

al in organizing the Local Council of Women, and was for five years, and until this year, its President.

Such contacts as these show what Miss Dayfoot was. With a fine mind, a cultured upbringing, a deep spiritual experience, an intensity of conviction, and a forceful personality, Miss Dayfoot has exercised a wide influence. She has been in many senses the centre of her home life; she has had a large circle of warm friends; she has served her church at home and abroad; she has been a counsellor and aid to many individual needy ones; she has been a generous supporter of many causes; and she has been a real factor in furthering the great women's movements of our day.

She has gone in what seemed years of her greater activity, but she has left with her friends, her church, and her community, a vivid memory of a life crowded with service conspicuously useful and successful.

—Can. Baptist.

NOURISHED BY OUR WORK

There are a great many things that count in the work that a man does, besides the mere doing of it. One of the most important of those things is the spirit in which he does it, and another is the way he speaks of it. There are some very good workers who impair their service by always acting as if it were a terrible drain upon them. They lessen the value of it by looking at it and speaking about it as if they were quite willing to do it, but that nevertheless it was a sad depletion of their powers. And they seem to think that one of the essential elements of real work is that one should show the strain of it and sigh about it a little. But when this attitude becomes habitual it shows that one has not really appreciated what service is. It is not principally a drain and a depletion: it is far more a food and a source of nourishment to our very life. It puts back into us quite as much as it takes away, and, though one of the sure incidents of it is weariness, it is none the less true that most of the strength and happiness that are in any of us are there because our work has put them there.

An English essayist speaks of a friend of his of whom he says that he never approaches his task as most men do, sighing and anxious about the mass of it and wondering how he is ever to get through with it, but he comes to it as he would to a full and satisfying meal, looking over the day's duties with a real relish for them and thankful for the plentifulness of what is set before him, glad to know that there is no likelihood of there not being enough for him to do. Each unexpected development of his business seems to add to the interest and zest of his calling, and, instead of being put out because it is not just what he looked for, he feels the same eagerness toward it that a naturalist would toward a new specimen, or an epicure toward a new viand. This attitude may be rare, and may seem impossible, but it makes us wonder whether, after all, our occupations would not have a good deal of this fine feeling in them if we were living normal lives and had just the normal attitude toward our work.

We fall into bad habits of telling how tired we are, or how rushed we have been, or what a lot we have had to do, and at times there comes to be a real cant of labor just as a religious cant sometimes comes into vogue. We put on an anxious and careworn look, and like to have men appreciate that we are doing something in the world; but really we ought to go about briskly and brightly and publish the fact that we are the fortunate ones who have enough to do. And we shall do this when we realize that our work positively feeds us and builds us up and makes our happiness. For our very nature is starved and out of health when we have not been producing our regular output. We are not ourselves, and our whole system becomes deranged a little. Fretting creeps into our habits, and we run down. The testimony of a single day in which we got well through our duties, and did what we started out to do at the day's beginning, assures us that nothing else has such power to strengthen and gladden us. We are more of men, and our spirit is refreshed by a subtle health pervading our whole being in a way we know not how to define.

Dread is not, then, the normal attitude in