

# MICHIGAN FARMER

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## THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

### A CHILD'S LAUGH.

All the bells of Heaven may ring,  
All the birds of Heaven may sing,  
All the wells on earth may spring,  
All the wind on earth may bring  
All sweet sounds together;  
Sweeter far than all things heard,  
Hand of harper, tone of bird,  
Sound of woods at sundown stirred,  
Welling waters' winsome word,  
Wind in warm, wan weather;  
One thing yet there is, that none  
Hearing ere its chime be done,  
Knows not well the sweetest one  
Heard of man beneath the sun,  
Hoped in Heaven hereafter;  
Soft and strong and loud and light,  
Very sound of very light,  
Heard from morning's rosiest height,  
When the soul of all delight  
Fills a child's clear laughter.

—Swinburne.

### THE FLOWER SHOW.

Those who were fortunate enough to attend the second Flower Festival in this city the week beginning April 21st went away repeating in the superlative degree adjectives applied to the first festival, held in April, 1889. If that was fine, this was finer, finest; it was "superb," "magnificent," "perfectly gorgeous," "divine," "enchanted," "bewildering," according to the emphasis of the admirer. The Rink, where the first show was held, was enlarged and made more nearly adequate to the exigencies of the occasion by connecting with it the Armory, a large building immediately in the rear, an enclosed stairway connecting the two. The two floors of the Armory and the large floor space of the Rink were entirely filled with flowers, plants, pictures, booths, and people.

The visitor, entering through the arched doorways of the Armory and ascending a stairway, found himself in a large room with picture-lined walls, and opening from this several other rooms, also filled with pictures. Those interested in art would linger longest in the "Church room," devoted exclusively to the work of F. S. Church, a Michigan artist with both American and Continental reputation; and many who have never seen the originals are yet familiar with his work through the copies of his paintings which have appeared in *Harper's Magazine*. Mr. Church's pictures are uniquely beautiful, fanciful, original, dainty and quaint in imagery. Witness "Beauty and the Beast," a tawny tiger lapping at a pool where "Beauty," a pink pond-lily, basks in the ripples; "Retaliation," where a

quartette of graceful maidens have made a target of Cupid and are transfixing him with arrows; and "Who Are You?" a little maiden trudging along on the beach, appalled at sight of the young mermaid whose identity she questions. Then there is "The Sibyl," a nineteenth century prophetess whose outstretched arms frame the dried, parchment-like face of the mummy upon which her eyes are bent as if she were reading the past in the ghastly relic of a life burnt out ages ago. A very beautiful thing is "The Viking's Daughter," an airy floating figure with a flight of seagulls following; and "Twilight," a misty, ethereal form with feet upon an owl, the head outlined against the crescent moon, and all the glory of her hair floating back and up, to indicate that she is descending upon earth. Here too is the original of one of Church's most famous pictures, "Knowledge is Power," a young girl, in college cap and gown, instructing the lions that lie crouched at her feet. The maiden's air of gracious dignity, and the attentive, subdued acquiescence of the beasts are inimitable.

Upon the second floor of the Armory were found the flowers—a part of them. Here were the orchids, a magnificent display from Short Hills' Nurseries, N. J. the finest show of these regal flowers ever seen west of New York and Boston. There were cypripediums in infinite variety, and the individual who did not remark that they looked like our wild lady-slipper can get a week's engagement as a freak at Wonderland. Cattleyas, oncidiums, laelias, anthuriums and other choice, rich, and exquisitely colored and formed blooms were numerous exhibited, both growing and cut. Some remarks about these exhibit were original, to say the least. Not a few frankly confessed they could not see the beauty they expected—as one woman said "I can't see nothing into them," jerking her head backward to indicate the locality. One young miss said to her companion, "Now let's go see the orchids!" while a third wandered about looking for "the orchards." Then here were roses, magnificent displays by local florists. About the carnations, than which I'm sure no one could grow finer, a knot of florists had gathered, discussing markings and habit and hardness with animated interest. Roses, and wonderful hyacinths, with heads so heavy with perfume that they drooped over the supporting stakes, diffused a delicious fragrance.

The floral designs were finer than those

last season. There was a vase in white carnations, filled with red roses, resting on a mat of pansies; a lyre, also in white carnations, with ferns and the feathery twining asparagus at its base; a deer's head and antlers in white immortelles, couched among wildwood ferns and bracken, and an Easter design, a open, empty tomb having over it the words "The Lord is Risen." There were also baskets of exquisite roses, and mantles banked in flowers.

Among the booths on the floor of the rink were great beds of lilies, hydrangeas, azalias, rhododendrons, double petunias, and everywhere palms and ferns and tropical plants. The stairway between the two buildings was banked in plants—this was "The Rialto" bridge which figured so conspicuously in the announcements of the festival; considerable imagination was required to make it resemble the Rialto of our dreams of Venice, but then, what's in a name? The Golden Book, in the Venetian Room, may have been as remarkable a production as is alleged for all most of the thousands of spectators could tell. I peeped round a pillar, and over the heads of seven children of assorted sizes, and past a silk hat and a pair of bushy mutton-chop whiskers, and had a lengthy view of something that looked like a barn with a windmill attachment, but before the very leisurely lady in soiled gloves who turned the leaves with a paper-cutter finished her *tete-a-tete* with a dowager in diamonds and gray satin and decided to afford the common herd outside the ropes a view of the next page, a well directed elbow-thrust, accentuated by a steady pressure to the left, convinced me that a woman who weighs 130 pounds has no business to attempt to hold her ground against one of 200 avoirdupois, unless indeed in a wordy argument at long range. So I left, right away.

There were 23 booths, each in charge of the managers of some one of the charitable associations of the city; Catholic, Protestant, Jew, met on equal terms. Each charity chose a country, built its booth to correspond with its typical home or architecture, and dressed the attendants as nearly as might be in the costume of the country. Thus Grace Hospital managers selected Iceland as their country. The booth was entirely white, being covered with paper sprinkled with mica powder to resemble the snow huts of the Icelanders, with fringes of icicles from the eaves and from the ceiling inside. The interior was lined



with white furs, the attendants, dressed in white trimmed with swansdown; and as Iceland's chief products are snowballs and polar bears, the ladies contented themselves with selling ice cream soda and pure white Easter lilies. The Hebrew Widows and Orphans' Association did a thriving business in wood carvings, chamois skin articles, edelweiss and cyclamen in a pretty Swiss chalet; seventeen young ladies, dressed in the costumes of the seventeen Swiss cantons, being the saleswomen. The Helping Hand Society, which strives to fulfill in its works the aim indicated by its name, chose Japan for its country, the chrysanthemum for its flower, and the booth is said to be a copy of a shrine in one of the temples in Kamakura; Japanese napkins, toys, tea, etc., were sold.

The yellow and red dome of the booth of the Home of the Friendless indicated the national colors of Spain, where dark-eyed girls sold Spanish cigarettes and fans. This was a favorite resort of immaculate young men, who recognized in the senoritas the society belles of "their set," and won smiles by buying all sorts of things they didn't want "for charity's sake."

Somebody must have picked up and put down bodily within the rink the quaint farm home in which the German Gretchens and Katrinas spun flax and sold the modest lily of the valley. The daughters of Erin, whose toil was for a Kindergarten, dwelt in "Blarney Castle," and they do say some of them had kissed the famous stone that so limbers the tongue and were thus helped to dispose of the china, linen, and fancy articles which were their stock in trade. The Mexican eagle soared over the booth where Fairbanks Relief Corps sold goods from the land of the Montezumas; and that "the Dutch have conquered Holland" was manifest where the courtly tulip bloomed in masses in and about a funny Dutch windmill, to swell the funds of the Children's Free Hospital. The booth most generally admired for its artistic elegance was that of the Open Door, "The Temple of Diana," whose Ionic columns and pure whiteness set off the chaste Grecian costumes of the attendants; these dresses were really charming for their beauty, and were carefully copied from classic models.

The most gorgeously robed ladies were found in the Arabian, Turkish, Egyptian and Russian booths. The costumes worn by those in the Arabian booth were made by Syrian women who chanced to be visiting in this city. Oriental goods, and figs, dates, perfumes and spices were sold, and singularly, as it seemed, the modest mignonette was the floral emblem, not quite regal enough for the showy costumes. But the mignonette is a weed in Arabia, and probably for that reason was selected, as some day the golden-rod, weed of waste places though it is, may be America's chosen floral symbol. A mummy was one of the attractions at the Egyptian booth. I did not go to see it, so I can not say whether it was a joke or not; by the time I had made the grand round to this point, and been pushed and pulled and

hustled and trodden under foot of men and women, I wouldn't have minded being a mummy myself for the sake of a chance to rest a minute. At the Russian booth, where the ladies interested St. Luke's Hospital sold hydrangeas and beautiful goods of Russian design, some of which were especially ordered from that country, the costumes resembled those of the guests in the "Russian Wedding Feast," the famous painting which was exhibited at the Exposition last fall and described in the *HOUSEHOLD*. Especially was this noticeable in the headgear and the girdles and necklaces of beads imitating pearls. The Turkish booth was the most elaborate of all; here was a whole harem full of houris gorgeous beyond description. Around this locality elderly male flirts gathered like moths round candles, attracted, of course, by the Turkish coffee and pipes, though I did hear one of them say with a grin, as he was dislodged by a handsomer man who hadn't spent any money as yet, "Very fetching costumes, hey, old boy?"

America was ruled by "Uncle Sam," thin, active, alert, in the dress in which we always see him depicted, and he made himself very much at home in the plain interior among the Puritan Priscillas who were dispensing ginger ale to a thirsty public. There was something humorously appropriate in having Uncle Sam dealing in ginger; he generally puts some into whatever he undertakes.

Anybody there? Well now! There were 14,000 people there the first afternoon and evening, and they all came next day and brought their sisters and their—etc., etc. The crowd was so great one could only submit to be carried with it and see what was possible under such circumstances. With all the care and expense and elaborateness of preparation, there were "kickers," of course. No provision had been made for furnishing water to strict teetotalers; this increased the consumption of milk, lemonade, ginger ale and other mild liquids, but the woman who wanted a drink of water, straight, and could not get it without paying for it, was mad. One woman flounced away from "Iceland" indignantly, saying "Ten cents a glass for soda water! It's abominable!" And the lemonade glasses were exasperatingly small to the thirsty imbibers, but there was no law to prevent his buying more if he wished to drink deep, and it was all for charity too, if the beverage was "—ade" without the lemon toward the last. It was all for charity, too, that our society maids and matrons bared arms and necks and dressed themselves like Turkish houris and Grecian goddesses, to be gazed at by "the common herd" at twenty-five cents a head. And the "herd" improved its opportunity; it doesn't get the chance every day. One ordinary-appearing man, turning on his heel, said to his companion, "Oh demmit! let's go where there's better looking ones, them's all too old." A middle-aged woman of severe aspect pointed to a "draped" lady, saying to her companion "Look at that arm! Nothing on it but a vaccination mark!" The remark was often made that had

the sums expended for expenses and the costumes of the ladies been given outright to the charities represented, their aggregate would have exceeded the amounts earned by sales, even including the subscriptions to the "Golden Book." But that leaves out of the account all the pleasurable excitement of the occasion, the admiration, the mutual efforts, the planning and the fuss-and-feathers so dear to us that in all circles and communities the average human being will spend seventy-five cents to get up a fair or bazar to earn a quarter for charity or missions. Many of the picturesque peasant costumes were simple, inexpensive and suitable, and faithful copies of the dresses worn by the women of the countries indicated.

Anyway, the Flower Festival was a great success. The amateur saleswomen carried on an extensive business in their various wares, and when the show is over, and the quaint little booths are dismantled and the unsold goods packed up, and that solemn moment when the bills are audited arrives, the probabilities are that there will be a tidy balance for Charity, in whose name the sacrifice—oh no, the *fete*, was planned. BEATRIX.

#### THE ROD OF CORRECTION.

What a great difference in grandmothers! My first recollection of my grandmother is as she stood at the side of my mother, pleading and begging her not to whip me for mischief I had done. "Just try her this time," she said; and oh, the shame I felt, for I knew I deserved the whipping! Never to my dying day will I forget that sweet, placid face, always ready to help and shield any one in trouble.

Well, I am not positive myself what Master Six-years-old would have done if asked to clear up the room, but I am certain that he would not have said "I don't have too," for slang is one of the things my children shall not use in my presence. In our district school this winter our teacher had trouble with only one pupil, and that boy gets on an average two whippings a week at home. He is so hardened whippings do not hurt him, and he rather expects them, and it seems to me that when children are punished at school it would do no more good than if they are incessantly flogged at home. Now there is a little boy in our neighborhood who runs away, and he invariably gets a whipping when he gets home; now I think if some of these times he did not get the whipping he would be more surprised and punished a great deal more. It has been my experience that you can do more with kindness than you can with a peach sprout. I have heard of people whipping their children, and then telling them to say "I thank you, mamma (or papa), for whipping me and making me a good boy." Was there ever anything so absurd? It only teaches the child to lie. Let me whip Master Six-years-old and he cries and flies in a passion; but let me talk to him and tell him how sorry and grieved I am to have him so bad a boy, he says, "Ma, don't talk to me in that way; it makes my throat



ache," and he will be ready to burst out crying.

Little children have their childhood such a short time let us not make it miserable and unhappy for them just because we have the power and authority. Not long since a lady lost her little one, and the child was sick only twenty-four hours. The little one had a fancy for playing in the water pail. A day or so before the child died a neighbor called, and the child being reproved said: "She is old enough to mind now, I would slap her hands." "No," the mother said, "I can set the water pail out of her reach." She told me after the child's death she was glad she did not whip her that day.

I believe in making children obey, but I have noticed that those that do the most whipping have less control of their children than those who take other means. That "Chicago terror" showed his bringing up; if he had been taught true politeness he would not have made such a nuisance of himself. I am a very incapable mother I can assure you; but if I can only live to see my children grow up good Christian men and women, I will feel repaid for my efforts. I want an improvement on the father and mother.

I am glad to tell Polly there are exceptions in ladies' associations, of which I was a member, but does she not think the present generation an improvement on the past, and if so, is it not on account of the advantages thrown around us?

RUTH.

#### GOVERNING CHILDREN.

Having just read, with much pleasure, the communication of Grandma in a late *HOUSEHOLD* on the above subject, I am led to contribute the views of a Grandpa on this all important matter of training up children. In an experience of twenty-five years as teacher in primary schools at an early day, where the management of unruly children was made obligatory, I long since learned that governing children solely by love, or by appeal to their better nature, will do very well as a sentiment, but utterly fails of general application. When, as is often the case, the nature of a child is low down, but a little removed from that of the brute, it is not love that spares the rod, but a want of it. Solomon does not say "Spare the rod and spoil the child," but he says many things akin to this. When that poor young man was about to be hung a few years ago, just before he was launched into eternity, he pointed to a weeping woman in the crowd, and said: "There is the woman who is responsible for my being here. She is my mother, and when I was a child indulged my wayward inclinations, did not reprove me for associating with vicious characters, and now I am to be hung for murder!"

To have children do right, parents and teachers must set good examples and do right themselves. Example will thus be found to be far more effective than precept.

A few years since the writer had occasion to call at the home of a certain county official in one of the interior counties of the State. No sooner did the wife of the

official appear at the door than she greeted the writer with a cordial shake of the hand, calling him by name. The recognition not being mutual, "Why," said she, "I went to school to you when I was a child, and you used to whip me every day, and it was the best thing that ever happened to me." This of course was considerably overdrawn, as the writer found by experience the better way to keep children out of mischief is to keep them busily employed in some useful occupation, and watch them closely, prevention being found far more efficacious than any cure. It will be very rare indeed when children or even grown persons will get into mischief when a watchful eye is upon them. If a person leaves the gate open and pigs get in and root up the yard he has no right to pound the pigs; the one who left the gate open should be pounded.

I hope I shall not be considered a trespasser in the ladies' department of the *FARMER*, but plead my age—near three score and ten—and my long experience as an excuse for my call. GRANDPA.

#### SUNDAY OBSERVANCES.

Perhaps our Editor will allow me to go back to the subject of Sunday observance, if I am careful not to infringe upon the rights of others in their belief or practice.

First, I am thankful that my days are these good days, when every person can worship just as his conscience dictates. I am thankful I was born and bred in the Protestant faith, being a descendant of the French Huguenots. And there is one thing more I am thankful for, that is, that the days of the Inquisition are among the things that are past. Those who believe one thing have no right to meddle with those who believe differently, as long as they keep within the law of the land. There is no religious sect, no matter what its creed, but has some good points, and there are none that are entirely free from imperfections. The New Testament abounds in its exhortations to be charitable. "Charity covereth a multitude of sins." Let us remember it when we feel disposed to criticise any person's life or Christianity; now when there are so many different beliefs in our land, and every one thinks his interpretation of the Scripture is the correct one, how could these things be satisfactorily discussed in the small space of our *HOUSEHOLD* for the good of any? No one has any right to tell me I am less righteous than they; they cannot read my heart.

I have a friend who thinks it a great sin to ride for pleasure on the Sabbath. There is nothing I enjoy more than a ride in the early morning in the warm weather. About twice during the summer, I say to the man who drives for me, "Let's get up at our usual early hour on Sunday morning, and get the chores and breakfast out of the way, and take a ride in the nice fresh air," and we are ready to start long before the dew is off. The air is so fresh and invigorating I cannot enjoy it enough. I always take a book for the company of it, but I never read it. I find no time, I am

studying the book of nature. We take a wide circle, getting home just as the church bells are ringing; we are tired by this time, we rest and read the remainder of the day, with the exception of meals and chores. Do you think we have kept the Sabbath any less "holy" than those people who went to church in the heat of the day, faint and weary with the previous six days' work; and who try to listen interestedly to a preacher who is also overcome with the heat; the only way the listener can keep awake is by watching some uneasy hungry child, or by comparing the bonnets or the variety of light wraps, or the set of the basques of those who have no wrap, or the difference in the mode of doing up the back hair of those who sit in the line of vision. Yes, that back hair is an interesting study; one looks so soft and smooth and yet full of life, others uneven, rough and standing out in every direction, some twisted into a little hard uneven knot, others with an attempt at French twist, and so on from the nicest to the untidy. By and by they hear, "Let us pray," and they are glad, they are so weary. Then the ride home of from one to five miles in the heat, then hurry off the Sunday dress for something cooler and home-y; then dinner. Every one is hungry and tired, and if not cross a little bit inside if anything goes a little wrong they are good enough to be canonized; unless they are of that easy class whom nothing ruffles, and if they are, the rest of the family is just so much more exasperated. We'll not follow these any further through the day, for you all have acquaintance with this way of spending the Sabbath day. Do you think the Lord is any better pleased with this way of spending the day he gave us for rest? You need not answer, only to your own souls; the matter lies between each person individually and his God.

Speaking from my own experience, there is nothing that will lift the heart and cause it to sing psalms of praise, as will a ramble on the bank of a purling, babbling brook, or a stroll through the woods, where in viewing the work of nature the soul is involuntarily lifted up to the Creator. Such a holy awe is seldom felt in a church; though no one enjoys a good sermon or a good prayer-meeting better than I, for I call myself a good Methodist. So again I say I am glad and thankful we live in a free country where every one has a right to serve God and work out their own salvation in their own way.

How many hundred people in large cities never go inside a church! What shall they do on Sunday? they cannot sit and hold their hands all day, nor sleep nor read their Bible. Alas, that is a sealed book to a large number of these. What are the children to do? Is it not better that the parents take the children and their lunch and go to the parks where they can get a breath of air such as God intended all His children to breathe, and get a sight of green grass that they may lie down upon, clasped to Mother Nature's breast, and look up into green trees where birds sing and flit here and there to cheat prying eyes so they'll not discover their nests? In



their content they can chat pleasantly with their acquaintances while taking in the pure oxygen that gives them strength for another week's toil. Isn't this better than staying at home with the children quarreling or tormenting the poor cats and dogs, their elders spending the day over a sensational novel, or scolding and grumbling because some one else is getting along a little better than themselves?

There is a class even in our little city who never step inside a church. Every Sunday morning as soon as mild weather comes, they come up the river hunting or fishing, or just for the row. Husband says, "They ought to be prosecuted; they ought not to be allowed to hunt and fish on the Sabbath." His frow replies, "I know it is not right, but it is much better for them than to be sneaking into the back doors of saloons, or going into some barn or shop to play cards, or doing many other things which are worse." Is this not true? If so let us refrain from censuring every one and everything we deem misguided. Let us remember the New Testament tells us over and over again to be charitable; let us be willing every person should have the same privilege we claim for ourselves of being his own judge of what is right or wrong for themselves. I hope no one will think I favor Sabbath desecration, for I do not, but I am always thankful, if people will not do the best they know how, that they are not doing the worst. Harmless amusement is very different from crime.

We are not appointed judges of our neighbors; there is One infinitely wiser than we, who will mete out to us, one and all, our just deserts.

ALBION.

M. E. H.

## VACATION DAYS.

I wonder how many members of the HOUSEHOLD will spend their summer vacation away from home? I will tell you of two girls that spent a week with me last summer. They were so pleasant and agreeable the remembrance of their visit has been a pleasure to me ever since. Mother was having company at the same time, and I knew I would have to help her. I was in a dilemma how to entertain my visitors while I was busy. They arrived about dusk, and the next morning I begged to be excused, but they said "Oh! let us help you!" We all worked with a will and in a short time my portion of the work was completed and we were at play. As they were "city girls" everything was new to them. We spent the week roaming about the fields and woods, riding horseback and picking cherries. We had tea on the lawn several times and a picnic on the river. At the close of the week I was sorry to see them take their departure.

PORTLAND.

KATIE.

MACARONI is good if it does not break in cooking, swells to nearly four times its bulk and is of a yellowish color; the imported, which can be purchased at Italian stores, is the best; it must never be soaked or wet before boiling, or put to cook in cold or lukewarm water. If soiled or dusty, simply wipe it with a clean cloth.

## A DAY AT THE SUGAR BUSH.

Spring, with all its beauty, fresh life and hope seems to have come suddenly upon us this morning; and as we have been watching for just such a day for a trip to the sugar bush, we invite "Daffodilly" and "Chip" to leave their flat and accompany us. Fortunately they are only with us in spirit, for after the lunch pail and children are packed into the buggy there is no room for anything more solid. The faces of the children suggest, in contour and color, the Snow apples they have eaten so freely all winter, and they are wild with delight. Robins hop and fly about, and sometimes one unusually fat and wise-looking stands upon a fence post as we pass and nods replies to what they tell him about our trip. Here a nice yard full of Holstein cattle attracts our attention; in an adjoining field a lot of Shropshire sheep with lambs frisking about make a pretty picture. There is a busy cackling about the barns, and the doors of the farm houses stand open, while an occasional carpet fluttering on the fence tells of the opening of the spring campaign. The beauty of every stone by the roadside, the moss on the old walls, the little rippling streams at the outlets of the drains, all form topics of talk, while every now and then some one questions Tom why he whinnied so much yesterday for the cow which had stood in an adjoining stall all winter. They tell him she has only gone to the farm for the summer, and wonder how much they understood each other. An old log house reminds one of pioneer times. The doors and windows are gone, but the fringe of jessamine growing in the deep embankment at its base tells us that some one lived there once who had a love of the beautiful.

A two mile drive brings us to the bush, a beautiful grove of about ten acres. There is a rude shanty, barrels and pails scattered about, while in two huge iron kettles they are boiling down the "last run," of sap. Everything tells of spring. The sun shines warm, bees hum about; the soft wind plays with the dead leaves, pretending they are birds, whirling them about singly or in flocks in such a way as to often deceive us. The trunks of the maple trees bear the scars of manyappings, while here and there lies a trough hollowed from a log—the trace of primitive sugar making. What we see now is but amateur—the work of two half-grown boys. We spread our lunch at the foot of a noble oak, a dozen gather around it, and we find with a touch of dismay that there is but one pie and that a luscious one, but everything tastes good, and for once we escape the dishwashing. There is no lack of amusement to suit the taste, the dreamer asks no better spot, the girls carpet their playhouses with moss; the boys kill snakes and play with the dog at the pond. One of them finds a strange ball done up in a leaf and a girl who reads *Harper's Young People* recognises it as one of the cocoons W. H. Gibson writes about and receives it as a great treasure. Meanwhile the sap in the kettles is kept boiling vigorously, and as

soon as there is sign of boiling over, more from the barrels is thrown in. It requires constant attention, and they tell us that from the two barrels of sap they only expect about two gallons of syrup. The hour for us to go comes altogether too soon, and we leave the grove and group of friends with a sigh. We thought there would be nothing left to notice on our return, but the trio, tired and subdued, rouse exclamation points over a pair of mud turtles sunning themselves on a log, the bright green of the sumach's branches, the yellow of the sweet brier, the blue birds and butterflies. We bid our imaginary guests good bye at the gate and feel that all have had a happy time.

"I lean my heart against the day,  
To feel its soft caressing;  
And will not let it pass away  
Before it leaves its blessing."

THOMAS.

A. H. J.

## SYMPATHY FOR THE SORROWFUL.

Florence thinks the HOUSEHOLD is a cheer in more ways than one since its columns are open to words of sympathy for the sick and the sad. Some have already expressed their appreciation of this new departure. How we love and cherish the friend who comes to us with true words of sympathy in our hours of loneliness and sorrow! And when our little paper comes to us laden with messages of comfort to the bereaved, it is more highly prized by us than ever before.

The "angel of death" has visited so many of our homes and robbed us of our dear ones and left us desolate. We are reminded of this as we see the hearthstone cold and vacant, and we know the bright faces that clustered there of yore will never come back again. Then "there's the little empty cradle" and the silent plaything all "wreathed with sad memories" of happy hours, never more to return. These sorrows should soften the heart and make us more sympathetic and tender towards others, and also teach us to fulfill the words of our text, "It is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting."

Mrs. H. B.

ALBION.

## Useful Recipes.

**RICE WAFFLES.**—One pint boiled rice, warm; one cup sour milk; but'er size of a walnut; three eggs; teaspoonful salt and one of soda sifted with one pint of flour. Stir the milk into the rice, add the but'er, yolks of eggs well beaten, the whites beaten stiff, then the flour. This rule will make rice p'neaks by adding a small cup o' sweet milk.

**BREAD PANCAKES.**—Cup bread crumbs soaked over night in a quart of milk. In the morning mash fine and run through a sieve. Add two beaten eggs; half cup flour; a spoonful of sugar; teaspoonful of salt. A very little soda may be necessary. These cakes require more baking than ordinary p'neaks.

**DARK CAKE.**—Three cups of molasses; one cup coffee sugar; one cup but'er, or use half but'er and half lard; four eggs; one cup of sweet milk; seven and a half cups flour; one teaspoonful each of cloves, nutmeg, cinnamon, allspice and soda; three cups of stoned raisins; three cups of currants and two cups of sliced citron. This makes two large loaves.