

The Country Homemakers

CONDUCTED BY FRANCIS MARION BEYNON

LULLABY

(By Reina Melcher Marquis)

Lie close, my sweet, against my breast!
Lie sheltered close and warm;
My arms shall fold you into rest
And keep you safe from harm.
Lie close, my sweet, lie close and cling
With hands that reach my heart!
You lovely gift of love who bring
To me the better part!
The highway's very fair to roam;
It runs both broad and bright;
But oh, for me the fires of home
And you to kiss good night!
Lie close, my sweet, until the day,
Against your mother's breast;
For life has many a happy way,
But love is always best!

THOSE MEDDLING PREACHERS

Ever and anon some public spirited preacher raises his voice in protest against political corruption, and as surely as he does some partisan, whose tender feelings are hurt, protests vigorously against the clergy meddling in politics.

This is the sort of person who keeps his religion put away all week in an airtight compartment and only takes it out on Sunday for exercise. His idea of religion is that it is something quite apart from business and political life, which is precisely what is the matter with the world and the church today.

If all the church members in the Dominion of Canada were to labor half as hard over keeping the week day holy as they do over Sabbath observance our national life would undergo a revolution. But they don't. Most of them draw a hard and fast line between the week day and Sunday.

So long as the preachers were content to preach a religion of creeds and dogmas the layman was content. There was nothing in this emphasis on the mere forms and trappings of religion to prevent each man living his life in his own way. But since, within recent years, some ministers have awakened to the necessity of making it clear to their flocks that "Faith without works is dead," a great uneasiness has grown up in a certain body of church attendants. It isn't possible for the partisan, who will stick to the old colors thru good repute and ill, to listen with any degree of comfort to the denunciation hurled from the pulpit against the indifference of the public to political corruption. Still less at ease is the man who is secretly contemplating participating in the election graft in one way or another.

It would be infinitely more comfortable for these two types of men to sit under the ministrations of a preacher who would confine himself to a consideration of the lost ten tribes of the House of Israel, or some other equally vital issue of the day. This cold practical twentieth century application of the principles of religion to everyday conduct is exasperating. Nevertheless, the church, having put her hand to the plow, cannot turn back. She must continue to preach a religion that will endure the test of good citizenship. Her disciples may, indeed most certainly will, be persecuted for it, but a certain great teacher once said, "Blessed are ye when men shall revile you and persecute you and say all manner of evil against you falsely for my sake."

FRANCIS MARION BEYNON.

HOME INFLUENCE

A paper read at the Stalwart Women Grain Growers' association by Mrs. Shepherd, Stalwart, Sask.:

The far-reaching influence of the home can never be over-estimated. Home is mother, and mother is home. "She made home happy," is what one woman had written on her tombstone, and if we can all have that said about us presently, we shall not have lived in vain. You hear a man say some-

times, "I would rather be in my own home than anywhere else in the whole world," and it depends so very, very much on the wives and mothers whether a man can say that or not. A woman should have all the cardinal virtues and then some more. From the time they lay her first baby in her arms she will need the wisdom of Solomon, the patience of Job, the endurance of a Spartan, and the piety of an archbishop. In fact, she needs to be as near perfection as it is possible for any human being to be. She must be sweet-tempered. She must not shake nor smack the baby when he cries. A woman said to me the other day, "I don't know what the matter with my baby today, he's got an awful temper." Don't you make any mistake, my friend, no very young baby has an "awful temper," but most likely, if he could speak, he would tell you he had an awful stomach-ache, poor little chap, caused by eating something he ought not to have had given him.

The influence of the home is felt more and more as the children grow older. Whether we wish it or not, they will instinctively follow our example, whether it is a good or bad one. If the father is a good, clean living, straightforward man, the probability is the boys will turn out the same while the woman who is sweet and amiable is not very likely to have nagging, fault-finding daughters. A lady once asked a little boy what his name was, and

side, but it rests very much with ourselves whether we have curtainless windows and plain grey walls, or whether we have our windows filled with flowers and a bit of curtain, if only of some inexpensive material. We must consider our home and those dear ones of ours who live in the home, first, second and third and all the time. Never mind if the boys come in and throw their hats down in one place, their mitts in another and their jumper somewhere else. It is not the exact tidiness of the home that matters, it is the influence in that home, it is the kind thoughtfulness, the unselfishness, the patience and forbearance they are surrounded with every day that counts.

An Irish lady was asked one day how it was she managed to keep all her boys and girls at home after they had grown up. There were twelve of them. "Och, shure!" she said, "I didn't do anything at all. I only just loved them to death." That is the keynote of it all, just love, not only when they are helpless little babies in our arms, not only when they get big enough to go to school, but all the time, even when they are grown up, and it will bind them to us and to their home with links that cannot be broken. And then the home influence will be felt by many outside our immediate circle. Be sure and let it be an influence for good, a little help in times of sickness, a little sympathy in times of trouble is a great deal more appreciated than we

"Put your arms around me, there, like that—

I want a little petting at life's setting,
For I'm getting tired and weary,
And my life work's nearly done."

But we must not give way too much to those kinds of feelings. Do you think the mother of Charles and John Wesley never felt like that? Suppose President Lincoln's mother had not persevered year after year. One of the grandest men in history might have been lost to us. I have read that among all the names of the greatest men the world has ever seen, not one of them came from a bad or even an indifferent home. Aye, and the women, too. Who knows but that one of our own daughters may not turn out a Florence Nightingale, a Madam Curie, a Fanny Crosby, or a Laura Secord? Almost all of these, both men and women, came from homes no bigger, and no better blessed with this world's goods than yours and mine. Many of them were raised on a farm and not nearly as good farms as we have out here.

And so, my dear friends, we must keep on keeping on, satisfied if at last they say:

"She was—but words cannot say what she was.

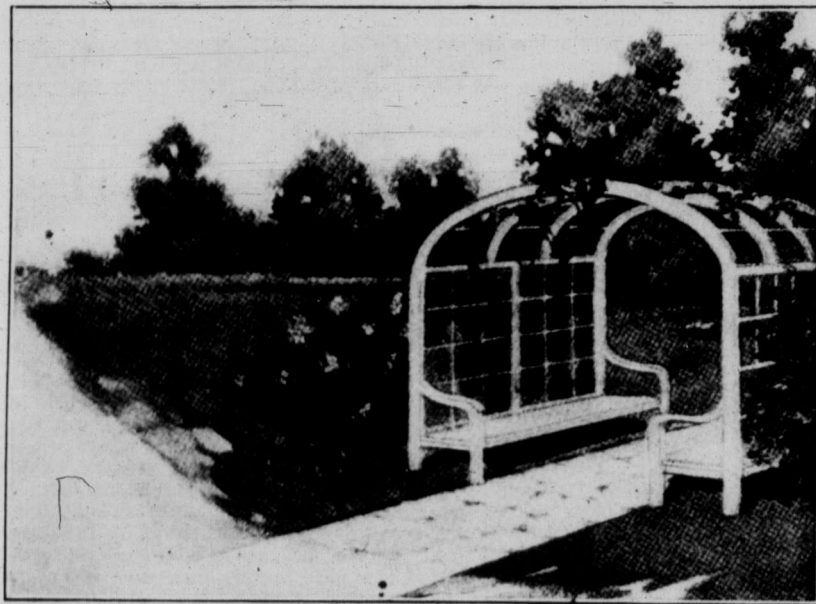
Think what a mother ought to be,
And she was that."

TRAINING OF GUESTS-TO-BE

A recent hostess was answering a bread-and-butter letter, promptly sent by a late guest in the home. It was a country home, a busy household, where a great deal went on, and where early and exact hours were needful in the daily routine. The hostess took occasion to reply to her guest's expressions of hearty appreciation of her good time, by saying "You were not the least trouble in the world, for you were so very careful. It was only a pleasure to have you in the house. It is only fair that you should know this, for you were so afraid of putting us out in some way." To this came the earnest answer: "It is a great comfort to have you say such pleasant things, but they are not to be set to my account. Give my dear mother all the credit. She brought me up to be especially thoughtful of my hostess when I was visiting, and to be on the alert against giving trouble, or losing a chance to help in any way I could. I really felt that it was a crime and disgrace not to be tolerated, to be late for meals at any time, when a visitor, and my own pleasure is greatly marred, if I ever break mother's inflexible rule. Yet, I don't remember her laying down any set of rules. She only made me feel by precept and example, as a continual influence rather than by any special exhortation at one time or another, that this was the way to treat those who opened their homes to guests. If I am at all a comfortable visitor to have around, give mother all the credit."

How early should mothers begin to train the guests that are to be? Is it not sometimes put off till small thoughtless habits have been formed first? Children are very fond of "going to see" and of having little friends visit them. The mothers are more or less concerned in these interchanges. A child who is old enough to make a visit anywhere is certainly at an age to be trained in the courtesies and carefulness of a welcome guest. The conduct of a visitor should not be criticized, by way of illustration, but the positive way should be used. "Mother wants her little girl to see how careful she can be not to give trouble, but to be as pleasant and obliging as she can," and then specific things may be mentioned to illustrate what she means.—Harriette Waters, in The Mother's Magazine.

"Oh, what a time I had last night, doctor. It's only by the Lord's mercy that I'm not in heaven today!"—London Standard.



A COOL RESTING PLACE

Why shouldn't the farmer's garden have an inviting vine-covered seat?

he said, "My name is 'Don't.'" "But, my dear child," said the lady, "surely you are wrong." "No," persisted the child, "mother always says, 'Don't litter the place up so.' 'Don't leave that door open.' 'Don't touch those cookies.' 'Don't pull the cat's tail like that,' all day long. So I know my name is 'Don't.'"

Our entire lives consist of a succession of duties, large and small. The bigger ones are after all the easiest, because they seem more worth while, somehow. But it is the little, wearying, everyday things that test our patience. When our loved ones are sick we can wait on them hand and foot, night and day, and never seem to grow tired. But when they come in with their muddy boots on our nice clean floor, why, then, look out.

Have music in your home of some kind or other, if it is in any way possible. Music has a wonderfully soothing and softening effect, sometimes when one's nerves are all on edge a few minutes at the piano or the soft notes of a violin playing one's favorite hymn, has an almost miraculous effect. The jagged nerves are quieted and it seems that life may be worth living after all.

Make your home as pretty as you can. It may be only bare prairie out-

often think. There are women in this room, and all honor to them, who are always ready and willing to do a real kindness for a neighbor, at any hour during the day or night. We cannot all of us do this, but we can all make our homes a resting-place for the weary, where friends may come in and have a chat and talk over their troubles and go away refreshed and strengthened for the fight again.

Sometimes we ourselves have our dark days, days when we seem beaten to our very knees. It seems as if after all our trouble, all our anxiety, all our prayers, that one of our flock wants to break away from the fold, one of our birds wants to flutter its wings and fly away from the home nest. But take courage, do not despair, it will only be for a little while. Your influence will win them back again to the home you have made so happy for them so many years.

Then again, there are times when we are apt to rebel a little and say, "Why should it always come to my share to do all the self-sacrificing why should I always have to provide all the patience, all the smoothing out processes? Why cannot somebody sometimes have a little patience with me and my shortcomings?" There is a beautiful piece of poetry beginning: