

to place in the hands of all my girl friends. Ruskin's beautiful "Sesame and Lilies." Every one, young and old, would be benefited by reading it. It consists of three lectures, each of which is adapted to some special condition of life. The preface especially is full of advice to young people as to how to conduct themselves so as to make each day a step further on the way to perfection, for, as he truly says, "Every day of your early life is ordaining irrevocably for good or evil the custom and practice of your souls." The first lecture, "Of Kings' Treasures," deals with the choice of books; the second, "Of Queens' Gardens," treats of the place and power of woman, and the education that fits her for that place; while the third, on "The Mystery of Life," centers largely around that passage of Scripture, "For what is your life? It is even as a vapor that appeareth for a little time and then vanisheth away."

Each of us, no doubt, loves poetry in its many forms, and it is hard to choose any one poet who is especially helpful to us as women. To me, it is always hard to choose between our own English Tennyson and the more simple, homelike Longfellow. Each of them has written so much that is helpful that I wish my choice might include both. If I were to read only one, however, I think it should be Longfellow, with his cheery, helpful verses. The short poem, "The Rainy Day," with its comforting message, "Be still, sad heart, and cease repining, Behind yon cloud is the sun still shining," is enough to drive away the worst attack of blues. It would be useless to attempt to describe to anyone the beauties of Longfellow. To read him is to love him, and the proof is, that once having read, one comes back again and again, finding each time fresh beauty.

If we were to consult our husbands and brothers as to what books to read, no doubt some of them would advise the cook-book, and, all joking aside, we could do worse at times than to follow their advice. While some certain cake or pudding that we make may be almost perfect in its way, we must not forget that even the most perfect article may become tiresome if too often repeated, and that a change may be appreciated. A reliable cook-book is a great help to all of us. Which of us does not know how confusing it is to be told by some old housekeeper to "put in flour till it feels right," or to "cook till it looks done"? We may not all be gifted with the knowledge or experience which enables us always to know just when a thing is right, and at such times a book that says in explicit terms just what is required, is a great help. Haphazard cooking may occasionally turn out all right, but, as a rule, there is a series of wasteful failures before reaching the goal of perfection. It would be hard to choose any one particularly good cook-book, as so many are published containing, besides recipes, much useful information dealing with the choice and preparation of food.

No doubt we have all heard the story of the old woman who, in order to appear learned, used to borrow books from her minister. Becoming suspicious that the books were simply kept for a time and then returned, the minister lent her an ordinary English Dictionary. When it was returned, he asked his literary friend how she enjoyed it. "Fine, sir," she replied, "but I found it a little hard at times to follow the thread of the discourse." While we might have the same trouble, it might not do any of us harm to pay a little more attention to our dictionaries. In our reading we are constantly running across words of which we are not exactly sure. Two minutes spent then in consulting some standard dictionary, we will find time well spent, and we will be amply repaid for our trouble by our growing familiarity with this language, which we all use more or less correctly every day of our lives.

To choose ten out of the many hundreds of books already published is indeed a difficult task, but these are ten which have proved helpful to me, and which I think are worth consideration from every member of the Women's Institute.

Something About Organized Effort.

In "The Farmer's Advocate" of 19th December, "Junia," in her Ingle Nook pages, gave a delightful synopsis of the happenings at the big Convention of the Women's Institutes, lately held in Toronto. Whether as a retrospect of the past, or as an inspiration for the future, it is encouraging reading for every woman who has already joined hands or intends to do so, in those sisterhoods of loving service, which, while working on distinctive lines, and in various sections of the Dominion, are, when combined for organized effort to suppress evil or to promote good, known to us all under the one comprehensive title of the National Council of Women of Canada. When women join hand in hand to better conditions for those whose lot is cast in less favorable conditions than their own, who can stay them? Please look over Junia's columns, on page 2238, and see if by being on the watch-tower for opportunities of service, you may not be able to take a very helpful part in blocking the but too rapid progress of at least one or two of the many serious evils which have already gained such a foothold in our land. For instance, can you not do something to help in one of the most important committees of National Council work, that of the suppression of objectionable printed matter? Whilst hitherto inquiries seem to have resulted largely in blaming other countries for the influx of such detestable sources of contamination, and the post-office authorities have been the official means of destroying tons of the poisonous stuff when seeking entry into Canada, there seems to be traitors within our camp, and one firm of printers alone has been found to have issued in the past year over 50,000 indecent post cards. Should such come your way, please do not just throw them into the fire, but communicate the fact to the Central Convener of that Special Committee, Mrs. Liddell, 43 Lorne avenue, Montreal. Organization has done much towards getting at the root of this and other kindred evils, but it is the duty of the individuals which form that organization to "watch out" for the information upon which results depend.

In the matter of the feeble-minded, late investigations have resulted in ascertaining that, to-day, in Canada, there are 6,000 known cases of that class of unfortunates recognized as feeble-minded, probably a very imperfect computation after all, owing to many difficulties met with in seeking to arrive at a correct conclusion, many relatives concealing the fact that they number such afflicted ones amongst their families.

To effectually apply a remedy for any disease, the medical man must be told of every symptom already manifested by the patient, so if the curse of feeble-mindedness is ever to be effectually stamped out, the sources through which it is promulgated must in the interests of the present generation, and generations yet to come, be discovered, and, where possible, rendered innocuous.

Statistics prove what a menace to the physical and moral well-being of the people of Canada is the existence of this mental disease. The records of our charitable institutions show how many of their inmates come from that class of unfortunates, whilst it is a well-known fact that a very large percentage of the criminals in our jails come from the ranks of these irresponsibles, "the most pitiable class in the world." Feeble-minded girls, many of them at a pitifully early age, are the easy prey of evil-minded men, and are thus the cause of bringing into the world children as mentally unfit as themselves.

In one poor house alone, as the result of the unprotected state of one feeble-minded woman alone, there are five children, the eldest not yet eight, and all feeble-minded! Make for yourselves a little arithmetical calculation, and you will the better realize the absolute ne-

cessity for a custodial care by a paternal government of these unhappy people. "Nothing," it has been said, "could be more economical, more sensible, more patriotic, or more kind, humane, Christ-like, than this. We pay the bill now, not only for the maintenance of the feeble-minded and their children, but for the crimes they perpetrate, and the idleness, and worse, in which they live. We put them into institutions now, but at the wrong time, and in the wrong place. There is no use locking the stable door after the steed is stolen." The voice of the women of the land, through their organizations, has been raised in appeal to the authorities of our land to find some solution for one of the most serious problems of the day, and until a plan of the custodial care of these unfortunates is found, every woman should continue to raise her voice on their behalf.

Junia, in allusion to this subject, and in direct appeal to the members of the Women's Institutes, says with emphasis, "Think of it—the stamping out of feeble-mindedness from our country within a generation! We hear much of eugenics in these days, and are likely to hear much more. Here is one definite line in which the women of Canada can distinctly contribute to the uplift of the race in Canada."

Amongst many good things said on the occasion of the annual meeting of the National Council of Women, held in London during the last summer, was the following, by Mr. Coote, a distinguished English philanthropist, whose more definite message perhaps was to warn our Canadian people of the growing and insidious dangers of what is known as the white-slave traffic. "Organization," he said, "is what the world needs most to-day. Individual workers, if they would achieve all they are trying for, should keep close together, and this is the great advantage of such an organization as the N. C. W. A snowflake is an insignificant thing, but an organized snow-drift, made up of millions of such little flakes, can block a mighty train." And it is some such an accumulated snow-bank, made up of its myriads of such seemingly powerless atoms, which is needed in Canada to block the progress of so much that is harmful in our midst.

Let none who can lend us a hand refuse to do so, for this is our day of opportunity. H. A. B.

Hope's Quiet Hour.

Glorify Your Father.

Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good work, and glorify your Father which is in heaven.—St. Matt. v.: 16.

How familiar those words are, and how little they are regarded! The first part is easy. We are all willing to let our best points be seen, and unwilling to make public our defects. Why? Is it that men may glorify God, or that they may respect and admire us? The test of every act is the motive behind it. Our Lord has warned us that righteousness done before men—to be seen of them—will have no value in the eyes of Him Who is the only righteous Judge. A life may be crowded with "good works"—long prayers, gifts to the poor, untiring service—and yet it may be swayed and inspired almost entirely by self-love, or the love of the world. The ruling passion will grow stronger and stronger each year, so—if we value the opportunity of this earthly life—we must be very honest with ourselves, very frank in our answers to God's searching questions. We can't afford to cover up our motives, for if we are ashamed to confess them before God—who knows them quite well already—or to face them ourselves, they may spoil the whole beauty of our lives. We may be self-deceived, heaping up a growing pile of apparently beautiful "good things," which win for us the praise of men, and finding ourselves at last with scarcely one act of real loving-kindness which we dare lay at God's feet. When a man's reputation is good, and all men speak well of him, it is very easy to think that his spiritual condition is satisfactory. God, Who looks at the heart,

may see there conceit, selfishness, the love of worldly praise and admiration, but nothing precious in His sight.

"Why don't you give away a million or two?" said one man to another.

"Why, that's the difficulty," was the answer. "It isn't easy to give away a million in such a manner as to win lasting reputation and make it worth while."

That little conversation never took place, of course. People don't confess such motives even to themselves, but they may be there, all the same, slowly poisoning the springs of life. Some philanthropists and busy church-workers may, in God's sight, be stamped with the hateful name of "Hypocrites." While there is time, let us look to ourselves and see whether we are not more willing to do good works which other people will probably know about and admire, than those which no one but God is ever likely to hear about. Perhaps our motives are mixed. There may be some real love for our fellows, and some desire to glorify God, mixed with a wish to gratify self-love. Perhaps we have been very active in helping someone, and that other person has made us feel vexed by showing little or no appreciation of our efforts. We did not work for thanks, but it is irritating to have no notice taken of our kindness. It seems to be wasted. If it was prompted by love to God or man, it could not have been wasted, for God has joyfully accepted the gift, and man has been helped by the service. But the fact that we were hurt in our feelings by the ingratitude, proves that the reward we were seeking was a selfish one. Instead of feeling pleased with ourselves for the nobility of our own action, we should go down on our knees and ask forgiveness for the selfishness of our ambition.

Instead of lamenting the narrowness of opportunity, and thinking discontentedly of the splendid things we should like to do if only we had a chance, let us remember that everyone has the same chance to live splendidly. Two men may be equally heroic in reality; but one may astonish the world and himself by some deed of daring which came in his way, while the other may fancy that his years of quietly doing his duty are very commonplace. God does not think them commonplace if they are inspired by unselfish love. His glory can shine through such transparent lives, and give light to all around.

Who are these that, linking hand in hand,
Transmit across the twilight waste of years
The flying brightness of a kindled hour?
Not always, nor alone, the lives that search
How they may snatch a glory out of heaven,
Or add a height to Babel, oftener they
That in the still fulfilment of each day's
Faint order hold great deeds in leash,
That in the sober sheath of tranquil tasks,
Hide the attamped blade of high enterprise,
And leap like lightning to the clasp of fate."

One sad result of a habit of looking out constantly for the approval of men, is that the inspiration usually fails one when the chance to do a splendid deed arrives. When the great aim of life is to be admired, self-love is really the ruling passion; and selfishness will make us shrink when danger tests us. The real character will come to the top, and we shall stand self-revealed.

It is necessary to cultivate the habit of love which "seeketh not her own," if we want to have it ready for use in a sudden emergency. We never know when it may be needed, and only God knows how we will act when the emergency arrives.

A few years ago there was a terrible railway accident, and more than a hundred people were badly injured or killed. A frightful storm of sleet added to their sufferings. The next train was due in five hours, and it seemed as though no help could be obtained before that time. But a telegraph lineman was in the baggage car, with his satchel of instruments strapped to his shoulder. He crawled out from under the wreck, terribly injured, but conscious. "Out in on the telegraph!" he shouted, but he