

## MOTHER'S HOUR.

## Be Ye Reconciled.

Within a beautiful cradle,  
Cushioned and curtained with lace,  
Like a pure, white rose of summer,  
Lay a sweet little baby face.  
The mother, in silken toilet,  
Knelt by the tiny bed,  
Kissing the stiffened fingers,  
And these are the words she said:

"God! you have taken my darling,  
Away from my loving care,  
While many a pauper's dwelling  
Has had a dozen to spare,  
I, who have money in plenty  
To dress her in cloth of gold,  
Must sit with my clod arms empty,  
And aching my baby to hold!"

"Oh, hush! they are coming, coming!  
They are bringing her strange little bed!  
Who is it says that the woman  
Is blessed who has one child dead?  
Call him a Father of Mercy?  
Never! I needed the child  
More than the Lord needed angels!"  
And her words rang out piercingly wild.

To a humble little cottage,  
Where the walls were bare and white,  
Came a heavenly guest; came softly  
In the solemn hush of night,  
And the tiny, home-made cradle  
Ceased its rocking to and fro;  
For the little one, no longer  
Needed songs sung, soft and low.

And the mother, pale with anguish,  
Knelt beside the little bed,  
Kissed the waxen fingers softly,  
As she slowly, faintly, said:  
"Never more again, my darling,  
Will you suffer want or pain;  
Woman's woes can never reach you,  
Or the pain of death, again!"

"God in loving mercy took her,  
For he loved the little child.  
Oh, my little snow-white blossom,  
Sinless, pure and undefiled!  
Love, 'tis well to bear it bravely  
(Clasping close the father's hand);  
Now, dear, there is some one waiting  
For us, in the better land."

And the husband clasped her closely,  
Kissed the little death-cold face,  
Drew the faded patchwork blanket  
Over it, with tender grace,  
"She was all we had! God gave her!"  
Whispering in his gentle way,  
"God in tender mercy took her!"  
God knows best! Love, let us pray."

LESLIE THIRSWOLD.

## Infant Education.

The mother should be an educator: the germ of mind is in her hands. We send our children to professional teachers to be instructed in the other essential branches of education, but infinitely higher cares demand the mother's study.

The child's mind, which the mother is pre-empted to know in all its future development is before her in its feeblest manifestations; manifestations which she can recognize, mould, and direct aright, to the incalculable good of the individual and society; or leave undirected to all the chances of incalculable evil.

Her position is not merely important, it is awful, and she is unfit to occupy it whom it falls so to impress. The mother's work as an educator begins almost with her child's birth. An able writer has said "that the future man may have been made or marred, according as the first two years of his life have been devoted."

We will presume that the mother is fully instructed in infant treatment, and has fully abjured all the mischievous absurdities which peril infant health, and multiply infant graves. She knows the gradual development of the human faculties; she watches with intense interest the first budding of her child's mind; she occupies its waking moments. This latter has two important results: it exercises and thereby improves the incessant importunity of the animal feelings, lessening thereby their intensity, and laying the foundation of virtuous habits.

Animalism is pre-eminently present in the child, for the wisest ends. Unqualified selfishness, in the matter of food is essential to the infant's life; but even a babe may play the glutton, and form a habit which will unfavorably characterize the adult.

Next to the natural instinct for food, come the combative and destructive elements of the child's nature. It now begins to show temper and often violent passion; at no later period of life will the effect of these

make so deep an impression as on the plastic infant mind. The habit of irascibility may now be formed, to become more and more defiant of control, till its strength in after life may endanger domestic and public peace, break out in acts of violence, or terminate in dangerous insanity.

The wise mother knows all this, and closely watches each incipient sign. Then will her powers to divert be called for; every paroxysm of temper which she succeeds in averting will be so much gained toward the moderation of that faculty's activity till she has succeeded in forming a character of patience and gentleness, compared with what would have resulted from leaving the combative and destructive instincts to their own wild way.

A mother's powers of diversion should never fail her. As with passion, so with obstinacy; she must divert the infant from exciting causes, and never contend with it. At the first symptom of selfishness, a child's mind must be diverted into another channel, it must be constantly taught kindness to animals, protection to insects, acts of affection to other children, etc.

## Cruelty in Children.

No boy should ever be turned loose upon this world so full of animals which are keenly susceptible of suffering, who does not realize that they can feel physical pain as keenly as he does, and who has not been taught to kill speedily and mercifully whatever it is his duty to kill, and to avoid giving unnecessary pain in all cases. When I looked from my window the other day and saw my neighbor's boy stoning birds, wounding one in the leg, another in the wing, and, thus disabled, holding them one by one just out of the cat's claws, only allowing her to fix a sharp set of teeth or claws upon it now and then, and snatching it hurriedly away lest she put an end to its torture and their "fun," I did wish I could take them by the heels and hold them over a populous lion's den or chain them up in a tiger's cage just long enough for them to get an inkling of how extremely "funny" and enjoyable it really was. Surely, if ever there was a case calling for a literal and strict adoption of that system whose foundation principle is "Similia similibus curantur"—"like things are cured by like"—this is the one; only I should not administer it in homeopathic doses!

All the time that boy's mother was passing in and out and could not have been other than wilfully blind or utterly indifferent. She excuses herself by saying that she has to correct her children for so many things that when they are "amusing themselves and doing no harm" she will leave them alone; but you must understand that it would be considered quite inexcusable if they were to tear their clothes or bring an ounce of dirt into the house. I maintain that she should correct this tendency in them though they went unrestrained in every other.

She owes it to every man, woman, child and living thing that her boy will ever have to deal with to teach him to deal justly and reasonably, and never to inflict pain for his own convenience or pleasure: that a love for such pleasure or indifference to cruelty marks only the bully, the born or trained tyrant, and is utterly impossible to a gentleman; that "the bravest are the tenderest, the gentle are the daring," and that nerves of steel and hands that can firmly and unhesitatingly strike a death blow are only admirable when used for errands of mercy, to strike the deathblow as swiftly and painlessly as possible, to wound only that good may come from it.

If children have no feeling, teach them to use reason. I see them on the streets pelting a dog with stones, and laughing at the howl and jump he gives when a well-aimed stone from the young savage, securely perched on a gate-post or behind a dog-proof fence, strikes him as he is quietly and harmlessly pursuing his way on the street.

How many boys feel it a duty to pitchfork every stray cat that ventures near, or to set the dog on it and help him to chase and worry it until the one little animal on the one side is outwitted or overcome by the combined force of her brutal enemies, and falls into their unmerciful hands to be teased and tortured as long as a breath of life is left in her trembling body. Possibly the father has stood by laughing at the whole affair, and encouraging both boys and dogs by frequent exclamations of "There she goes! This way boys! Sic 'em Rover!" And when the family gathers around the tea-table or evening fire, they gleefully talk it over, their mother offering no word of reproof, condemnation, or pity for the abused creature. No endeavor is made to bring the boys to see how keen was the fear and anxiety of the poor thing as it dodged here and there, or how utterly unnecessary and cruel, how savage and in-

human was the prolonged dying misery, when a single swift, sure blow could have ended all its pain.

How many boys are allowed to set traps for rats or gophers, but never instructed to put an end to these forfeited lives as soon as possible. It is taken for granted that because these animals are annoying or destructive they are therefore legitimate subjects of torture, and the unwise and indifferent parent allows the growing child to practice upon these captives all the cruelties he can think of, until the child is so hardened to the sight of pain that he actually enjoys seeing and inflicting it; but remember it is but one step from seeking pleasure in tormenting dumb creatures to finding an equal or greater in making humanity miserable when it is equally helpless and without power to strike back, as in case of women and children. The boy is allowed to take the rat or gopher from the trap and turn it over, with its one or two broken and bleeding limbs, to the no more cruel cat or dog to be teased or worried to death, the child meantime standing by with no apparent thought of pity and laughing at the poor victim's attempts to run on its swollen and broken limbs.

Have not you all seen this? Do you think I am making "much ado about nothing?" Then let me ask you to keep your eyes open for a few days, on the streets, in the farmyard, perhaps in your own house, and note how the boys of your acquaintance treat their neighbors' cats and dogs, their captured victims, whether rats, gophers or mice; how few seem to even know that an animal has feeling. I insist always that no unnecessary pain be inflicted. If a child cannot understand, or will not care that abuse hurts, let me suggest that you try the system referred to before, "Similia similibus curantur." But I do not believe this will be required if one quietly but persistently points out the meanness, tyranny, inhumanity and unworthiness of such cruel treatment, impressing the duty of striking the death-blow as speedily and painlessly as can be when it must be dealt, endeavoring always to arouse sympathetic interest in the well-being and comfort of every living thing. Let every suffering thing be spoken of compassionately, its pain regretted, and never allow yourself to smile indulgently upon any sport which is pain for any thing else.

PENNE P. ARLYNN.

## Several "Woman Questions."

To the most unobserving it must be apparent that woman is daily acquiring a more firm hold upon the world. She is taking her stand side by side with man, in many positions requiring judgment, tact, and trust. And yet, with it all, women are still subjects of scoffs and jibes, because they are so "unbusiness-like."

Let us deal fairly with this question. Let us see the ground taken in this connection. "Unbusiness-like!" This has been the cry for a century, and may be the cry for a century more.

What is the matter? Shall I tell you? Shall I state the case to you and let you see if I am not right? Now, fathers, I will speak to you first. It will be necessary, however, to go back a little, and this can best be done by repeating a conversation overheard in a car.

"Women are coming to the fore in a hundred professions," said one man to another, "but it is a question with me whether it is a good thing. Some say that they can and do work for less, and so cheapen labor that a man cannot obtain a good salary any more, and that if they would not do so, men might better be able to support the women of the family, and then the women would not have to go out at all."

Number Two did not believe in women taking up business; "it was the place of men and not of women." Well and good! "Women have no call to understand business!" Well, this is no new cry! Your grandfathers and great-grandfathers thought the same thing, and your mother and your mother-in-law were taught that women should know nothing of the kind. Your wife and the mother of your children grew to womanhood bred in the same way, and to-day you are able to twit her with having no head for business.

No head for business, indeed! Why should she have a head for business? It is not the proper thing for women to know anything about business! I dare say, when you were engaged, you begged her not to trouble her head with such things as accounts, and told her that you would always attend to that, and that she need never have anything to do with figures. I dare say you even intimated that it was a man's place and not a woman's to attend to finances. That was all very well, but why complain now when she cannot for the life of her tell whether she has a

deficit of five dollars, or a surplus of five cents.

We will agree with you that no matter whether she is to be legitimately blamed for it or not, your wife does not know anything about business, and that her ignorance is a constant source of annoyance and trouble to you. Therefore, it is highly desirable that your three daughters should, in the interests of their future husbands, receive the very training which your wife lacks. But in her ignorance, your wife is clearly not the woman to give her daughters the training which they need. Are you giving it to them as you should?

Clearly, there is something wrong. I ask you, are you going to permit your daughters to go out in life, either single or double, handicapped by the very ignorance of which you complain in your wife? Put the question to yourself as to whether you are treating fairly the man who will be your son-in-law. You would severely condemn your wife, should your daughter not be taught in household arts, womanly arts, as they are called; why not do your part to give her that other education which you, in your larger, riper, experience have agreed is a very good thing for even a woman to know?

Now let us take up the proposition in relation to the fact that women are debarring men from positions by filling them at a lower rate, and are thus preventing a proper support for families, while if they remained at home, the larger salary might support them in idleness. The man who made this statement had evidently either taken hold of the wrong end of the argument or he certainly had never thought very deeply upon the subject.

In the first place, the fact of women coming to the fore as they have done, has its origin in the fact that they have not been able to bear seeing their fathers burdened with care while they remained at home idle. They have tried saving money by making their own dresses, and economizing at every point, but they have found something more was necessary. It became necessary to earn something. Why not sew or teach? Why sew or teach, I ask, when sewing brings starvation wages and other work presents a possibility of comfort? Why should teaching be any more distinctly feminine than book-keeping. Are competent women teachers paid the same rate as men teachers?

The distinctly feminine occupations, as they are called, offer living from day to day, but what of the future, the rainy day? The only thing visible is an Old Ladies' Home! What a prospect! "Then marry!" Marry? What, any one, without reference to suitability? No, it is from this very sentiment that the world is suffering. "Marry," said our forefathers. "It is woman's mission and God's will," and they said it so often that our mothers learned to think it a disgrace to remain single. Rather marry any one than not at all. Indeed, one woman writer has given voice to these words: "Given certain conditions, almost any man is better than none."

They married. It was so much more feminine to marry than to go out into the world as self-supporters, and to-day in any city one may point by the hundreds to sad-eyed wives and disappointed husbands, to husbands desolate and women supporting themselves and their deserted children, all sacrificed upon the shrine of this monstrous idea.

Shall a woman whose husband, through death or inclination, has left her with a little brood to care for, sew or teach, when she can give them more comforts by entering the field of competition with men? Why should she? Is it more feminine, womanly, lady-like, to starve to death or sit and expect her friends to make up the deficiency, when she could earn a competency?

Besides, we cannot all marry. There is something wrong? Who will assist in setting it right?

## A Sabbath Day.

There is no sound upon the grassy plain,  
The calm of summer silence lies serene,  
And sunlight falls along the winding main  
Upon the hills and vales that intervene.

In golden rest the busy cornfields lie,  
Ungathered sheaves in yellow clusters stand,

No cloud moves o'er the blue expanse of sky,  
Nor song of bird upon the stirless land.

The grazing cattle in the pastures green  
Seem silently to move with hushed tread,  
And on the sloping meadow lands are seen  
Bees here and there among the clovers red.

Save on the clear, sweet air the chime of bells  
Echoes across the level stretch of ground,  
Each ringing note a varied story tells  
Of that far land where love and light abound.