

cuddled has outgrown *maria's* arms. We are confronted with a life entirely distinct from our own; a will and characteristics that we cannot shape just as we would please; a temperament that we cannot always understand.

If, in after years, our children disappoint us, if they frustrate our ambitions for them, when possibly carelessness and ingratitude chill our affection for them, still remember that even though our duty has never been neglected, no living soul holds absolute power over that of another to mould or subjugate it for either good or ill. There is an end to responsibility.

If our children, grown to men and women, become indifferent, impatient or estranged, those of us who in the years past laid down heart-brokenly a little soul that had scarce learned to toddle, from our arms, have now a sweet recollection of a babe that is ever ours. In the holy place of the heart sleeps the little one that was never aught but a comfort to the mother heart. Other babes may outgrow our arms and caresses, but we, because of this bereavement, are never without the sweet presence of little arms about our necks, of a little head at rest on our sore hearts. We forget the baby ways of those we keep; the cunning little tricks are outgrown and largely forgotten, but clear as lightning comes the memory of that other one. The little hands come in dark nights and cover our tear-filled eyes; the little gleeful voice cries, "Peek!" And, though we know not what the future holds, this is our compensation: the little one who died in infancy is ever our own, down to the shores where memories are no more.

Trained Motherhood

Ruskin's Toys

The home rule of Ruskin's mother was well-nigh puritanic in its severity. He has himself given the following inventory of the toys and other amusements of his childhood:

"For toys, I had a bunch of keys to play with, as long as I was capable of pleasure in what glittered and jingled; as I grew older,

I had a cart and a ball; and when I was five or six years old, two boxes of well-cut wooden bricks.

"With these modest, but, I still think, entirely sufficient possessions, and being always summarily whipped if I cried, did not do as I was bid, or tumbled on the stairs, I soon attained serene and secure methods of life and motion, and could pass my days contentedly in tracing the squares and comparing the colors of my carpet, examining the knots in the wood of the floor, or counting the bricks in the opposite houses; with rapturous intervals of excitement during the filling of the water-cart, through its leathern pipe, from the dripping iron post at the pavement edge; or the still more admirable proceedings of the turn-cock, when he turned and turned until a fountain sprang up in the middle of the street. But the carpet, and what patterns I could find in bed-covers, dresses, or wall-papers, to be examined, were my chief resources."

My Three Brave Laddies

Oh, sailors, sailing north,
Where the wild white surges roar,
And fierce winds, and strong winds,
Blow down from Labrador—
Have you seen my three brave laddies,
My merry, red-cheeked laddies,
Three bold, adventurous laddies,
On some tempestuous shore?

Oh, sailors, sailing south,
Where the seas are calm and blue,
And light clouds and soft clouds
Are floating over you—
Say, have you seen my laddies,
My three bright, winsome laddies,
My brown-haired, smiling laddies,
With hearts so leal and true?

Oh, sailors, sailing east,
Ask the sea gulls sweeping by;
Oh, sailors, sailing west,
Ask the eagles soaring high,
If they have seen my laddies,
My careless, heedless laddies,
Three debonair young laddies,
Beneath the wide, wide sky?