

unsuccessful, describes how he gazed with sorrow at the failure of his hopes, but lamented that failure for a moment only:

"For a moment! Then our manhood  
Puts the sorrows by,  
Crushes down again the heart throb,  
Quells the rising sigh.  
And once more we set our faces  
Sternly toward the front,  
Brace again our nerves and sinews  
For the battle's brunt.  
Onward! With success or failure  
We have nought to do.  
Ours to do our duty nobly  
All life's journey through."

Those who are accepting their troubles—be they large or small—with cheerful courage are helping the world far more than they know. One of the greatest treasures in the world is Joy. If you can pour out gladness in a steady stream, in dark days as well as in days of sunshine, you are a public benefactor. Even in this time of war the sun is still shining behind the clouds, and some day the clouds will vanish. Let us look forward, instead of giving way to inglorious despair. Think of the soldiers who say, "Are we downhearted? No!"

A hero in a besieged city, who was facing probable starvation, said, "I have still my boots left, and as long as I have that most excellent meal left I will not surrender." He did not surrender.

Spurgeon has said: "Prayer girds human weakness with Divine strength." We are weak, but our Divine Ally is All-Mighty. We can be victors every day, if we draw daily supplies of strength from Him.

"All may have,  
If they dare try,  
A glorious life or grave."

—Dora Farncomb.

## The Ingle Nook.

[Rules for correspondence in this and other Departments: (1) Kindly write on one side of paper only. (2) Always send name and address with communications. If pen name is also given, the real name will not be published. (3) When enclosing a letter to be forwarded to anyone, place it in stamped envelope ready to be sent on. (4) Allow one month in this department for answers to questions to appear.]

### Three Jewels.

There was once a woman who sat listlessly, day by day, looking out of the window of a cabin. The rain rained, and the sun shone, and the wind blew, but it was naught to her, for she was not alive; she was dreaming in a land of unrealities, and the Present was ever passing. If ever she awoke it was but to shudder and say, "I hate this bare and comfortless cabin! I hate this croft with its tangle of tall weeds and smothering vines. Oh, if I were only what I am not!"

One day there passed a gay cavalcade, and in the midst of it a lady fair with flash of jewels on hair and throat. The woman at the window followed with her eyes, and forgot that it was but the flash of sunshine on the jewels that caused them to shine. The cavalcade passed and was lost in a cloud of dust. "This cabin is more bare than before," said the woman, "and the weeds grow taller, and I feel that among them serpents twine."

And the sky grew dark, and the wind moaned, and the gnarled limbs of the trees creaked without the walls of the cabin, and the woman leaned her head on her hands and wept.

Came One to her in the midst of the darkness who said, so quietly that it seemed only the murmuring of a south wind through the casement: "Why repine you for the flash of jewels that have passed you and gone behind a cloud of dust into the great world? For behold you have three jewels, better than which has no one, but you must take away the glass from before your eyes that you may see."

"There is no glass," said the woman. "But yes," said the voice of the One, "you have been living upon your emotions and moods; turn the searchlight of your intellect upon yourself and you will find the glass."

Then the woman did as she had been bidden, and discovered that for years she

had been looking out upon the world through a glass that was all blue. She thrust it from her, and saw that upon it was stamped its name, Morbidity.

She turned to the cabin and looked out of the window.

"The cabin is less bare," she said, "and the sky is less gray; but the gnarled tree still moans, and I see no jewels."

"Thrust away from you still another glass," said the Voice as of the south wind, "so mayest thou see the jewels."

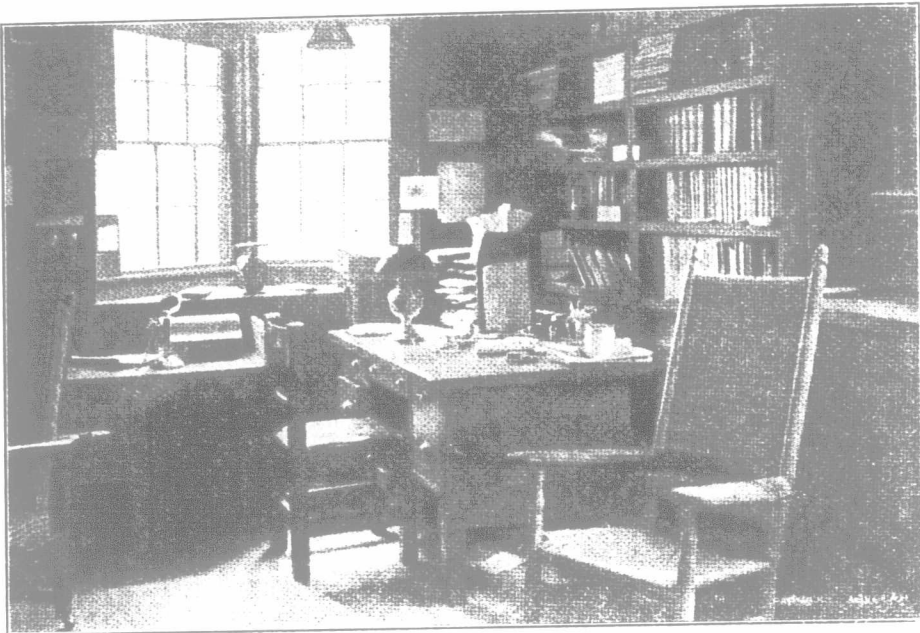
So the woman turned the searchlight of her intellect once more upon herself, and found yet a glass all smoked and dim, through which never filtered a

the window. "I have idled long," she said.

And she began to set the cabin to rights, sweeping it clean, and brushing the hearth, and stirring up the fire until it danced, and setting the kettle a-singing. She went out into the garden, and before her touch the tall weeds faded away and in their place grew flowers—heartsease and stately foxglove and love-in-a-mist—and about her children played.

"The world is ever fair," she said, "and the willow trees moan no more."

So the woman grew old in good works, and one day as she sat contentedly knitting in her cabin there came again



A Corner of a Den.

glimpse of sunshine, nor bright faces of children and flowers, nor songs of birds, but only the glint of hard gold and flinty glimmer of diamonds, and high seats of the world, far-away things among which walked shadowy, far-off figures.

She thrust this glass also away from her, and then saw that its name was False Estimates.

It was as though a burden had rolled off her shoulders. "The sun shines," said she, "and the branches of the tree wave in the wind; the leaves turn their under sides to the heavens, and they are all silver. The tall weeds in the garden, too, are nodding to me, and I know

the Voice as the murmuring of the south wind through the casement. "Hast thou found thy three jewels?" it asked. "But no," said the woman, and smiled, "and now I am old. I have seen no jewels."

"Yet for all these years thou hast had them," said the Voice. "Thou hast had the three jewels. Thou hast used them well."

The soft murmuring died away, and the woman closed her eyes, still smiling. "Thou hast 'used' the jewels," the Voice had said, and she pondered. Then her consciousness saw, and there passed before her three Impressions, gleaming softly bright, as jewels of more than



An Attractive Library.

there are no serpents among them, for through them a little child with smiling face makes way for me. But where are the jewels?"

"Think well," said the Voice of the One who had come as the south wind, "and perhaps thou mayest see. Now, for thine own good, must I leave thee, but remember that One hath spoken to thee whose name is Inspiration. Hold fast to thee that which I have given thee, and trust thine own self. 'To thine own self be true'."

The woman arose from her place by

earthly lustre; and the name of the first was Time, and the name of the second was Place, and the name of the third was Opportunity.

"Time?" yes, I have had all the time there was," said the woman to herself, "and for these many years I have not wasted it. . . . Place? I have had this little cabin, and my garden beyond there where the bees hum and the birds sing, and children come in to play. . . . Opportunity? Yes, there has been opportunity to do for others. I have been as one who 'lived in a house by the side of the road, to be a friend to man.' All so little, and yet so much." And she

thought of the thirsty traveller to whom she had given a drink of water, of the old wayfarer whom she had fed, of the distressed and desolate whom she had taken into her home and comforted, sending them away with a few blossoms of heartsease on their bosoms. "Yes," she said, "I have had three jewels."

And quietly she fell asleep.

JUNIA.

## Women As Workers.

So a census is to be taken in England to ascertain how many women can do men's work, thus to release just so many more of the "fighters of the species" to go to the front, if necessary!

It's a horrible contingency that makes such a step necessary, and yet, upon this the morning of its issuing (March 18th), the announcement seems to have brought one thought uppermost in the mind of nearly everyone who has commented upon it: "I wonder if they will give them the vote now?" has been the very general query. Will "They" give them the vote?—that vast, indefinite, yet very real quantity called "They," which so often, without rhyme or reason, and because of mere prejudice, or carelessness, or stupidity, sways, according to its whim, the destinies of those over whom it can exercise control.

"The vote," however, does not seem to be the keystone of the thought. Rather this: It is portentous of things much deeper than even the franchise, that women are to be called out among the ranks of the workers in England. For England has been very conservative in the matter of permitting women to come forth and do useful work and earn their own honest living. Nor has she been the only country which has cherished an unwritten law that women lose caste socially just as soon as they essay to part company with the parasites and take a stand, positively useful, among the workers of the world.

Henceforth, it may be, the labor that brings daily bread and keeps the wheels of the world moving will be less despised, will take a more honored place in the social fabric. Whether of hands or of head, whether accomplished by men or by women, it will be more likely to be awarded its rightful place. . . . And so Medievalism with its false standards will be left behind, and the Sanity of a new age, a truly Golden Age, will take its place.

One would not for a moment suggest that woman anywhere should shirk or avoid her place in life as a woman. Nor, whatever cynics may say, is there much danger of that, at least among the broadminded women of the world. True womanhood, wherever found, is big enough in spirit to live up to its obligations. Only the pampered, parasitical members of the sex seek to escape them.

The point is this: That every woman of spirit rebels at being forced to be a parasite. She demands her right, as a human being, to work at that for which she is fitted and which she loves to do. She demands the right to hold fast her ideals as to the man whom she will marry, and to refuse to marry simply for a home. She demands the right to earn her living independently, if her ideal of married life does not present itself. And she dares to hold her head high and expect that her work shall be respected.

This census movement will consolidate her position. Incidentally, it is rather sure to bring to her the possibility of stepping out from the ranks of "idiots and children" and raising her voice as a human being in regard to the laws under which she must live.

In passing, is it not a matter for satisfaction that at this terrible time of crisis there are women and women who are neither butterflies nor jelly-fish, not yet mere wisps of dodder or bindweed—women who are splendidly capable, splendidly willing to meet whatever emergency may occur? When the war is over, the female sex, already vastly in the majority before it started, will be preponderant beyond precedent. Upon the shoulders of the women will rest a burden also beyond precedent. And long years will pass before the male children of the nation will be old enough to undertake their share of it.

In the meantime, Heaven grant to the women the strength, and the daring, and the will!

JUNIA.