

Concerning Girls

By Daisy Walker

A good deal is being said these days concerning boys, why not something about girls? What a dull old world it would be without them!

WOMANHOOD is a wonderful and beautiful thing and always will be such through the honor God conferred on her—Jesus Christ was born of a woman.

Is it not a duty and privilege to set before our growing girls the highest ideal of womanhood, to help them to realize what a precious gift it is? What an asset for any community, province of country the growing girlhood with a high ideal before them, girls sweet and pure and true, with a vision of their own power for good and the need of others.

Was it not the Germans' treatment of women and children that filled our brothers and friends with such anger and horror that they were willing even to die rather than see womanhood in their own country dragged in the dust.

Surely, it is up to us as girls who have these memories, to remember the ideals for which they died and to do our best to uphold them.

There are wonderful opportunities before us—girls waiting and willing to be helped and often having to wait because of the lack of leadership.

Let us be faithful to our trust.

A Chat with a Leader of Girls.

There are two decided types of young womanhood today, as there probably have been since the world was begun. The girl who is very temperamental, generous, impulsive, sympathetic, soaring to the skies and attempting any height in her enthusiasm; and the girl who is practical, slower to act but more capable of unbiased reasoning.

Both types are needed in life, one to balance the other. Christ valued equally and needed both Martha and Mary. Why do we not as leaders realize this and work toward a broader understanding of our opposite type? Too often, we, through lack of understanding, kill the very essence of personality and naturalness in our girls in our blind attempt to re-create them. A so-called "happy medium" might be ideal, but do we realize the subjective or objective must be dominated from the very nature of life?

Control and stick-to-it-iveness must be taught the "Martha" girl; for although she enters realms unknown to the even-tempered, she also sinks just that far at times into depression. From these she must learn patience and develop the power to rally with a smile.

Girls of the "Mary" type have to be steered carefully or they fall into too well oiled ruts, running slowly, smoothly, uneventfully with self as the centripetal point. They need training in precision and alertness to help others and a general speeding up in thought and action to grab the opportunity as it rushes by.

Though so unlike in many ways, the embryo spirit of every girl entering womanhood is like the imprisoned odor of the bud. May we learn to counsel her as Tagore does in this lovely translation:—

"The odor cries in the bud, "Ah me, the day departs, the happy day of spring, and I am a prisoner in petals!"
Do not lose heart, timid thing!
Your bonds will burst, the bud will open into flower, and when you die in the fulness of life, even then the spring will live on.

The odor pants and flutters within the bud, crying, "Ah me, the hours pass by, yet I do not know where I go, or what it is I seek!"

Do not lose heart, timid thing!

The spring breeze has overheard your desire, the day will not end before you have fulfilled your being.

Dark is the future to her, and the odor cries in despair, "Ah me, through whose fault is my life so unmeaning?"

"Who can tell me, why I am at all?"

Do not lose heart, timid thing!

The perfect dawn is near when you will mingle your life with all life and know at last your purpose."

—Esther Mae Keeley.

What is Being Done for Girls.

The writers was surprised to find what a large number of people do not even know what C.G.I.T. stands for—Canadian Girls in Training. This is a branch of girls' work which is worthy of the interest of every thinking woman. The work is interdenominational including the Anglican, Presbyterian, Methodist, Baptist, Congregational and the Christian Church together with the Y.W.C.A. Representatives of these bodies have drawn up the C.G.I.T. programme, which is a splendid all-round training: Physical, Intellectual, Religious and Service, specially adapted to 'teen age girls. By this means,—along with the home-training,—the young Canadian girl of today has an opportunity of developing herself in every way. Small clubs are formed, each with a competent leader, the girls themselves taking the offices and carrying on the meeting. The opportunities and possibilities of this work are absolutely unlimited and it brings its own reward,—the joy of service rendered.

Provision is being made in the near future for girls willing to train as leaders to receive the necessary help and instruction.

There are now forty organized clubs in Vancouver alone.

Will lovers of girls think this over and if possible, answer the call.

N.B.—The Editor will be glad to hear from any who are interested and to do everything in her power to help them.

I Wonder!

Are we, as professing Christians, attracting our girls to religion, or are we making it a thing for them to keep clear of and to shun?

Should not the love of God in us bring out all the love and joy, making religion a thing of beauty and happiness, shining ever in our faces?

Does not the love of God mean peace and happiness, not sadness and gloom? Let us show it as such to our girls—as something which makes possible the smile in spite of the heartache, and the hiding of our own personal sorrow for the sake of others.

Solomon tells us "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine, but a broken spirit drieth the bones." Why not try and cultivate the merry heart and be a medicine to those sick with sorrow and cares? Never was this kind of medicine more needed than at the present time—the whole world suffering. Try being a joy doctor!

THE RAGGED PHILOSOPHER

I met a ragged lad one day,
And asked him why he smiled.
His coat was torn, and dusted grey,
And yet his countenance was gay;
And, singing, he pursued his way,
As happy as a child.

"Why do I smile?" he answered me,
And waved his hand around.
The sunshine sparkled on the sea,
A chaffinch chuckled in a tree,
The hedges glowed contentedly,
By autumn's magic browned.

"I smile because I seek the best!"
"The best will pass," said I.
"Nay sir," quoth he, "'Tis here impressed,
I carry it within my breast.
Seek blessings, and ye shall be blest!"
And, smiling, he passed by. —J. J. F.