

HOUSEHOLD.

Mother's Resting.

I'm sorry, now, I gave so very little thought
To all the helpful lessons which my patient
mother taught.
Now older grown, and she has gone, I often
long to tell
Her how they all come back to me, each one
remembered well,
For in the work and cares of life that come
from day to day,
I find I stop to ask myself, 'What was my
mother's way?'

There never seemed to be with her a dandery
of life,
She got along so quietly with all its cares
and strife;
She always sang, about her work, and 'mid
perplexing things
The farmhouse walls re-echoed, 'Rise, my
soul, and stretch thy wings.'
I never hear old 'Amsterdam' but that I think
how oft
It bore my mother's soul from earth to un-
seen things aloft!

When sitting in her rocking-chair, her lap
with mending piled,
She used to say, 'I want to rest, now read a
Psalm, my child.'
I learned by heart about 'the hills,' and 'lift-
ing up my eyes,'
'Those pastures green' and 'waters still' the
Shepherd's love supplies,
And all about 'Abiding 'neath the shadow of
His wing.'
For God our refuge is, our strength, I read in
everything.

Sometimes I hurried through the Psalms, tak-
ing but little heed,
And then her thanks, so kindly said, encour-
aged me to read
Some of the words that Jesus spoke, for that
was mother's way
To read from Psalms and Gospels both upon
the busiest day;
For at such times she needed a much longer
rest, and so,
While but a child, I learned the favor'd pas-
sages to know.

These precious words of quiet come to my
own soul, now I
A busy woman, full of work, my daily duties
ply.
I sing her hymns when fretted with ceaseless
rounds of care,
I repeat the Psalms and Gospels when in my
sewing chair,
I wonder if she knows it, and how glad I am
each day,
That my mother's way of resting was such
a helpful way.

—'Congregationalist.'

Useful Boys.

(Mary C. Stetson, in 'Woman's Home Com-
panion'.)

A great deal has been written about teach-
ing our girls how to work before they assume
the duties of a home. I go further than this,
and insist that a young man should have
much the same training. Making bread and
pastry may be omitted, but there are times
which are liable to come into a man's life—
for instance, sickness in the family—and he
needs his breakfast. He ought to be able to
cook a beefsteak, make coffee and toast, and
pour boiling water on oatmeal. Boys are
teachable. Only speak about the knowledge
being a necessity to camping out, and see
how capable they will soon become.

Many delicate women in the past have
done all the housework, washing, sweeping,
dish-washing and cooking, for a family of
boys, while these boys, in hours of recreation,
were working off surplus energy by tossing
balls over barns, throwing hammers and
swinging in a home-made trapeze. This is all
wrong. Boys in such a family should do much
of the housework.

Again, what a blessing these home-taught
boys are when they go out into the world.

They can fully appreciate a tidily kept home,
and can lend a hand when it is necessary. One
of the most refined and intellectual clerical
gentlemen I ever met was stopping in a home
where the mother did her own work. One
day, when he saw that she was exhausted
with much serving, he asked, 'Where is that
basket of clothes which need ironing, that I
saw here to-day?' She demurred, but he in-
sisted, and he stood in that hot kitchen and
ironed and sang, and sang and ironed, until
the work was done. Does some one think he
must have been effeminate? Well, if it is ef-
feminate to be a soldier and fight in ten hard
battles, perhaps he was. If it describes him,
he makes it a good word. He had a good moth-
er, who had helped fit her son for this very
place. It was an action worthy of Phillips
Brooks.

I know another instance of a man being
entertained at a convention where the home
was entirely cared for by one pair of hands.
Before he went down to breakfast he opened
the window and threw the bed open, as his
mother had taught him years before. When
he went back to his room he thought, 'Why
should I not relieve this woman, on whom I
have no claim at all, as I would relieve my
own mother?' Later in the day, when the
woman could find one free minute, she went
up-stairs, to find the room immaculate, the
work done. Do you wonder that her eyes
filled with tears, that some one had seen she
was over-taxed, and had tried to lighten her
burdens?

Importance of Good Dressing

Keeping dressed up—how we mortals rebel
against it! How vigorously small Susie pro-
tests, screaming and stamping, when her hair
is combed; how Johnnie kicks and snarls
when face-washing time comes round; how
father fumes over unyielding shirt bands and
refractory collar buttons, and how poor moth-
er sighs and fusses over shirt fasteners
that won't fasten and hooks and eyes that re-
fuse to be friends!

And what jubilation there is when a vaca-
tion in the country—the real country—af-
fords release from restraint, formality and
starchy things!

What joy to go about in lazy comfort, no
longer be-girdled, be-flounced, be-ribboned
and be-collared!

And yet—let us admit the truth. It would
be unfortunate indeed if we were allowed
such freedom every day.

Rusticating is all right in vacation time;
being free from the 'burden of dressing' is
good for us at intervals; but it is well that
we are not permitted for very long periods to
indulge our lazy propensities.

The longing to throw off restraint and to
escape the necessity of 'keeping dressed up'
is the cry of the primitive in us and should
not be allowed to dominate our tendencies to-
ward civilization.

We need the discipline of 'keeping dressed
up.' The compulsion that requires us to be
careful of our personal appearance and that
keeps us on the alert lest our skirts fray
at the hem and sag in the back is very, very
good for us.

It is well that collars and ties, pins and
girdles, occupy a share of every day's activi-
ties. It is through 'bothering' with these dif-
ficulties and others like them that we are
kept in the current of civilization.

Superficial as it may sound, attention to
looks and dress is one of the allies of human
advancement. Keeping alert about one's per-
sonal appearance helps one to keep alert about
other things.

Observe carefully and you will see that the
woman who 'eases down' in the matter of
looks soon 'eases down' in her aims and as-
pirations along other lines.

When a woman grows indifferent as to the
hang of her skirt and the fit of her waist;
when it is no longer a matter of interest to
her whether her collar is pinned straight or
crooked, you may be sure that woman's men-
tality is sagging somewhere and will soon
sag in innumerable places.

The woman who 'lets herself go' as to
clothes and who cares not about the arrange-
ment of her hair shows a distinct lack men-
tally—yes, and in a sense, morally. For who

will contend it is moral to neglect the appear-
ance of the soul's habitation? And who will
say any one has an all-round mental de-
velopment who has no patience, no accuracy,
in dressing?

You may talk all you like about your
gifted, clever, eccentric woman friend, who
has so many important matters to consider
that her brain can not accommodate so su-
perficial a thought as dress, and who would
not condescend to waste time pinning a veil
or hooking a grille.

The woman who hasn't enough ambition,
accuracy, or gumption to get her clothes on
correctly is deficient in one department of
mentality, at least. Often she is lazy, yes,
out and out lazy—so far as that one particu-
lar kind of effort is concerned.

It requires too much exercise of will to
'keep up'; too great attention to details and
to pins that must be put in 'just so.'

I care not how cleverly your friend plays
or writes, sings or recites, nor how fluently
she discusses Ibsen, Maeterlinck or Bernard
Shaw. No matter what her gifts! If she has
not the gift of making herself presentable,
attractive, sweet, she lacks, and lacks, griev-
ously.

What you term eccentricity in her you
would call just plain slovenliness in a woman
without talents. But talents do not beauti-
fy her fault.

This same verdict applies to the man who
neglects his personal appearance, whether
through lack of ambition, laziness or the
mistaken idea that such efforts are of small
importance.

Attention to looks, to dress, when be-
stowed with reason, is a means to the de-
velopment of several virtues. There is men-
tal and moral discipline in it.

So it is good we may not rusticate and be
lazy every day. It is good custom requires
us to be careful as to our attire. It may not
always be comfortable. In the words of
small Susie, who, after the maternal scrub-
bing with soap and water, declares she hates
the 'feel of being clean,' it may seem 'sort o'
stiff.' But the odds are in favor of the 'stiff
feeling' so far as progress and development
go.

So go back to your pins and your hooks
and eyes; your dressmakers and tailors; your
collars, ties and girdles. Smile at the disci-
pline and accept it, for it is good.—Chicago
'Journal.'

Selected Recipes.

SCRAMBLED EGGS AND TOMATOES.—
Place one tablespoon butter in a frying pan,
when hot drop in a small onion, chopped fine,
and when this browns put in eight small to-
matoes, sliced. When cooked soft, drop in six



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