

HOUSEHOLD.

The Promised Land.

(From 'In the Promised Land, and other Poems,' by Michael Lynch.)

So we sailed and sailed over stormy seas,
till we came to a pleasant land,
Where forever were peace and happiness,
and plenty was on each hand;
And no man wronged his brother there, for
no man counted it gain
To live by the sweat of another's brook,
or to joy at another's pain.

And the strong man there was a kindly man,
and aided the one who was weak,
And for those who were simple and trust-
ing men their wiser brother's would
speak;
And creed, or color, or land, or birth, caus-
ed no man to hate another,
For the same red blood filled each man's
veins, and every man was a brother.

And the old man there was a blessed man,
for toilless he wanted nought,
And vice and toil on the little ones no
longer their ruin wrought;
And the feeble in body and mind had there
no longer a care for bread;
For out of the plenty there was for all,
'twas their the first to be fed.

And oh! but that land was a happy land
for those who were sisters of men,
For them was no rude and unseemly toil, in
field or in sweater's den;
They pawned not body and soul for bread,
for woman felt woman's shame,
And dearer than life to the strong man was
the good of his sister's name.

And the fields were yellow with harvesting
where every man might reap,
And the fishful rivers went singing down
through that land to the mighty deep,
And the mountains were clothed with for-
ests, and the orchards were ripe with
fruit.

And the breath of the kine like incense
arose in the meadows still green afoot.

And peace was forever in that fair land,
for no man envied his mate,
And no man's treasures, where all were
rich, woke his brother's sleeping hate,
And the kingdom that Christ had promised
was now for all men to see,
And the name of that happy kingdom was,
'The land of the soon to be.'

Food for Workers.

There are two great classes of workers,
both needing a balanced ration, but of a
totally different kind. Roughly, this bal-
ance should mean about three and one-half
ounces each of proteids and fats, with
eleven ounces of carbohydrates.

The first division includes those who en-
gage in hard, muscular, outdoor work; the
second includes those who are tied to a
desk in a heated office, in school or in shop.
The first, or out-of-door worker, with plen-
ty of oxygen at hand and no hard brain
labor, can digest more food and food diffi-
cult of digestion, because his blood supply
is not called away from the digestive organs
to the brain. Moreover, he needs the increas-
ed energy which is to be gotten from the
increased supply, providing always he can
digest it. A hearty breakfast, a hearty din-
ner in the middle of the day, and a light
supper at night is the best arrangement for
this class of workers.

The first point to be considered then, in
catering for a family, is the occupation of
its members. If of sedentary habits, a light
breakfast, a light luncheon and dinner is
usually the best arrangement for an adult
family. A young child should have his
heartiest meal in the middle of the day.
This need not disturb the family habits,
however, as the luncheon could be planned
with this in view. An older child return-
ing from school between 1 and 2 o'clock, if

provided with a light but abundant lun-
cheon, to be eaten at a regular hour, can
safely wait for dinner at night. This lun-
cheon should always include something hot,
bouillon or cocoa, and plenty of fruit, cake
but seldom, pastry never.—'Good House-
keeping.'

For the Busy Mother.



LADIES' TUCKED SHIRT WAIST.—
NO. 1056.

Tucks are a becoming feature of a shirt
waist, and are preferred to other modes of
trimming. This design has three short
tucks and one full length tuck at each side
of the box-plait which gives a becoming
fullness at the waist line. The back is
tucked to waist depth, making a smooth
finish. The sleeves are in bishop style
with deep cuff, or if shorter length is de-
sired, may be finished with a band or frill,
according to taste. The pattern is cut in
five sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, and 40 bust mea-
sure. For the 36 bust three yards of ma-
terial, 36 inches wide, is required.

'NORTHERN MESSENGER.'

PATTERN COUPON.

Please send the above-mentioned pat-
tern as per directions given below.

No.

Size

Name

Address in full

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N.B.—Be sure to cut out the illustration
and send with the coupon, carefully filled
out. The pattern will reach you in about a
week from date of your order. Price 10
cents, in cash, postal note, or stamps. Ad-
dress, 'Northern Messenger' Pattern Depart-
ment, 'Witness Block,' Montreal.

The Methodist Conference Picture in the
October 'Canadian Pictorial' is well worth se-
curing.

The Mothers' Interchange.

(Mrs. Helena H. Thomas, in the New York
'Observer'.)

As the cozy parlors received deft touches
the genial hostess said: 'Our little weekly
gatherings are such informal affairs that,
accustomed as you are to well-organized
clubs and able papers, it may not seem
worth while for you to make one of our
number this afternoon. If so, I will excuse
you.'

'Thank you,' rejoined the guest, laugh-
ingly, 'but it seems restful to get away from
so much red tape for a time, so if strangers
are admissible, I would like very much to
join you. But pray tell me, why do you not
conduct it along usual lines if you propos-
ed thus meeting together—especially as you
had such large experience as a club wo-
man before coming to this little town?'

'Simply for the reason that after being
brought in touch with the mothers in this
neighborhood I realized that they greatly
needed helps along the line of what brings
to bear upon the daily life in the home.
Homes such as abound here, I mean. Where
the wife and mother is, as a rule, so over-
worked that she has scarcely time to give
thought to what is of the most vital import-
ance to herself and family.'

'That is much the condition in our cities,
for that matter,' was the interruption, 'for
society claims are hindrances, in a way.'

'Yes, I am well aware of that; but I
never had before been thrown among wo-
men whose need was quite as I found it
here. Several of my new neighbors are
so young that I feel like mothering them
myself. They want to do what is right by
their families, but seem to fail at every
turn. So, after studying the situation, I
suggested our simple "Mothers' Exchange."

'But how can mothers who have little
ones, and no maid, attend the meetings
when the older children are in school?'

'I arranged all that before making the
proposition,' rejoined the tactful woman.
'Jane has been with me so many years that
she readily enters into all my plans, so she
cheerfully consented to care for the wee
ones for a couple of hours weekly.'

'Why did you not have your gatherings
on Saturday afternoon, and then older
children could care for the younger?'

'Because in most cases there were not
children old enough to be trusted. Besides,
mothers about here are too overworked on
Saturday to leave their homes, but on
Thursday afternoon they are, usually, as
much at leisure as they ever are, poor dears!
Besides, they bring along either mending or
making, as a rule.'

'I can hardly see how you interest them
if there are no preparations,' remarked the
guest, who was accustomed to parliamen-
tary rules and forceful papers.'

'Well, the mothers are sufficiently inter-
ested to be present, unless sickness pre-
vents,' was the modest rejoinder. 'And,
better than all else, the influence of our in-
terchange of ideas is being felt in the homes
already.'

A little later some twenty mothers met
together, and as two or three were accom-
panied by strangers, Mrs. Carlton, the hos-
tess, said:

'This Mothers' Interchange is that and
nothing more. Our plan is simply that the
one whose name comes next in alphabetical
order is to suggest a topic for discussion,
and then there is a most informal inter-
change of ideas, born of experience or other-
wise. Mrs. Ward, it is your turn, I believe.'

At this Mrs. Ward blushed like a school-
girl as she met the searching eyes of a
stranger, and stammered:

'I am dreadfully puzzled about one
thing, and want the advice of older mo-
thers. but—but—'

'Now, don't hesitate, Mrs. Ward,' urged
another, 'for we are all mothers, and, as
human nature is much the same the world
over, it is more than likely that all of us
have had the same puzzle to contend
with.'

Thus urged, the perplexed mother said,
in a confused manner:

'I am so worried about my Frank I can
scarcely sleep nights; he—he is so un-
truthful. Perhaps you will think I am at
fault, but I have punished him every con-
ceivable way. Still he grows worse, if