

## PLAYING AT HOUSEKEEPING.

The Boston correspondent of the Worcester *Spy* gives an account of a "Kitchen Garden," established for the benefit of poor girls at the North End, which we are sure will be read with interest. She says:

"The 'Kitchen Garden' was first established in New York city by Miss Huntingdon, an active worker in the mission to the poor. She says that she spent hours of thought by day and night trying to devise some means by which the drudgery of the toiling children might be lightened, and they come to like the work that then filled them with weariness and disgust. The problem for her was how to teach the mass of children to put courage into their drudgery.

"A kindergarten solved the problem for her. Instead of blocks and balls and colored paper, there should be brooms and dust pans and little beds; and instead of lessons in geometry, there should be object lessons in household work, given on the Froebel method, with music and songs. She tried her plan with such success, that she prepared a book with the music, the lessons and the household catechism that the children learn, to be used as a text-book by other teachers. She called her school a 'Kitchen Garden,' and her plan has already been adopted by 13 of the New York churches for their mission schools. Last summer a Boston lady established schools here, at her own expense, and they are now in excellent condition at the Children's Mission and at the North End Mission.

"A visit to one of them is very interesting and amusing. The class that I saw was of 24 little colored children, the eldest 10 or 11 perhaps, and even the youngest quite capable of helping a good deal at home. They had four teachers—one who played the piano or organ, one who led the singing, the principal teacher who gave the instruction, and an assistant who was learning the art of teaching. The first lesson was bed-making. On the long tables, with 12 children at each, were toy bedsteads about two feet long, each with a mattress, two sheets, two blankets, one spread, a bolster, two pillows, with pillow and sheet shams. The children marched in to gay music, and before they began their lesson they sang together the bed-making song:

When you wake in the morning,  
At the day dawning,  
Throw off the bedding and let it all air;  
Then shake up the pillows,  
In waves and in billows,  
And leave them near windows, if the day is quite fair.

For beds made in a hurry,  
A fret and a worry,  
Are always unhealthful and musty, 'tis sure;  
But left for airing,  
Pains taking and caring,  
And one must sleep sweetly, to know it is pure.

The rules for bed-making,  
If ever forsaking,  
You list to the careless and hurry them through,  
They'll soon grow so matted,  
So hard and so flatted,  
You'd wished you had listened and kept them quite new.

"The beds are already made, and the first thing the children do is to prepare them for sleeping. Working together and keeping time to music, they take off the pillows and shams, turn back the spread, turn down the other clothes, and make the bed ready for its occupant. Then they take off the clothes, putting them on two chairs to air, turn the mattress over and round, and make the bed scientifically. The rules are to make it level, square and smooth, and they are taught how to do this. The children are not allowed to take a lesson unless or until their heads, faces and hands are perfectly clean, and this rule has been so thoroughly enforced, that the little bed-clothes, which have been in use since June, are still unsoiled and look as if they had just been done up. The questions and explanations take some time, and make a variety in the lesson.

"Then came a washing lesson. Each child got her toy tub in which was a bag of clothes, table and body linen, coarse towels, and colored

stockings, a wash-board and a bag of clothespins. No water is used; but the clothes are carefully sorted, the fine ones washed, or apparently washed without the board, then the coarser ones, and so to the end, the proper twist in hand-wringing being insisted upon; then the clothes are properly hung upon a line. A sweeping lesson is conducted in the same thorough way, each child having a broom, a brush, a feather duster, a cloth, a dust pan and small broom. Of course there is no limit to the lessons that can be given in this way. Miss Huntingdon's book has the songs and music for those I have mentioned, for setting tables and folding table linen, for dish-washing, and for simple lessons in molding butter pats, biscuits, etc., and for rolling out cookies. The kitchen garden is intended to be a sort of preparatory or primary school, fitting the pupils for a cooking school, or other advanced course of household education.

"There is nothing in our present methods of education to foster domestic life or household employment. To shirk work, go to school, and race through a series of out-door excitements, are found to be the daily routine of a majority of children, way down to those whose out-door employment is only rough street play; and this kitchen garden seems to be a way to lead them to interests at home, to wanting things in order, and to a willingness to help put and keep them so. There cannot be a child in the world who does not look with a sort of artistic satisfaction at the doll's bed which she has, with her own hands, made so square and smooth; and a majority of the children are eager to try the same thing on a grown-up bed at home. At any rate, the classes are a pleasant sight, and the plan is working well."

FARM LIFE.—On a recent Sunday evening the Rev. Washington Gladden had a talk with the boys of Springfield, Mass. By way of preparation he sent out a circular to 100 of the most conspicuous business men, inquiring about their homes during the first years of their lives. He received 88 answers, and of these 74 replied that they had had the training of farm life. There could not be a more hopeful indication of the prosperity of the country than an assurance that 74 out of 88 boys in a community were training for the farm life. It is a hard life; but it is an independent life, it is favorable to religious growth and a cultivation of Christian graces. Corporations fail, manufacturing becomes dull, storekeepers cease to do business, and the hum of the factory is stilled; stocks go down and banking houses close; but throughout all the panic and disaster the earth yields its fruits to the frugal and industrious laborer. There is a narrow tendency manifested by those engaged in professional life to underrate the importance of life on a farm; it is considered a half alive and dead sort of existence; but what can be dearer than the impecunious, hard-worked clerkships in the city, with exacting duties and little or no time for leisure or recreation? The hope of the country, next to religion, lies in its small farms, and consequently in bringing up the rising generation to work the farm. Bring up your children with just ideas of the independence, the resources, the utility of life on the farm. Farm life means hard work, but there is always time for rest and recreation, such as is afforded by no other occupation.

SANITARY ERROR.—It is a popular error to think that the more a man eats the fatter and stronger he will become. To believe that the more hours children study the faster they learn. To conclude that if exercise is good, the more violent the more good is done. To imagine that whatever remedy causes one to feel immediately better is good for the system, without regard to the ulterior effects.

"My wife," remarked a prominent manufacturer, "never attends auctions. She went once, and seeing a friend at the opposite side of the room, nodded politely, whereupon the auctioneer knocked down a patent cradle, and asked her where she wished it delivered."

## CRYING OVER SPILT MILK.

There are some people so unfortunately constituted that they cannot as easily appreciate the blessings that belong to them as those which they have missed; who are perpetually groaning over something lost, or denied, or wasted, to the disparagement of the goods the gods have provided. If a dish is broken or a garment rent, instead of quietly making the best of it, since no amount of chafing or crying will restore any injured article to its pristine glory, they recur again and again to the disaster, till one might suppose nothing less than a convulsion of nature would demand such a hue and cry. A stolen purse is a text on which infinite changes may be rung among this class; and one might believe that the loss of a night's sleep could be readily repaired by weeping and gnashing of teeth, while the lamentations of Jeremiah are weak compared to the bewailing they make over a ruined enterprise or a fickle lover. With all their howling, they only succeed in publishing their misfortunes to a world that thinks no better of them for suffering failures, and in annoying their friends, without mending their estate or recovering the lover.

"We have gains for all our losses," says the verse, but surely the gain is not to be secured by making ourselves and everybody about us miserable on account of our mishaps; the one who bears with fortitude calamities which, great or small, are beyond her control, wins whatever advantage there is to be derived from them, and makes adversities, no less than prosperity, minister to her development. If our friends disappoint us, bemoaning will not recompense us; if "youth, the dream departs," deploring it will only hasten the ravages of time; if moths corrupt our furs, fretting will not act as an exterminator; though the early frost kills our favorite roots, "for violets dead, the sweetest showers can ne'er make grow again."

Although we are well aware that crying over spilt milk is but so much wasted time and energy, yet many of us practice it with a total disregard of consequences, which would be heroic if used in a more unselfish cause. In the meanwhile there is a sort of hopeless pleasure in sorrowing over the spilt milk, which, however blue or sour it may have seemed when ours, becomes all that milk should be the instant it leaves our grasp. "Blessings brighten as they take their flight," and sometimes it is only when we have lost a thing that we grow capable of estimating its value, and discover how necessary it was to our well-being. It is cold comfort, perhaps, but one which we are apt to hug, to reflect with bitterness upon what a different aspect the world would wear for us if certain pails of milk we wot of had not miscarried; if Angelina had married old Goldpill, instead of a country parson; if Aunt Goodenough had remembered us in her will, instead of the Feejee Islanders; if the lover of our youth had proposed in person, instead of trusting tender avowals to the mercies of the postman.

WARM CLOTHING.—If you are apt to feel chilly dress warmly at home. A wadded coat will enable the chilly man to sit and work anywhere in doors, and so will an extra suit of thin flannel worn during the whole of the active day. Just let anyone who doubts what we say try the very simple expedient, when the chilliness becomes unbearable, of putting on his dressing-gown over his ordinary clothing, and in five minutes he will be perfectly comfortable and ready for work, while he will not suffer as he fancies he will, when he goes out of doors. The popular notion upon that subject is a mere delusion. You are not strengthened for outdoor work by shivering indoors, but rather weakened; habitual warmth, if not too great, being one of the best preservatives of constitutional strength. Always try to remain moderately and healthfully warm.