

THE HOUSEHOLD.

HAVE FAITH IN YOUR CHILDREN.

A lady once told me of a little scene which occurred during her childhood, and, though years of change had come and gone since then, it had left such an impression on her mind that she could never entirely banish it from memory. She was quite a child when it happened, and her mother, a good Christian woman, was yet one of those strict, stern parents who demand and expect, perhaps, too much of their children, forgetting how hard it is, even for us grown children, tried in the rough discipline of life, to submit to our Heavenly Father's will and yield instant and perfect obedience to His laws. But this child was gentle and yielding always. I well remember her mild, amiable manners and sweet disposition when we were children together—ever giving up her own will to that of her parents. Above all, she was perfectly truthful; never had her lips framed a falsehood, or uttered one deceitful word; she had never tried to screen herself when at fault, or to escape the punishment of her childish errors. And her mother knew this—knew that her child had never spoken ought to her but the plain, honest truth.

There came a day at school when it was found that some grievous act of disobedience had willfully been committed by one of the pupils, and, in some strange way, it was traced to this little girl. The teacher accused her; she denied the charge, but the proof seemed strong against her, and the teacher even accompanied her home, carrying the accusation to her mother.

It seems an unnatural thing for a parent to do, yet she accepted the teacher's statement in preference to that of her own child, who had never deceived her, and tried by every means in her power to make the little one confess the fault.

"Mother, mother, I did not do it; won't you believe me?" was all the reply she could obtain. For a long time she sat by the child, pointing out to her the horror of falsehood, and beseeching her to confess that she had committed the error and ask forgiveness. The child's spirit became at last so affected, and her whole little being wrought up to such a state that, she actually confessed herself guilty, and asked forgiveness for a wrong she had never committed! From that moment a feeling of reserve grew up between the mother and child, and, though years have come and gone, and the child is grown up to womanhood, she still remembers that dreadful day; not, however, with any undue blame to her mother, "for," she said, "I know she thought she was doing right."

Oh, what a feeling of forlorn wretchedness must come over a little innocent child when it sees its mother looking with suspicious eyes upon it, and refusing to believe its expressions of innocence!

Oh, mothers! let your children see that you have faith in them; that you can trust them whether near or far away, and it will be to them a cheering thought that will doubly endear to them the sacred name of mother—checking them in temptation's hour, and leading their souls to lofty purposes and noble aspirations.

A mother's love and trusting belief—what a safeguard it has been to many a boy fighting his way in the world! It has helped him to conquer many an enemy, and brightened many an hour of struggle and sadness to know that a loving, praying mother has faith in her absent boy. A mother's trust has kept many a daughter's feet from straying, and bound their hearts together in affectionate sympathy and confidence until death alone has broken the tie, and then was left the sweet influence of a devoted life as a guiding star.

Mothers, have faith in your children!—*Sarah Keables Hunt, in Phrenological Journal.*

A CHEERFUL ROOM.

The first essential for a cheerful room is sunshine. Without this, money, labor, taste, are all thrown away. A dark room can not be cheerful; and it is as unwholesome as it is gloomy. Flowers will not blossom in it; neither will people. Nobody knows, or ever will know how many men and women have been killed by dark rooms.

"Glorify the room! Glorify the room!" Sydney Smith used to say of a morning, when he ordered every blind thrown open, every shade thrown up to the top of the window. Whoever is fortunate enough to

have a south-east or south-west corner room may, if she chooses, live in such floods of sunny light that sickness will have hard work to get hold of her; and as for the blues, they will not dare to so much as knock at her door.

Second on my list of essentials for a cheerful room I put—color. Many a room that would otherwise be charming is expressionless and tame for want of bright colors. Don't be afraid of red. It is the kindling and inspiring of colors. No room can be perfect without a good deal of it. All the shades of scarlet or crimson are good. In an autumn leaf, in a curtain, in a chair-cover, in a pin-cushion, in a vase, in the binding of a book, everywhere you put it, it makes a brilliant point and gives pleasure.

Next to red comes yellow; this must be used very sparingly. No bouquet of flowers is complete without a little touch of yellow; and no room is as gay without yellow as with it. But a bouquet in which yellow predominates is ugly; the colors of all the other flowers are killed by it; and a room which has one grain too much of yellow in it is hopelessly ruined. I have seen the whole expression of one side of a room altered, improved, toned up, by the taking out of two or three bright yellow leaves from a big sheaf of sumacs and ferns. The best and safest color for walls is a delicate cream color. When I say best and safest, I mean the best background for bright colors and for pictures, and the color which is least in danger of disagreeing with anything you may want to put upon it. So also with floors; the safest and best tint is a neutral gray. Above all things, avoid bright colors in a carpet. In rugs, to lay down on a plain gray, or on a dark-brown floor, the brighter the colors the better. The rugs are only so many distinct pictures thrown up into relief here and there by the under-tint of gray or brown. But a pattern either set or otherwise, of bright colors journeying up and down, back and forth, breadth after breadth, on a floor, is always and forever ugly.

Third on my list of essentials for making rooms cosy, cheerful and beautiful come books and pictures. Here some persons will cry out: "But books and pictures cost a great deal of money. Yes, books do cost money, and so do pictures; but books accumulate rapidly in most houses where books are read at all; and if people really want books, it is astonishing how many they contrive to get together, in a few years without pinching themselves very seriously in other directions.

As for pictures costing money, how much or how little they cost depends on what sort of pictures you buy. As I said before, you can buy for six shillings a good heliotype (which is to all the intents and purposes as good as an engraving) of one of Raphael's or Correggio's Madonnas.

Fourth on my list of essentials for a cosy, cheerful room, I put order. There is an apparent disorder which is not disorderly; and there is an apparent order, which is only a witness to the fact that things are never used. I do not know how better to state the golden mean on this point than to tell the story of an old temple which was once discovered, bearing on three of its sides this inscription: "Be bold." On the fourth side was the inscription, "Be not too bold."

I think it would be well written on three sides of a room: "Be orderly." On the fourth side: "But don't be too orderly."—*St. Nicholas.*

FALSE GENTILITY.

There is a dreadful ambition abroad for being "genteel." We keep up appearances too often at the expense of honesty; and, though we may not be rich, yet we must seem to be "respectable," though only in the meanest sense—in mere vulgar show. We have not the courage to go patiently onward in the condition of life in which it has pleased God to call us; but must need live in some fashionable state, to which we ridiculously please to call ourselves, and all to gratify the vanity of that unsubstantial, genteel world, of which we form a part. There is a constant struggle and pressure for the front seats, in the social amphitheatre; in the midst of which all noble, self-denying resolve is trodden down, and many fine natures are inevitably crushed to death. What waste, what misery, what bankruptcy, come from all this ambition to dazzle others with the glare of apparent worldly success, we need not describe. The mischievous

results show themselves in a thousand ways—in the rank frauds committed by men who dare to be dishonest, but do not dare to seem poor; and in the desperate dashes at fortune, in which the pity is not so much for those who fail, as for the hundreds of innocent families who are so often involved in the ruin.—*Christian at Work.*

FRICASSEED CHICKEN.—Cut up two chickens weighing two and a half pounds each. See that they are neatly jointed, not torn and mangled. Sprinkle the pieces with two teaspoonfuls of salt, one-third of a teaspoonful cayenne pepper, half a teaspoonful mace, one-third of a grated nutmeg. Put one pint cold water into a kettle, lay in the chickens, skin side down. Slice one onion over them, cover closely, and let them simmer until done. Then take out the chickens piece by piece with a fork; arrange neatly on a platter, and set it where they will keep hot while the gravy is being made, there should be nearly a pint of it in the kettle. Rub one and a half ounce of flour into two ounces of butter very smoothly; add a few drops of the broth if needed to soften and make them rub smooth and free from lumps. When very smooth stir it into the gravy, and let it boil two or three minutes, stirring constantly; then pour in two gills of cream. Meanwhile the yolks of four eggs should be beaten very light. As soon as the cream which has been added to the gravy boils up pour all the gravy over the well-beaten yolks; return instantly to the kettle; let it get again thoroughly hot, without boiling, and pour at once over the hot chickens, and serve instantly.

ANOTHER EXCELLENT FRICASSEE.—Cut up two chickens, neatly; lay them skin downward into a kettle; add a grated onion, a very little thyme and sweet marjoram, pepper and salt to taste; cover closely, and let them simmer, not boil, until tender; then take up; keep hot. Rub three even teaspoonfuls of flour very smooth into a piece of butter as big as a large egg, and stir into the gravy, and if relished sprinkle in a little mace and cayenne pepper. When it has simmered enough to cook the flour, pour in a gill and a half of rich sweet cream; simmer a moment or two, and add the yolks of four well-beaten eggs. Pour over the hot chickens, and serve at once. This last part of the fricassee must not be prepared until the rest of the dinner is being put on the table, and should be made with great care, as directed, to prevent its curdling.

MINUTE PUDDING.—Put a pint of milk properly salted into a clean quart stewpan; have ready a basin of flour; as soon as the milk boils take some flour in the left hand and let it fall lightly into the milk, (which must be kept boiling fast the whole time,) stir without ceasing, adding flour until it is about the consistency of porridge, then let it boil a few minutes longer, still keeping it stirred. Turn it out on a hot dish, stick pieces of butter all over it, sprinkle sugar, and grate some nutmeg, when the butter and sugar will melt and mingle, and, running all over and around it, form a delicious sauce. Do not be too sparing of the butter and sugar, and the cook need not be discouraged if she does not succeed in her first attempt, as experience alone can teach her how to sprinkle the flour in properly. If it is not done very lightly, lumps of uncooked flour will be the result. It may be flavored with vanilla.

BAKED ONIONS.—This method is strongly commended: peel ten large onions without breaking the layers; boil them for half an hour in well-salted boiling water, and drain them; when cool enough to handle cut a half-inch slice from the top of each, and take out a teaspoonful of the middle part; chop these pieces fine, mix them with half a cupful of stale bread-crumbs, a salt-spoonful of salt, quarter of that quantity of pepper, and the yolk of a raw egg; use this forcemeat to stuff the onions, lay them on a baking dish, brush them with the white of the egg beaten a little, dust them with fine bread-crumbs, and bake them slowly for forty minutes. Serve hot.

ROAST DUCK.—Ducks are dressed and stuffed with a stuffing of mashed potatoes and onions in equal proportions, seasoned with butter, pepper, sage and salt. Young ducks should roast from twenty-five to thirty minutes; full-grown for an hour or more, with frequent basting. Some prefer them underdone, served very hot, but thorough cooking will prove more generally palatable.

Serve with currant jelly, apple-sauce and green peas. If old, parboil before roasting. Place the remains of a cold roast duck in a stew pan, with a pint of gravy and a little sage, cover closely and let it simmer for half an hour; add a pint of boiled green peas, stew a few minutes, remove to a dish, and pour over it the gravy and peas.

TO SOFTEN WATER.—An exchange says that hard water (we have not tried it) is rendered very soft and pure, rivaling distilled water, by merely boiling a two-ounce phial in a kettleful of water. The carbonate of lime and any impurities will be found adhering to the phial. The water boils much quicker at the same time.

PUZZLES.

CHARADE.

My whole, a fruit of Palestine
My greedy second tasted;
My first had hoped on it to dine,
But as the fruit was wasted,
He made a dinner quite as good,
Adas! poor second was his food.

A WORD REBUS.

G

NET

(A cap or hood.)

EASY DECAPITATIONS.

1. Behead a tangle, and leave a horse.
2. Behead pleasing and leave a necessity of life.
3. Behead a fruit, and leave to exist.
4. Behead closed, and leave a small dwelling.
5. Behead happy and leave a boy.
6. Behead a stream of water, and leave a bird.
7. Behead a country, and leave another country.
8. Behead a country and leave distress.
9. Behead a river in South Africa, and leave a kind of stove.
10. Behead a cape of North America, and leave a weapon.
11. Behead a gulf on the coast of Africa, and leave a pair of wild beasts.
12. Behead a belt, and leave a number.
13. Behead a hard substance, and leave a sound.
14. Behead not fresh, and leave a story.
15. Behead elevation, and leave a number.
16. Behead a mineral, and leave tardy.
17. Behead an elevation, and leave not well.

A BOUQUET.—(partly Phonetic.)

1. An individual whose chief attention is directed to the adornment of his own person, and the royal beast of the forest.
2. The early day and the warrior's desire.
3. An elevation of land, and one of the hues of the rose.
4. The production of an industrious insect, and a small fruit.
5. A mountain ridge in the United States, and a trailing plant.
6. A principal requisite in the performance of Cinderella.
7. A celebrated artificial division of the Celestial Empire, and an ornament of the garden.
8. A wind instrument of music and one of the most beautiful things in nature.

PHONETIC CHARADES.

1. A young lady; a girl; a swallow; a confused mixture: the whole a river.
2. A pronoun; mother; to put down carefully; German for "yes;" the whole a mountain range.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES OF JUNE 1.

Charade.—Pearl-ash.

Some Portraits in a Picture Gallery.—1. Chaucer. 2. Dryden. 3. Pope. 4. Taylor (Bayard). 5. Holmes (Oliver Wendell). 6. Holland (J. G.). 7. Hood. 9. Burns. 9. Pryor (or Abbott). 10. Southey (Robert). 11. Shelley. 12. Coleridge. 13. Young. 14. Lowell. 15. Akenside. 16. Wordsworth. 17. Longfellow. 18. Goldsmith. 19. Harte (Bret). 20. Spenser. 21. Chatterton. 22. De Quincey. 23. Bacon. 24. Bunyan. 25. Churchil. 26. Curtis. 27. Proctor. 28. Landor (Walter Savage). 29. Steele. 30. Tennyson. 31. Willis—*Will is*. 32. Browning. 33. Swift. 34. Cornwall (Barry). 35. Shakspeare. 36. Crabbe. 37. Cook (Eliza). 38. Dickens. 39. Stowe. 40. Lamb. 41. Beecher. 42. Milton. 43. Motherwell. 44. Addison. 45. Howitt (William and Mary)—*Howitt*. 46. Byrant—*B-rye-ant*. 47. Cowper—*Cow-purr*. 48. Gray.

Square Word.—

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