

Country Home Department.

Conducted by Mrs. E. D. Nall, Sanford, N. C., to Whom all Matter for this Department Should be Sent.

"IT IS NOT YOURS, O MOTHER."

It is not yours, O mother, to complain,

Not, mother, yours to weep,
Though nevermore your son again
Shall to your bosom creep,
Though nevermore again you
watch your baby sleep.

Though in the greener paths of earth,
Mother and child, no more
We wander; and no more the birth
Of me whom once you bore
Seems still the brave regard that
once it seemed of yore!

Though as all passes, day and night,
The seasons and the years,
From you, O mother, this delight.
This also disappears—
Some profit yet survives of all your
pangs and tears.

The child, the seed, the grain of corn,
The acorn on the hill,
Each for some separate end is born
In season fit, and still
Each must in strength arise to
work the almighty will.

So from the hearth the children flee,
By that almighty hand
Austerely lead; so one by sea
Goes forth, and one by land;
Nor aught of all man's sons escape
from that command.

So from the sally each obeys
The unseen almighty nod,
So till the ending all their ways
Blindfolded loth have trod;
Nor knew their task at all, but
were the tools of God.

And as the fervent smith of yore
Beat out the glowing blade,
Nor wielded in the front of war
The weapons that he made,
But in the tower at home still plied
his ringing trade.

So like a sword the son shall roam
On nobler missions sent;
And as the smith remained at home
In peaceful turret pent,
So sits the while at home the
mother well content.
—Robert Louis Stevenson.

CHILDREN'S DRESSES.

I think it is a great injustice to children to dress them in fussy clothes, either for every-day of Sunday best. It "Makes me tired" to see a child loaded with ruffles and yards and yards of lace and insertion put into their clothes, and of course the child's mother looks tired.

I have noticed at Sunday-school, concerts, picnics, and other gatherings, the children dressed plainly, simply, yet daintily, wore that look of ease, at peace with everybody because they felt comfortable in contrast with those whose clothes reminded me of dolls in show windows and their restless petulant condition due to being over-dressed. They were ill at ease and had a grievance with everybody. Mothers, why do you do it?

Perhaps some of you will say: "Of course the mother of six, if she does her own work as most of us do, she does not have the time to put much work on one garment." Well, truly, I do not have very much time, but if I did, I certainly would not waste it putting unnecessary stitches in children's clothes, but rather I would go with the little ones out under the grape arbor and read to them an interesting story and perhaps take "tea" with them afterwards in their play-house there, or we would

go down to the spring-house and have a lively game or merry romp under the large oaks there.

I imagine the children all over the land feel like erecting a monument to the one who planned the rompers for they are so comfortable for every day wear. They are easily made and easily ironed.

A friend visited me one summer, and I had looked forward to her visit with much pleasure, for we had been friends from childhood. But when she came with her two children, with clothes enough for them for a half-dozen children, and kept them dressed up in starched clothes all the time, it went far toward spoiling the visit to me as well as to them. How I longed to put them in clothes suitable to play in and tell them to climb the apple trees, pick berries, hunt eggs in the hay loft and enjoy life in a child's way. I thought to myself, "Poor things"; but I wonder what their mother was thinking to herself about mine? Doubtless it was: "Your mother dresses you like little heathens." But there was more difference in their ruddy cheeks and happy dispositions than in their clothes. I wish more of the mothers would write, especially those with a family of little children, and tell us some of their ways of managing them.

MOTHER OF SIX.

MATS FOR THE HOUSE-WORK.

Not even the woman clerk in the city department store is on her feet as many hours a day as many a farmer's wife going about her ordinary house-work. When night comes the house-wife feels as if there were hundreds of bones in her body which the anatomist overlooked and that each bone is stinging and tingling with aches innumerable.

Some of this weariness of bone and muscle may be saved if the housekeeper will make mats of several thicknesses of old sacks or bagging, or even of the clothing the men have discarded. These mats must be thick and soft so that standing on them will lessen the fatigue of the day. Lay them in front of the sink, tub, stove, or any place where your duties will keep you standing for a considerable length of time.

"THE SWEDISH NIGHTINGALE."

In Stockholm a very little girl one day crept to the piano and strummed out a fanfare which she had caught from the soldiers. Her grandmother, in an adjoining room, came to the door, and, seeing the tiny tot, exclaimed: "Child, was that you?" When the little girl's mother returned home, the grandmother, after telling her of the incident, added: "Mark my word: that child will bring you help" (the mother was in financial straits). This prophecy was abundantly fulfilled, for that little girl became the world-renowned Jenny Lind, the "Swedish Nightingale."

When Jenny Lind was about seven years old her mother, being hard pressed for funds, determined to go out as a governess. With this intention, doubtless, she answered the advertisement of a certain childless couple for a child to take care of. It developed that this couple lived in the very same Widows' Home in which Jenny's grandmother had lived for some time, the man being the steward of the Home and occupying the lodge at the gate. This all seemed to fall in admirably, as Jenny would have the companionship of her grandmother, to whom she was

devoted. So there she was sent, probably in the year 1828, and her mother retired from Stockholm and took a place as governess.

Jenny lived at the Widows' Home for a year or more—a happy child, singing with every step she took. She had a cat, with a blue ribbon round its neck, of which she was very fond; and together they would sit for hours in a window of the steward's rooms, which looked out on the lively street, the little girl addressing her sweetest songs to her pet. Among the passers-by who heard the child with amazement was the maid of a Mlle. Lundberg, of the Royal Opera House, who told her mistress that she had never heard such beautiful singing as that of this little girl to her cat. Mlle. Lundberg, after finding out who the child was, sent to ask her mother, who was in Stockholm at the time, to bring her to sing to her. This the mother did; and after Mlle. Lundberg had heard her, she remarked: "The child is a genius, and you must have her educated for the stage." But Jenny's mother, as well as her grandmother, was prejudiced against the stage, and she would not consent to this. "Then you must at any rate have her taught singing," said Mlle. Lundberg; and the mother was persuaded to accept a letter of introduction to Herr Croelius, singing master at the Royal Theatre. They started off with the letter, but as they went up the steps of the Opera House the mother was again troubled by her doubts. Little Jenny, however, urging her to go on, they entered the room where Croelius sat. The child sang something out of an opera: Croelius was moved to tears, and said that he must take her to the head of the Royal Theatre, Count Puke, and tell him what a treasure he had found. But the Count would have nothing to do with her when he found that she was only nine years old. Croelius then said to him: "If the Count will not hear her, then I will teach her myself, and she will one day astonish you!" Whereupon the Count consented to hear her sing, with the result that he, too, was moved to tears. She was accepted, and was taken and taught to sing, and educated, at the Government's expense. She remained with the Royal Theatre twenty years, winning unexampled victories. As one has said: "As she pulled at her mother's unwilling hand that day she took the step which determined her whole destiny."

After twenty years of operatic singing, during which time she became famous all over Europe, Jenny Lind retired from the stage and decided to devote herself to concert singing and oratorios. In a letter during her American tour she wrote: "I cannot tell how happy I feel about leaving the stage. I shall sing in concerts so long as I have a voice. I have begun to sing what has long been the wish of my heart—oratorio. There I can sing the music I love, and the words make me feel a better being."

Before coming to America she wrote to one of her friends: "My life is so full, so beautiful, so wonderful, so great that I often feel a lively desire to share all its memories with those whom I love. I have for long had the most eager wish to earn a great deal of money, so as to endow a school for poor lost children in my own country. And the invitation to America came as a direct answer, so that I go there in this confidence; and I pray God in heaven out of a full heart that He will guide me thither, as ever before, with His gentle hand, and will graciously forgive me my sins and my infirmities. I shall have much to encounter; it is a very big undertaking. But since I have no less an aim before me than to help in widen-

ing God's Kingdom, the littlenesses of life vanish in face of this."

From Boston she wrote to her guardian that she had given eight concerts, the first two in New York to charities, and that her share for six concerts was about \$30,000. A little later she wrote: "It is indeed a great joy and a gift from God to be allowed to earn so much money and afterwards to help one's fellow-men with it. This is the highest joy I wish for in this life; everything else has disappeared from the many-colored course of my life."

Jenny Lind's voice is described as a brilliant and powerful soprano, its compass extending from B below the staff to G on the fourth line above it—a clear range of two octave and a sixth. Her technique is said to have been faultless, its perfection being the result of hard work, indefatigable practice, and unwearied study. She was never satisfied with a song unless the singer looked pleasant, and regarded singing as a beautiful gift of nature for which to be thankful.—Christian Advocate.

COARSE SOAP.

There is nothing so injurious to the hands as coarse, strong soaps. Insist on having a good soap even if it costs a little more. The woman who does her own work and whose hand must be in waters of varying temperatures, now hot and the next minute cold, should pay especial attention to her hands. She can wear gloves during some of the tasks, or she can use a whitener on her hands which will keep them in good condition.

RECIPES.

Rose Geraniums to Keep Flies Away.

It is said that if one or two rose geraniums are kept in the house they will keep flies away. At any rate, it is not a hard experiment to try.

Cherries in Currant Jelly.

For two quarts of currant juice and two quarts of stemmed and pitted cherries, you need eight pounds of sugar. Wash, mash and cook as many currants, with stems, as will make two quarts of strained juice. Let juice come to a boil add sugar and skim; add cherries and cook slowly and steadily from ten to fifteen minutes. Pour in jelly glasses.

Pickled Cherries.

For each quart of cherries provide two pounds of sugar and vinegar sufficient to cover the cherries. Pit the cherries and put into a large stone jar, cover with vinegar, let them stand for twenty-four hours, stirring it a few times. Then drain off the vinegar, measure the same amount of sugar as cherries and alternate in layers, sugar on top. Stir this each day for three days to dissolve all the sugar. Seal in glass jars.

Cherry Conserve.

For this toothsome preserve you need: Five pounds ripe cherries, two pounds sugar, one and one-half pounds seedless raisins, four oranges, two lemons. Wash, stem and pit the cherries. Squeeze out the juice of the oranges and lemons and wash raisins. Mix all together and let stand over-night. Boil slowly for several hours until thick and clear. Pour into cans and seal.

Louis C. Elson, the music critic, tells of a young American soprano who attempted Schubert's "Gretchen am Spinnrade" which begins: "Meine Ruh' ist hin,"—"My peace is gone." Our fair compatriot mistook the "R" for a "K" and boldly and clearly sang, "Meine Kuh ist hin,"—"My cow is dead!"