

Domestic Economy.



LITTLE CARES.

THESE fall much within a woman's sphere of duty, and are of almost daily occurrence to her; yet they are often of so trifling a nature, that one feels ashamed to mention them, or even to allow that they are cares. I would make a distinction between little cares and little annoyances; for the latter, if disregarded and cheerfully borne, generally disappear; but our little cares cannot so easily be dismissed, and sometimes arise so much from constitutional causes, that they require the exercise of religious principle and trust, to keep them within due bounds. To all who feel the tendency to "be anxious and careful about many things"—who have a Martha's spirit—the gentle rebuke of our Saviour may still be applied; for does not an earnest heed to the one thing needful, make all little earthly cares take their subordinate place in our esteem? But what I would wish to impress upon my readers' mind is, that we are warranted, I think, by the word of God, to carry all our cares, however trifling, to Him, to cast all our burdens, however small, on Him who has graciously promised to sustain us if we do so. Our great care must often seem small in the eyes of Him who "taketh up the isles as a very little thing;" and our small cares will not be beneath the notice of Him, by whom the "very hairs of our head are all numbered."

Along with this, I think that a methodical distribution of time, letting each duty and occupation have its appointed time to be attended to, does much to keep down that absent, anxious spirit which little cares are so apt to produce. We cannot well seek for sympathy from others as a resource, for sometimes those trifling cares would annoy those we wish to please; sometimes we feel that they would not be cares at all, except to ourselves; but by resolutely doing each duty as its time occurs, by resolving that, except when necessary, we will not let our minds dwell on them, (for truly "sufficient for the day is the evil thereof,") and by trustfully committing our way unto God, we may relieve our minds of many of our little cares, and in some cases get quit of them altogether.

I allude chiefly to such as are almost inseparable from women's duties,—the charge of servants, and the care of children or of the sick; and I would also include those cares which may exist chiefly in our own over-anxious and nervous temperaments. But there is a class of little annoyances, if I may so call them, which I would dispose of in a different way; I mean such as we make for ourselves by a fretful or fastidious spirit. There are some who make such a fuss about trifles, tormenting themselves and worrying others by a perpetual fault-finding and discontent, that all pleasure is spoiled by their presence, and every trifling evil magnified to a mountain. It is a good rule in little things, as well as great, that "what can't be cured, should be endured," and endured cheerfully. I am not advocating slovenly and careless endurance of little annoyances that *may be remedied*. Let them be set right by all means, and the more *quietly*, as well as quickly, the better; but I have observed persons who took such things easily enough, most ludicrously decomposed by trifles neither they nor any one else could remedy, and which should have been overlooked with a smile, if noticed at all. I remember hearing of one lady who professed great love for the country, and summer after summer left town and established herself in country quarters. It was remarked, however, by her friends, that she never went twice to the same place, and that though at first her praises of new quarters were enthusiastic, yet when she returned to town she had always some reason against returning to that place. Never did any one seem to be so unfortunate in smoky chimneys, disagreeable neighbors, and disobliging landladies, till at last it was shrewdly suspected the fault lay in the lady herself. One summer, however, a perfect place was found; months went on, and no fault seemed to be discovered, and it was hoped that now the fastidious lady was pleased, and that her search for country quarters was at an end. But what was the amazement and amusement of her friends to find her, when winter brought her back to town, as determined as usual not to return to her little paradise of the preceding summer. What could be the reason? Simply because a *pea-hen*