

Women's Column.

There are nettles everywhere, but smooth, green grasses are more common still. The blue of heaven is larger than the cloud.—Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

Reminder.

The Women's Branch of the Civil Service Association have formed a Tennis Club, and procured the use of four courts on the grounds belonging to the Ladies' College on Albert street.

Membership will be open to all *Civil Servants*, and the fee will probably not exceed \$2.00 for the balance of the season. Those wishing to join will please send their names to Miss Helen Smith, Finance Department.

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Women of the Service who wish to spend part of the summer out of town and yet be able to come in each day may communicate with Miss E. Mulhall, Department of Interior, Langevin Block, who can give them valuable information re a couple of comfortably furnished, airy rooms to rent by the week or month, on the island at Chelsea, with use of dining-room and kitchen if desired. The daily fare to Chelsea, if purchased monthly, is six cents one way, and ten trips for \$1.50.

This appears to be a very desirable opportunity.

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Contribution by "M. E. D."

I recently read an article in which certain persons were described as possessing that serenity of soul that comes when one has a definite aim in life.

Without a definite aim in life, we wander here and there over the field of human endeavour; we know not in what direction we are going.

In this day of many interests it is difficult for most people to keep one aim in

view; they drift along from day to day as the winds and waves of circumstances dictate, instead of taking up the oars, and with resolute stroke setting out for the golden isles.

We all see visions at times of our own golden isle,—of what we would like to have accomplished, what we would like to have made of our lives before the night falls, but too often we turn away from the vision and say, "it cannot be—the little things of every day stand in the way; there is no time."

We drift along, but once having seen the vision our souls are always troubled. The sun sinks lower. It is time to better ourselves. Alas! We have drifted too long. It is too late.

Those who row steadily along, with firm purpose, meet with storms which threaten to wreck all their plans and hopes, but with eyes looking upward and onward, and souls held serene and high, they pass through the storm into calm water again.

It is not given to all to reach the golden isles of their hearts' desire, but the endeavour to do so brings its own reward in the knowledge that we are doing all that in us lies to reach them, and thus is engendered serenity of soul.

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Contribution from M. T. K.

HER ANSWER.

"Do you know you have asked for the costliest thing?"

Ever made by the Hand above?
A woman's heart and a woman's life
And a woman's wonderful love?

Do you know you have asked for this priceless thing,

As a child might ask for a toy—
Demanding what others have died to win,
With the reckless dash of a boy?

You have written my lesson of duty out.

Man-like you have questioned me,
Now stand at the bar of my woman's soul,
Until I shall question thee.

You require your mutton shall always be hot.

Your socks and your shirt be whole,
I require your heart to be true as God's stars,
And pure as His heaven your soul.