

HOUSEHOLD.

Womanhood.

For at the heart of womanhood  
The child's great heart doth lie;  
At childhood's heart, the germ of good,  
Lies God's simplicity.  
So, sister, be thy womanhood  
A baptism on thy brow,  
For something dimly understood,  
And which thou art not now,  
But which within thee, all the time,  
Maketh thee what thou art;  
Maketh thee long and strive and climb—  
The God-life at thy heart.  
—George MacDonald.

The Way to Rest.

Few women know how to rest as they should. They think that they must undress and go to bed to be thoroughly comfortable. This is a mistake, provided there is a tabouret or little footstool in the room, on which the feet may rest while the other part of the body is supported by a chair. You can read and rest comfortably in this fashion; and let it be whispered here between ourselves, that if we want to gain the maximum of rest in a minimum of time, we should copy that inelegant but healthful trick of the masculine drones, and put our feet occasionally higher than our heads. Fashionable women, to whom the necessity of never showing fatigue and of ever looking their best has taught this knack, fall into this posture whenever they are in the seclusion of their own apartment.

One Mother's Way.

(Elen M. Teachout, in Michigan 'Advocate'.)

'I wonder if you ever did encounter anything like worry,' said a busy mother to an older friend. 'One would think so with your large family and many cares, and yet your wrinkles are all "laughing wrinkles," and your face always reminds me of the proverb, "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine." It has often served me better than a tonic.'

'Thank you, my dear. That is quite an acceptable compliment,' returned the elder woman, merrily. 'But what do you mean by worries?'

'Oh, the little every day besetments. You see the traces they leave on so many women's faces. I suppose no one escapes, but I sometimes think we mothers have more than our share. First, in my own case, our income is not large and there is the continual puzzle to make ends meet. The ends have to be woefully stretched and pieced sometimes to meet at all. Our children are young and need constant attention. I can never see even a short respite from care. So many plans we make come to naught and I have not learned to bear disappointment well. In short, I often feel as one dear old patriarch once mildly expressed it, "I sometimes wish we did not have quite so many opportunities to exercise patience." Now, in your case, if you ever do meet with such difficulties, I believe you contrive to look straight through them or over their heads.'

'Well, and isn't that what Christ means by the single eye? You are right in your estimate, my dear. I have learned, mind you, I have learned, when I meet with what you call worries, simply not to recognize them as such. I really have no worries because the Master has shown me the relative importance of such things. We should take them as they are meant, and God never meant us to fret.'

'I wish I might learn to look at things from your point of view. But tell me, did you never feel the responsibility of training your children to be a burden?'

'No, because I learned early to leave that responsibility where I felt that it belonged. I sometimes think the tendency now is to give children an overtraining, both in the school and home. We try to shape them after models of our construction instead of being content to leave them in the Creator's hands. A tree pruned to exact symmetry, as one sees it in the city park, is no doubt a pretty sight; but I love better to see some grand old forest giant that the hand of man has never touched. Children are like trees; give them sun-

light and fresh air, which are the types of a loving Christian home, and then not fret when they show little irregularities in growth. Of course, any conscientious mother will almost instinctively foster the good and discourage evil tendencies in children, but I never felt authorized to attempt any elaborate pruning in the natures of my children.'

'How do you induce them to find their amusements at home?'

'I always tried to provide the attraction until they formed the habit of staying at home. Our home wasn't a particularly quiet or orderly one,' and she smiled reminiscently. 'I remember how shocked one lady was when she came in one day to find a chalk ring on the carpet and a glorious game of marbles in progress. Another friend was greatly amused when she found me taking my "quiet hour" lying on the bed with three or four uproarious youngsters clambering all over me. My hands and heart were full in those days, but I believe they were the happiest of my life. One memory is especially dear to me. When the three little boys grew old enough to understand stories, I used often to sit in the rocking-chair with one in my lap and one perched upon each arm of the chair, while I rocked and read to them. The boys are young men, but they often speak of it yet. But to return to the subject of worries, I am willing to make allowance for difference in temperament, but I really believe that it is possible for every woman to meet whatever comes cheerfully and even happily, if she can learn to look at the problems of life with the "single eye."

'It is certainly worth trying for, and I shall think over what you have told me,' said the younger mother earnestly.

'And remember you have access to the same Teacher who made it clear to me,' counselled the other, as the conversation was concluded.

Selected Recipes.

**Peach Pie.**—Have a deep earthen baking-dish. Line the sides with rich paste rolled quite thin. Fill the dish with peaches pared but not pitted. Sprinkle thickly with sugar, add one tablespoonful of butter cut in bits and sprinkle over one tablespoonful of flour. Have the peaches well heaped up. Cover with the paste, cutting one or more slits in the centre. Brush with milk and bake for an hour in a moderate oven. Some like to add a pinch of powdered cinnamon, but if the peaches are full flavored no condiments are needed.

**Scalloped Tomatoes.**—In scalloping tomatoes many cooks fail because of too free use of breadcrumbs. A cooking school recipe for this dish emphasizes that only a top layer of the crumbs should be used. Put one level tablespoonful of butter, a teaspoonful of chopped raw onions in a baking-dish with a tablespoonful of butter, a teaspoonful of salt, and a dash of cayenne pepper. Pour over these two pints of canned or raw tomatoes. Cover with a layer of breadcrumbs, and bake long enough to cook the onion. The breadcrumbs should be dry and not too fine; this, however, must not be construed to mean that chunks of crumb are to be used.

**Baked Apples.**—Take as many fair apples, as nearly of uniform size as possible, as will

fill an earthen baking dish without crowding too closely. Core and prick the skins so as to bake readily. Fill the centres with sugar and if very sour sprinkle some into the dish, then add enough boiling water to generate steam enough to cook, and at the same time form a jelly about the apples. Cover the dish and cook slowly until done, then remove to cool place. When convenient chill in ice chest before serving with either plain or whipped cream. Sweet as well as sour apples are good served in this way.

An acceptable salad for the autumn or winter months and one that is ornamental as well is made as follows: Select ripe red apples of uniform size and polish. Cut a slice off the top of each. Remove with a cheese scoop or sharp spoon all the pulp, care being taken to leave the apple skin unbroken, as they are to be little cases to hold the salad.

Chop together the apple pulp and an equal quantity of the meat of either hickory nuts, walnuts or chestnuts. Mix with mayonnaise dressing. Fill the apple skins with the mixture. If the late garden yields, while there is not yet frost, a few nasturtiums, a single flower with a few leaves stuck in the top of each makes a pretty garnish. The pungent flavor of the nasturtium leaves is a pleasing addition to the salad as well.—N. E. Homestead.

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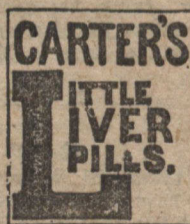
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