

girls may not know what the future has in store for them. All their plans may be frustrated, and, besides, all girls should know how to do all kinds of house-work.

Whether a girl enjoys dishwashing or not depends largely upon the spirit in which she approaches her task. To make this clear, take notice of the manner in which two different girls go about this particular work.

Now, Miss Mary Jane Dishwasher and Miss Susie Dishwasher were sisters, but each, as you will see, was quite different from the other.

Miss Susie was pleasant only when outside her home, and even then she was often cross. She always thought household duties were disagreeable, and would sit and sulk long enough to have them done. At home she was seldom seen neatly dressed—especially in the kitchen. She was untidy in her appearance, and careless, even slovenly, in her habits. She was easily teased, easily ruffled, and frequently in bad humor. She would not do her work in a systematic way, nor take any pride in it. She would pile all manner of dishes into her dishpan at once, and was so slow and poky about her work that the water often became greasy and cold before she was through. This only increased her bad temper.

But Miss Mary Jane was always pleasant. She was ever ready to lend a helping hand wherever needed. But the one thing more than anything else that seemed to place her above her sister in the estimation of her friends, was the graceful way in which she performed unpleasant duties. This was especially seen in the manner in which she performed the task of washing dishes. She was always neat in her appearance (even in the kitchen), and always cheerful in the home. The presence of a soiled tablecloth overlaid with dirty dishes, could not in the least ruffle her temper. As if dishwashing was her chief delight, she would proceed to clean off the table and wash the dishes in a most systematic manner. Her plan was to wash the glass-ware first, then the cups and saucers, and then the other dishes. Lastly came the kettles and pans. Her dishes were always well dried and carefully put away. She was as dexterous in handling them as the painter in handling his brushes, and took as much pride in her work.

Dishwashing was a factor in the forming of the habits and in the building of the character of each of these girls. Through habits that were slovenly and a spirit that was unlovable and selfish, the one was building for herself a character that was defective. The other was building up for herself a character that was noble. She was cheerful in her disposition, uncomplaining in her tasks, and systematic in her work. She had a trained hand, methodical habits, a refined nature, and a beautiful character. These fine results were helped, not hindered, by the homely art of dishwashing.

Age 14.

Brain Food for the Boy

FLOSSIE FRANCIS, WINCHELSEA, ONT.

The first picture on the scrap-picture page is, to my mind, one of the best pictures on the page, yet some may say, "Only a boy and a book." Yes, but how important is a boy! Does not the world look to our healthy, happy boys to be its pillars in the future?

To be useful, our boys must be educated, not only in our colleges and universities, but from good wholesome books. While some boys may not be so passionately fond of literature as others, yet the average healthy boy's mind will keenly follow an interesting book.

How are we to get something interesting to hold the boy's attention? My sug-

gestion is this:—Why not purchase for him a book on the life of some worthy and useful man, which contains his life's history, and watching the boy read it, one will notice how intensely interesting the book becomes to him as he reads the life, especially as he reads the portion which deals with the age, equal to that of the boy himself.

When the boy has become acquainted with an author, he will be anxious to read more of his works, consequently he will enjoy reading different books of this elevating character instead of trashy and sometimes awful stories in the so-called "popular" novels.

Keep the boy's mind on some high ideal and he will have no time to think of anything low and debasing, which means poison to the young mind.

All boys try to imitate some one, and the boy after reading good, wholesome literature, as will be found from the pen

of our honored writers, will most undoubtedly try to live something like his hero author, and not only will his boyhood days be honorable and manly, but as he steps from boyhood to young manhood, and from manhood to old age, he will be lifting and helping some fallen brother from the sin and guilt of the world.

Satisfaction

R. HOUSEMAN, SARNIA.

In looking over the scrap-picture page this thought came to my mind,—*Satisfaction*. Yes, it is on every page on the page. In my service in the Epworth League, I have learned to be satisfied to serve, not to try to lead, but to help in every possible way to keep the League in activity. Not that I am satisfied with my achievements, yet, to the best of my



"But there were standing by the cross of Jesus His mother, and His mother's sister, Mary the wife of Clopas, and Mary Magdalene. When Jesus therefore saw His mother, and the disciple standing by whom He loved, He saith unto His mother, Woman, behold thy son! Then saith He to the disciple, Behold thy mother! And from that hour the disciple took her unto his own home."—John 19: 25-27.

BUT pierce this external appearance, and what is it? A body weakened, disgraced, suffering, and just coming to more awful agony, was this all? Within that unspeaking form was the home of a great and suffering love. A nature which time shall never be able fully to interpret was now at its point of greatest grandeur,—the full of love. It was not that love which gives and takes, but that love which is the highest ecstasy of mortal life, that love which suffers for another. To say that suffering for another's good is the highest element of Deity would be to venture beyond knowledge; but we may say that it is the highest element yet unfolded to us, and that all other conceptions of character are far behind this.

A divine lesson was needed, that love is the essence of divinity; that love, administered, carries with it everything that there is of love, and purity, and justice; and not only that love is the fulfilling of the law, but that God himself is love.—H. W. Beecher.