THE BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY

rage Twelve

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

A CORNER FOR MOTHER AND THE GIRLS

Three gifts there are, above all others, I would covet for myself, and for you: the seeing eye, the hearing ear, and the understanding heart.

Too many of us go through life with eyes closed carelessly to beauty, wilfully to pain; we heed neither the music nor the wailing that assail our ears, but are content to skim along the surface of things, having bartered our birthright for a mess of materialism and selfish content, or even for unrest and discontent.

There is beauty and joy to be found in every aspect of life. Only the woman who does not respect her "job" can find no happiness in it. We have made great strides in the recognition of the "dignity of labour," but too often we regard it as something to be endured for the sake of its rewards, rather than something to be enjoyed for its own sake.

* * * * * Especially, and most unfortunately, is this true of ortic work and as the great malouity of more

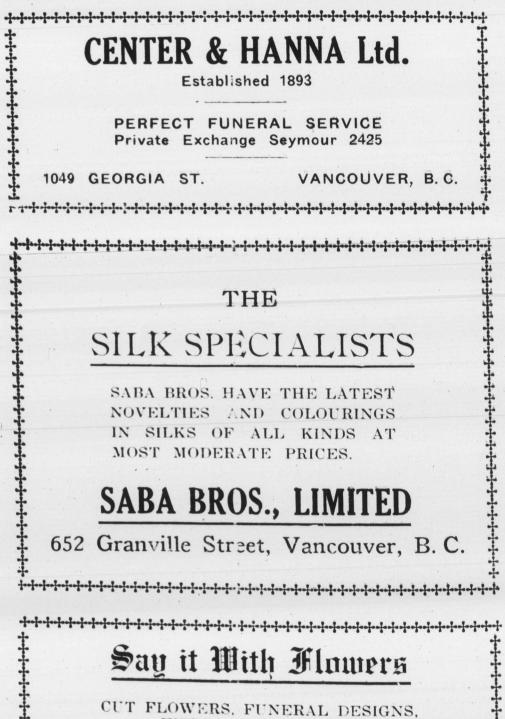
domestic work, and as the great majority of women are employed at some time or other in domestic service it concerns us most. Can the 'seeing eye' find beauty in the dish-pan, or joy in the laundry-tub?

House work, or "home-work" as it might better be called, touches the realities of life more nearly than any other employment. Are not the ripest philosophers, the keenest students of life that you know 'house-workers' of mature years? From the deep wells of experience they draw the crystal water of knowledge, and offer it, a bitter healing draught, to us who pass by.

There is a picture, painted by a saintly monk of the middle-ages, which represents a great kitchen where the work of preparing a meal is going on: vegetables are being peeled, meat roasted, dishes washed, the hundred and one activities of the kitchen are being carried out... by angels. We hold the destinies of men and nations in our hands, who are the 'house-workers of the world'.

Beneath the surface of life there is not only much joy, but infinite pain to be found. Beneath the commonplace exterior of the men and women that cross our path each day there are wistful, weary hearts longing for some one who will 'understand'. But so jealously do they hide their pain that only the 'hearing ear' may catch the overtones of grief in their guarded voices. Listen! And who but God shall pity them Who go so quietly, And smile upon us when we meet, And greet us pleasantly?

Blessed, thrice blessed she, who has the seeing eye, the hearing ear, and the understanding heart! WINNOGENE.



GOD'S PITY

(By Louise Driscoll) God pity all the brave who go The common way and wear No ribboned medals on their hearts, No Laurels on their hair.

God pity all the lonely lolk With griets they do not tell, Women waking in the night, And men dissembling well.

In common courage of the street The crusht grape is the wine, Wheat in the mill is daily bread And given for a sign.

WEDDING BOUQUETS. PLANTS, SHRUBS, TREES BULBS, SEEDS and FERTILIZERS Brown Bros. & Co. Ltd. Florists, Nurserymen and Seedsmen TWO STORES 48 HASTINGS STREET EAST 665 GRANVILLE STREET Vancouver, B. C. GEO. T. WADDS PHOTOGRAPHER VANCOUVER BLOCK 736 Granville Street VANCOUVER, B.C. SEYMOUR 1002