

many of the farms is good health enjoyed, and if there is illness, what is its cause and nature?"

Any who may be personally acquainted with Mrs. Clare Fitzgibbon may prefer writing to her direct, care of Ladies' Empire Club, 69 Grosvenor Street, W., London, England (postage to England being 2c. for the half oz.), and this they should do with as little delay as possible. Others may communicate with myself, addressing their letters to Mrs. H. A. Boomer, London, Ontario, and I will forward the information they may kindly give to the right quarter. It may be as well to mention that Miss Perrin, of Bishopsclose, Victoria, B.C.; Miss Fowler, Girls' Home of Welcome, Winnipeg, and Mrs. Benjamin Rogers, Alberton, P. E. I., are members of the committee, and would also naturally be glad to hear from the readers of the "Farmer's Advocate" upon this most important subject.

By the affiliation with it of the Women's Institutes of Ontario, the National Council of Women has gained a much clearer conception of what such an organization can accomplish, and the welcome accorded them was a very hearty and appreciative one, great mutual help and strength being looked for from this federation of the women of country and city life. It is an age of organization, the fable of the bundle of sticks receiving its living illustrations in every quarter of the civilized globe. There are in the warp and woof of many fabrics some finer and smaller threads needed to their completion, which may hardly show in the main pattern, but which would mar the design if wholly left out, and I think I may claim for the women of the council, in whatever spheres, or on whatever lines, through their affiliated societies, they may work, that they are quite content to be those lesser threads in the big whole. An orchestra is made up of many instruments played by many hands, and varying are the chords they produce. It is not the portly drum nor the big bass viol only which produce all the harmony, the lower notes and the half-tones are needed too; and what choir of concert would be worth listening to if there were no clear womanly trebles or well-modulated contraltos to harmonize with the tenor and bass voices, the beauty and strength of which they serve to accentuate? But to bring my illustrations down to more practical lines, let me finally, by quotation from replies made to questions as to the relationship Women's Institutes should have to the Farmers' Institutes of the land, try to show that it is not in music only that it would be well for a place to be found for women's voice and influence. Here is one: "Are they needed? Yes; even perhaps more so than the men's are. The men's institutes deal with farms, crops and stock, but women have to do with that which is of far more importance, the home and they that dwell therein. . . . In the past women have not received that kind of training which qualifies them for their life's calling, the position of home maker, home from whence the future men and women are to come. Women's Institutes will open up a wide field of usefulness for the women of the farm, bringing before them subjects that relate to the well-being of that which makes life not alone profitable, but enjoyable as well. Cleanliness in thought and word, as well as in person and clothes; sanitation, or the importance of healthful surroundings; the beautifying of the home outside and inside, etc. We would love our homes all the more if they were as pretty and tidy as trees and grass and flowers could make them. The women's and children's share on the farm—not of work alone (they will get their share of that), but of its profits and ownership; the poultry and dairy departments, which are yearly becoming more important—these and many other subjects should be discussed. Wherever there

is a home with a woman in it there is work for a Women's Institute."

Another says: "Improved machinery, better live stock, more butter and cheese factories, etc., have made a vast difference in farm work and management. In fact, changed conditions of agriculture have practically revolutionized the work on the farm. By means of the Farmers' Institutes a great deal has been done towards helping the farmers to solve many problems. . . . And what Farmers' Institutes have done for farmers and the farm, Women's Institutes can do for the homes, through the instrumentality of the wives and daughters."

How far the movement has spread in the far West of Canada I have not yet been able to ascertain, but in May, 1903, upwards of 10,000 women had, within its first year, attended meetings for the discussion of

the objects proposed, and upon its books were entered the names of 4,151 paid-up members.

There are branches of the National Council of Women at Winnipeg; Victoria and Vancouver Island, Vancouver; Regina, Brandon; Vernon, B. C.; Nelson, B.C.; New Westminster, B.C.; and it would be a mutual strength if Women's Institutes formed in centers within a reasonable radius of these places should apply for local affiliation, and thus broaden the lines upon which they could acceptably work together. We would ask all who can do so, to try to attend the public meetings of the N. C. W., to be held in Winnipeg in September, and meanwhile the writer will be glad to receive replies to any or all of the questions which are propounded, at the beginning of her "occasional paper." H. A. B.



"They Helped every one His Neighbor."

Two little old ladies, one grave, one gay,
In the self-same cottage lived day by day.
One could not be happy, "Because," she said,
"So many children were hungry for bread;"
And she really had not the heart to smile,
When the world was so wicked all the while.

The other old lady smiled all day long,
As she knitted, or sewed, or crooned a song;
"She had not time to be sad," she said,
"When hungry children were crying for bread;"
She baked, and knitted, and gave away,
And declared the world grew better each day.

Two little old ladies, one grave, one gay;
Now which do you think chose the wiser way?

Surely the prophet Isaiah must have been looking forward to the Millennium when he said: "They helped every one his neighbor, and every one said to his brother, Be of good courage. So the carpenter encouraged the goldsmith, and he that smoothened with the hammer him that smote the anvil, saying, It is ready for the soldering." We haven't reached that ideal condition of brotherly co-operation yet, although we are slowly beginning to realize that each man is to some extent his brother's keeper, and that we are bound not only to shoulder our own burdens, but also to lighten as far as possible the burdens of others. If the Master "went about doing good," is not that also the business of His disciples? Anyone who is satisfied to go through life minding his own business only, is certainly not obeying the apostle's injunction, "Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others"; or that still more authoritative command, "Love thy neighbor as thyself."

If we really wanted to help every one his neighbor, we should find means of doing it many times a day. The first thing is to find out the answer to the lawyer's question, "Who is my neighbor?" The parable of the Good Samaritan contains our Lord's answer, and it surely teaches that every one who needs help, and can be helped by us, is our neighbor. The wounded man in the parable was probably a national enemy of the Samaritan, but that made not the slightest difference in his kind attentions. Although the Jews would have no dealings with

the Samaritans, the lawyer knew—or ought to have known—the teaching of the law of Moses about the duty of helping one's enemy even in little things: "If thou meet thine enemy's ox or his ass going astray, thou shalt surely bring it back to him again. If thou see the ass of him that hateth thee lying under his burden, and wouldest forbear to help him, thou shalt surely help with him." Of course if it is necessary to help a neighbor—or even an enemy—in such a trifling difficulty, how much more necessary is it when he is in really serious trouble. As Solomon says: "If thine enemy be hungry, give him bread to eat; and if he be thirsty, give him water to drink."

But, though we may be fortunate enough to have no enemies, we all have neighbors—there is always somebody we can help. We may not be called on to address missionary meetings, or to lecture on a public platform, but there are plenty of opportunities of helpfulness within the reach of the poorest man, woman and child. No doubt you are overhauling the house from cellar to garret, you may possibly come across many things which are lying idle when they might be of use to somebody. Clothes the children have outgrown, which will just fit some poor neighbor's little ones; a bottle or two of preserves, which will not be needed at home; some potatoes or apples which would be a treasure to the big family in the little house over the hill, but will only decay if left in your cellar. Perhaps there is a baby carriage you will never need again, which would gladden the heart of some tired mother who can't afford to buy one; or some treasured baby clothes which were never worn, and will be wasted unless you can make up your mind to part with them. A lady was housecleaning once, and she sent a half-worn-out fluffy mat to a poor old woman. It was a very small act of kindness, but the old woman always declared that it saved her life. She had suffered terribly from cold feet as she sat all day in her chair, but since the mat arrived the bronchitis had not been so bad, not to mention the "rheumatics."

I am afraid it is true that the spirit of helpfulness is more common among the poor than among the rich. Perhaps it is partly because the poor know better how acceptable a little timely help is. It is easy to give money when we have plenty, but the gifts of the poor are surely more precious in God's sight, for they cost the givers more. "To 'mind' the children of a neighbor while she goes to her daily toil, to send a handful of little faded garments to clothe the baby of some

destitute mother, to carry a bowl of gruel to a sick friend with a word of heartfelt sympathy—these are a few of the acts by which the woman who is poor in this world's goods shows her helpfulness."

Every true woman would like to be good-looking. Why? Is it only from selfish vanity, or is it because she thinks she will have more influence and win more love? Although it is true enough that beautiful women have influenced men for good—or evil—since the days of Eve, yet we all prefer a helpful neighbor to a beautiful one. As for the people who live in the house with us, they can never keep our love long if they have nothing but outward beauty to recommend them.

"You say that my love is plain,
But that I can ne'er allow,
When I look at the thought for others
That's written on her brow.
Her eyes are not fine, I allow,
She has not a well cut nose;
But a smile for others' pleasures,
And a sigh for others' woes.
And yet I allow she is plain,
Plain to be understood,
For every glance proclaims her
Modest and kind and good."

"You say that you think her slow,
But how can that be with one
Who's the first to do a kindness,
Whenever it can be done?
Quick to perceive a want,
Quicker to set it right,
Quickest in overlooking
Injury, wrong, and slight,
And yet I admit she is slow,
Slow to give needless blame,
Slow to find fault with others,
Or aught for herself to claim."

"Nothing to say for herself,
That is the fault you find;
Hark to her words to the children,
Cheery and bright and kind.
Hark to her words to the sick,
Look at her patient ways;
Every word that she utters
Speaks to the speaker's praise.
"Nothing to say for herself,"
Yes! right, most right you are,
But plenty to say for others,
And that is better by far."

"You say she is commonplace,
But there you make a mistake;
I wish I could think it were so,
For other maidens' sake.
Purity, truth and love,
Are they such common things?
If hers were a common nature,
Women would all have wings.
Talent she may not have,
Beauty, nor wit, nor grace;
But, until she's among the angels,
She cannot be commonplace."

If there is no one else we can help, we may always be kind to the children. Let us always try to remember the wonderful truth that kindness—and unkindness—shown to "one of the least of these," goes straight to the heart of Jesus our King. Two days ago I received a letter from a member of the Fresh-air Mission in Toronto, asking me if I could mention the work again to the "Advocate" readers. I promised to do so in good time, before the children are sent out in July, so you may look out for particulars later. In the meantime I hope you will think about it.

You have always considered yourself a truly helpful woman, but when you were asked last summer to take a poor city child to your country home for a breath of God's sweet, fresh air, you decided that you did not understand children well enough to be certain you could make the little one happy and contented. But was that the real reason? or was it because you were afraid some of your choice flowers might be destroyed by the restless and unaccustomed hands and feet of the small visitor, or that your afternoon nap might be interfered with, or that your pet dog or cat might be molested? I found that last paragraph in an old Delinquent, and thought that the cap might fit some of our readers, although I know that many responded heartily last summer to the call of the Fresh-air Mission.

HOPE.