

# HOUSEHOLD.

## God's Love.

Like a cradle rocking, rocking,  
 Silent, peaceful, to and fro;  
 Like a mother's sweet looks dropping  
 On the little face below,  
 Hangs the green earth swinging, turning,  
 Jarless, noiseless, safe, and slow;  
 Falls the light of God's face bending  
 Down and watching us below.

'And as feeble babes that suffer,  
 Toss, and cry, and will not rest,  
 Are the ones the tender mother  
 Holds the closest, loves the best; ,  
 So when we are weak and wretched,  
 By our sins weighed down, distressed,  
 Then it is that God's great patience  
 Holds us closest, loves us best.'

—Saxe Holm.

## A Mother's Sorrow.

(M. H., in the Michigan 'Advocate'.)

When we first took possession of our new home in the fourth ward of Ludington, Mich., Mrs. O'Donald was among my very first visitors. Soon after she went away and was gone several weeks. Upon her return I hastened to call on her, when she told me the following pathetic story:

I have just returned from Canada. Mother died while I was there, and I stayed to attend the funeral. I went home a year ago to attend brother Georgie's funeral; but these were such glad funerals. So different from any others I ever saw or heard of. Georgie was thirty years old when he died. He was weak-minded. Went into a fit when he was four years old, and it ruined his intellect. He was never the same again.

Mother raised a big family, and Georgie was the youngest, and, she often said, the brightest of them all. Father died when Georgie was a baby, and after that mother used to take in a great deal of work to help in our support. One day, when she was busier than usual, Georgie seemed possessed by the very spirit of mischief. Time after time she chided him, but to no purpose. He only got out of one scrape to get into another. At last mother got clear out of patience and said: "Georgie, if you don't behave yourself, I'll give you to the old Boo-boo!" This seemed to settle him down, for she turned back to her kneading-board and heard no more from him while she put her bread in the tins. But when she took up the largest pan of loaves and turned to take it to the stove, it was only by the greatest effort that she saved herself from falling headlong over little Georgie, who was hiding under her skirts right close to her feet, all humped up and keeping as still as a mouse, to surprise her when she turned around.

Over behind the kneading-board, on the back of the work-table, was a half of a sheep covered with a cloth. The child had not seen it brought in. An unfortunate idea came into mother's mind. She put down the bread and took up the mutton. "Georgie Murphy," she said, "did I not say I'd give you to the Boo-boo?" and she thrust out the mutton, head foremost, toward the laughing little boy. He stared at it in horror for a moment, and then fell on the floor in a fit. He was always called foolish after that. His body grew, but his mind never gained a bit from that day.

It hurt mother terribly to see his condition. She tended and watched over him and worked for him, and for a long time clung to the hope that he would outgrow the effects of the shock; but she finally gave up all hopes of anything better, and from that time her daily prayer was that God would spare her life and allow her to take care of her poor boy as long as he lived.

'She gave up every amusement and pleasure in life for Georgie. He cared for no one else, so she just lived for him. He followed her about the house like a little child when he was a tall man, and minded everything she told him. When they walked out he kept hold of her hand, but they seldom left their own yard. Mother was never impatient again.

'Whatever the rest might do without, our Georgie was always well dressed and com-

fortably cared for. He was always delicate in health, but only ill one week when he died. How mother rejoiced at his release! She was so certain that his mind would be sound in heaven. But she missed him everywhere, from having him always with her so many years; and when she was so sick that the doctor told her she would go soon, her delight was wonderful to witness. We all rejoiced at her happiness when she told us God forgave her long ago, and she was going to a happy home to enjoy herself forever. She made one great mistake in her life, but she gave her whole life to make up for it.'

## Dont's for Mothers.

Don't fail to insist on good table manners. They are so easily taught and promptly acquired.

Don't make a promise unless you are sure you can fulfill it. Should some untoward reason prevent you from so doing apologize to your child as courteously as you would wish him to apologize to you. Like begets like.

Don't give your children a chance to question your absolute justice. Children have long memories.

Don't deceive your children when a physician or dentist is required. Tell them the truth and give them your moral support.

Don't tolerate 'whining' or 'tale-bearing.'

Don't fail to instil honor and truthfulness. To 'face the music' often requires courage, but it pays.

Don't fail to teach kindness to all dumb creatures.

Don't scoff at the tribulations of little people. They suffer very keenly.

Don't forget that when the ten-year mile-stone is reached the personal education between mother and child should be very nearly perfect.

Don't forget that school life opens a new world. Fit your child to enter it morally as well as mentally.

Don't send your child to the first school which comes handy. Remember that much depends upon this daily association.

Don't fail to invite your children's confidence. Live so close to their hearts that all sense of years is obliterated.

Don't strive to divert a natural desire to learn the why and wherefore of our being. Make the story so beautifully chaste, so true, that it becomes a matter of course. Don't, as you value your motherhood, and would bind your children to you permit others to make these precious disclosures.

## Household Hints.

### MIXING THE STARCH.

Cold water starch should be mixed in the proportion of one tablespoonful of starch to a half pint of water; four drops of spirits of turpentine and as much borax as will lie on a dime, dissolved in a tablespoonful of boiling water. This quantity will do up one shirt, or about four collars and two pairs of cuffs. A pint of starch will do for three shirts.

The shirt must be perfectly dry before beginning. If the cuffs are joined to the sleeves dip your fingers in a cup of cold water and dampen the sleeve where it joins the cuff, tak-

ing care not to wet the cuff itself, to prevent starch spots coming on it. Do the same thing again all around the bosom, taking care not to wet the stiff part, beginning at the back of the collar. Then sprinkle the calico part of the shirt all over, and starch the front and cuffs. Before dipping each, one at a time, into the little bowl of starch, stir it up well with the fingers, and gather the cuff tightly up in the hand so that only the part to be stiffened touches the starch. Squeeze the liquid out and then rub the cuff briskly with the hands to ensure the starch thoroughly permeating the linen; repeat this before treating the front and the other cuff in the same way. The collar band, unless the collar itself is attached to the shirt, should be only half starched. The shirt must then be rolled up tightly, with the starched parts folded together, and set at one side for an hour or longer if convenient.

### CHINA CEMENT.

I have a home-made china cement that has been used for years in our household and never known to fail. Soak in a little cold water about two cents' worth of gum arabic. When it has swollen considerably, pour a little boiling water over it and dissolve till it is like a thin, very sticky glue. Into this stir plaster of paris to make a thick paste. After using it I scrape all that remains into a glass vaseline box with a screw cover, and it will keep a long time. If it grows hard pour in a teaspoon of gum arabic water and in a few hours it will be soft enough to use. When mending china, brush this paste on the broken edges with a fine pointed knife, then press the broken pieces together, holding them for five minutes or so till the paste hardens.—'Good Housekeeping.'

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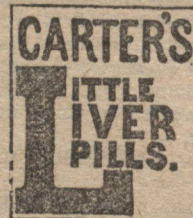
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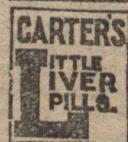
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