

## The Upward Look

### Travel Series No. 40—In the Right Way

"WALK ye in all the ways that I have commanded you, that it may be well unto you."

Jer. 7: 23.

Ever since being at Banff, and all the while there, I wondered how it was that no one had prepared me for its wonderful beauty, nestled there among its glorious mountains. The first thing attempted was the ascent of Summit Mountain, by a trail quite easily winding along the mountain side.

From the summit there was a grand panoramic view in every direction of beautiful winding and snow-capped mountains. While up there I wandered away from the trail, to see if I could get a still wider view. Several times on the way up clouds had come down so low that one was enveloped in a thick mist. While I was off the trail at the summit the same thing occurred, only there the mist was denser and remained much longer; so long indeed, that I became seriously anxious. I dared not move from the one spot, for fear of going over the dizzy, precipitous mountain side. I wondered if the night would have to be spent there. But it cleared, and no time was lost in getting again onto the right path, from which I dared not wander again.

This little incident has seemed typical of the Christian's life-trail, to which he must keep most closely. Otherwise he can have no idea of the depths into which he may fall himself; lead others who may be dearer to him than life itself; cause others to fall too, with whom he comes in daily contact, or those whom he may never see.

The question may arise: "How am I to know if I am on the right trail?" God will always show that, so there will be no doubt. The decisive balance may be very, very slight, but it is always there. The peace of mind that comes with the right decision always shows which it is. Whenever I doubt, no matter how slight, as to some course which may not be on our trail, then never attempt it, but let us keep to the right trail with all strength and trust and faith.—I. H. N.

### Mothers, Take Time

It was a hot morning of a busy day. I was hurriedly paring the potatoes for the noon meal when I heard him tapping at the back door. Looking up, I saw a small, flushed face peeping through the screen.

"Open door, Mamma!" said an impetuous little voice. "I dot somefin fa you!" I wanted to say impatiently, "Oh, I can't, Teddie—I haven't time!" but thanks to my good angel I did not. I pushed back the door and he opened his sweaty, small hand disclosing a few wilted red clover heads.

"They is all melted and hasn't any handles on," he explained. He clasped the soiled, moist hand and kissed it.

Then he ran away all smiles while I renewed my paring with greater speed to make up for lost time. An hour later, as I bent perspiring over the ironing-board, "doing up" Marian's white dress, I heard a girlish voice call, "Want any meat to-day, Mrs. Brown?"

I turned and discovered the "play meat-man" sitting in the express cart. "Oh dear! I can't play with them now! I'm busy and so tired!" I sighed to myself; but a glance into Marian's blue, expectant eyes made me answer as brightly as I could, "What have you?"

"Some fine broidered beefsteak,"

was the cheery response. Soon an imaginary two pounds was laid on the porch.

At noon a heavy thundershower precluded any outdoor play, but after a nap their little brains seemed fortified as ever in devising new games. I was Marian and Marian was Mamma while she helped about the dishes, cautioning and reproving me to her heart's content. Ted carried pans of parings away in his express cart, playing that he was taking loads of "garden truck" to the city.

Four o'clock found me stretched on the couch in my room for a few moments' rest before attacking the overflowing basket of mending. I think I may have slept five minutes when suddenly I heard eager young voices:

"Mamma!" rushing across the room and almost smothering me with their clasping arms. "The sun is shining! Can't we go out and weed our gardens?"

I struggled to rise and looked at Marian's clean apron and Ted's waist. "Kiddies, if you will change your clean things for those you wore this

morning and stick to the weeding for one hour at least, you may go."

That night, while they were, as I thought, fast asleep in their little white beds, I tiptoed back for a last kiss on tiny Ted's sweet, red lips. He murmured:

"What shall we play to-morrow, Mamma?"

"Something nice," I whispered, "go to sleep now, sweetheart."

These are just snapshots from a day long past. Marian is a woman now, with two little ones of her own. She said to me the other day:

"Mother, how did you find time to play with us children as you used to? We did have such good times, but I do not seem to be able to do so."

There were tears in my eyes as I answered her:

"My dear girl, take time! Make time! You will never regret it, I am sure." There were answering tears in her own eyes, for she knew of whom I was thinking. Dear little Ted had stayed with us but a few bright summers.

Mothers, always, when I look at his

small, worn, tan slippers and hold the one soft, yellow curl, I am, oh, so thankful that I took "time" to make his short life happy!—Farmer's Wife.

### Neighborhood Pleasantries

A FEW days after a farmer had sold a pig to a neighbor he chanced to pass his place and saw his little boy sitting on the edge of the pigpen, watching its new occupant.

"How do you do, Johnny?" said he.

"How's your pig to-day?"

"Oh, pretty well, thank you," replied the boy. "How's all your folks?"—Harper's Magazine.

A woman who does the housework for an average family walks as far as the distance around the world in six years. She can be saved nearly half that walking by a properly arranged kitchen.

An orange or lemon placed in the jar with newly-made cookies will give them a delicate flavor.



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