

THE HOME AND THE CHILDREN.—The wants of children, too, must not be left out of sight, unless we determine to legislate them away and make Mr. Malthus our saint. There's no indoor romping ground for a child like a great garret, with dormers to let in sunlight like a deluge. The quaint, big old houses, we have shown, had them; and a healthy child without chance for rainy-day forays in such must grow up with a large domestic element of its nature undeveloped. Home ties of those young folk grapple to a bare roof tree in the top of the house very clingingly. And if country life is not to be subverted altogether and turned adrift on the wastes of cities it must be the clinging child love, wakening in manhood, and reawakening in age, which is to insure and ennoble its best development.

By the same ruling there must be out-of-door regalement and comforters of the child age. "Out of doors" is a very large part of a well-balanced country house; this is an Irishism, maybe, but it is a wholesome one to consider and act upon. "Out of doors" in cities does not tie to the dwelling—it lacks privacy, it lacks consecration; it is every man's, and so no man's. There should be tennis ground; there should be coasting hill; there should be skating pond, snow forts, and fortresses of stone; cabins for cooking, for picnicking, for learning the ductilities that belong to the offices of hostess. Home is the word; to give great quickening sense to it, to ennoble it, to endear it, to justify it—this is, or ought to be, the aim where roof trees are planted in the open of God's country.

One of the greatest of lacks, as appears to me, in the pretty Bellamy programmes of social fixtures, is that they disjoint and fling apart all old and relishable ideas of home, leaving no place for their development. Such schemes legislate away need for it; for, what is home without its teapot singing on the hearth, without its rallying place at the fireside for family seclusion, without its "table round," where books, games, singing, talk—unhampered by over-critical ears—fill up the eventide; without, maybe, its household mishaps of kitchen or larder, bewraying the management and compelling virtues of self-denial—of gracious reticence—of quiet, brave reconciliation with the accidents of life?—*From "The Country House," by Donald G. Mitchell (Ik Marvel) in Scribner.*