

tone to all their future. It is one of the most potent of the influences which go to make up his character. But there are scores of men who take more pains in the selection of the jockey to train their horse than in the selection of books for the training of their children.

To the statement of the mayor of Philadelphia, we are inclined to add a supplement. We believe we could rid our courts of two-thirds of the divorce suits, if we could banish certain novels from English and American literature. The "love" represented in this class of novels is a miserable mock sentimentalism. It bears the same relation to the genuine article that mock jewelry does to gold and diamonds, or that the heroines of the stage do to the actualities of life. Young ladies and gentleman are taught to "fall in love" by a stumble. All sense and judgment in the selection of a life partner are rigorously excluded. The better knowledge and cautious counsels of father and mother are all put down to the account of the selfishness of a cruel father or a match-making mother; the hero and heroines are without fault, flaw, or blemish; and all the obstacles which the course of true love, that never runs smooth, encounters, are due to outsiders. That love wins its real victories in loving on in spite of foibles and faults, in spite of controversies and sometimes contentions, in spite of hidden rocks in the very stream itself—this the scholars in this school of fiction never learn. So when the demi-god of the young girl turns out to be a very common sort of a man (as most of us are), and the angel of the young man's dreams proves to be a flesh and blood young woman, with a spice of obstinacy, or a bit of a temper, or an underlying streak of selfishness, there is first bitter disappointment, then sometimes a quarrel, a separation, and a divorce. When we see how

many there are who are not even restrained by pride from spreading their quarrels before the public, we wonder how many there are whom a mistaken conception of love, and the bitterest disappointment life can afford, have divorced in their secret hearts.

Know your children's literature; especially know your children's novels and story-books.—*Christian Weekly*.

HOUSEKEEPING MONEY.

If every man would pay his wife a weekly sum for housekeeping, clothing, etc., he would find that in nine cases out of ten her management of the funds would increase not only his comfort, but that of the whole house. If she is equal to the task of being a wife and a mother, she is also equal to the task of supplying and paying for the daily necessities of the home. If she is head manager she will take pride in making a hundred cents go a great way—much farther than a man could make a hundred and fifty go. She will also make calculations about the expenditure of the weekly sum, will lay by a certain amount towards buying such and such supplies in quantities; will learn that there is no economy in buying soap by the bar, and starch or sugar by the pound. She will systematize her affairs, keep books—a day book and a ledger—and exhibit her well-kept accounts with pride and delight. The very fact that the expenditure of the money belongs to her, will sweeten her life, give zest to her occupations, and make her a happier and more contented wife. To most women, the idea of asking for money is abhorrent. They put it off from day to day, the dread of it, it is so great. They will wear expensive clothes in the kitchen rather than ask for the money needful for the purchase of a plain calico dress. Shrug your shoulders if you choose, you unhe-