



The Home Department

Conducted by Helen Watts McKee

Trust In God And Do The Right.

Courage, brother! do not stumble,
Though thy path be dark as night;
There's a star to guide the humble;
"Trust in God, and do the right."

Let the road be long and dreary,
And its ending out of sight;
Foot it bravely, strong or weary,
"Trust in God, and do the right."

Trust no forms of guilty passion,
Friends can look like angels bright.
Trust no custom, school or fashion,
"Trust in God, and do the right."

Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
Some will flatter, some will slight;
Cease from man, and look above thee,
"Trust in God, and do the right."

Simple rule and safest guiding,
Inward peace and inward light,
Star upon our path abiding,
"Trust in God, and do the right."

Perish policy and cunning,
Perish all that fears the light;
Loving man and God revering,
"Trust in God, and do the right."
—Rev. Norman MacLeod, D. D., in a
Scotland newspaper.

Home Chats.

A gleam of hot sunshine falling across my window from between the clouds reminds me that the heat of mid-summer is not far away, and we shall soon begin to hear of heat prostrations and nervous exhaustions among our sisters who "do their own work." The majority of us are so situated that we cannot escape the kitchen and the cook-stove, or the still more-dreaded heat of the laundry. Added to this routine work, which is always with us, is the canning, pickling, preserving, jamming and jellying that we think we must do, and it does seem a heavier burden than we can bear, at times.

It all means work—and more work; despite the fact that many of us have all the helps in the way of gas stoves, steam cookers, hot and cold water, and can have the fruits and vegetables at our door at our own chosen time, there are trials of strength that we cannot avoid, and already we are "fagged to death" by the duties of the hour. What are we going to do about it?

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It is the duty of every man and woman to work. If able to do so, with hand and brain; but the work should not be allowed to degenerate into practical slavery. Everywhere about us men and women are working too hard; they see a field of work before them, and they feel that it must be done; so they strain every nerve in the ineffectual struggle, and think they may make a success if they die in the harness. But do they? Are we wise to lose health, and impair our usefulness, dragging other lives down with us, by trying to do more than we can possibly accomplish with our scant strength? What do we gain by it? Would it not be better to look a little further than the mere doing for

the result? Should we not work faithfully and cheerfully up to the measure of strength that is available, and then sit down—take a rest, fold our hands and get ready to look the next issue in the face?

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Would I advise being lazy? Sometimes the best thing one can do is to "stand and wait." To rest does not mean to be lazy. Look up the words in the dictionary, and see the difference in meaning; and while you are thus employed you will find yourself getting ready to tackle the next job with renewed courage. Did you know you were resting?

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Plan to get the hardest of your work done in the cool of the morning. See how much useless work you were planning to do; decide what you can let go undone, then let it go, or let somebody else do it. Don't "put up" so many jellies, pickles and preserves, but depend more upon the canned fruits, using fresh fruits in their seasons as long as possible. Don't iron everything that comes from the wash; many things will wear just as well if you hold them smoothly and let somebody sit on them, if you can get no better "press-weight." Wrinkles in the clothes are surely as pleasant to look upon as wrinkles in your face. Let the rest of the family do all they will, then coax them to do a little more.

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Plan diligently for that half hour you owe to yourself, and be sure you get what is coming to you; if it does not come fast enough, just take it. Instead of fretting because you cannot do everything, be glad that you accomplish as much as you do. Above all things, try to realize that the world will get along just as well without, as with you—not a wheel will stop; not a rope will break. You are but an atom in the great universe. Learn the lesson of rest.

Food For Thought.

Here is a man, tired, irritable, probably savage. All day long he has fretted at the bit, but society has held him in. He goes home: home, to where a patient wife and little children await his coming—not always joyfully. He goes home to spume out his temper. He carries a dark face into the family circle, and one glance at it—nay, the very sound of his footfall, casts a shadow that can hurt, but never heal. If he is met by silence, he snaps out something about sulkingness; if he is spoken to, he storms. If the little children come to him with innocent prattle (which some day he might be willing to give a year of his life to bring back again), they are pushed aside, or ordered out of the room, or even—God pity him—are smitten. He eats a moody dinner; creates in all a condition for indigestion; takes a cigar—perhaps the evening paper, and sits among his household, an object of fear and restraint, or goes out again until far in the night, leaving in his place a sense of freedom and relief that is the worst thing that could be connected with his memory. In that one hour he has cast a shadow that, some day, he may pray, in great agony, to have removed; yet not be heard, or heeded.

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Another man has been all day mingling with his fellow-toilers, in the

mental or physical field. He is bright, cheerful, full of fun, ready to help with head or hand, and goes out of their presence with a cheery laugh or smiling face. He, too, goes home—home, to wife and little children. But somewhere on the route he leaves his smiles and merry helpfulness. Little children do not run to meet him, and the wife, who doubtless has worries of her own, does not anticipate encouragement on his arrival. Looks of half fear and wholly hesitation, greet him from the little ones, while the wife recognizes his presence with a swift glance of apprehension. If spoken to, he answers shortly; and if asked questions, his reply is "I don't know." If the children crowd about him, in their sweet unsuspecting, he rebuffs them, or ignores their presence. He eats his dinner in silence, with lowering brow, then goes out to porch or gateway, and straightway his smiles come back, as he chats with chance neighbors, or passers-by. And the world says what a jolly fellow he is; wonders why his family does not appreciate him more fully; cannot understand why the wife is silent when his domestic virtues are praised, or what makes the children like to run away from the house and enjoy the street more than their home.

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Reader, do you ever meet these two men? Do you know anything about them?

After Commencement.

When, school days being ended, the young girl takes her place in the social life about her, she finds things very different from what she had expected. The schoolroom is one thing, the world, another, and, unless she be the child of wealthy and influential parents, she will find the difference a little disappointing. She may have been popular with her teachers because she was diligent in her studies and carried off the honors of the school, but she will find that book-knowledge does not make her popular or successful, socially. Some of the greatest social successes have been almost imbecile, so far as book-lore is concerned, while some of the most intellectual people have also been among the most unpopular. Mere learning in a woman is never attractive; on the contrary, unless coupled with feminine graces, it is most offensive. No matter how well grounded a girl may be in the branches of learning taught in her school, she will find that there is another series of lessons confronting her, and which she must thoroughly master if she would reign supreme in social circles. She will find, too, that she must forget much that it has cost her many hours of hard study to learn, for in the new life into which she will be thrown she will have no need of any of it.

No matter how thorough her scholastic acquirements may be, she is not expected or desired to talk like an orator, or deport herself as a walking encyclopedia. Her knowledge should simply make her conversation gracious and agreeable. Her study of mathematics should have rendered her mind clear and her judgments true, while her geographical researches should have taught her that the world is too small for falseness and deceit to hide in it. It should have taught her, too, that there are better things in store for her than to sweep around the circle of social frivolity to the ex-

clusion of the higher life which may be had for the asking.

The time between the schoolroom and the earnest business of life, be the latter what it may, should be a time of fitting her for the grander duties that will surely be given her if she proves herself worthy to receive them.

Love.

True worth is in being, not seeming—
In doing each day that goes by
Some little good—not in dreaming
Of great things to do by-and-by;
For, whatever men say, in their blindness,
And spite of the fancies of youth,
There is nothing so kingly as kindness,
And nothing so loyal as truth.

We get back our mete as we measure—
We cannot do wrong and feel right;
Nor can we give pain and gain pleasure,
For justice avenges each slight.
The air for the wing of the sparrow,
The bush for the robin and wren;
But always the path that is narrow
And straight for the children of men.

'Tis not in the pages of story
The heart of its ills to beguile,
Though he that makes courtship to glory
Gives all that he hath for her smile.
But when from her heights he has won her,
Alas! It is only to prove
That nothing's so sacred as honor,
And nothing's so loyal as love.

We cannot make bargains for blisses,
Nor catch them like fishes in nets;
And sometimes, the thing our life misses
Helps more than the things which we get.
For good lieth not in pursuing
Nor gaining of great nor of small;
But just in the doing, and doing
As we would be done by to all.

Through envy, through malice,
through hating,
Against the world early and late,
No jot of our courage abating—
Our part is to work and to wait.
And slight is the sting of his trouble
Whose winnings are less than his worth!
For he who is honest is noble,
Whatever his fortunes or birth.
—Alice Carey.

For The Laundry

These days, the dainty summer gowns, with fine laces and delicate embroideries are much in evidence, and their satisfactory laundering is a source of considerable anxiety to the feminine portion of the family. No matter how carefully the articles may be washed, starched and dried, unless the ironing is well done, the work is a disappointment. To do good work, the flat-irons must be kept in good condition, and this requires some care at the hands of the user. It is a good plan to wash the irons once a week, and for this purpose, take some clean soap-suds in which a little ammonia has been poured, and with a cloth wash the iron well, all over; rinse in clean water, wipe dry and set on the back of the stove. Always have the top of the stove or range clean before putting the irons to heat, and never allow them to get too hot if it can be avoided, but if it does happen, cool them by setting up on end on the hearth—never on the face, and by no means plunge them in cold water, as this will ruin them. If the starch sticks to them, have a piece of fine sand-paper, or a handful of coarse table salt on which to rub them.

Before using the iron, when heated, first rub it over a piece of heavy paper or old rag, then rub the face