

The Upward Look

Travel Series No. 42—Thanksgiving

"O GIVE thanks unto the Lord: for he is good: for his mercy endureth for ever."—Psalm 106: 1.

Once I missed my train connection and had to stay over at a small hotel by a beautiful mountain lake. Beautiful as the lake was, as I wanted to be somewhere else that day, I felt quite out of sorts. While wondering how to put in the time, I heard a cheery voice outside of the door say: "Now, isn't this just a 'large' day!" I looked out to see the user of that expressive adjective, and saw a chairwoman in the hall, with a very small boy holding on to her skirts.

This woman came into my room later, when we got quite well acquainted. Her husband had died suddenly the year before, leaving her with five small children and no means. She gave me a cordial invitation to visit her that afternoon, an invitation which was gratefully accepted. Her home reminded me of an eagle's nest, perched high up on a mountain side, with five skirting ledgings.

One of the little girls asked shyly if I would like to see their play-room. I followed her wondering, accompanied by the others, out of the house, when she led me into a nearby forest. I had heard much of the beauties of the British Columbian woods, but had never realized it until then; the great trees, exquisite flowers, mossy grass in an open space the little one stopped, saying simply, "This is our play-room, and these are our toys," with a sweep of her arms including nature's treasures. "These," said sturdy Jackie, pointing to an arching tree, is our rocking home. Just see how we have bent him down."

After the happiest of half hours I had to leave. As young as they were, the three eldest all had work to do: one to clean out the school-house, another to care for a neighbor's cow, another to help get a paper.

With the thought of those happy faces, and thoroughly ashamed of my morning discontent, I returned to the hotel. In moments of depression since, I have thought of that play-room in the forest, rich with play-toys. That was the bright spot in the lives of those children, already feeling life's responsibilities.

Instead of thinking and dwelling on the cares that must be in each life, may we think of the happy hours spent in our play-rooms, rich with the God-sent joys in our lives. With a heart full of gratitude, may we thank Him, at this Thanksgiving time, for all of the many blessings and mercies He sends into all our lives.—I. H. N.

Simplify, Classify, Jollify, Glorify

With the Household Editor.

A WOMAN was once asked how to do away with the drudgery of housework. She replied that housework was not drudgery unless we thought it so; that every woman should keep before her four points—to simplify, classify, jollify and glorify.

How many of us really endeavor to make our work as simple as possible? Too often we come in contact with people, both men and women, who work very hard, are always busy and yet do their work in the hardest way possible, quite unconsciously of course. Another tendency is to busy ourselves with non-essentials which we consider essentials and to load ourselves down with work in order to keep up with our neighbors. Would it not be a much better plan to make life as simple as possible, do away

with non-essentials and be like ourselves, not like other people?

We like that word "classify." It sounds as though we were trying to run our housekeeping duties on a businesslike basis. And that is just what we should do. The woman who plans her work systematically, with the object in view of saving time, and steps, is the one who is going to make a success of housekeeping.

The next point is to "jollify" our work. Splendidly blessed is that home where the wife and mother is gifted with a sense of humor. It is not the big troubles that have a tendency to rouse the wife and mother to become irritable in the home, but rather the everyday trivial happenings, the little accidents, etc. If, however, just when everything is going wrong, the little mother can see the humorous side of things, how it will change the whole point of view and send the forebodings and annoyances into "nothingness." The woman in the home with a keen sense of humor many times proves to be the ruling star away from what would otherwise prove to be pitfalls of unhappiness.

The fourth point, "glorify," is the greatest of all. It is here married that home-keeping, rather than

housekeeping, comes into full sway. The grandest work for any woman is to care for those she loves. Upon her rests the responsibility of caring for the bodies of husband and children. She must also care for their minds. The influence she has over her husband and children in helping them to get the most out of life and to live happily together is almost inestimable.

Let us seek to cultivate the right viewpoint in connection with our housework and home duties and follow the motto of "Simplify, classify, jollify and glorify."

HOME CLUB

A Problem to be Solved

WILL any of our Home Club members offer some advice and help to solve the problem of a new member, who writes as follows:

"I am a young married woman. I was not brought up on the farm, but I have married a farmer. He has a great many labor-saving machines, among

them a new hay loader and hay fork. I think he needed them, but when I need labor savers he says he cannot afford to give them to me. I did get some linoleum to cover my kitchen floor. It is a large kitchen and the floor was of white pine, so was very hard to keep clean. There are a couple of other savers which I would like to have. One is a washing machine and the other a vacuum cleaner. When I bought the linoleum, however, my husband thought I could have done without it. We have 80 acres of land and keep a boy to help my husband during the summer holidays. —In Perplexity."

Books for Fall and Winter Reading

THE long evenings are setting in and I suppose the "melancholy days have come," although I can't say that I consider them so, and I rather enjoy this time of year. There are so many things one can do during the long evenings to pass the time pleasantly. My reason for writing this letter is to plan a few of my friends—and myself have in mind for spending quite a number of evenings this fall and winter. Six girls,

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