

The Home Circle.

THE VILLAGE PREACHER AND THE SCHOOLMASTER.*

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild;
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change his place;
Unskilful he to fawn or seek for power,
By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour;
For other aims his heart had learned to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain;
The long-remember'd beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
The ruin'd spendthrift now no longer proud,
Claim'd kindred there and had his claims allow'd;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch and show'd how fields were won.
Pleased with his guests, the good man learn'd to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings lean'd to virtue's side;
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt for all.
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
To tempt its new fledged offspring to the skies;
He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismay'd
The reverend champion stood. At his control
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul,
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whisper'd praise,
At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran;
E'en children followed with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown to share the good man's smile;
His ready smile a parent's warmth express'd,
Their welfare pleas'd him, and their cares distress'd;
To them, his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in Heaven:
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells through the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Beside you straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossomed furze unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion, skilled to rule,
The village master taught his little school.
A man severe he was, and stern to view;
I knew him well, and every truant knew:
Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face;
Full well they laugh'd with counterfeited glee,
At all his jokes for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper circling round
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned,
Yet he was kind, or, if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault;
The village all declared how much he knew:
'Twas certain he could write and cipher, too;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And even the story ran that he could gauge;
In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill,
For e'en though vanquish'd, he could argue still;
While words of learned length and thundering sound
Amaz'd the gazing rustics ranged around;
And still they gaz'd, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew.

—Oliver Goldsmith.

THE RESTLESS WOMAN.

BY HIS EXCELLENCY, J. CARDINAL GIBBONS

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That woman was created to fill certain well-defined places in this world no one familiar with her physical, moral and mental make up can doubt. That many women of to-day show a tendency to think slightly of those privileges and responsibilities which have come down as the best inheritance of their sex is a fact which faces us on every side in this country of ours. It is more the case here than in any other nation, I regret to say. It has spread in the last few years like some epidemic, until it has, to a distressing extent, affected the whole system of society and home government.

Modesty and gentleness, these two sweet handmaids of womankind, seem to have been laid aside by many, and masculinity and aggressiveness have been given their places.

The spirit of unrest has found easy victims in thousands of American homes, until the social condition which presents itself to-day, even among the best and most cultured classes, differs essentially from the standards heretofore held as inviolable. It is a sad and a dangerous change that confronts us. Its shibboleth would seem to be: masculinity is greater than motherhood.

I wish I could impress on American women the dangers that attach to such innovations. I wish I could show them, as they appear to me, the ultimate results of participating in public life. It has but one end—the abandonment, or at least the neglect, of home. And where the influ-

ence of the home is removed life loses one of its most valuable guides, and government its strongest ally—indeed, its cornerstone.

You remember, perhaps, what a great general of ancient times said: "Greece rules the world, Athens rules Greece, I rule Athens, and my wife rules me, and, therefore, my wife rules the world." Nor is the illustration overdrawn. The woman who rules the domestic kingdom is in reality the rule of all earthly kingdoms.

As I have said before, I regard woman's rights women and the leaders in the new school of female progress as the worst enemies of the female sex. They teach that which robs woman of all that is amiable and gentle, tender and attractive, and which gives her nothing in return but masculine boldness and brazen effrontery. They are habitually preaching about woman's rights and prerogatives, but have not a word to say about her duties and responsibilities. They withdrawer from those sacred obligations which properly belong to her sex, and fill her with ambition to usurp a position for which neither God nor Nature ever intended her.

While professing to emancipate her from domestic servitude, they are making her the slave of her own caprices and passions. Under the influence of such teachers we find women, especially in high circles, neglecting her household duties, gadding about, at rest only when in perpetual motion, and never at ease unless in a state of morbid excitement. She never feels at home except when abroad. When she is at home, home is irksome to her. She chafes and frets under the restraint and responsibility of domestic life. Her

heart is abroad. It is exulting in imagination, in some some social triumph, or revealing in some scene of gayety and dissipation. Her husband comes to his home to find it empty, or occupied by one whose heart is void of affection for him. Then arise disputes, quarrels, re-primations, estrangements, and the last act in the drama is often divorce.

I speak the sober truth when I affirm that, for the wrecks of families in our country, woman has a large share of the responsibility. In so many instances she seems to have entirely forgotten, or purposely avoided, the place she is called upon to fill. She looks to material greatness in a man as her guiding star. She wishes to do what men have done, and are doing. She enters this field, foreign to all her faculties and her strength, and seems to think she is living up to a higher standard than was ever before permitted to her kind. But if she stopped a moment to consider, could she find a mission more exalted, more noble or more influential than Christian wifehood and motherhood? That makes her the helpmate of her husband, and the guide and teacher of her sons and daughters, rather than a stumbling-block in the way of all.

If woman would only remember that her influence over a child the first few years of its life can have greater effect, and produce wider and more lasting results, than her whole life given up to walking in the ways of men!

Where are the men that have achieved triumphs and have not owned the debt was largely due their mothers? What know we of the mothers of the world's greatest men, save that most of them were faithful to their holy station and true to the high privilege of motherhood—the most divinely sanctioned and the noblest of all earthly positions?

Christianity set its endearing seal on this queendom in Bethlehem centuries ago, and the woman who seeks a higher sphere will not find it among men, or even in earth. But the tendency of the times is altogether apart from such things. Women must be independent, and masculine. They must even indulge in all the sports formerly classed as masculine. They take to these not as occasional pleasures, but as constant pursuits. I see no harm in a woman's taking part once in a while in a game of golf, or any other outdoor exercise that befits her station. She is not to be housed like a plant, and never allowed the benefits derived from fresh air and moderate exercise. Any proper outdoor pursuit should be encouraged as an occasional recreation, but as a regular avocation it must be condemned. For pleasures that become habitual are no longer mere recreations, but serious occupations.

Then there is the woman who must join a club, or perhaps two or three clubs. These will require her presence or attention several hours of the day. How can she do all this and at the same time fulfill the duties of domestic life? After the labors of the day the husband rightly expects to find a comfortable home, where peace, good order and tranquility reign. But his heart is filled with sadness and despair if he finds the partner of his bosom attending a club, or neglecting her household duties for those of some semi-political or social organization.

There is another phase of this great question which presents a most dangerous aspect. When the home is abandoned, what follows? The substitution of flats and hotels as residences, where, instead of having a home in any sense of the word, women are merely escaping the responsibilities and the cares of domestic life.

But if domestic life has its cares and responsibilities—and what life has not—it also has its sweets and its consolations, its joys and its benefits, that are infinitely superior to anything that can possibly be obtained in hotels or flats. It is manifest that hotels do not furnish the same privacy and the same safeguard against questionable associations that are supplied by the home.

I am glad for their own sake that American women generally do not exercise the privilege of political suffrage. I regret that there are those among our American women who have left their homes and families to urge on their kind the need of suffrage. I hope the day will never

come when in this land all women will be allowed to register their votes, save, perhaps, in municipal elections which come near to the home, and might, therefore, properly be influenced by those who should be responsible for the home.

Who enters the political arena is sure to be soiled by its mud. As soon as woman thrusts herself into politics and mingles with the crowd to deposit her vote, she must expect to be handled roughly, and to surrender, perhaps wholly, at least in part, that reverence now justly paid her. The more woman gains in the political arena the more she loses in the domestic kingdom. The cannot rule in both spheres.

HIS SPELLING SYSTEM.

Dobbs met his friend Turner in the trails. They were both going to Birmingham and stopped at the same hotel. Turner registered his name "E. K. Phtholognyrrh."

Dobbs, noticing it, exclaimed, "Here, what are you using such a foreign, outlandish name for?"

"I am not assuming any foreign name," replied Turner.

"What kind of a name is it, then?"

"That is my identical old name, and it is English too—pronounced 'Turner.'"

"I can't see how you make 'Turner' out of those 13 letters; besides, what is your object in spelling that way?" asked Dobbs.

"Well, you see, nobody ever noticed my name on the register when I wrote it 'Turner,'" the latter explained, "but since I commenced writing it 'Phtholognyrrh,' I set them all guessing. It is, as I said before, English spelling. 'Phth' is the sound of 't' in 'phthisis,' 'olo' is the sound of 'ur' in 'colonel,' 'gn' there is the 'n' in 'gnat,' 'yrrh' is the sound of 'er' in 'myrrh.' Now, if that doesn't spell 'Turner' what does it spell?"—London Standard.

Do you wish to make a study of languages? Then take one at a time. Provide yourself with a good dictionary and grammar, and some stories written by a matter, devoting an hour or two every evening, according to the time at your disposal, to study. Keep this up faithfully for a single winter, and you will be surprised and encouraged at the progress made. "But how can I study without a teacher?" one asks. For the sake of acquiring a correct pronunciation, it would be better for one to have a teacher, if possible; but, if Elihu Burritt, the poor blacksmith boy, acquired a thorough knowledge of almost every known tongue without a teacher, surely bright young people can master one or two at least. "Power is given to him who exerts power."—Success.

Our Social Chat.

* EDITED BY AUNT JENNIE, RALEIGH, N. C. *

AS CONTRIBUTORS to this department of the Progressive Farmer, we have some of the most wide-awake and progressive young ladies and young men and some of the most entertaining writers among the older people of this and other States, the ages of the members ranging from sixteen to more than sixty.

YOU ARE REQUESTED to join by sending us a letter on some subject of general interest, and writing thereafter as often as possible.

WHEN WRITING, give full name and post-office address for Aunt Jennie's information. If you do not wish your real name to appear in print, give name by which you wish to be known as a Chatterer.

TWO WEEKS OR MORE must, as a rule, elapse between the time a letter is written and the date of its publication.

ADDRESS all letters to Aunt Jennie, care of The Progressive Farmer, Raleigh, N. C.

AUNT JENNIE'S LETTER.

In the management of the graded schools of our towns, one grievous fault is everywhere noticeable. It is the persistent push of the teachers, the jealous striving to have children do more than any other children have ever done before. There seems no limit to their ambition to have the children excel, oftentimes at the expense of health. We live in an age of push or be pushed. Hurry rules, and I sometimes think that this one ceaseless hurry causes a great proportion of the sudden deaths of which we hear.

A child should be taught deliberation. Especially is this true of children that are of a nervous nature. Nervous children are usually bright children, but the teachers seem never to consider the physical well-being of the children; and if they discover that a child's mind is receptive, they decide that that child must lead at all hazards, let the cost be what it may.

I am sorry for the children whose parents take little or no interest in their studies and permit them to be driven by these ambitious but unreasonable teachers. Enough is enough, but some teachers are unreasonable in their demands on the little brains. We parents are anxious that they learn by advancing, but we are also anxious that the work be done gradually and permanently, and not like the flash of a meteor or rocket whose brilliancy astonishes all that behold it, but a moment later disappears.

Why, some teachers are so anxious that the child study all the available wakeful hours that they actually give extra long lessons on Friday, so that in order to know them perfectly on Monday the child must study all day Saturday! This is not right. It is unjust and discouraging to an ambitious child; besides is tyrannical, and little minds that are so receptive are not slow to perceive and grasp the situation.

A child should not be required to know more than he or she can readily learn in school. I do not believe in night study for little children, and if our teachers could be persuaded to go slow and be thorough (instead of skimming, as a child necessarily does under the present condition of things) it would indeed be more satisfactory to all concerned. No fisherman ever caught a fish worth carrying home if he simply allowed his hook to float over the surface of the water. Teachers must learn patience and perseverance and that knowledge is not gained by skimming.

What I have said, of course, applies chiefly to our city graded schools. Our readers who depend exclusively on the short terms of the country school, perhaps need no lesson of this kind.

Mrs. Z. B. P., writes us a good letter this week. We are glad to have her with us.

Did you notice in our last paper that the editor proposed to give a nice book for the best letter to this department before the first of April? Let us hear from you with a letter for the competition.

AUNT JENNIE

SOME HOUSEKEEPING MATTERS.

DEAR AUNT JENNIE:—I shall have to ask you to give my many thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Retlaw for the nice book I received last week. It was worth writing a number of letters for, and I shall always write as often as I can for our corner. I am always disappointed when THE PROGRESSIVE FARMER comes and there is no Social Chat. Let us all try to write often enough so that our column will always be full.

I have found it a good idea in housekeeping to have a place for everything and keep everything in its place, as much as possible. It helps to make our home happy, and saves us a great deal of trouble and worry. It helps greatly when we know where anything is and can get it in the dark, without loss of time, or can tell our "better half"

exactly where to find what he wants without his having to search all over the house for it and then not find it. If the wife is always able to tell her husband where to find what he wants, or to find it for him in a few minutes, he thinks her an unusually good housekeeper whether she is or not.

You know there is a way of keeping things neat and put away, but we do not know exactly where to find them, because we don't have a place for them and keep them in it.

I have some experiences in house-keeping, gardening, and with poultry, which I shall give you later on, if you wish to hear them. I would like to hear from some of the Chatterers on poultry; I am very much interested in that just now.

I see Harry Farmer gives us a splendid recipe for making liver-pudding. I wish to give the Chatterers two of my recipes:

RISE PUDDING.—Take the livers, hearts and lights (as many as you wish to make up in this way) and boil them thoroughly; run through a sausage mill to make fine. At the same time boil a large porcelain kettleful of rice, or as much as you need to make the liver stiff enough to stuff in a sausage stuffer. Boil rice until thoroughly done and dry. Season liver according to taste with salt, pepper, sage, thyme or onions, and stuff in small cases thoroughly scraped until they look like tissue-paper and you can see through them; then put in a dry place to dry on nice clean boards.

When ready to use them place in a baking pan in the stove and bake until a rich brown. Serve while hot.

PAN-ROSE.—Take the water that the liver was boiled in, and season to taste with salt, pepper, sage, thyme, and onions if desired. Sift a large panful of meal, and have the water boiling hot as if you were going to make mush; then take a large spoon and stir in the meal as fast as you can to keep from lumping. When the consistency of stiff mush, stir well and put up in large pan or mould of any kind and put away to cool. When ready to use out in thin slices and fry to a rich brown. Serve while hot. Mrs. Z. B. E. McDowell Co., N. C.

LOVE OF HOME.

DEAR AUNT JENNIE:—I will write a few lines on love of home. It is a subject that should have our attention.

We should love our homes. One of the surest ways to acquire happiness is to devote our time at home to making it attractive, loving it, and creating sympathy and happiness thereby.

But we often see the boys and girls of farmers become restless, discontented and unhappy. They go forth, some with bright anticipations and some with a look of discontent. They leave beautiful and good homes, kind mothers and fathers, some to lead a professional life and some the life of the "Prodigal Son." And not uncommon it is that after a few years the boy becomes poor and would be glad to accept the 50 acres of land that his father offered him. But now, perhaps, it is sold to a Dutchman. Sarah no longer milks the old brindle cow, Tom no longer rides the spirited nag. The old father and mother have crossed the dark river. The farm home, with its flowers and green meadows, if not sold, is abandoned. Around the cottage on the hillside all is silent and still.

They have gone forth to gain riches and honors, but are they happy? To be happy and to do good should be our aim. It is sad to see, in this section, so many old homesteads abandoned. The boys and girls have moved off, but not half of them are doing better than their fathers did. Surely it is not well for all to stay, neither is it well for all to go, so many times. In the number of happy homes, lie the real strength of a nation. See statistics as to real condition of young men.

Let us cultivate a love for home, let our chief interest be there. Let us read a few good books, and take one or more good weekly papers, and thus remove the necessity, and may be the desire of travelling, for it is sure we cannot all travel much. Remember this maxim, "There is no place like home." "Home, Sweet Home," was written by a homeless man.

"I love the place, the dear old place, The place where I was born, The place where first my enraptured eyes Beheld the glories of the morn!"

Let such as should study these points. FREE THINKER. Familio Co., N. C.

*This is No. 23 of our series of the World's Best Poems, arranged especially for THE PROGRESSIVE FARMER by the editor. In this series selections from the following authors have already appeared: Burns, February, 1901; Bryant, October, 1901; the Brownings, November, 1901; Lord Byron and Phillips Brooks, December, 1901; Thomas Campbell and Eugene Field, January, 1902.