



The Home Department

Conducted by
Helen Watts McKee

Anticipation.

Down the winding door-yard walk,
Slowly moves the homestead's dame,
Peering 'mid the dry brown stalks
Where, last year, were globes of
flame.

Hope is sparkling in her eye,
For the sun is mounting high;
She, expectant, scans the earth,
For some peeping bud to bring,
Somewhere in the gardens' girth
Heaven's assurance of the spring.

Now she stands where lilies sleep,
Stoops where red dicentras hide;
Looks to see if tulips peep,
Close where daffodillies bide.
Do the peonias show the red
Of their tips above the bed?
Then she hastes where snow-drops
grow,

Just beyond the porch's screen;
Pauses where the lilacs show
Every bud faint-tipped with green.

Now she softly hums a tune,
Full of hope and faith the strain,
Blossom-full her happy rune—
"Spring has surely come again!
In their sheltered nook I found
Crocus buds above the ground.
And a pansy, stooping low,
Opening such a lovely blue!
Surely, March winds ne'er before
Brought such lovely things to
view!"

And the bluebird cheerily
From the cedar sings a stave,
Sings of flower and droning bee
Sweets the budding spring shall
have.
Wings, and hearts with winter sad
With new beauty shall be glad;
"Darlings, tarry not too long,"
Softly crones the happy dame,
And the slow-advancing sun
Melts the frost with touch of flame.
—Mayflower.

"Suffer the Children."

I know we have among our readers many who are interested in keeping the children in the Sunday school and I have thought that a little story, told to me by a correspondent, might give some of them an idea of the responsibility attaching to the teacher's position in the matter. Here it is:

"May I tell you a story of my own childhood? I was one of those lowly little ones whose mothers have to work to help support her numerous brood, and, poor, overworked woman, she had little time to listen to my wearisome questions, or to notice and correct my misdoings. I was a thoughtful child—my brain was always busy; but my questions and vagaries were often laughed at, until, not possessing a very large amount of self-esteem, I gradually grew reserved and shy and shrinking. Sensitive and absorbing, longing for a touch of tenderness or a cheering tone, I used to go to the Sunday school with my brothers and sisters, and more times than not I have sat through a whole session without one word or glance being addressed to me. I lived in the country. I walked miles to get to the school. I knew none of the town children, and a sense of such awful loneliness seemed to weigh upon me at times that I could not lift my eyes for fear of showing my tears.

"I presume I was treated as well as my mates, but they knew each other; I knew no one; and, Oh, how I did shrink from their curious glances! When my older sisters married, I was left at home alone. I was only a child, but I went no more to the Sunday

school. I never went again until I was a woman, and even then, that sense of solitude went with me—always a wall between me and the church people. I never did shake it off; I never felt at home with the church people. I had a sweet voice, and I loved to sing. At home or in the day school, I never wearied of singing the Sunday school songs; but my voice was never heard in the house of worship. Nobody missed my voice—nobody asked if I had any; nobody cared to know.

"Years went by; I sang in the church choirs; I loved to sing the praise songs, to hear the words of the sermon, but for the Sunday school, to this day, I have only a feeling of intense dread."

Not long since I heard a young lad say, in a tone which left no doubt of its sincerity: "I hate Sunday school, and only go because I am made to." He had attended Sunday school all his life; once he was an enthusiastic attendant. A year or so before I spoke to him, a change of residence had necessitated a change of schools and companions; he liked the day-school and worked ambitiously there; he was not a vicious boy, not at all given to bad habits, somewhat inclined to wild associates, being of a very social nature, but in no wise one to press his claim to notice among strangers. He is large-brained, sensitive, stirring, and just the age to need loving counsel and careful guidance. I asked him why he so disliked the Sunday school: "Because, as long as I have been going to the school here, not one of the teachers have spoken to me, and I don't know one of the boys. They get into knots by themselves and seem to have a good time, but nobody speaks to me." "Don't your teacher speak to you?" I asked. "No." "But she must say something to you," I persisted. "No; she talks to the class, but she never speaks to me, except sometimes to say good morning."

The church service was to him a torment. He would do anything to escape attendance. His reason was that "nobody spoke to him, or seemed to want him about"—preachers, elders, or members. Just a little, longing, shrinking heart—bold, even to recklessness among his associates, yet here, feeling himself utterly lost among his "brethren!" Some day, unless some loving hand holds him, some clinging mother guides him over the shoals, this bright, stirring, ambitious boy will "go over the falls," and the church will sigh and say, "If we could only have kept him in the Sunday school." And I feel like shaking the "church," and shouting into its dull ears, "Why didn't you do it? Why, when he asked you, with a boy's appetite, for bread, why did you give him a stone? When he asked you for a fish, why did you give him a serpent? Why did you force this young starveling out from among you when his wistful eyes pleaded with you for the love he had a right to expect of you? Don't you know your coldness and indifference 'forbade,' stronger than words could have done, the little hungry soul to 'come unto him?' O, why did you not keep him? Do you know—do you ever try to think it out?"

For Breakfast.

Fruits of all kinds should be served on the breakfast table. It is the best

time of day to eat melon, bananas, oranges, pears, grapes or peaches. The old proverb says: "Fruit is golden in the morning, silver at noon, and leaden at night." Eaten in the morning, it is very appetizing, and stimulating to the gastric juices. If more fruit was eaten, there would be less dyspepsia and fewer calls for the physician, and morning is the time to eat it. Fruit should be served in the morning, and can be eaten raw or cooked, served with sugar.

Beautiful Things.

There is nothing that adds so much to the attractiveness of the home as plenty of flowering plants. Among the most satisfactory, for various reasons, are the shrubs and the hardy perennials, as, once they are established, they are little further care. By a judicious selection of kinds one may have a constant succession of bloom, from the earliest crocus, which peers out of its frosty covering, down to the heavy snows of winter. Many of these should be planted in the fall, but a very great many may be set this spring, while a few packets of the seeds of other varieties planted now, will give you, not only abundance of plants, but much bloom. Many high-priced plants may be easily raised from a few cents worth of seed, as the seeds of many kind germinate as readily as corn and the plants require no special care. The perennial poppy is one of these. The seeds, if sown now, will make fine plants by autumn, a few of them blooming, but the plants are perfectly hardy, and from a close, low-growing tuft of pretty foliage that is green all winter. The flowers are of several colors, very attractive, and are borne on stems about a foot high; they begin blooming in May, continue throughout the summer until late frost.

One does not see as often as its merits deserve the old-fashioned sweet briar rose bush. It has so much to recommend it that one wonders at its neglect. It is perfectly hardy, has lovely pink single blossoms and its foliage and young growth is deliciously fragrant. The sweet brier, or Eglantine, like the Sissop tree of India that perfumes the axe which fells it, always embalms the hand that lightly crushes its lovely foliage. It is a curious fact that no rosarian has as yet succeeded in propagating a variety of roses with fragrant foliage. The exquisite sweet brier odor is so subtle that the art of enfleurage, distillation, or of extracting perfume from flowers has never been able to imprison or retain that of the sweet brier in essence, extract or oil. Perfume experts say that the extract of sweet brier, so-called, is either chemical compound, or that of violet, verbena and some other flower combined. The plant is not at all expensive, and may be had of florists for fifteen or twenty-five cents for two-year-old plants.

The Yellow Harrison is an old rose, and has never entirely lost its popularity. It has been called the Yellow Eglantine, as its foliage is much like the English Sweet Brier, but is not fragrant. It is perfectly hardy, and propagates itself by sprouts. It has clear sulphur-yellow flowers, single, of delicate beauty and grace, borne along the thorny branches in graceful sprays, blooming in May.

There is nothing that can take the place of hardy roses. The old sort, blooming but once a year, is only riv-

aled by the hardy ever-bloomers that are in great measure now displacing the old favorites. Among the new, however, there is nothing so sweet, so sure to please as the dear old Hermosa. It is perfectly hardy, blooms all the time, is deliciously fragrant, and of the loveliest soft pink color. Another most satisfactory rose is the La France;—bud and bloom and fragrance are unrivaled; blooms when very small, and is a continuous bloomer out-doors, and does well in the window garden. It is hardy, with slight protection in the southern and central states.

One should not plant all the beautiful things in the front yard; there should be clumps of the choicest and most continuous bloomers where they may be seen from the living and kitchen room windows; all the odd nooks and out-of-the-way places should be full of the brightest, most fragrant things. There should be vines climbing over the kitchen porch, up the walls of the house, on trellises to screen unsightly objects, over the garden palings, and flowering vines are both plentiful and beautiful. The old hardy roses will always hold their place in our hearts, but there are hardy ever-bloomers among the climbers, also, and many of them have proven satisfactory. Nothing can be more beautiful than a perfectly healthy Crimson Rambler rose, but a cool, damp season sometimes ruins it, as it is subject to mildew. It simply glories in heat, however, and the hottest sunshine is its greatest tonic.

There is no climber more lovely than the clematis. These plants are perfectly hardy and clean. Jacmani showers its great purple stars continuously from June until frost, and when in full bloom, in June and July, is simply a cloud of purple. A well-established plant of Clematis Jacmani is magnificent, when in bloom. It is perfectly hardy, loves rich soil and sunshine, and requires no care, when once established, except a winter mulching of rotted manure. It is not easy to propagate, and always commands a good price, even when quite small.

The Clematis Paniculata deserves a paragraph by itself. It grows and thrives everywhere, under most adverse conditions, is a rapid grower, and a profuse bloomer, and its mass

FOOLED THE HOSPITAL

Was Pronounced Incurable But Got Well on Pure Food

Sometimes in a case of disease resulting from the use of improper food the symptoms are so complex that medical science cannot find the seat of trouble, and even the most careful hospital treatment fails to benefit. A gentleman of Lee, Mass., says: "On April 1st, 1900, I was sent home by one of our Massachusetts hospitals, saying nothing more could be done for me. I have been a great sufferer from nervous diseases and rheumatism and nervous prostration and had previously been treated at Sharon Springs and by a number of doctors without getting much assistance.

"One day I was feeling worse than usual when I read an article about your Grape-Nuts that impressed me so that I sent out for a package. I commenced using it at breakfast the next day.

"For fifteen months I never missed one day. If you ever saw anyone grow strong and improve it was I. I gained from 125 pounds to my old weight 165. I will always be a cripple from rheumatism, but otherwise I am so much improved that I now feel as well as any man in this country." Name furnished by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There is a recipe book in each package of Grape-Nuts that will interest the housekeeper.