

HOUSEHOLD.

Sulks and Lunacy.

An expert and experienced official in an insane asylum said to us a little time ago that these institutions are filled with people who give up to their feelings, and that no one is quite safe from an insane asylum who allows himself to give up to his feelings. The importance of this fact is altogether too little appreciated, especially by teachers. We are always talking about the negative virtues of discipline, but we rarely speak of the positive virtues. We discipline the schools to keep the children from mischief, to maintain good order, to have things quiet, to enable children to study. We say, and say rightly, that there cannot be a good school without good discipline. We do not, however, emphasize as we should the fact that the discipline of the school, when rightly done, is as vital to the future good of the child as the lessons he learns. Discipline of the right kind is as good mental training as arithmetic. It is not of the right kind unless it requires intellectual effort, mental conquest. The experienced expert, referred to above, was led to make the remark to us by seeing a girl give way to the 'sulks.' 'That makes insane women,' she remarked, and told the story of a woman in an asylum, who used to sulk until she became desperate, and the expert said, 'You must stop it, you must control yourself.' To which the insane woman replied, 'The time to say that was when I was a girl. I never controlled myself when I was well, and now I cannot.' The teacher has a wider responsibility and weightier disciplinary duty than she suspects. The pupils are not only to be controlled, but they must be taught to control themselves absolutely, honestly, completely.—'Journal of Education.'

Some 'Might Have Beens.'

(Susan Teal Perry.)

'There, I meant to have sent that coat and hood of Elsie's to the mission rooms!' said Mrs. Warner, as she began to clean out the closet in her little daughter's room, in the early spring morning. 'I am so sorry, for it would have kept some little body so comfortable during the very cold weather we had. But now the weather has come off so mild, I think I had better pack it away in the camphor chest until another winter.'

That was one of the 'might have beens.' Some little child might have been made very happy by having that good warm coat, which Elsie had outgrown, but just because of thoughtless procrastination it was left hanging in the closet, of no use to anybody. 'I believe there is a funeral across the way. I wonder who is dead,' said Mrs. Whiston, as she stood by the window one afternoon.

'It is that little Barton girl's mother,' replied the daughter, Agnes. 'You know I told you she went to our Sunday-school and was in our class. She always looked as if she felt very sorry and lonely. They are strangers here and our teacher told Mrs. Hunter in Sunday-school yesterday that the mother had been ill ever since they came here.'

'It must be the very lady that Mrs. Hunter spoke to me about and asked me to call upon, because she was ill and a stranger,' rejoined the mother. 'I told Mrs. Hunter I would try to go, but I really forgot all about it, so many other things have taken up my mind and time.'

That was one of the 'might have beens.' 'I was a stranger and ye took me not in.' What comfort that strong, well suffering could have brought into that suffering stranger's life, if she had taken the time and trouble to go and see her during the last weeks of her stay on earth.

And Tommy's tops which he had grown too old to play with were stored away in the garret, doing no good in the world to anybody. Around the corner a little crippled boy lived whose mother went our washing and he was left alone much of the time. What a fund of pleasure that little fellow would have with Tommy's unused tops, if Tommy's mother had only thought of taking them to him.

That oversight was a 'might have been.' The little cripple sat wearily hour after hour

looking out of the window into the dirty alley and vainly wishing he could run about and play with other boys. And all the long days of restlessness when the top would have made life easier for him, they were lying in a chest in Tommy's mother's garret.

Oh, the might have beens that have made life lose so much cheer and brightness! We could have brought joy into a sorrowing heart by speaking a few words of sympathy, but we let the opportunity pass and did not speak to them. We might have given a lift to somebody who was carrying a ten-fold heavier burden than we were, but we did not consider what help we could give, and passed on the other side. Why are we so careless of these things that are but small matters for us to do, and yet are productive of so much good in the world? Why do we let the moth and rust destroy things that might have been of such great value to others if given at the proper time and in the proper place? Things that are useful to others should be considered as belonging to those of God's children who need them. They should never be allowed to hang or lie uselessly in secluded places in our homes. We shall be called to account for wrapping up such talents and putting them aside where they are of no use to anybody, as much as letting other talents God has given lie idle.

Some people make a point of appropriating at once the useful things in the home that are ready to be put aside, to needy ones who can use them to good advantage. Let us remember the injunction, 'Do good as ye have opportunity,' and then we shall not have to sorrow over the 'might have beens,' the remembrance of which have come too late to bless and help.—'American Paper.'

The Spring Sewing.

It is claimed that two or three hours spent daily in the open air is essential to perfect health, but how to take so much time from necessary duties is a great problem in a woman's life.

Unfortunately all of the average woman's duties lie in-doors, and must perforce be done there—sweeping and dusting and sewing; and if she have a family of children, and a purse not over full, the sewing alone is enough to occupy her every day and all day.

Few women have a settled rule about taking exercise, and a friend of the writer, living in the country, who confessed that she never went outside her doors for two months last winter, is but a type of many who lead shut-in lives because they do not realize the absolute need of out-door air for their mental and physical well-being.

Nothing is more natural than for a mother to wish to see her children prettily and appropriately dressed, but if this can only be done by a constant and unremitting labor, which obliges her to give up the privilege of being a companion to her children, is it not a great and fatal mistake?

Simple clothing and a mother interested and companionable are better for every child than all the luxury in the world; and if the good times which they have together can be taken out-of-doors, how fortunate for every one concerned!

A good way to dispose of the necessary 'spring sewing' is to engage a skillful seamstress who operates the sewing-machine. If the garments are cut out beforehand, she will be able, if they are plain in style and simple in construction, to do all the machine work in three or four days on a large number. Simple gingham slips for ordinary wear in summer, which are quickly made and easily laundered, should form the principal part of every young child's wardrobe at that season. With this work all done, summer, when it comes, may be fully enjoyed by the mother as well as the children.

In one household known to the writer a seamstress is engaged to come one day each week during three months, January, February and March, and the intervals between are spent in finishing the work she has left, and planning other work for the next sewing-day. Surely some day could be devised by every woman to reduce this necessary work to a system, and enable her to enjoy a daily outing with her children in the lovely days of spring and early summer unfettered by worry about the sewing.—'Harper's Bazar.'

Damp Houses.

Two brothers in Vermont, of strong and vigorous stock, and giving equal promise of a long and active life, married wives corresponding in promise of future activity. They both had chosen the healthiest of all callings—farming. One of the brothers built his house in an open and sunny spot, where the soil and subsoil were dry; shady trees and embowering plants had a hard time of it, but the cellar was dry enough for a powder magazine; the house in all its parts was free from every part of dampness and mould. There was a crisp and elastic feel in the air of the dwelling. The farmer and all his family had that vigorous elasticity that reminds one of the spring and strength of steel. Health and sprightly vigor was the rule, sickness the exception. The farmer and his wife, though past threescore, have yet the look and vigor of middle life.

The other brother built his house in a beautiful shady nook, where the trees seemed to stretch their protecting arms in benediction over the modest home. Springs fed by the neighboring hills burst forth near his house and others by his barns; his yard was always green, even in the driest time. But the ground was always wet, the cellar never dry, the walls of the room had a clammy feel, the clothes mildewed in the closets, and the bread moulded in the pantry. For a time their native vigor enabled them to bear up against these depressing influences; children were born of apparent vigor and promise, but these one by one sank into the arms of the dreamless twin brother of sleep under the touch of diphtheria, croup and pneumonia. The mother went into a decline and died of consumption before her fiftieth birthday, and the father, tortured and crippled by rheumatism, childless and solitary in that beautiful home which elicits the praises of every passer-by, waits and hopes for the dawning of that day which shall give him back wife and children, an unbroken family, and an eternal home.—Prof. R. Z. Zedzie, in 'Journal of Hygiene.'

Gum-Chewer's Tongue.

It is admitted by all sensible people, says an American paper, that every pleasure has its attendant pain, and that for every indulgence we must pay a penalty more or less heavy.

It is a new idea, however, that the gum-chewer is in danger of a disease that unless checked may be the direct cause of a serious malady that will in a short time prove fatal. It is in addition a most painful ill, and one which will at first prove an unsolvable problem to the inexperienced practitioner.

The symptoms are a sensation as though the tongue had been burned by a scalding drink. This is followed by red spots, and inflammation along the sides of the tongue near the root. The back of the tongue becomes irritated, and round, red, raw-looking patches appear.

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