

proper appellation of "housekeepers." Why the care of a house, upon the proper performance of which the welfare and comfort of a family depends, should be considered a menial occupation, while stitching dresses, acting as clerks, etc., is considered higher work, is beyond my comprehension. I think the art of housekeeping should be placed at the head of the list of female employments.

#### MAKE YOUR SERVICES INDISPENSABLE.

Having chosen a profession or occupation or entered upon any line of work which suits you, remember the primary conditions of success, before alluded to, which are, industry and faithfulness to the interests of your employer, and the rendering of good, faithful service. I will give you one secret, which will be sure to secure success. That is to make your services indispensable to your employer. Do not be a time server, anxious to escape from your work as soon as the hours you are expected to devote to it are past. Step out of your way to do anything that will be of service to him. Look after his interests as sedulously and as carefully as if they were your own. Anticipate wants and requirements if possible, and while courteous and modest, be efficient and intent upon doing everything that lies in your power to make the interests of the concern, with which you are connected, successful. You need not fear that your services will go unnoticed or unappreciated, or that they will fail to command just recognition and recompense. Our young country needs for its development true womanhood, and earnest, honest, industrious manhood. We want good citizens, honest, God-fearing men and women, who realize the gravity of the great problems of life, who understand the necessity for carrying out the purposes of Providence by their own efforts as laborers, in a physical and in a spiritual and mental sense. I have spoken of the conditions of success in life. Its conditions are plain, easily mastered, easily applied.

Lyndoch, Ont.

### When My Ship Comes In

"I MEAN to do a number of delightful things when my ship comes in: things for my father and mother, things for my friends, and last of all, for myself. I know just what I would like to do for my neighbor across the way, and for my cousin in Canada, but I haven't any money and I must wait until the day when, over the sea, with her sails set toward home, the ship that I dream of comes into harbor."

So runs the gay letter of a young girl who is full of the most unselfish hopes and plans, and who spends many an hour in building beautiful castles in Spain. From turret to foundation stone these airy castles depend, if ever they are to become real, upon the arrival of the mythical ship.

The bright girl dreamer is not solitary in her idle waiting for the coming of a ship freighted with gold, silver and gems. But while she is waiting and while others are waiting, and vainly looking across the wide waste of waters for the ship that still tarries out of sight, time is flying fast, and little is accomplished. One does not need, after all, very much money to do kind acts, say kind words, and lift burdens from those who are growing weary beneath their weight. One's father comes home at night, all tired in body and mind after a long day of business, and what he most wants is that a daughter should cheer him by her smiles, and her stories of her happy day. Smiles and merry stories are worth more to him than crisp bills or shining gold, and this is just as true if he be poor as if he be rich when the situation is that of a home-coming father and a home-welcoming daughter.

The mother, too, who combines in her own person the varied offices of housekeeper, nurse, teacher, and confidante, and who is the guardian angel of the family group, is very likely at a place in life where the strain is beginning to be painful. If her young daughter stepping from childhood into girlhood can relieve her of a part of her care, can persuade her to take a little rest, or a day's holiday, or to give herself a little treat at the cost of a small sacrifice of her own, she may do this and much more that is sweet and precious without delaying until the ship of dreams comes in.

Young people seldom have the faintest notion of the effect that their mere presence has on those who are older, possibly disheartened or perhaps handicapped by infirmity. The neighbor over the way may be obliged to stay indoors when

the weather is stormy, or her eyes may be dim, so that he cannot read the books that tempt her, or she may be a little deaf and thus shut into silence, and shut out from music and song, and the pleasure of conversation. A girl, or, for that matter, a youth, who has the time and the inclination to drop in and pay a visit now and then, bringing into the quiet room a breath of the outside world, talking cheerily to one who is deaf, in tones that can be heard, reading to the one whose sight is obscured, giving a little leisure to the elderly friend who feels that the procession has passed him by, is doing a work that cannot be rated according to commercial value. Such work the angels do all the time. No one need wait till the ship comes in to do a little act of kindness or say a little word of love.

In Charles Dickens' exquisite story of "Little Dorrit" there is a touching picture of the child of the Marshalsea, sitting down day after day beside her father, a hopeless prisoner for debt, seldom trying to talk to him, but helping him because she is there. Her mother is dead, and the little maiden born amid prison shadows, has not felt the sunbeams that sift their golden radiance into most child-lives. Nevertheless, she is one of the Lord's messengers. Her little hand is constantly helping somebody. She never misses an opportunity, and opportunities come gliding her way. Little Dorrit, a winsome figure, will always be an inspiration to those who read her story, as the master of story-tellers has set it down in his panoramic page. The charm of her personality is crystallized in one little word, "sympathy."

What about the missionary in Japan, or the classmate who was graduated last summer and has accepted a position as teacher in a far-away college? One may write a letter full of news, bubbling over with affection, brimful of cheer, put it in an envelope, stamp it and drop it in the mail box, and away it goes on a mission of good will and friendly greeting across the continent, or to the other side of the globe. A letter is the most vital of gifts. It is a bit of talk in concrete shape, compressed within the limits of a sheet of paper, and once sent it conveys from hand to hand something intangible and undying. One may write letters that will go forth freighted with the richest blessings, yet one may never in her whole life own merchandise in any ship of earthly fortune.

"It isn't the thing you do, dear,  
It's the thing you leave undone,  
That gives you a bit of a heartache,  
At the setting of the sun:

"The tender word forgotten,  
The letter you did not write,  
The flower you did not send, dear,  
Are your haunting ghosts at night.

"The stone you might have lifted  
Out of a brother's way,  
The bit of heartsome counsel  
You were hurried too much to say."

—Forward.

### Every Day a New One

HERE is a pretty bit of optimistic philosophy, inspired by so ordinary an occurrence as the daily sunrise.

Do you know the sun rises every morning? There are many persons who do not know this important fact; or if they do know, they do not act accordingly. These persons carry yesterday's burdens and successes around with them to-day. They would be better off if they carried only their burdens and successes and failures. The failure of yesterday should be forgotten—except its valuable lessons—because it disheartens us for to-day. The successes of yesterday should not be remembered if they weigh against the larger possible successes of to-day. The burdens of yesterday should have been buried yesterday. That is one meaning of the sunrise. It shuts off yesterday. The sun rises as fair and bright and new this morning as though it had not risen anew every morning of these six thousand years. It brings a new day, with new opportunities, new duties and new possibilities. Yesterday is shut off from to-day by the curtain of the night, and the sun rises in the morning to usher in the new day. There are men in this town who are gray with the burdens of yesterday, when they might be buoyant with the brightness of to-day's dawn. They have forgotten that the sun has risen.—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.