

Read what great men are writing about the 'Witness,' and if you are not already taking it, try it for a year. You will find it most satisfactory. See the clubbing rates elsewhere.

Dwarfed Children.

Certain hard knowledges have come to us men and women. We know that fire burns; we know that we must keep our feet on the earth; we know that goodness is expedient. We know these things, not, if you will remember, because our fathers and mothers told us so (though no doubt they wasted their breath in such instruction), but because by hard knocks, by smarting scars, by many falls, we learned the truth of life. We remember how hard it was to learn our lesson, and instinctively we would save the children from such pain. There are very few fathers and mothers who, after a warning that fire burns, can stand by and see the children blister their fingers and learn their own lesson. Very few fathers and mothers have the nerve for this. Instead, they filch the birthright of pain from the children by a timid tenderness, perhaps even a selfish tenderness, that will not let them suffer.

The limitation of material experience has often a spiritual limitation following at its heels. 'I told my boy not to eat a peach,' the mother says, 'and I put it on the mantel-piece where he couldn't reach it, because peaches are very bad for him, you know.' So the child's power to withstand temptation is pruned and nipped, and he keeps well because perforce, he has not eaten anything to disagree with him. If only this mother, whose knowledge of hygiene exceeds her knowledge of souls, had permitted the youngster to have his stomach-ache, much might have been accomplished for them both!—Margaret Deland, in 'Harper's Bazar.'

Respecting the Child's Individuality.

To stand aside and let our children make their own decisions is one of the hardest tasks of motherhood. It is fighting against the instinctive love that longs to shelter and provide. Yet it is often the way of wisdom and not seldom the only effective method of help. Then it is that 'personality counts and the ideal of motherhood which we have created speak louder than any words. This is, however, a world apart from the indifferent letting alone which has helped to ruin so many children's lives. It is motherhood's highest attainment in the recognition of the child's independent responsibility and growth through struggle. 'I have never preached much to my children,' says a mother in Mr. Leighton's story, 'The Ultimate Moment,' 'I haven't known how. All I've tried to do has been to let them see my ideas of right and wrong and let them make up their minds for themselves about things. It's worked pretty well, too,' she added with a smile, 'I'm proud of my boys.'

The strain comes, of course, when great issues are at stake and the result seems doubtful. Then the wisdom of speech and silence is put to its hardest test. Here again there is a helpful instance in modern fiction. Mrs. Peyton in Edith Wharton's 'Sanctuary,' knows that her son is passing through the decisive struggle of his life—a struggle all the more terrible because it brings him face to face with the same temptation which had wrecked his father's moral life, and, through him, her own happiness. Her whole hope is in this only son and a wrong decision means a parting. Yet she stands aside, silent, recognizing the struggle and suggesting nothing. When the conflict is over her son comes and tells her: 'If you'd said a word—if you'd tried to influence me—the spell would have been broken—but just because the actual you kept apart and didn't meddle or pry, the other you in my heart seemed to get a tighter hold on me.'

This 'mother in the heart' must often stand upon its rights and its accomplishment, fearing to enlist the child's natural love of in-

dependence and patience of dictation against it. Its confidence is that when it leaves the child to his own decision it is not leaving the child alone, but to the immediate care of the Spirit of God who teaches men to overcome and makes them grow up by their own free experience.—The 'Congregationalist.'

Sunshine.

Always remember that the sun shines nearly all day from the south, half a day—the first half—from the east, and the other half from the west; but never from the north. Place a new house anyway you please in its relation to the highway, endwise, flatwise, or obliquely. It makes no difference. Even turn it entirely around, so that the front door is where the rear door usually is, upon the opposite side to the approach; but, above everything, make sure that the sunlight is going to do for your living-rooms and bedrooms all it will do; for the bright sunshine of America is our choicest inheritance, and no American can be truly happy for long without it.—Joy Wheeler Dow, in the 'House Beautiful.'

Selected Recipes.

Ham Croquettes.—Chop one cupful of cold boiled ham very fine; mash it with the yolks of two hard-boiled eggs. Season with one even teaspoonful chopped parsley, a dash of cayenne and a saltspoonful of onion juice. Melt one tablespoonful of butter in a small saucepan with a saltspoonful of white pepper; dissolve one heaping tablespoonful of corn starch in two of cold milk, stir it into the melted butter, add gradually one cupful of hot milk and when thick and smooth stir it into the ham; let it become quite cold; shape into cylinders, roll in fine dried bread crumbs, then in beaten egg, in crumbs again, and fry one minute in smoking hot fat. Drain on paper and serve.

Three-Egg Cake.—One and a half cups of sugar, one-half cup of butter, beat to a cream. Three eggs beaten separately, one-half cup of milk two and one-half cups of flour one and one-half teaspoons of baking powder. Bake in two layers. Use any icing.

Individual shortcakes are preferred by some to the customary pieces cut from large cakes. For these make biscuits, using more shortening than for tea biscuits, and make them of a larger size. Split them while hot and butter. Put the mashed and sweetened fruit between and serve with cream.

A jelly pie is a delicacy. Beat the whites of four eggs to a stiff froth and stir them into a glass of currant jelly. Line a pie tin with good paste and bake it. Into this shell, pour the jelly mixture and leave it in a warm oven long enough to set the meringue.

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