Home Chats

By

MARIE ANN BE

POOR MOTHER—?

Mothers, mothers. Doesn't nearly half the world consist of mothers? Types and models countless in number pass across the changing scene of earthly life. There is the little old-fashioned mother who still toils and works night and day for her children. And there is the more sophisticated modern mother who sees she has time for the almost daily and much-coveted game of bridge. There is the careless mother and the good mother, the universal mother.

But it does not matter in what station of life she walks, there is no one knows better than she herself what it means to raise a family of 2, 3, 4, and occasionally the "daily tea party of eleven or twelve children." The home is a factory and its machinery is made up of exceedingly delicate and complicated mechanism. If the work is well done or ill who knows better than the world that it owes all its progress or limitations to the type of home from which its individuals sprung.

How time flies! and there are only twenty-four hours in a day. What is left undone Monday must be done Tuesday, and, if Tuesday goes by with its tasks unfinished, the pile just grows higher, and some day there must be a reckoning. The little child so soft and sweet is nevertheless the most exacting and tyrannical of all in his wee commands. He sees neither sickness nor is sympathetic for that sometimes extremely tired mother feeling. No one knows better the rigid demands made upon her for the doing of endless little things which must be done.

Yet with every hour filled to overflowing while the family is growing she finds herself sometimes warned by those with more leisure, or perhaps sees in some newspaper article that it is most necessary for her to broaden out. She is told she should learn about the outside world and its doings or, when the family is grown, alack and alas, her own good husband will not be able to talk to her when they are old and alone again, for she'll wake up suddenly to find herself far behind him.

This is indeed disturbing, but the day is only twenty-four hours long and the babies' clothes are all dirty again, company is coming to-morrow, and there's not a thing in the house to eat. "What was that you said about Russia yesterday, John, the baby cried and I didn't just get it?"

Perhaps it is up to John to see that she does know about Russia and about politics and the newest thing in electricity. John works hard, but his working hours can be counted from eight to five, or from seven to six. He must have time to read his paper and does read it. What better way can he find to see what he has retained than to put into words what he has read to mother after the baby has stopped crying and there is quiet while the dishes are being washed and put away. John might even wipe the dishes. Oh, yes, there are ways and ways.

But as years pass and she sees the gradual consummation of her work in her growing family she goes on less dismayed. Well she knows that home laughter, the sunshine of the soul, the happiness of the heart and the companionship of years are ties that bind securely until the time for the great parting arrives.

Yes, mother reigns supreme in her Kingdom of the home, and mixed up with her endless doing of little things is the boundless faith she has in me—her child.

Mother asks for few things, but what she wants she wants. She says, "If my children want to please me, write to me regularly. If you can't write a long letter write a short one, and even a few words is much better than nothing at all, for it shows that you think of me.

Another thing, do not think that you need get me a big present for Mother's Day when the struggle of living is hard. That is not the idea of Mother's Day. It makes it a burden which is the last thing a true mother wants, but the little kind thought of a loving card of remembrance, or the giving of a carefully raised flower or small gift is immeasurably dear to me, my children."

TWILIGHT HOUR STORY

"About Chicks and Other Little Friends"

Chapter 20.

Uncle Will and Aunt Kate were bringing Billy home in their big car after his two weeks' holiday in the big city and he could hardly wait till he got home. He kept thinking about Mamma and Daddy and all his good little animal friends. Of course, all along the way he enjoyed passing the green fields and the woods and he laughed out loud at so many things he saw on the way. Once he shouted, "Oh, look at that young colt in the field over there. Isn't he fine? I wish I had a colt." Sure enough there was a frisky little horse playing with its mother horse, jumping and kicking up his heels and shaking his head just as though he were laughing. You know Billy might have a colt some day, for who knows perhaps Betty, the other horse in the barn who works out in the field with George all day long might have a little colt next year.

Well, after a long nice drive in that big car Billy just couldn't help calling out after he kept looking and looking for something straight ahead that he expected to see any minute now, "Oh, look Uncle Will, there's our barn away over there and our house. I know it because it's got a white fence all around it."

Uncle Will smiled and just kept on driving and soon they turned in at the lane. Billy jumped out first, for he was so excited about getting home and he just got out of the door when something knocked him right over so that he fell smack on the ground and then felt a soft, wet tongue licking his cheek and he just couldn't get up, for there was Rover standing over him, holding him down for he was so glad to see him. Billy was awfully glad to see Rover, too, and he hugged him back. Well, after a while he did let Billy get up, and oh, when he got up, there was Mamma and Daddy looking just the same as ever and smiling with big smiles that were only for Billy. It's wonderful to be loved like that, isn't it, children? There's nothing like a mamma and daddy.

After all the noise was over and Billy was telling Mamma about all the fun he had when he was away, he felt something soft and warm rubbing around his feet. Well, well, here was Fluffy come to say "Hello" in her own way, for she was purring as hard as she could. You see when so much noise was going on Fluffy hid behind a chair until everything was quiet again. Kittens don't like a noise very much, so she thought she'd wait for a while. Cats and dogs are very different, aren't they? Billy picked her up and petted her and she put her paw on his cheek to see if it was really him.

Then he said, "But Mamma, how is Topsy and her little kittens?"

"You'll be surprised when you see them, dear, they're grown so big."

So they went out together to the barn. Here was Molly the cow, waiting to be milked. She called Billy when she saw him, "Moo-oo" in a low voice and, after he petted her, they walked on to George and Betty, the two big shiny black horses. They stamped their feet and threw up their heads for Billy to remember them. Horses have such nice silky noses to pet. Did you ever know that? All at once here was Topsy and, mind you, she made a big jump and landed right on his shoulder, for she was glad to see him, too, but when he went to her box where the kittens were, not one was to be seen. Do you know where they were? Well, they were afraid of Billy and were all hiding, you see, they forgot about him, they were so little when he went away.

"Mamma, where is Jimmy Chick and the other three little chicks that look so much alike?"

"Oh, they're alright, but you're going to have a surprise when you see them, Billy," said mother, "and that's what we'll tell you about next time."

What New York

BY ANNABELLE WORTHINGTON

Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished With Every Pattern

Scarcely could one find a more simple smart day dress this is so girlish and practical at the same time.

Carry it out in rayon printed crepe with picot-edge, done professionally, finishing the capelet collar and bolero. And you have a darling dress, that incidentally one sees in the most exclusive French houses for spring.

It's tremendously easy to put together and maybe little daughter can make it herself.

Style No. 3027 is designed for girls of 8, 10, 12 and 14 years.

Printed and plain flat crepe silk, wool crepe in roman stripes, wool challis prints, dimity prints, linen, batiste prints and shantung are suitable smart fabrics for youth.

Size 8 requires 2⅞ yards 35-inch or 2⅛ yards 39-inch material.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS.

Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 20c in stamps or coin (coin preferred; wrap it carefully) for each number, and address your order to Wilson Pattern Service, 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto.

Birds Scarce in Europe

Constance.—This year's northward migration of birds from Africa to sunny Italy resulted in disaster, as their climatic sense was insufficient to warn them of the unexpected snowfalls and cold waves which swept Central Europe in mid-March.

After negotiating the Alps and finding their familiar resting places in the South German Plains and the Black Forest covered deep with snow, the feathered tribes flew restlessly back and forth for days seeking food and resting places. Finally those not too exhausted conquered the instinct which drove them northward and flew back to sunnier climes, but swarms, weakened by the hard flight, perished of hunger and cold on the plateaus of Wurttemburg, Baden, Bavaria, and the Rhineland. Larks and snipe will be especially rare in Northern Europe this year as a result of the late snowfall.

Pride is at the bottom of all great mistakes.—John Ruskin.

Sunday School Lesson

May 10. Lesson VI—The Parable of the Pounds—Luke 19: 11-26. Golden Text—It is required in stewards, that a man be found faithful. —1 Corinthians 4: 2.

ANALYSIS.

I. TWO PARABLES OR ONE?
II. FAITHFUL STEWARDSHIP.
III. GROWTH THROUGH USE.

I. TWO PARABLES OR ONE?

It has often been noted that there is a very close connection between this parable of the "Pounds" in Luke and the parable of the "Talents" in Matt. 25: 14-30. The resemblances are as remarkable as the differences. This does not, of itself, create serious difficulty for us, for we might have simply two versions of the same parable (the parables must have been told and retold many times before they were written down), or there is no reason why Jesus himself should not have used two very similar parables or the same parable with variations. A much greater difficulty in the parable of the "Pounds" lies in this, that apparently we have two stories mixed together. One is a story of a nobleman who goes far away to be made king, as, for instance, nobles of Palestine not infrequently went to Rome to receive their title from the imperial city. In this story the nobleman's fellow-citizens do not want him to be made king, and send a deputation to protest. He, on his return, has to deal with the malcontents. In the second story a man goes away and leaves some of his capital with his servants that they may trade with, and on his return he deals with them according to their faithfulness to their trust. The two stories have really very little connection, and he careful reader will notice that vs. 13, 14 do not go together. One is about "servants," the other about "citizens." It is not possible to solve this difficulty with certainty. We may either suppose that two separate parables of Jesus have here been rather clumsily combined into one, or we may suppose that the original parable of Jesus, as in the case of the parable of the talents, was concerned with faithful stewardship

II. FAITHFUL STEWARDSHIP.

In v. 13, there are ten servants, but we learn the fate of only three, as in the parable of the talents. This is not a matter of importance. It is important, however, that in this parable each servant receives the same sum. It is presumably the servants' capacity that the master wishes to test. The sum entrusted is a remarkably small one; the *mina or pound* was only worth some twenty dollars.

V. 16. We should remember that this is a parable or story taken from ordinary everyday life. One cannot argue from the story that Jesus approved of what we today call "Capitalism," or that Christians are justified in speculating in the stock market. We should have expected v. 17 to say, "because you have been faithful in little, you shall be entrusted with much." It seems strange that a man should be rewarded with ten *cities* for his faithfulness in respect of twenty dollars. Perhaps the reference to cities is connected with the other story of the nobleman (not the master) who goes away to get a kingdom.

V. 21. The servant tells his master that he is well known for his sharp practices. To "take up what you did not lay down" was a proverbial expression for fraudulently appropriating the fruits of another man's labor. This verse, then, makes it very clear that the parable is not an allegory, and that neither God nor Christ correspond with the master. The story illustrates the duty of faithful stewardship, not the character of God, nor his attitude to his children.

III. GROWTH THROUGH USE.

V. 24. Perhaps the speakers here are the crowd who are listening to Jesus. They have been following the story with conviction, for they have known hard-headed, austere business men of this type, and the story rings true to them till Jesus says, "Take away his pound and give it to the man who has ten." At that point, Jesus' audience protests, "But surely that is absurd. Why the man has ten pounds already!" Jesus replies in effect, "No, I meant what I said, for there is a principle that to him that hath shall be given; and from him that hath not, shall be taken even that which he hath."

This principle in v. 26 is quoted also in Luke 8: 18 and may often have been on the lips of Jesus. In the parable, the principle applies to money, but that was not the sense in which Jesus meant it. The illustration is taken from the stewardship of money, but the application of it is to the use of the talents given us by God. For instance, the voice of conscience is a talent. We may develop it or we may deaden it. In Luke 8: 18, the application seems to be—we have a faculty of attention to the teaching of Jesus. If we exercise that faculty, we grow in grace; if we do not, we lose the faculty. "Take heed, therefore, how ye listen."

Women Journalists Have Benefited Papers and Magazines

Lork Luke Hopes for Daily Edited by Woman and Without Political Leaders—Tract Society Publishing Books in 200 Tongues

London—"I look forward with interest to the day when a national daily will be edited by a woman, and, I hope, have no political leaders at all," Lord Luke declared at a reception given in his home in Portman Square recently, to mark the appointment of Miss Anne Hepple as the new editor of the Woman's Magazine, published by the Religious Tract Society.

"A generation ago," he continued, "the arrival of the woman journalist was making something of a sensation in Fleet Street, though—perhaps owing to an oversight—the fact was not recorded as such on the evening posters. The male journalist regarded her with a good deal of suspicion.

"But she came, and her influence has been profound. She has brought into the magazine pages of our newspapers and the lively columns of our magazines an attention to detail and make up and technique which was badly needed.

"During the last 35 years, I have come in contact with the question of advertising from many points of view and I have of recent years been struck by the growth of feminine interest in newspapers and magazines.

Miss Hepple said that until recently she had shared in the popular misconception that the Religious Tract Society's only function was the publication of its world-famous tracts. Actually, she added, it is publishing some of the finest books in English and 200 other languages.

Miss Hepple deplored the appeal made by some of the cheap literature and films offered to the young people to-day. She considered that one way of combating this was to divert the public mind to more agreeable topics. This is the self-imposed duty of the Religious Tract Society, she said, which is carrying out its purpose in this and every other country except Russia.—Special from The Christian Science Monitor Bureau.

"Isn't spring glorious? Don't you think it is the best time in the year?"

"I should zay nod."

Spring Pools

These pools, that, though in forests, still reflect
The total sky almost without defect,
And like the flowers beside them, chill and shiver,
Will like the flowers beside them soon be gone,
And yet not out by any brook or river,
But up by roots to bring dark foliage on.

The trees that have it in their pent-up buds
To darken nature and be summer woods—
Let them think twice before they use their powers
To blot out and drink up and sweep away
These flowery waters and these watery flowers
From snow that only melted yesterday.

—Robert Frost, in "West-Running Brook."

See Six Types of Nebulae

Mount Wilson, Calif.—Six different forms of spiral nebulae are seen at immense distances by the 100-inch telescope here. Their shapes range from a flattened spinning top to a circle with a bar across its center. They are described by Dr. Edwin Hubble, the foremost astronomer in the world actually studying very distant space.

THE HUMAN SOUL

God's greatest temple on this globe is the human soul; it was His first temple in Paradise, and it will be His last temple on earth—and to see it in ruins might well prevail to make the angels weep.

Vast Stone Tapestry Ready For Exposition in Paris

The most gigantic sculptural undertaking in history, the stone tapestry of the Permanent Colonial Museum at the International Colonial and Overseas Exposition in Paris, is now being completed for the opening.

This vast work, covering the walls of the great museum to a height of forty-two feet and a length of 325 feet, has occupied the time of twenty artists under A. Jaumiot, noted French sculptor, for the last two years. Its theme is the "running story" of France's growth as an empire. In technical conception the work closely parallels the authentic Flemish and French cloth tapesteries of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries.

Relics of Primitive Man Discovered n Florida

Washington.—Scientific search is underway for the first citizen of Florida. Representatives of the National Museum believe they are on the ancient fellow's track, but have not encountered him in picking through the fossil remains discovered so far. But James W. Gidley, who conducted the 1930 expedition into Florida, has just reported a find of so-called artifacts. Gidley believes his find constitutes additional evidence of early man in Florida.

"The first of these," he says, "is a crudely formed arrow or spear point. It was lying directly under one of the large bones of a poorly preserved skeleton of a mastadon. The other artifact is a small bone awl."

These artifactsETAOINNUNNUNU

These articles were found beneath stratified swamp deposits.

Rural Health Training

Toronto.—Training doctors to take charge of County Health Units is now being undertaken at the University of Toronto. Dr. G. M. Little and Dr. W. G. Saunders are taking the post graduate work in public health prior to taking charge of the newly-formed units at Red Deer and High River, Alberta. County Health Units are small full-time medical departments of health, serving rural areas in the same way that a medical department of Health protects a city from disease. Rural Quebec is now about 50 per cent. covered by these new units.

Gold Bullion Value Rises

The total value of crude gold bullion for the first two months of 1931 amounted to $6,517,254, as compared with $5,352,395 for the same period of 1930, or an increase of almost 22 per cent. Ontario's gold mills produced crude bullion to the value of $35,518,862 in 1930 and handled 3,946,623 tons of ore in the process.—Canada Week by Week.

GOOD LUCK

Good luck is the willing handmaid of upright, energetic character and conscientious observance of duty.

MUTT AND JEFF— —By BUD FISHER.

Why Double Trouble?