

one by a square meal. I've always thought that if the New England Puritans had eaten better dinners and more of them, they wouldn't have had so much surplus energy to expend in killing witches and banishing estimable citizens who differed with them in church matters. And that is just what I'll do with that vicious beast of a hen: transform her into a pie with flaky crust and plenty of good rich gravy and invite some dear old ladies to bring their knitting and come up and spend the day with me and tell about old times and eat that pie and be happy.

I love old people. They are so sweet and interesting and gentle that it is not only a delight to be with them it is also a much-needed lesson in good manners. Then they've lived through so much that wisdom has come to them, and patience, and they appreciate every little thing that is done for their pleasure. And we do so pitifully little! We intend to go and see them, and we don't; we intend to take them flowers, and we don't; we intend to remember them at Christmas and on their anniversaries, and we don't; and by and by while we are intending, they quietly fall asleep, and it is too late, and instead of precious memories of kindly deeds, we have only shriveled, blighted regrets for all that we left undone.

But we were speaking of the garden. A clump of sweet balm at the gate is riotous with little green shoots that the first snow will probably wipe out of existence, but that isn't worrying them at all. They are as fresh and fragrant and chirpy as if they were century plants with one hundred years of life ahead of them instead of forth-putting, reckless little leaves appearing three months before their place in the world is ready, and in their emulation of the early bird, forgetting entirely the disastrous fate of the early worm. And yet I don't know. The line between courage and recklessness is so faint that sometimes it would seem to be largely imaginary. And possibly that clump of balm braving the January snows deserves a place in legendary lore alongside the white thorn of Glastonbury that always blooms at Christmas to celebrate the birth of the blessed Christ Child.

"OUR CHILDREN."

DR. PAUL CARUS is a man of deep and independent thought, and his book, "Our Children," contains many things worth the earnest consideration of every parent. The spirit of the book may be judged by the following inspiring sentence:

"Since we can give our children better chances in their lives than we ourselves possessed, we can expect of them more than we have accomplished. They should surpass us, and it is our duty to enable them to do so."

The book deals chiefly with the mental and moral training of the child, and is of a very practical nature, not at all a theoretical treatise, but full of illustrations drawn from the author's personal experience.

Here is another paragraph too good to miss quoting:

"It is apparent that mankind would never have developed true humanity, had it never witnessed a mother's love. The sublimest and noblest sentiments would be still unknown, had not generation after generation been trained in the school of parental care and self-sacrifice. Men have learned the lessons of life by living for their children."

The book is published by the Open Court Publishing Company, Chicago, and can be had from The Progressive Farmer at publisher's price, \$1 post-paid.

PERSONAL IDEALS FOR THE NEW YEAR.

TO WEIGH the material in the scales of the personal, and measure life by the standard of love; to prize health as contagious happiness, wealth as potential service, reputation as latent influence, learning for the light it can shed, power for the help it can give, station for the good it can do; to



President Hyde

choose in each case what is good on the whole, and accept cheerfully incidental evils involved; to put my whole self into all that I do, and indulge no single desire at the expense of myself as a whole; to crowd out fear by devotion to duty, and see present and future as one; to treat others as I would be treated, and myself as I would my best friend; to lend no oil to the foolish, but let my light shine freely for all; to make no gain by another's loss, and buy no pleasure with another's pain; to harbor no thought of another which I would be unwilling that other should know; to say nothing unkind to amuse myself, and nothing false to please others; to take no pride in weaker men's failings, and bear no malice toward those who do wrong; to pity the selfish no less than the poor, the proud as much as the outcast, and the cruel even more than the oppressed; to worship God in all that is good and true and beautiful; to serve Christ wherever a sad heart can be made happy or a wrong will set right; and to recognize God's coming kingdom in every institution and person that helps men to love one another.—Dr. William DeWitt Hyde. (The Outlook Co., Pubs.)

TEACH THE CHILDREN TO HELP.

Let Them Learn While Little and They Will Be Willing When Older.

"Whoever helps a child, helps humanity with a distinctness and immediateness which no other help ever given to human creatures in any other stage of their lives can possibly give again."—Phillips Brooks.

THE unoccupied child is always either dissatisfied and fretful or meddling and mischievous, a tax on the mother's nerves. All children should be taught to amuse themselves; but the line between amusement and some helpful occupation may be very faint.

I know a mother whose theory was that every child should be taught to be helpful, and best to develop this spirit of helpfulness a child should never be refused when it asked to help. Following this theory, when her 18-months-old daughter, toddling around after her, asked to help with the dishes, she was given knives and forks to wipe (the mother afterward washing and wiping them over again) and the child was happy in the belief that she was helping. Soon, the mother saw that the child was doing the work well, and when she asked to help, was given the regular wiping towel and became what she had thought she was—a real help. One day, the mother noticed that in her zeal to help she was wiping the walls with a paper as high as she could reach, while she told her baby sister how she was helping mamma. So the mother gave her a dusting cloth, and showed her how to brush the tops of of the baseboards, and the chairs.

As her family grew, never did this wise mother refuse their help. Often and often she had to do the tasks over again, as they had begged to do things their little hands could not perform. This made the mother extra work, of course, but she was proving her theory to be correct and felt that it was worth the extra trouble to be teaching her children helpfulness. When, as so frequently occurred, they begged to help with impossible things, she substituted something else, explaining to them that it would be more help to her, and they gladly did as she suggested.

When, by the turn of fortune's wheel, the mother had to become the bread-winner, the two little daughters of five and seven were so accustomed to helping and so happy to do it, that they almost unconsciously assumed many tasks, including dish-washing—the dish-pan and draining pan being set on a chair to accommodate them,—sweeping the living rooms—the mother only gave them a thorough sweeping once a week,—bringing in wood and chips—carrying two or three sticks at a time,—and countless other things. When the

washing began to be distasteful the mother helped them to make up stories about their work, calling the knives and forks men and women and the spoons children. And so this family of two daughters and a son grew up happy, loving, self-reliant, and helpful. Their greatest pleasure is to be able to help their mother, and next to her, some one else. In outside life they are careful, conscientious and trustworthy, never shirking, heartily doing their best, so that their training in helpfulness is making them a success in life.

If the mother needed any further proof of the correctness of her theory, it came one day when visiting in a home where the tired, overworked, worn-out mother asked her 16-year-old daughter to help, which she heartily refused to do.

Seeing that the guest had noticed her refusal, the girl tried to excuse herself by saying: "I used to want to help, but mamma never would let me; always telling me to go away, I was more bother than help, and now I don't know how, and don't want to learn."

In a conversation that followed this second mother confessed that when her children were small she did not want to be bothered with them, and refused all their many offers to help, because she could do the work herself more easily than she could show and teach them, thoughtlessly (or was it heartlessly) telling them she had no time for them. So her children had all grown up thoughtless, selfish, careless and indolent so far as family responsibilities were concerned.

This is no fancy sketch; but a bit of actual family histories. These two mothers both reaped according to what they had sown.

MRS. C. S. EVERTS.

DON'T SPEAK ILL OF THE TEACHER.

ONE of the greatest mistakes parents can make is to speak disparagingly of a teacher in the presence of children. In our own school we had an example of the evil results of this, not so many months ago. One primary teacher had served us faithfully for a number of years. Of course, parents and pupils were warmly attached to her. Last year in consequence of a law made by the State Board, she lost her place, and a young lady from a distant town was sent to take charge of the primaries. The parents were sore over the loss of their teacher, and made many unkind remarks about her successor right before the children that would be in her care. The result was a constant friction. The pupils had received the impres-

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