

Another Occasional Paper

Containing Some Replies to Questions Regarding Women's Share in Industrial Development.

As the writer of the Occasional Paper, asking for information from farmers' wives upon the above topics, I desire to thank those correspondents whose replies came addressed to myself, and some of which, being so direct and to the point, I insert, partly as an invitation to others to follow this good example. Many have probably written to Mrs. Clare Fitzgibbon, the Convener of the Standing Committee on Agriculture, and their facts and opinions will probably, on her return from the International Council at Berlin, be embodied in her report to the National Council of Women of Canada, to be submitted to its annual meeting at Winnipeg in September. Mrs. B., one correspondent, first says how glad she is that the Women's Institutes have united forces with the National Council, and then comments upon the very real value of these Women's Institutes to the home life upon our Canadian farms. "They have," she writes, "accomplished much good in this vicinity; indeed, there are homes they have completely revolutionized. We are starting a library this summer in connection with our Institute, and we would like to know of any books which could be recommended for our perusal. We have found the 'Farmer's Advocate' very helpful in suggesting topics for discussion." I will once more insert the questions previously asked, that Mrs. B.'s replies for her own section may be the more clearly understood:

1. "Has the establishment of dairies and cheese factories, egg and poultry collectors, affected the pocket money of the farmers' wives and daughters?"

Reply: "Yes, considerably; more particularly the poultry and egg collectors. The butter and cheese factories not so much so, as the cheques are generally drawn in the name of the 'man of the house.' In this neighborhood I only know of one case in which the cheque is drawn in the wife's name."

2. "On how many of the twenty farms have the daughters remained to share the labor with the mothers?"

Reply: "On eight; in the remaining twelve there seems to be a dearth of daughters, seven having no daughters, and five only one each."

3. "On how many of the twenty farms is the milking done by women?"

Reply: "The women assist with the milking in the summer, but in the winter it is almost exclusively done by men and boys."

4. "What are the occupations of the daughters who have left the farms to seek occupation elsewhere?"

Reply: "Servants in the city, teachers principally, and one or two typewriters."

5. "What is the average acreage of each of the twenty farms? How much help is employed? On how many of the farms is good health enjoyed, and if there is illness, what is its cause and nature?"

Reply: "One hundred and fifty acres. One hired man generally, where the boys are small. A very few have servant girls. The health is good in nearly every case, but when the young girls undertake study or dressmaking they do not appear to have as good health as when working on the farm."

It would be very helpful to receive from other farmers' wives, not only answers to the above questions, but also any information along similar lines, which, being the result of their own experience, may be of use to others. Everyone attending a meeting of a Women's Institute should carry her notebook, and return to her home with several valuable hints for its increased comfort and, perhaps, beauty; whilst she herself may be in a position also to give valuable hints equally worthy of a place in the notebooks of other members.

H. A. B.

(To be continued.)



Does it Cost You Nothing?

"Tired! well, what of that? Didst fancy life was spent on beds of ease, Fluttering the rose leaves scattered by the breeze? Come, rouse thee! work while it is called to-day; Coward, arise! go forth upon thy way!"

To-day I wish to speak especially to those who have decided to follow in the steps of the Great Master, to those who say, as a would-be disciple did once, "Lord, I will follow Thee whithersoever Thou goest." To you I would say: "Have you counted the cost? Are you determined to obtain the pearl of great price, even though it may cost all that you have?" The man who offered to follow Christ was warned that it was no easy thing, and we are not told whether he was turned from his purpose by the warning words: "The Son of Man hath not where to lay His head." Our Lord's solemn words, addressed to all who wish to follow Him, still hold good: "If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow Me." This is a luxurious and self-indulgent age, and we are apt to make our Christianity one of our luxuries, forgetting that good soldiers must now, as ever, be prepared and willing to "endure hardness." David scorned to present to God offerings which cost him nothing. Do our offerings cost anything? We are in danger of becoming mere carpet-knights in these days when everybody tries to make our road easy. Instead of being called on to give to God, we plan and contrive ways and means of raising money for church purposes without cost to the congregations, by bazaars, strawberry festivals, concerts, etc. St. Paul was drawn after Christ, not by being told how easy

ways and means of working up a harvest thanksgiving service, and are dreadfully afraid of boring the congregation. One psalm, one collect, a hymn and anthem, and a lesson of only two verses, are as much as they dare inflict on the audience—people who do not come to pray, but to listen. The sermon, if it is advisable to have one at all, must only last five minutes. The curate remarks that there was a young man at church last Sunday, and he yawned. The horrified rector exclaims: "Yawned; that must not occur again! We must leave out a collect or something. What can we do to amuse him? When I was a curate, the banjo was one great means of obtaining influence in the parish, but even now the infant-school refuses to listen to it."

Then they talk about the difficulty of getting hold of the young men, saying that billiards and bi-weekly dances have lost their novelty, but a balloon club might attract a few. The choir have grown discontented because they were only treated to an excursion to the West Indies, while another choir went to Khiva. The women belonging to the Clothing Club will not wear dresses that are not imported from Paris. In fact, the condition of affairs is very sad, and the rector says, despairingly: "I don't see how Bible truths are to be brought home to them. If they will not be taught dramatically or operatically, or even by the oxyhydrogen light, I don't see what is to become of the Church." The curate hesitatingly suggests, as a last resource, "Might it not, as an experiment, be worth while to try a little religion on them?" Of course, this is intended as a parody on the modern methods of filling the churches by making the services novel and entertaining, but are we not drifting in

tured himself by living for about 30 years on a pillar 60 feet high, as a Syrian monk of the fifth century did, he would not win the almost adoring admiration of crowds of people. Instead of wishing to copy him, the authorities would probably lock him up in a lunatic asylum. But we are all attracted by self-sacrifice for the sake of others, and we all wish we could muster courage to follow in the steps of earth's heroes.

Once a terrible plague raged in France, and the doctors could do nothing to stop it, because they did not understand the disease. Then, Dr. Guyon, who was a celebrated man in the prime of life, deliberately chose to walk in the footsteps of Christ, and lay down his life to save others. To dissect the corpse of one who had died of the plague seemed the only plan of finding out the nature of the disease, and to do that meant certain death. Dr. Guyon said, "I devote my life to the safety of my country." He then dissected a corpse, wrote out the result of his investigations, putting the paper into a disinfecting preparation so that it might not harm anyone who read it, and died in twelve hours. One act of genuine self-denial, for the sake of God or man, will lift human nature higher than any amount of listening to entertaining services, and it will bring more genuine joy with it, too. Men soon get bored when they are only seeking amusement, but one who is really a disciple of Christ, really offering every day a service which costs something, never gets bored. Let no one think that he must give up happiness if he chooses to follow Christ. We never lose by giving to a real king, and our King will not fail to make a quick and a grand return for all gifts laid at his feet. As a worker among the poor in Chicago said a few years ago: "It seems to me that I have never been able to make a sacrifice for Jesus' sake, because, whenever I have thought I was doing so, straightway He has sent me such a blessing that there was no sacrifice."

Carlyle says that it is only with renunciation that life, properly speaking, can be said to begin. If we are to obey orders and take up the cross "daily," then it is time we set about it. Opportunities for great sacrifices do not come every day, so it is plain that what God asks from us most of the time are little sacrifices, the opportunities for which meet us in every home. Selfishness can only be kept down by constant watchfulness and prayer. Charity "seeketh not her own," is eager to make others happy, regardless of little personal inconveniences and discomforts. One who leads an unselfish life will be sure to find that it costs something. Well, do you want to slide easily through life, winning no victories, because you find that fighting is hard work?

Oh, yes, I know as well as you do that it is easy for me to talk, but while I show my faith by my words, you are probably doing the far harder and grander thing—showing your faith by your works.

"Then rise, and in His strengthening might
The narrow path pursue,
There wait, or watch, or rest, or fight,
Whate'er is duty, do."

HOPE.

How it Happened.

"Neath an old umbrella, tho' covered with patches,
Is not a bad place for the making of matches."

That, translated into Italian, is what the repairer of umbrellas is gaily trilling to the dark-eyed maiden who has tried to tell the story of how her umbrella got broken at the fete of yesterday. "Antonio says he did not do it, and you say you did not do it, so perhaps you did the mischief between you. I can mend your broken whalebones, but when it comes to the breaking of hearts—well, who breaks, pays."

H. A. B.



(Zernulli.)

How It Happened.

His service was, but rather by being told of its difficulty: "I will show him how great things he must suffer for My name's sake." God knows men too well to try to win them at little or no cost to themselves. Sugar-coated religion is worth very little, and is despised by those who will respond gladly when called to face a danger or difficulty. The modern idea of making our Sunday services popular and entertaining has been shown up by a clever satire in an English paper:

A rector and curate are discussing

that direction? How different is St. Peter's plan for attracting disciples: "For even hereunto were ye called, because Christ also suffered for us, leaving us an example that ye should follow His steps." When our Great Example undertook to help the world He walked steadily along a difficult path which led straight to the Cross. Shall we, who wish to follow His steps, think that all is well with us if our religion costs us nothing? Useless sacrifice is repugnant to the common sense of men in this 20th century. If a man tor-