

NURSERY ETHICS.

What little thermometers children are! How they indicate, to a certainty, the moral temperature around them! If the presiding genius of the nursery be harsh, impatient, or vindictive in her ruling, how instantly do the little natures set themselves in accord!

There is a little woman of my acquaintance who chooses, for reasons best known to herself, to have absolute charge of her children.

"I will hire," she says, "a woman to sew on buttons and to cut out aprons; I will have no one but myself to shape my children's lives. I prefer to shape character, rather than *piqué* suits!"

"But the bathing, and scrubbing, and combing, and tying of strings," I have urged to her over and over again; "how can you manage it?"

"You forget," she says, "the woman who sews on buttons; she is always within call. She is a poor, tired-out old thing; she hasn't much patience. She could never govern, but she does very well as an extra hand in that busy hour before breakfast. Even if she should feel rather cross and snappy sometimes. I give the tone to the nursery, sir!"

"Besides, you have no idea how fast children learn to help themselves. Bonny, there, tugs and tugs away at his shoe-strings to get through before mamma comes to him. If he were left to a nurse, he would lie on the floor with his feet stretched out and wait."

Enormous bundles of work go out from our house, autumn and spring, to a poor girl who lives by her machine-work. In a little room, just off the larger one, old Susan is established with her stocking-basket, and her cutting board, and in the nursery sits, calm and regnant, reading and writing, my little woman.

Reading and writing, echoes back in despair from some worn-out mother whose nursery is a chaos of screams and broken toys! How is that possible?

My dear woman, my little woman has taught her children to amuse themselves. One of the four walls of our nursery, as high as a child can reach, is painted black with some kind of slaty preparation. Children love to scribble in a wide field, and this is a grand panoramic black-board, on which, daily, elephants, and ships, and soldiers, are drawn in chalk by promising young artists. Notes are printed on it to mamma,—"I am sorry I was selfish;" and requests are left in staring letters: "Please, can I have my sled mended, papa? It got jammed to-day."

"But the noise? the crying?"

My dear madam, I do not wish to insinuate any invidious comparison, but the

key-note of the day is struck when my little woman enters the nursery. She sets the tune. There is a brisk little way that some people have of laughing over and through troubles.

A sounding bump is heard. On the instant, there is mamma. "Why, soldier boy it hurts, don't it? But Bonny never means to cry!"

And Mamma beams over the little man, and presently, with a struggle, Bonny's tears are dried.

Cheer, in its fulness, cheerfulness, is the atmosphere that makes children thrive.

Does your nursery have a south window? I hope so, but this other sunshine, this "exposure" is always possible with the bleakest of northern lights and the blankest of opposite walls,—a brave, hopeful spirit that braces and buoys the little feet through the voyage of every day.—*Selected.*

SELECTED RECIPES.

CHICKEN LOAF.—Boil a chicken until it will come readily from the bones, boiling down the broth until there is but little left. Chop the chicken when cold, adding the jellied broth. Chop or crumble fine bread and add to the chicken, with two eggs (raw), pepper, salt, and mace to taste. Work the whole into a loaf, glaze with white of egg, and cover with crumbs. Put in the oven, and cook until brown. To be cut in slices and eaten cold.

ITALIAN CHICKEN SALAD.—Make a dressing in the proportion of the yolks of three hard-boiled eggs, rubbed fine, one of mustard, and one of cayenne pepper, one of white sugar, four table-spoonfuls of salad-oil, and two table-spoonfuls of vinegar. Simmer this dressing over the fire, but don't let it boil. Stir constantly while over the fire. Then take a sufficient quantity of the white meat of cold chicken for this quantity of dressing, or increase in this proportion, to the desired quantity; pull the white meat into small flakes; pile it up in a dish and pour the dressing on it. Take two heads of fine, fresh lettuce, that have been washed and laid in water, take out the best part, cut it up and arrange in a heap or around the chicken, heaped in the middle of the dish, and on the top of this ridge place the whites of eggs, cut in rings, and laid in form of a chain. A portion of the lettuce to be helped with each plate of chicken.

STEAMED TURKEY.—All poultry, after dressing, should remain in cold water from twenty minutes to half-an-hour to extract the blood and leave them white; then hang in a cool place for twenty-four hours, in