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The Home Beautiful.

By W. A. McIntyre, LL.D., Principal Normal School, Winnipeg.

"I Love You so."

(Written for The Western Home Monthly by Mrs. William G. Matheson, Port Morien, Cape Breton, N.S.)

1.

Our Bobby sits upon the gate
Barefoot—his trousers torn,
He does not look the least wee-bit
What you would call—"love-lorn"
His rosy mouth is all a-grin,
Imp "Mischief" lurks his eyes within,
He swings his slim shanks to and fro
And loudly sings—"I love you so!"

2.

And Liza beats a "batter-cake"
She hugs the "batter-bowl"
She plies the spoon with might and main
And sings with heart and soul;
I try in vain, her thoughts to scan—
Whether she means the "dough" or
"man",
But only this—I truly know—
Eliza sings—"I love you so."

3.

My mother!—Well, that crumpled me—
In fact, I almost cried,
For mother always sings some hymn,
Her voice is father's pride;
But O! she, too, got in the "swim"
And now she sings with extra vim—
Whether of "Dad" or "by-gone" beau,
The same sweet strain, "I love you so."

4.

But "grown-up" Jack, I do not mind,
I guess he has a "girl,"
Because he tries so hard to keep
His front hair in a curl,
He whistles almost all the time,
This tune—and I supply the rhyme—
'Tis "love's young dream" for Jack, and
so
It sounds all right—"I love you so."

5.

Now, "Father!"—well I always thought
That Father "loved" the farm,
His house and barns and all his stock,
But "music hath it's charm"—
I found him sitting in the door,
He wasn't "Father" any more,
His faithful pipe was drawing slow
While low, he hummed—"I love you so."

The Sleepy Song.

As soon as the fire burns red and low,
And the house up-stairs is still,
She sings me a queer little sleepy song,
Of sheep that go over the hill.
The good little sheep run quick and soft,
Their colors gray and white;
They follow their leader nose to tail,
For they must be home by night.
And one slips over and one comes next,
And one runs after behind,
The gray ones' nose at the white one's
tail,
The top of the hill they find.
And when they get to the top of the
hill
They quietly slip away,
But one runs over and one comes next,
Their colors are white and gray.
And over they go and over they go
And over the top of the hill,
The good little sheep run quick and
soft,
And the house up-stairs is still.
And one slips over and one comes next,
The good little, gray little sheep!
I watch how the fire burns red and low,
And she says that I fall asleep.

—Josephine Dodge Daskam.

The Father's Part.

It is wonderful how busy men are when it comes to spending time with the boys. The only communion between father and sons seems to be in the potato patch or the hay-mow. There is no joking, no chumming, no display of affection—nothing but ordering around. Now, this is a cardinal error, and there is no excuse that will explain away such a state of things. A man's children are his greatest asset. They are really what he should live for. They

should be first in his thought always—
ahead of money and lands and his own
enjoyment.

A man who thinks more of his own selfish indulgence than of his children deserves to be childless; a man who fails to command the affection of his boys when they are young, can not win a place in their hearts later on. There will be a gradual drifting apart, and at adolescence the young fellows will go their own way. They will leave the farm, not because they dislike it, but because they wish to get where they may have companionable people; and in town they will leave the fireside for the street gang, not because the fireside is unpleasant, but because they desire chums and partners. They do not care so much whether it is partners in crime or fun, but partners they will have.

Nor should fathers act the part of guides for the children's sake alone. Their own greatest happiness lies in this course of action. There is no happiness in this world comparable to that derived from association with children.

Of course there are times when a father finds it very hard to be with his family. Yet let him beware lest he be led away from his duty too easily. The right of fatherhood is a birthright that must not be despised—even if the poltage be tempting.

There are two clippings bearing on this topic that every father should read:

A Father's Part in Training a Boy.

Strange how fathers neglect the training of their boys. They shirk the responsibility off upon the mother, expecting to assume it when the child is older. But then it is too late—if the father loses his hold on the boy when young, he is seldom able to regain it later. The influence of the mother upon the boy of five to twelve years of age is marvellous, but the father's wise counsel and companionship at this age are also essential to ideal training.

"No time to bother with children" is not an excuse for the busy father. My boy of ten has a bed in my room, or adjoining, so that during my very busy periods I see and associate with him in the morning and evening. Many confidences may be exchanged between father and son under these circumstances that would be missed otherwise, and these interchanges are often quite as beneficial to the father as to the son.

Father's training must supplement mothers. At five or six, one of our boys seemed disposed to develop into a sensitive, shrinking, weak, nature, but through our combined efforts he is growing into as sturdy a character as he is strong physically. We early agreed not to say "don't" to him except when absolutely necessary—to throw him on his own resources, to let him play with so-called tough boys, to encourage adventure and daring, to discourage his coming to us with complaints or whims, but yet to foster his confiding in us.

We avoid correcting our sons in the presence of other boys; you hate to be humiliated before your peers. So do boys. Instead of antagonizing them by such means, thus destroying the influence of the correction, a quiet talk with the boy when alone will usually be far more effective.

"Preaching" at children is of little avail. Appeal to their reason, to their interest, and you can do almost anything with them. An attractive home circle is best of all places for boys—girls of evenings, but if the home is unattractive it is natural for the children to stray away. Love, tact, good sense and some self-denial are essential to an attractive home, and the children must do their part toward its creation as well as their parents. If they feel free to bring in their young friends to read, study or play during the evening or their spare time, that is one test of an attractive home.

The Claim of Children.

Are you a father? Then take time to be a father. No enterprise can be so deserving; no cause can be so sacred