

quilts, and tea, are only a few of the examples we would cite were we at liberty to do so, while the writer has been personally acquainted with no less than three industrious women who have made beds every day."

COMFORT.

How sweet it is when life is dreary, dreary,
 And when the way is hedged about with fears;
 And where the heart is weary, O so weary,
 How sweet it is to know that someone cares.

How sweet it is when misty shadows stealing
 Across our path obscure the sunlight's ray;
 How sweet it is when shadows break, revealing
 The sweeter beauties of our onward way.

How sweet it is when lone amid the struggle,
 We see a smile of sympathy, and hear,
 When almost overwhelmed and crushed with trouble,
 A few outspoken words of cheer.

How sweet it is when human help is failing,
 And when the heart is almost in despair;
 And when our struggles all seem unavailing,
 How sweet it is to know that God is there.—*Ex.*

We beg to acknowledge the following additional exchanges received:—
 Schoolman, Lux Columbian, Oxford Magazine, O.A.C. Review, Fleur-de-Lis
 and Vox Collegii.

Music and Drama.

AFTER a brilliant success in Europe, Miss Parlow, the young violinist is visiting her native country for the first time since she has become a star. Miss Parlow was born at Calgary, Alberta, Canada, in 1890, and comes of a musical family, her mother, who was a native of New Brunswick, being herself a violinist. When interviewed once, in London, Miss Parlow said:—"I was born in Calgary, Alberta. I am afraid I cannot tell you much more than that about my early days in Canada. You see I was almost a baby—only five and a half when we left to go to San Francisco. My first ambition was to learn to read; and I mastered the A.B.C. part of it in Canada at four years old."

Miss Parlow went on to tell how her tastes for music was born and developed. "I used to watch my mother play then by and by I became fascinated with the instrument and thought how lovely it would be 'to play like mother.' At this time I had a tiny fiddle given to me. That was the beginning. My mother taught me how to use the instrument and then after six weeks' hard practice with