

## HOME READING

## THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

In silent, lone recesses  
Of many a forest grand;  
In the valleys, on the mountains,  
Over all this pleasant land,  
Beneath the umbrageous maple,  
Secure from scorching ray,  
Or on the mossy river bank,  
By many a broken way,  
Repose the war-scarred heroes  
Of many a gallant fray,  
Fresh in their country's memory,  
Enshrined are the blue and gray!

Amid the roar of cannon  
They kissed the blood-stained sod  
For their altars and their firesides,  
For their country and their God!  
They bravely faced the tempest  
Of hissing, bursting shell;  
They scaled the very battlements—  
Eight in the mouth of hell!  
Let tears bedew the acre  
Where slumber those mighty dead—  
Flowers spread a lasting fragrance  
O'er the patriot's dreamless bed!

—Philadelphia Press.

The golden age of peace has come on earth!  
Lo, in the blood-stained fields the lilies bloom,  
And softly on the alien soldier's tomb  
Is laid the wreath that owns his manly worth  
No more, thank God, the cannon thunders forth  
Or saber flashes in the smoke and gloom.  
Peace, peace! For snowy mantled Peace  
Make room,  
And Love, that in the heart of God had birth.

Henceforth let children on the bastions play  
And wild flowers blossom in the cannon's throat;  
Let every banner over brothers float;  
Let bitter memories be washed away.  
Rise, Star of Love, on every land to-day!  
And halleluiah blow the sweet evangel note!

—Youth's Companion.

## MEMORIAL DAY.

Some Comments From Great Newspapers on This National Holiday.

The observance of Decoration day should not be left to the surviving veterans even now. To them the first place rightfully belongs, but the whole community should add its tribute to theirs. The day is a general holiday and all classes should unite in honoring it.—*San Francisco Examiner*.

Memorial day will not cease to be commemorative of the nation's dead, but year after year, as personal recollections fade and the actors of the tragedy withdraw from the scene, it will become more and more an occasion for reviving flagging patriotism and re-enforcing the loyalty of the faithful.—*Chicago Post*.

In 1862 four ladies decorated the graves of the soldiers at Arlington Heights. In 1864 Congress took notice of a ceremonial so significant and made this day a legal holiday. Now the great national cemeteries are decorated, and the lonely grave of the unknown is sought out. And this beautiful custom has come into such favor with all the people that the graves of all our dead are covered with flowers. How appropriately beautiful! For all the flowers spell the two words, love and resurrection.—*Omaha World-Herald*.

Memorial day engenders beautiful thoughts in other ways than through the remembrance of the unselfish devotion to a great sentiment which led the men of 1861 to lay down their lives. Flowers, the maximum of the year's beauty in the sky and on the earth, the honor accorded to the aged, the solemn words of prayer and song, all tend to the uplifting of hearts and the turning of the minds of the young to high and noble things, even irrespective of the more direct memories evoked by the day.—*Youth's Companion*.

The lesson of Memorial day is to keep fresh the memories of our illustrious dead, to preserve intact what they fought for and saved, to keep alive the patriotic spirit and resolve in the immortal words of Abraham Lincoln, "that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion, that we here highly resolve that these dead

shall not have died in vain, that this nation under God shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people shall not perish from the earth."—*Chicago Tribune*.

Any celebration of this day which should tend to revive and keep in memory those buried causes of conflict, jealousy and suspicion would be destructive of its true significance and baleful only. Let the people run up their flags to the top of the mast. Let the bands play joyful airs and not requiems. Let the flowers with which the graves of the dead are decorated be symbols of the beauty and symmetry of a union strengthened and a people harmonized by their common devotion to it. On which side did he fight? It matters not. We are all together now. The same flag waves over all, and woe to its enemies.—*New York Sun*.

As the veterans pass away the beautiful custom they have instituted and maintained will not be neglected. Nelson's flagship Victory is wreathed with flowers every year on the anniversary of the battle of Trafalgar, although the men that fought with Nelson are gone. And so, when the last soldier of our civil war has joined his old commanders, Grant and Sherman and Sheridan, on the other side, Memorial day will still be sacredly observed. As the nation grows greater and stronger and more united the services of the men who saved it will become more conspicuous and better appreciated.—*San Francisco Examiner*.

Thirty-one years have passed since the last soldier fell in the war for the Union, and to a very large part of our people now the commemoration of the heroic dead necessarily has not the personal association that at first gave such solemnity to the annual decoration of their graves. But while the ceremony has thus lost something of its spontaneity it may really have gained more than it has lost in value. This day of flowers, which was at first devoted to the personal commemoration of the dead, grows more and more into a celebration of the impersonal virtue of patriotism which was illustrated in their devotion unto death.—*Philadelphia Times*.

## Love of Country.

Love of country is as spontaneous and God-given an affection and principle as love of home, of father and of mother. Yet much is due the young people of our homesteads with respect to these holidays. They should be made the most of. Parents and employers should make them holidays in very truth, relaxing all possible claims on the time our rulers have wisely decreed shall be devoted to freedom of action, to mirth or the observance of such exercises as a holiday may bring. The man who exacts unnecessary toll from a boy on Memorial day or the Fourth of July represses his patriotism, defrauds him of his legitimate right as a subject of legislative law and takes from him a joy that after years will fail to indemnify.

A holiday always points back to an important history. It is not necessary or judicious to prate too long even of very important events of the past. But Memorial day as long as it lasts must always be an anniversary to bring many a weary sigh and start many a bitter memory. It was the youth, the beautiful, hopeful, courageous youth, that in all the glory of their fresh young lives went forth in large numbers in those mournful days to do battle for their own dear land. And it is to many of them who yielded up their precious lives in the cause of unity, freedom and justice

that the youth of to-day are already indebted for the freedom, the peace and the strong bands of union that characterize us as a people. Do not let the young people overlook or forget it.—*Christian Work*.

## The Best Advice.

I am more and more convinced, the longer I live, that the very best advice that was ever given from friend to friend is contained in these four words, "Mind your own business." The following of it would save many a heartache. Its observance would insure against every sort of wrangling. When we mind our own business we are sure of success in what we undertake, and may count upon a glorious immunity of failure. When the husbandman harvests a crop by hanging over the fence and watching his neighbor hoe weeds, it will be time for you and me to achieve renown in any undertaking in which we do not exclusively need to mind our own business. If I had a family of young folks to give advice to, my early, late and constant admonition would be always and everywhere, to "mind your own business." Thus should they woo harmony and peace, and live to enjoy something like completeness of life.—*A Wise Man*.

## Teaching a Blind Child.

Think of a child at the age of 4 years having been born blind, and having lived up to that time in an ignorant, unwholesome atmosphere. In such conditions are the majority of our blind children found. To such a child the world is a blank. He has no imagination in regard to shape, distance, size or motion, and his sense of touch and hearing are, comparatively speaking, dormant. Place this child in the kindergarten and notice his rapid growth in a month's time. He is given the first gift—the six worsted balls—and for the first time his attention is directed toward shape, and his sense of touch begins to develop. Then with the second gift—the sphere, cylinder and cube—he learns to compare and to distinguish differences in shape and size, and his mind is beginning to make pictures of how the materials given him may look. The child born blind can, of course, never have an accurate conception of the appearance of things, yet, by careful teaching, he has his own idea of this and that, and who knows just how correct that idea may be? After the second gift, the four succeeding gifts present to the child the whole, the unit, and the fraction of the whole. The kindergarten materials train the hand of the blind child, as they train the eye of the seeing child. Occasionally cases will be found in which the hand will discover differences that escape the eye. Paper folding and cutting, weaving, embroidery and knitting all teach care and precision, and develop the sense of touch to an abnormal degree. The games and songs are particularly delightful to the blind child. Nature, animals, birds are all reproduced in play, and the child lives in an atmosphere of wholesome imagination. Nature appeals to the mind of the little blind child in a wonderfully clear way.—*Boston Transcript*.

## Good Nursing a Matter of Details.

Good nursing, says an exchange, is a matter of details, each inconsiderable in itself, but all bearing their quota of importance when the sum total is taken into account. A few "don'ts" impressed upon the nurse, who usually errs from "want of thought," may make the burden a little lighter for the invalid, who is hardly in condition to "suffer and grow strong." Don't make any unnecessary noise.

Don't let doors squeak; oil them. Don't whisper. Don't make exaggerated and noticeable efforts at being quiet. Don't speak of similar cases with fatal terminations. Don't admit lachrymose visitors of the Job's-comforter style. Don't keep the room too hot. Don't leave a table near the bed loaded with scraps of food, soiled dishes, and bits of paper. Don't rock. Don't jar the bed. Don't sit and stare at the patient. Don't leave bureau drawers open and window shades askew. Don't forget frequent ventilation. Don't raise a dust; brush with a damp cloth on broom. Don't taste the patient's food with his spoon. Don't masticate cheerfully and audibly yourself while your patient is dieting. Don't wake patient from a sound sleep to administer medicine. Don't ask "how he feels" every few moments. Don't give stimulants unless ordered by the physician. Don't forget to bathe the patient's face and hands frequently, and wash the teeth and mouth. In a word, put yourself in the patient's place, and do unto him as you would fain have done unto you when, with nerves unstrung and perceptions painfully acute, you lie dependent on another's care.

## Gowns for Little Girls.

A pretty gown for everyday wear in the country is made from red polka dot print of a good quality. This is cut with a short waist and full skirt. The waist is tucked in front and a row of feather stitching is made down each tuck, with white Asiatic twisted embroidery silk. The sleeves are cut mutton leg and have a row of the feather stitching around them; a wide frill extends from the bottom of the waist in front, over the shoulders and meets in the middle of the back of waist. A ruffle hemmed on both edges and gathered through the middle finishes the neck of this neat little gown.

Another one is made of black sateen. There happened to be a bit of old gold colored silk which was used for a yoke, and black ruffles were put over the shoulders. These were feather stitched with gold colored Victoria knitting silk. The Mother Hubbard skirt is gathered to the yoke with a ruffle and this is stitched twice and then has a row of feather stitching with the same gold colored silk. The little sleeves are cut bishop fashion and gathered to a cuff which has two rows of feather stitching with the Victoria knitting silk. This makes a good play gown and certainly does not show the soil as the lovely light ginghams and percales do.

A beautiful little percale gown is of a hair line stripe in buff and white. This is cut with an embroidered yoke, or part of yoke. The edge of the embroidery is laid on the waist pattern and this slants to the center of the waist front leaving a sort of broad V-shaped opening. The skirt is gathered to this and the seam covered with finishing tape. A guimpe of the buff is made with full sleeves and shirred at the neck.—*Rose Seelye Miller in Wisconsin Agriculturist*.

Are you planning to go to the Ottawa Chautauqua Assembly this year? They have a splendid program prepared, and you can't fail to enjoy your stay in that delightful park by the river side. If you don't get the *Assembly Herald* apply to Sanford Topping, Ottawa. The *Herald* contains full particulars in regard to program and expenses.

You can get the old reliable *Kansas Farmer* and the *Advocate*, both one year for \$1.50. The *Breeders' Gazette* and *Advocate* for \$2.00.