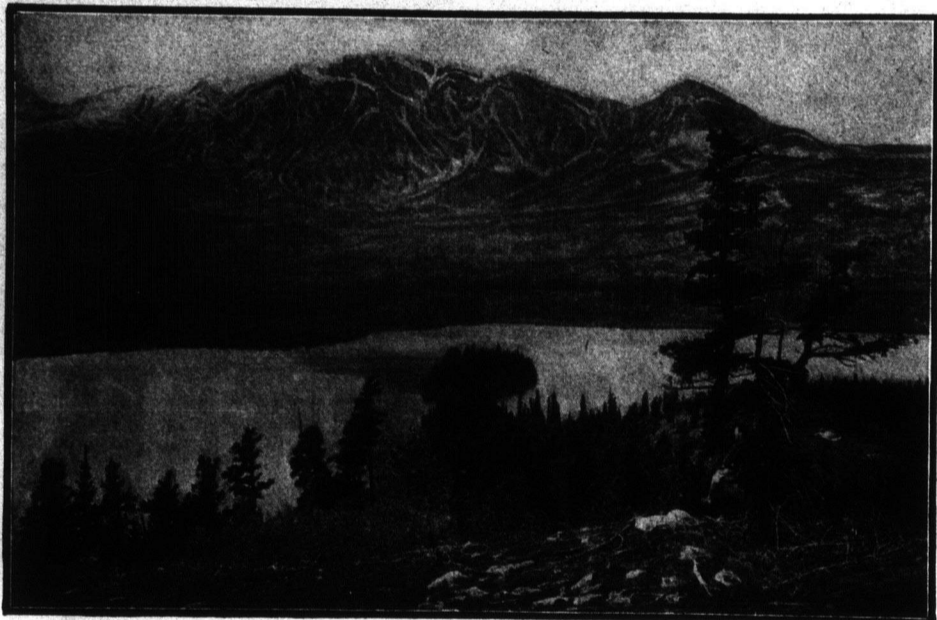
The Beauties of June—For many, many years James Russel Lowell's famous "What is so rare as a day in June" has been one of the most frequently quoted descriptions of the queen of months, but recently I have found in a magazine in a poem by William Vaughn Moody, some lines on June which I think are quite as beautiful. The poem is called "Gloucester Moors" and the first verse runs:—

A mile behind runs Gloucester town,
Where the fishing fleets put in;
A mile ahead the land dips down,
And the woods and farms begin.
Here, where the moors stretch free,
In the high blue afternoon,
Are the marching sun and talking sea,
And the racing winds that wheel and flee,
On the flying heels of June.

Jill o'er the ground is purple blue,
Blue is the Quaker maid,
The alder clump where the brook comes through,
Breeds cresses in the shade.

This is a most exquisite description and the June we have just lived through fits it admirably. It is many years since June has been a month of such splendid beauty. The rains came early, and the growth seemed as if it fairly leaped forward. Year by year, in the city and in the smaller towns and villages as well as

to these men was by boat, and the boat must be a hospital, a dispensary, and have facilities for religious services, and a part of the mission must be to establish hospitals at strategic points. The first hospital was built also in 1905; in 1907 another hospital was built at Vanada. In 1909 St. George's Hospital was opened at Alert Bay. The Mission was incorporated under the Benevolent Society's Act of British Columbia, and is governed by a Board formed of two Committees, one from the diocese of Columbia, and the other from the diocese of New Westminster. The Rev. John Antle is the superintendent of the whole work, but there are now a number of other ministers and medical missionaries associated with him. The work receives some grants from the Government. It requires \$25,000 a year to finance it, and the great bulk of this must be raised by voluntary subscription. The Lumber companies, whose men are benefitted by the work of this mission, especially in the erection of Hospitals, have been moderately liberal towards it. It is difficult to think of any more practical form of Christian endeavor than this mission. The great number of cases which are treated in the Hospitals in connection with the mission are the result of accidents in the lumber camps, many of them incident to the getting of the logs down the rivers. The Columbia II, which is a larger and more adequately



Cathedral Mt. in distance.

in the farm home gardens, the number of flowering shrubs increase. Every month of the year has its own particular claim, but I think everyone's heart goes out to June. The green is just a little greener and the blue skies just a little bluer in that month than any other in the year. July is apt to be a bit faded, and August is something of an overripe beauty, but June is perfect, and if we appreciate it rightly we should carry forward with us a beauty of spirit to last throughout the rest of the year.

The Columbia Coast Missions—While at the Coast in May, I spent part of a Sunday afternoon on the Columbia II, the little vessel which is all of Church, Library and Hospital that many men along the Columbia River ever know. I had a chat with the Rev. John Antle, the superintendent and founder of the Columbia Coast Missions. He opened the mission in 1904. In a 16 foot boat built by his own hands, he made the voyage from Vancouver to Alert Bay and back, calling at all the lumber camps and settlements, travelling in all 500 miles. From that modest beginning a very great work has sprung up. When the mission first opened, there were three thousand men living along the Coasts, chiefly in Lumber Camps,—men who were cut off from civilisation and destitute of medical or surgical aid. The year following Mr. Antle's first trip, the Columbia I was built, because Mr. Antle realised that the only way in which aid could be brought

equipped boat than the first one, makes constant trips up and down the rivers at the time of the moving of the logs, and not only has been the means of saving many lives, but also of saving many men from being life long cripples, which is really more important. In the little hospital section of the boat is an X-Ray machine, which has many times proved effective in the work of setting shattered bones. A surgeon travels on the boat and renders first aid wherever an accident occurs. Then the patient is taken by boat to the nearest of the hospitals.

Chatting with Mr. Antle, he told me some very amusing and one or two rather sordid tales of the work. He laughingly said that it was not a business in which anyone should engage who was looking for gratitude, and he cited an instance of a Russian who had been caught in a terrible log jam and had sustained a compound fracture of the thigh. The bone was not broken straight across, but on an angle, and it was exceedingly difficult to hold it in place, especially as the accident had happened some little time before the Columbia arrived at this camp. The Russian was taken to one of the Hospitals and received the best of care. Finally it was found necessary to put a screw through the bone, and all this was done for him free of charge, as he was a poor man, and in addition, during the year that he had to spend in hospital he was taught English, not a word of which he could speak on entering the Hospital. Imagine the surprise therefore, of Mr.

Antle and his colleagues to find that on the suggestion of a shyster lawyer, this man was bringing a suit against the Hospital where he had been taken care of because the injured leg, when he was able to use it, although strong and sound in every other way, was half an inch shorter than the other leg.

Fortunately for our faith in human nature, cases of this kind are rare. The majority of the men in the lumber camps and lumber woods appreciate very highly the services of this mission, not only from the standpoint of the physical comfort and safety given them through the Hospitals, but also on account of the opportunities of religious observances furnished them on the boat, and also at many points in their camps along the rivers. The mission is an Anglican one, and therefore the room in the boat devoted to services is fitted with an altar. This folds up into a little cabinet on the side of the wall that can be released and let down by the touch of a spring. As can be imagined, every inch of space on the boat is in use.

It seemed to me that to readers living so far inland as the majority of the subscribers of the Western Home Monthly would enjoy reading something of the working of a mission which depends entirely for its means of transportation on water. I was much struck with Mr. Antle's broad, clear outlook and his tolerance with the ignorance and ingratitude of men. He is doing a fine work and doing it in an exceedingly fine way.

The Colonial Intelligence League—I said something about this league in these columns almost two years ago. The object of the league is to find in Canada and in other parts of the Overseas Dominions, work for educated Englishwomen who are trained, or to put them in the way of training out here. The leader of the movement, the Hon. Mrs. Grosvenor, passed through Winnipeg recently on her way west to look into the success of their first farm undertaking, which was begun at Vernon, British Columbia, and which consists of a small fruit ranch, 15 acres in extent, the land of which is under irrigation. On this small fruit ranch they hope to train women who are fond of out-of-door life, how to earn their living on the land, the officers of the League being convinced that there is a genuine opening for women in fruit farming in British Columbia.

The experiment will be watched with very much interest. In the meantime the League is sending out workers in other lines. Western hospitals are finding it exceedingly difficult to secure probationers, and all of those who have been sent out and placed in hospitals for training under the auspices of the League have given a good account of themselves. There are five in the General Hospital at Winnipeg, and quite a number of stenographers have been brought out under the auspices of this League and positions secured for them in Winnipeg or in the larger towns West, they also have been very satisfactory. There are a number of women in the old country who would be valuable additions to the Canadian West. A great deal of the trouble in the past has been that there was no real connecting link between the people who needed trained and educated service in this country and the women in England who were capable of furnishing it. The League will no doubt make plenty of mistakes, but I think it is the right idea, and it is specially valuable in this way, that old country women applying to it in England, can come out under auspices that are absolutely safe, and so far it would seem that the Canadian employer who applies for assistance through this league, may be reasonably certain of securing somebody who is capable and intelligent.

What the Farmer Owes His Wife—This is the title of a very bright little paper read by Mrs. Archibald Campbell at an Institute meeting in Ontario. I am going to quote one or two paragraphs from it.

"In comparing a woman's work in her sphere in the home and a man's in managing a farm, we will need to bear in mind that much of a farm's success is due to nature's forces—rain and sunshine—and that a woman has not in as great a degree these agencies to help her.

"We have all known farmers who did not use improved methods of doing their work and who expended very little effort on tilling their land, yet, because of the natural fertility of the soil and favorable weather they reaped fairly good crops.

"Full credit has not always been given the farmer's wife for her share in her husband's success as a farmer. If he is one of the few who specialize in horses or cattle, her responsibility is not so great, but where he is engaged in mixed farming, it is the active, energetic, frugal wife who looks after the butter, poultry and garden, and makes these a thriving asset of the farm. Naturally, women are better fitted than men are for looking after details, and life is made up of little things. Often a man fails when a woman succeeds, just because she has a way of looking after the small, and to him, unimportant things in business. Man has no department of his work which requires the same qualities as those required for a woman who is a good mother. In managing your farm, if you are willing to learn, you profit by your mistakes, and make them stepping stones to a better method; but a mistake made in training your child can never wholly be overcome."

"A woman who successfully manages her home must be resourceful. She must know the value of time; she must know the right time to do certain kinds of work; she must know how to cook and put upon her table a balanced meal in an appetising form. To do the latter requires more skill than to feed stock, for a farmer, after considerable thought, mixes what he thinks a good ration for his animals, stores it in bins, and feeds it as it is required without much variation."

When Mary Writes a Letter

When Mary writes a letter, there is something doing then!
Of course before she writes it she has got to find her pen;
So she searches all compartments of her desk, and in between
The volumes in the bookcase, and her scrutiny is keen.
Next she pokes around the mantel and up on the clock shelf, too;
Then she goes into the bedroom and she has to rummage through
Bureau drawers and also fumble on the dressing table, then
She must stop awhile and wonder where she could have left her pen.

Then she goes and finds the children.
First she rounds up little Ben,
And she says: "Tell me this instant what you did with mamma's pen!"
But Ben straightway pleads not guilty, and he goes back to his play;
Then she asks the girls about it, though she knows what they will say.
When they've said it they go gladly off to play at skipping rope,
While she stands there disappointed and almost deprived of hope.
But a sudden thought comes to her of an upstairs closet shelf!
"That is where it is!" she says, and goes there, smiling to herself.

But it isn't there. She goes on searching high and searching low,
On the floor and the piano—keeping up a ceaseless flow
Of conjecture as she searches; next she sits down on the floor;
For she finds a stock of papers just inside a closet door.
Then she reads of tailored garments, certain to suit every taste;
Reads, too, of the latest level fashion's chosen for the waist;
Reads of crepe, brocades, and linens, and of new things in moire,
And she puts her letter writing off until another day.

—St. Paul "Pioneer Press."

Many there are whose thoughts of service are far greater than the bodily strength which is given to them; many to whom life seems a failure because they cannot accomplish the purposes so dear to their hearts, because of weakness or hindrances which they cannot overcome. But in some way or other not one such life is a failure. In other lives, with the strength of other hands, God brings it to perfect fruition.