



### Dutch Lullaby.

Wynken, Blynken and Nod one night  
Sailed off in a wooden shoe—  
Sailed on a river of misty light  
Into a sea of dew.  
"Where are you going, and what do you wish?"  
The old moon asked the three.  
"We have come to fish for the herring fish  
That live in this beautiful sea;  
Net of silver and gold have we,  
Said Wynken,  
Blynken,  
And Nod.  
The old moon laughed and sung a song,  
As they rocked in the wooden shoe,  
And the wind that sped them all night long  
Ruffled the waves of dew;  
The little stars were the herring fish  
That lived in the beautiful sea.  
"Now cast your nets wherever you wish,  
But never afear'd are we!"  
So cried the stars to the fishermen three,  
Wynken,  
Blynken,  
And Nod.  
All night long their nets they threw  
For the fish in the twinkling foam,  
Then down from the sky came the wooden shoe,  
Bringing the fishermen home;  
'Twas all so pretty a sail, it seemed  
As if it could not be;  
And some folks thought 'twas a dream they dreamed  
Of sailing that beautiful sea;  
But I shall name you the fishermen three:  
Wynken,  
Blynken,  
And Nod.  
Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,  
And nod is a little head,  
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies  
Is a wee one's trundle bed;  
So shut your eyes while mother sings  
Of wonderful sights that be,  
And you shall see the beautiful things  
As you rock on the misty sea,  
Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three—  
Wynken,  
Blynken,  
And Nod.

—Eugene Field.

### Holiday Notes.

No. 2.

Upon the beach, enjoying the cool lake breezes after a hot day, sat a group of summer visitors more or less known to one another before they met for their holiday at Placidia. They were perched in various attitudes upon the oddly-shaped, but not incommensurable, natural seats and benches formed by the firmly-embedded drift-wood. The children of some of the elders were still at work upon their last sand fortresses, trench diggings, or throwing sticks into the water for their own amusement or to gratify the persistent and almost human appeals of the beach doggie, who adopted every one in turn as his playfellow and comrade. Some were gathering wood for a possible bonfire, and others, who had gone on the long pier to fish, were being anxiously watched for by the mothers of the group, who never felt quite comfortable until in the distance they could descry their little fisher-people wending their way homewards. Until then, they only had joined fitfully in the general conversation, with the "oh! and ah! and yes! and no! and indeed! and to be sure!" which is so very noncommittal, and yet is better, perhaps, than absolute silence. Our talk, for the writer was one of the group, was very desultory at first, but if we may be said to have settled down at last upon anything definitely worthy of the name of topic it was upon a blending of two, viz.: Opportunity and Individuality, the value of the former depending upon the strength or weakness of the latter. It began this way: Little Mollie and her sister Jeannie came up to us together, the elder and stronger carrying quite a big bit of plank, and the younger the forked branch of a small tree, both of which they had committed to the waves, and had patiently watched "to see if they'd behave," they said. "But, Marmee, they didn't behave at all, the stupid things! They just came a little way in, and then they went a little way out. They never tried to help themselves one bit, and we gave them such chances! We paddled in ever so far to give them a push, and they might have been sailing away across the lake by now, if they hadn't been so stupid. The plank did roll over and over once or twice, and another time it stood right up on end, and I clapped my hands and cried out, 'There goes my raft before your tree, Jeannie,' but I suppose it got tired of trying, and so now it shan't have another chance." "Childish prattle and childish deductions, but an object lesson, nevertheless," said one of us. "Why, Placidia, itself might learn from it, for Placidia has had its opportunities, only it has been too blind to avail itself of them." "Well," said another, "I

believe, humanly speaking, the success or non-success in most lives depends upon the use made of opportunities, for surely these come to all. Some are content with an aimless drifting, being borne unresistingly upon the waves of circumstance, oarless and rudderless, and then they wonder why they are always left behind in the race. They have no mental or moral backbone. They are failures, but the fault is their own, although they are not likely to discover the fact for themselves."

"Amongst the many lessons conveyed either by hyperbole or emblem, and bequeathed to us from the past," says Mrs. X., "I think none could be clearer than that which represents Opportunity as a closely-draped figure, with just one lock of hair over its forehead, but with none whatever behind, to teach us that if we want to use our opportunity we must grasp it by the forelock as it passes us by, for once having passed, it is gone forever. So few of even the thinkers amongst us put the full time-value on the 'now,' whilst the big majority of ordinary folks seem to consider that 'to-morrow is as good as to-day,' and that 'time enough when it is wanted,' are very good mottoes and form all-sufficient excuses for their own lack of promptitude."

"All you say is very true," agreed Mrs. Y., "and no one should know that better than I, whose temptation it is to procrastinate, even in spite of many a bitter lesson as its outcome. Worry is worse than hard work, and always is the result of having to do two days' work in one. 'You may as well do it first as last,' says the common-sense part of me, but the lazy part of me argues upon the other side, and with inclination to back it, you may be quite sure which most frequently wins." "I suppose," put in practical Mrs. Z., "that we all have had many a lesson to prove the value of using, the folly of misusing or of wholly neglecting our opportunities; but we may not be so ready to make a clean breast of it as Mrs. Y. here, who, doubtless, is no worse than the rest of us. We reap as we sow. The indolent farmer, who does not make hay when the sun shines, will have none worth taking to market when hay fetches a good price in winter time, and she who neglects to take the proverbial 'stitch in time,' will not only not 'save nine,' but will probably have a garment beyond hope of repair when she most needs one. There is no lack of old adages to teach us the theory, but personal experience is the best teacher after all, and often our failures prove the most needful lessons we can learn. But here come the children."

And with the children came Merry Milly Molloy, as we all love to call her.

"What are you good folks holding such a solemn conclave about?" she asked. "On our opportunities, eh; and the now-or-never way some of them come to us? I am afraid you will think mine a somewhat flippant contribution to your talk, but it has its moral, nevertheless. Do let me quote to you some quaint speeches made by a certain Mrs. Verstage, a character in Baring Gould's story of the 'Broom Squire,' which, oddly enough, I was only reading just now whilst watching the youngsters on the pier." Turning over the pages quickly, Milly read, with her usual vim and sense of humor, what the hostess of the old Ship Inn had to say upon our subject a century ago. "Opportunities," said Mrs. Verstage, "be like fleas, to be took sharp or away they goes. They be terrible long-legged. 'Twas so with little Temperance Noakes, who might a' had the chimbley-sweep if she'd let 'un kiss her when he asked, but she said, 'wash your face fast,' and she's an old maid now, going on sixty. Then there was Betsy Purvis, who was a bit of a beauty, and gave herself airs. She wouldn't have Farmer James, as his legs was so long he looked like a spider; and she wouldn't have Odger Kay, as his was too short and he looked like a badger, so it came in the end that she married Purvis, who had both his legs shot off in the wars. That come of her being too finical with her fust chances, and she didn't get no others." "I grant you," said Milly, when we had had our laugh at Mrs. Verstage's comical retrospect, "that perhaps the good woman might have put it a little less broadly, and that her remarks were confined to the strictly matrimonial aspect of your subject, still there may be some Temperance Noakes or some Betsy Purvis amongst us who might benefit by her words of warning. Happily, there are other opportunities open to the intelligent girls of the 20th century which were denied to those of the so-called good old times, when not to marry was to make shipwreck of your life. Opportunities are ours for useful as well as for successful lives, and, better still, opportunities for special training to fit us to make the most of those lives for ourselves and others, even if homes of our own are denied us. Oh! girls, it will be our own fault if we fall short of the opportunities God has given us." And here Milly gathered her small brood together and bade us a cheery good-night, which broke up for the nonce our little stumpy parliament upon Placidia beach.

H. A. B.

### Thanks,

(From Our Dumb Animals.)

I thank Thee, Father, for the summer time,  
The golden days of glory and delight—  
The days when the glad year is in its prime,  
Warmed by Thy love, and by Thy smile made bright.

And for the peaceful armies of the flowers,  
That hang their banners out above the sod,  
Saluting with sweet scents the passing hours,  
And blessing me, I thank Thee, O my God!

I thank Thee for the melody of rills,  
And for the glad bird-music in the air;  
And for the echoes of the purple hills,  
And children's voices at their evening prayer.

I thank Thee for the rush of mountain streams,  
And for the beauty of the quiet lake;  
And for the generous warmth of dancing beams,  
And for a world grown happy for Thy sake.

I thank Thee for the cool, calm summer sea,  
The playful ripple of the gentle waves,  
And for huge billows tossing restlessly,  
And for their music in the moss-lined caves.

I thank Thee for the long, sweet days of light,  
And for the gloaming with its hues sublime;  
I thank Thee for past seasons of delight,  
That came to me with the glad summer time.

—Marianne Farningham.

### Recipes.

#### CHICKEN AND BEANS.

For those who like beans, here is a good way to cook them: Dress a chicken (if old, parboil it), cut in pieces just right to serve. Parboil white beans, about a pint; butter a baking-dish, then put in a layer of beans, then a layer of chicken, then beans, then chicken, till the dish is full, having beans on top. Have the chicken broth seasoned to suit, and pour over the beans and chicken. Bake about three hours, or till done. If the fowl is young, don't parboil, but season in the dish and use hot water. Be careful that they don't cook dry.

#### LEMON SNOW PUDDING.

Soak a box of gelatine in a cup of cold water for an hour; add two cups of sugar and pour over all a quart of boiling water. Stir for a minute and flavor with the juice of two large lemons. Strain, and pour the mixture into a bowl set in a pan of cracked ice. When cold and beginning to thicken, beat stiff, whip in the stiffened whites of five eggs and beat for fifteen minutes. Pour into a mould wet with cold water and set in ice to form. Make a custard of the yolks of the eggs, let it get very cold, and when the pudding is turned out, pour this custard about the base.

### The Care of the Feet.

Foot baths of cool water, into which a considerable amount of listerine, half a cupful at least, is put, will be found to be a great relief to tender feet. A chiropodist, who gave this advice, says, further, that the nails should always be cut straight across to the level of the top of the toe, as a preventive of ingrowing nails. They will never grow in if the corners are left untouched, unless the shoe is worn entirely too short. "Darned stockings, too," he said sententiously, "keep me in business. Walking, at its best, is hard upon the feet of the city dwellers, who must tramp these unyielding pavements. The tiniest darn frets and rubs the skin, and is likely to create an inflammation which it will take professional treatment to relieve. Almost as bad as the darned stocking is the stocking with a hole in it. Few persons think of the comfort of their feet until the discomfort rouses them to desperate measures. In point of fact, no part of the human anatomy repays care so well as the feet, and no part more promptly and painfully resents abuse."

### Home Hints and Helps.

A refrigerator is as necessary in your house-keeping as a range. A poor refrigerator will eat its head off with ice; a good one will save you its price in a few seasons.

To clean the silver spoons and forks, in everyday use, rub them with a damp cloth dipped in baking soda, then polish them with a little piece of chamois skin.

Salt and vinegar will be found the best for scouring the copper preserving-kettle; a lemon cut in half and dipped in salt will remove all stains.

It is never extravagant to buy good, expensive table linen, as every dollar added to the cost adds to the length of time it will give service.

You can make your kitchen a model of cleanliness and beauty if you adopt up-to-date methods in its arrangements.

A little finely-grated horseradish added to milk will keep it fresh for several days.—(Canadian Housekeeper.)

A daily variation of the plainest fare will go far to supply the lack of elaborate living.—(Canadian Housekeeper.)