

HOUSEHOLD.

God Keep You.

God keep you thro' the silent night and guard

Your pillow from all perils, dear.
From dark to dawn I pray his love to ward
And watch you, hovering ever near.

God keep you thro' the busy day, dear heart,
And guide your feet thro' every chance,
From dawn to dark may not his love depart
Or lose its tender vigilance.

Nay, nay; there is no hour when I shall cease
To supplicate his brooding care.
All days, all nights, thro' all eternities,
God keep you, every time and everywhere!
—Leslie's Weekly.

The Rights of a Mother.

(C. B. B., in the New York 'Observer'.)

In these days when parents are considering as never before the child's rights in the home, driven to it by the moral pressure of the day, too often the mother in her fear of defrauding her child, becomes herself a loving slave to her family. The tastes of the children are consulted as to food, dress and amusements. The house is furnished as the daughter wishes, and meals are served at the convenience of the son. Unconsciously the mother yields her place as head of the house until she is practically a non-entity.

Yet this is the greatest wrong a mother can do to her children. Such a giving up makes them in the end monsters of selfishness, and if she goes still further and adopts what is practically an abject attitude toward them, she tempts them actually to bully her. To be sure the day comes when the grown up children say remorsefully, 'Poor mother! What a life we led her, and what a saint she was!' But the belated tribute is small comfort to the dead and does not repair the wrong done to the characters of the children.

If a mother would keep the respect due her there are certain things to which she must claim her right, and hold to them even when she is willing and anxious to give them up. Perhaps the first of these is her right to rest. The tired mother is never at her best; it is impossible to be fresh and smiling and cheerful when one is ready to drop with fatigue, and yet small children who do not sleep well at night, and are restless and fretful by day, and older children who must have clothes made and meals cooked for them demand more than flesh and blood can well give.

How can a mother secure rest? For one thing, she can simplify her work as far as possible. Her table may be just as wholesome without being so elaborate; she can make a study of simple meals. She can also make the children's clothes far less work, buying more which are ready made, and putting fewer stitches where she must make them at home. Besides these things, she can study how to have her children helping her, in spite of school. Instead of saying, 'Poor things,' they have to study so hard, and they will be young but once, and saving them everything, she can train them to give her an hour's work a day—half before school, perhaps, to the infinite saving of her steps, and the improvement of their own lives. They can learn to care for their own rooms, the boys as well as the girls; they can pick up their clothing, their toys and books; they can sweep up the mud they bring in; they can wash the dishes and set the table; and the girls, at least, can do their own mending. They will love their mother the more for helping her, and the less for doing for them what they well know they should do for themselves. All this will give the tired mother a chance to lie down and, better than this, a chance to get out of doors and away from her family

for an hour or so; she will come back fresh and rested and good natured, to be a better mother to better children.

Another right a mother too often gives up to her family is that of her individual tastes. Before she married, probably she played the piano, but after years of lack of practice she cannot play at all. Possibly she used to write stories, but now she has no time. Certainly she loved to read, but where can she get a quiet hour with a house full of children? But which is the mother growing children most admire, the one who sits silent while talk goes on about current events or new articles in the magazines, or the one who is abreast of the thought of the day? Are not one's children delighted to hear mother play, to see her name attached to some story in print? They are proud of her if she is mentally fresh and young. And so it does not pay to give up everything of the sort merely for lack of time. One should take the time, guard sacredly the right to individuality if only because it is best for the children in the end.

One more right, too often forgotten in these busy days, is that of courtesy to the mother. To permit a boy to sit while she looks for a chair is a wrong done him. To allow a girl to speak disrespectfully is a greater wrong still. Doubtless one hates to 'keep at' one's children about these things, but it must be done, quietly, perpetually, until the right of the mother is recognized and yielded unconsciously. The idea that a parent should be a friend, a chum, even, of the children is all very well, but carelessness and ill-breeding are another thing.

A mother ought to faithfully study how to hold her own in her family, not with self assertion or arrogance, but with a quiet dignity. To yield all, to be a servant, in fact, if not in name, to one's children, is to do them the greatest possible harm. They will respect and love her if she keeps her place and expects consideration and assistance and courtesy from them, and they will unconsciously look down upon her if she gives up that which belongs to her by divine right.

The Convalescent.

How to entertain and amuse the small member of the household who is recovering from an illness, is a question which all mothers will at some time have to solve. When children are once on the road to recovery, the days seem very long when they are obliged to lie quietly in bed, especially when they hear other children romping and laughing out-of-doors. If the child is amused in a quiet way, he will have a more rapid recovery than when he is continually fretting to get up.

You will find that a child will be happy for a long time if he can make something. For instance, give him some light colored cardboard, a pencil and a pair of button-hole scissors, and he will be entertained for hours, drawing and cutting out from the cardboard chairs, tables, sofas and other pieces of furniture. Show him first of all how to draw the chair, the legs out flat on the paper, and when it is cut out, the back can be bent up, and the legs down to form a real miniature chair. A rocking chair can be made in the same way.

Other children will enjoy cutting out pictures and making a scrap book, or stringing colored beads, while paper dolls form an endless entertainment for the little girls. One of the painting books which are brought out to such an extent, and which can be bought for a mere trifle will be a pleasant change from some of the other occupations, and when the small person is weary of all the play-things, read him a few stories, and perhaps he will drop off to sleep.—'Pilgrim.'

Attractive Clubbing Offers.

'Northern Messenger' and 'Weekly Witness' for one year, worth \$1.40 for \$1.20; 'Northern Messenger,' 'Weekly Witness,' and 'World Wide,' worth \$2.90, for \$2.20.

The 'Canadian Pictorial' may be added to either of the above clubs for fifty cents extra.

Baby's Sleep.

Creeping so softly over the floor,
Now here by the window, now here by the door;

Herself pulling up by chair and by bed,
Getting many a bump on her dear little head;
Little sharp eyes, spying every stray pin,
Little mouth open to put them all in;
Laughing and crowing with frolicsome glee;
As merry a child as you'll anywhere see,
Our dear little wide-awake baby.

A little warm thing cuddled down in a heap,
Her soft cheeks aflush with the roses of sleep;
Little smiles hidden all safely away,
To be brought forth again at the dawn of the day;

Little feet resting, and little hands, too,
Which is more than by daylight they ever can do;

Tucked in with many a kiss and caress,
May angels watch o'er her, may God ever bless

Our dear little sound-asleep baby!

—'Humanity.'

True Education.

We are losing the true ideal of education, which is to 'educate' to draw out mental powers latent and in need of development. The mistake made by many is that of getting knowledge and calling that education. Such go forth to their life's work poorly equipped for service. One sad result of this error is found in too early specialization; hence a lop-sided graduate. We believe in specialists, but specialists ought to be made out of educated men (and women). To-day young men and women of crude notions shape their curricula for themselves, and how they do blunder! Prof. Wm. H. Green, who for over a half century taught Hebrew at Princeton and who was possibly the ablest Hebraist in America, when a college lad at Lafayette wanted to be excused from the study of languages, as 'he had no adaptation to such pursuits.' His wise teacher talked him out of his notion, and to-day the world of letters thanks that venerable pedagogue. Wise teachers of long experience are the best ones to lay out a course adapted to develop a pupil's mind. When the pupil is educated thus, let him specialize at the university.

Grandmother's Roses.

'Belle Converse, you'll never do it!'

'Won't I? Just wait and see! Oh, I know all your objections beforehand. "I cannot afford it." "It's too extravagant." "A waste of money." But while the rest of you may get what you please, good sensible presents, and I'll not say you nay, my present to grandmother is to be roses—great, creamy beauties—which shall fill the room with fragrance and her heart with delight at the same time.'

'But, Belle, they are so expensive! and they will last so short a time; it does seem that a more substantial present—something that would be a great benefit to her all winter—would be far more sensible, and I am sure grandmother would say so if you asked her.'

'Now, Grace, I know that I have no money to waste, and all the sensible things you would say, but I shall not listen. For many years grandmother's birthdays have brought presents of plain, comfortable, clothing that she must have had, even if there was no birthday to be taken into account, and though it may be unwise, I have decided to give her just a sweet, lovely present, such as I might give to a dear teacher or friend whose necessities I did not need to consider. If she is vexed I shall be sorry, perhaps, that I did not buy stockings instead, but I am going to take the risk.'

In the home of her daughter, Grandmother Girwood sat quietly knitting at a dark-brown sock, thinking gratefully of the many blessings that were still hers, though her own home had gone into the hands of strangers, and she had for many years been at the fire-side of another. She knew the girls, as she delighted to call them, would be in soon with some little gift for the day.

Presently they came, Belle, Kate, Grace, Molly and Dorothy, and laid their offerings in