



TIRED MOTHERS.—As we said, editorially, last week, we find in the daily papers, sometimes, poems that strike home and which would give fame to the writers if their names were known. We have met the following lines, off and on, for years, and having seen them lately, clipped them and submit them to our lady readers, especially those mothers who know what it is to have carried their children through the first helpless stages of infancy, and then lose them as they become interesting in speech and gesture, and companions to their fond parents. The verses are very beautiful, and if some of the weak lines were re-touched, would be simply perfect.

TIRED MOTHERS.

A little elbow leans upon your knee,
Your tired knee, that has so much to bear;
A child's dear eyes are looking lovingly
From underneath a thatch of golden hair.
Perhaps you do not heed the velvet touch
Of warm, moist fingers holding yours so tight;
You do not prize this blessing over-much,
You almost are too tired to pray to-night.

But it is blessedness! A year ago
I did not see it as I do to-day,
We are so dull and thankless; and too slow
To catch the sunshine, till it slips away.
And so it seems surpassing strange to me
That, while I wore the badge of motherhood,
I did not kiss more oft, and tenderly
The little child that brought me only good.

And if, some night, when you sit down to rest,
You miss this elbow from your tired knee,
This restless, curly head from off your breast,
The lisping tongue that chatters constantly;
If from your own the dimpled hand had slipped,
And ne'er would nestle in your palm again;
If the white feet into the grave had tripped,
I could not blame you for your headache then.

I wonder so that mothers ever fret
At little children clinging to their gowns;
Or that the footprints, when the days are wet,
Are ever black enough to make them frown.
If I could find a little muddy boot,
Or cap or jacket on my chamber floor;
If I could kiss a rosy, restless foot,
And hear it patter in my home once more;

If I could mend a broken cart to-day,
To-morrow make a kite to reach the sky—
There is no woman in God's world would say,
She was more blissfully content than I.
But, ah! the dainty pillow next my own
Is never rumpled by a shining head;
My singing birdie from its nest is flown,—
The little boy I used to kiss is dead.

LIVES BY COOKING.—A lady of good family, whose fortunes were suddenly broken, instead of repining, at once called her cooking skill into requisition. She has quietly let it be known among her old-time friends that she will serve them in their kitchens on occasion. When any one of the circle in whose parlour she once was, and still might be, a social ornament, desires to give a specially nice dinner or tea, they send for her. She brings her cooking wrapper in a little hand-bag, takes charge of the kitchen as the pilot does of a steamship on entering port, relieves the mistress of all care, anxiety and concern, and sends up a charming meal, such as a less cultivated cook could not provide. She is in such great demand that her prices have already doubled.

STOP IN BED.—A writer in a medical journal remarks: "The surest, quickest, and most sensible way to cure a cold is to go to bed and stay there." But he adds, with a touch of sarcasm: "Not one American (and, he might add, not one Canadian) in fifty will apply the remedy. We are too busy. We would rather risk losing our whole life than lose a single day. Therein we are fools." For other things than colds a day in bed is a most excellent specific. For certain forms of nervous impairment, nothing will more readily restore the balance than the forced rest and quiet of a few hours in a recumbent position.

MACHINE NOISE FOR NERVES.—It has been suggested that the noise of machinery has a beneficial effect upon the nerves of girls and women employed in factories. For the first few weeks of her work, amid the ceaseless clatter, the employee generally has headaches, a tendency to deafness, and suffers considerably from insomnia. Later, when she has become accustomed to it, the headaches disappear, hearing is remarkably acute, and her nervousness is much abated. The result is the reverse of what would be expected, but statisticians and hygienists say that it is what is found in the majority of cases.

FRUIT FOR LUNCHEON.—Few people realize the benefit to be gained from a free use of fruit. Now, we would suggest that the child, rather than the mother, be held responsible for the preparation of the daily lunch, but instead of sending him to the pantry for bread, meat, cake, etc., we would suggest that he be sent down cellar or out into the field for some ripe apples, pears or grapes. A moderate supply of sound, ripe fruit, together with one or two graham gems, make a luncheon far more healthful and appetizing than most of the luncheons that find their way into the baskets of many of our school children.

AT A SUMMER HOTEL.

At the commencement of the season everything about the house is redolent of cleanliness, fresh paint and pleasant anticipation. The warmth with which the landlord welcomes the earliest arrivals is quite touching in its generous fervour; his affectionate smile is the concentrated essence of benignity; evidently his one object in life is to please his guests. All their idiosyncrasies are studied, their wants anticipated; the propitiatory precipitation of the waiters is almost overpowering. Agreeably conscious of conferring a favour, the guests take the place, the hotel, the landlord under their own special protection. Feeling quite a proprietary interest in the subject, they "talk it up" enthusiastically. Never before were there such views, such sunsets, such rocks and bathing, such comfort and such charming people. Harrowing tales of various startling experiences at different watering places are related with dramatic effect, all throwing into vivid contrast the peculiar merits of Seagull Beach. People are in a condition of effervescence; geniality flavoured with a ready optimism is the order of the day. The ladies display their fancy work, are generous in sharing the benefits of new stitches, exchange opinions upon dress, disease and domestics; the older people gravely discuss theology, the children swear eternal friendship, invalids are delighted to have found a fresh audience to whom they can describe their pains and aches, several promising flirtations are inaugurated, to which the surroundings lend a romantic and idyllic charm, and in which the whole house takes the most kindly interest.

The second week the confidential relations existing between the people collected at the Seagull House become decidedly more effusive. As intimacy increases, egotism expands. Reticent persons wonder for the punishment of what particular sin they are condemned to listen to the endless enumeration of the grandeur of other people's connections, the magnificence of their establishments, the perfections of their children, and their own personal merits, and are slightly disposed to resent the minuteness and redundancy of the recital. The nurses are liberal about imparting all the information, real or imaginary, they have been able to glean regarding their respective employers. Some people display quite an extraordinary faculty for picking up unsavory details concerning their new acquaintance: events of immemorial antiquity are revived by brilliant imaginations and biographical notes, mostly of a depreciatory character, are dispensed with keen enjoyment of the subject. There is considerable interest tinged with emulation concerning the display of dress. There are two or three black sheep in whom the public interest is inconveniently emphatic. Several unoffending persons have such rôles assigned to them by the popular imagination; they are in-

cessantly examined with abnormal interest, and in order to test the melancholy accuracy of the suspicion, are subjected to endless ingenuities of cross-examination conducted with occasional qualms as to the lawfulness of the process.

During the third week the children, who until now have been lambs and sweet pets, develop into imps and ghouls. A boisterous acrimony, destructive alike to life and limb, and to the repose of the older guests, pervades their pastimes. The servants' quarrels, which have become frequent and furious, are conducted with spirit and vivacity. Regarding other people's troubles from an abstract and philosophical point of view, the public at large has made the discovery that most of the ailments with which they have sympathized are the direct result of either hysteria or hypochondria, and many can talk with scientific precision on the subject. The theological discussions are enlivened by a spirit of acrid self-assertion. After assuming various tragic phases, the flirtations have either expired from inanition or assumed a flavour of latent levity that affords gossip to the whole house. Conversation tends more to amusement than edification, and a doctrine regarding the imbecility and worthlessness of the public at large propagates itself. There is a current tendency to drift into little groups, and these coteries are pervaded by an Ishmaelitic impulse which prompts every woman to raise her tongue against her neighbour. Some display daring peculiarities, developed into huge size by absolute abandonment to their influence. The delirium of impatient sensation, galvanized by perpetual contact with the personal pronoun, creates jar and discord in chaotic minds, viewing all things in relation to its own crochets, ruled by freaks of impulse and passion, making for itself innumerable laws of wilfulness and whim. The attendance is pronounced miserable, the table wretched, and the people whose housekeeping is characterized by the most rigid parsimony cannot be content with anything that is not at least two months before due season. The house is crowded to excess, the landlord assumes a haughty and truculent bearing, indicative of his entire independence of patronage.

The distinct characteristic of the fourth week is a deep and dark depression. The moral and mental atmosphere is saturated by a distaste amounting to fanaticism for all its surroundings. The cheap fares have commenced. Crowds of brisk and hungry tourists pour in, devouring all before them like a flood of devastating locusts. Caustic severity, plaintive reproaches, wrathful denunciations are all alike wasted upon the landlord to whom his guests seem simply like a flock of sheep to be fed and tended with the least possible expenditure of trouble and expense. The nurses, who have almost all given warning, have drifted into an armed neutrality, and children roam wild as young hawks. The fancy work is all finished, there are no more fascinating costumes to be displayed, the black sheep (not so very black) have proved tame and uninteresting creatures, even gossip has lost its charm. Husbands and fathers, who all summer have been bewailing their confinement to their city offices, scarcely display the enthusiasm their families expected on their emancipation from business cares. They talk a great deal about the sea air, the boating, the fishing, with a hypocritical assumption of enjoyment, but they wander about disconsolately and then suddenly discover that business of importance requires their presence in town immediately. It is hard that a man should not be allowed to enjoy his holiday in peace. No power on earth will prevent him from catching the evening train. With shriek of whistle and clamour of bell, morning, evening and noonday trains arrive, but no trace of the absentees who have clearly shirked their responsibilities. The women are all bored to extinction. Then it rains steadily for two or three days in succession, the trunks begin to fly around in a very lively manner, farewells are uttered with gushing cordiality, and, like birds in autumn, the summer guests depart.

BLANCHE L. MACDONELL.

Montreal, P. Q.