

## The Home.

### OVER-INDULGENCE IS NOT TRUE LOVE.

Many parents imagine they are model guardians of their little ones because they are willing to give their whole life to the unrestrained indulgence of all their whims and fancies. It does not take long for even a new-born infant to learn that it is to be the chief ruler in the house. To be sure it will be years before the babe can reason about it, but instinct, if nothing stronger, will soon teach it that crying is all-powerful. Before one short month passes over its head, the nurse, the mother, and all in the house are perfectly drilled to instant and unhesitating obedience. Every one understands that there will be no peace unless the little tyrant is rocked to sleep, or constantly in the arms when awake. The hired nurse rejoices when her time of service expires, and she is free from the "little imp's" exactions. That will be the term by which she will designate her late charge; but the mother's love sees only a "cherub," an "angel," "the sweetest, most perfect blessing in the world."

Truly, a mother's love covers a multitude of sins, and clothes her idols with celestial charms. She never feels that she is ruining her own health, and is unconscious of fatigue while gratifying her child's most unreasonable demands. If any one ventures to hint that so much indulgence is injurious, and will not add to the comfort or happiness of the recipient, how the mother resents it. We have heard misguided parents say:

"I will not have my children restrained while young. They shall never be denied any indulgence or pleasure that I can provide at any cost. They will have troubles and trials in plenty when they have grown up without knowing any in youth that I can ward off."

This is the way some mothers manifest their love. What a mistaken idea! What will their children be when they pass out from their parent's care? How can they bear life's burdens if they have never learned that there are any, until, without warning, they find themselves encompassed with them? What power of resistance, what strength of purpose can they be expected to have, what efforts toward a useful life can children thus reared ever make with any semblance of success?

For the child's own good, to show the true, perfect love, those who from birth are committed to their parents' guardianship must be made to "bear the yoke in their youth," so that in riper years the yoke may be easy and the burden light, or be found to be a pleasure and no cross at all.

There is exquisite pleasure in devoting one's self to the baby in our arms, "the toddling wee thing" that plays at our side; the rosy curly-headed darling who follows us about the house with rippling laughter or chirping like a bird in its merry play. It is hard to refuse their soft pleadings, even when we know they plead for that which is not for their real good. This is hard if one looks only for present enjoyment. Oh, if mothers could bear in mind that they must look beyond babyhood if they would insure their children's best good, a happy, noble, honourable maturity. For "so surely as the years drift by, and life is spared, so surely will the world with its stern discipline take all our tender fledglings under its tutelage. With dancing feet and gay laughter life's problems may be solved for some; or with sorrowful heart and tearful eyes may come the elucidation for others. But whether the days troop by in gladness or go leaden-paced in sorrow, the riddle must be, in the end, for individual reading. The young must for themselves chase empty bubbles and see them perish in the grasping before they will learn that the alluring is not the enduring."

"All that the parents can do is to stand with ready counsel, seeking to guide the wandering footsteps in safety past the shoals and quicksands until, happily, this tender watch and care shall see them treading the paths of pleasantness and peace."

"The teachings of childhood are the corner-stones on which to build the foundations of character. If these are laid in wisdom and faithfulness we may

look to see the superstructure rounded and beautified by the lessons of life's experience. But the mother who fosters childish vanity, and aids to develop the chrysalis into a butterfly of fashion, fails no more signally in fulfilling her trust than she who with tender love, but mistaken kindness, guards childhood and youth from every duty and exertion as well as from all self-denial and care. Such over-indulgence will surely result in dwindled faculties, buried talents and a disfigured character, the bane of happiness to its possessor and a blessing to none. Though the inheritors of millions, children spoiled by over-indulgence are defrauded of their rights."

In after years, through great suffering and sorrow, if to such cruelly-indulged children there should come an awakening, still the character is shorn of half the strength it should have had, and what is left of life will be passed in the shadow, and burdened with daily repining and sorrow for a misspent youth.

If parents would learn in time that over indulgence in childhood brings to their children in later life only an inheritance of regret and disappointment, how many lives would be made happy and cheerful that now, through over-indulgence, are utterly wrecked and useless—ready to turn upon their parents with reproaches, instead of rising up to call them blessed.—*Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher in "Christian Union."*

### MILK TAVERNS.

There is obviously no reason why a tavern should be devoted to the sale of intoxicating drinks. The original idea of a "victualler" is more intelligibly realised in the case of a purveyor who sells a nutritive beverage than one who supplies what is, speaking generally, rather stimulating than nutritious. Milk is, in a special sense, sustaining. It forms a prominent element of ordinary food, and comprises most of the elements by which the tissues consumed in exercise may be replaced. It is, moreover, a popular beverage, and one which women and children may share, while few men would fail to appreciate it. Tea and coffee are luxuries in which many do not care to indulge at odd times; nor, as a matter of experience, do they answer the purpose of refreshment in all cases so effectually as milk. Again, milk is the cheaper beverage; it costs less, and it serves a more useful purpose in the economy than any other fluid which can be taken to assuage thirst; while in the case of persons afflicted with not a few forms of disease, it plays the part of a medical restorative, and as a remedy alone, may with advantage be extensively employed. Why not, then, provide "milk taverns" in the public streets? We venture to predict for enterprising tradesmen who will open these establishments on a liberal scale, in good situations, success of a very high order. To make the experiment a fair one, the house should be as handsome, well-appointed, and commodious as a gin palace, and the position chosen as prominent as can be selected. We should like to see the movement inaugurated as a pure trade, selling milk only—with the usual accompaniments of bread and cheese or butter and biscuits, as in ordinary taverns—and the description "Milk Tavern" ought to be adopted to distinguish the establishment from a cafe or tea-shop.—*Lancet.*

### A PRETTY ORNAMENT.

In one corner of my room I have a shelf, which, to me, is prettier than many a costly bracket. It is about thirteen inches wide in the middle, and is of plain wood, unpainted and unvarnished. Across the front is fastened a strip of pasteboard even with the shelf on its upper edge, and reaching about five inches below, to cover the unsightly pieces of wood which are fastened to the wall for the shelf to rest on. This pasteboard I covered with the beautiful gray lichen, found in such quantities on rocks in old pastures. Then a good-sized flower pot was set in the centre of the shelf containing a splendid Maidenhair fern. The soil was such as ferns delight in—leaf mould from their native woods, mixed with a little sand, and plenty of charcoal in the bottom of the pot. On each side of this centre-piece I placed a small pot of German ivy.

I fastened one end of a long piece of hoopskirt wire to the outside of one pot of ivy, then bent the other end down and fastened it to the outside of the other pot for an arch over the fern. To cover up the flower pots, I arranged a fortification the whole length of the shelf, consisting of sheets of green moss, bits of old stumps covered with air-like lichen, small white stones, and as many dainty little "red cups" as I could find. The ivy soon covered the arch prepared for it, and then rambled over the moss and lichens, finally hanging down in graceful festoons several feet below the shelf. The whole cost was exactly forty cents, the price of three flower pots.—*Floral Cabinet.*

### HOW TO KILL A CHURCH.

1. Don't pay your pastor's salary. This is an all-important direction. Be sure to follow it closely. Although you solemnly promise to pay him a certain amount, and at stated times, no matter; don't pay, or only what you feel like paying, and when it's perfectly convenient. Don't obey the Lord when He says, "The laborer is worthy of his hire" (Luke x. 7). By-and-by you'll have the satisfaction of seeing your church "going down."

2. Don't attend to your official duties in the church. Look upon your office as only an honorary or ornamental institution—not an Aaron and Hur arrangement for holding up the hands of pastors in doing the Lord's work.

3. Don't go to prayer-meeting. That's an old-fashioned institution. It isn't needed in the "modern church." Church fairs and concerts and festivals are much more necessary. These bring money into the treasury from the outside sinners.

4. Don't attend church regularly. Forsake the assembling of yourselves together except on bright, sunny days.

5. Don't pray for your Church.

6. Don't give towards its support, or only a little now and then, when you can't well help it.

7. Don't encourage your pastor in any way whatever.

8. Don't take your church paper.

9. Don't do anything toward helping the Sabbath-schools.

10. Don't give anything, or very little, toward the various causes of beneficence.

11. Do what you can to gender strife and discord among the members.

12. Lastly, be fully conformed to the world.

The above directions, fully carried out, will most certainly give you success in killing a church. Ordinarily, you need practice only a few of the above directions, and you will succeed. But if you love the church, and don't wish to kill it, then don't practice according to the above receipt.—*N. Y. Observer.*

SHORT as life is, it is the seed-time for eternity. Whoever a man sows here, he shall be reaping to all eternity. If he sows to the wind, he shall reap the whirlwind. If he sows to the flesh, he shall reap corruption. If he sows in righteousness, he shall reap in mercy. If he sows to the Spirit, he shall reap life everlasting. This life is the day of grace, the season of mercy, when enduring riches may be secured. Many have seized the moments as they passed, and become immensely rich in faith, in good works, in bright hopes, and blessed inheritance beyond the skies.—*New York Evangelist.*

ENDURING.—How often God allots to us the task of enduring, this, this only. On the last time we heard the late Dr. Fuller preach, he read the passage in Isaiah, "They shall run and not be weary; they shall walk and not faint;" and then he added, "he puts walking last because it is hardest. It is really much easier to run in the Lord's work than to walk. It is easier to be on the high horse, attending meetings every evening, and speaking at each, inspired all the time by crowds and by sympathy, than it is to discharge patiently, without excitement, the prosaic, every day duties of religion, laboring for souls when you labor alone, attending meetings when there is no crowd."

### Births, Marriages and Deaths.

#### DIED.

On the 27th Dec., 1878, at her father's residence, Miss Dorothy Peacock, daughter of Mr. Gabriel Peacock, of Lanark, and sister to the Rev. Wm. Peacock of Margone, Cape Breton.

At Altona, Uxbridge Township, on New Year's day, Timothy Millard, Deacon of the Stouffville Congregational Church, aged 66 years 11 months and 24 days.