

THE HOUSEHOLD.

DREAM CHILDREN.

BY MRS. MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Flesh and blood children are in sharp contrast with the dream children of shadowy fancy, much harder to manage than those airy puppets of an unsubstantial realm, and much more satisfactory, too. It was a woman with never a babe of her own to cradle who said that all shadows faded out of a mother's horizon in the dawn of baby's smile, and the first year of a little one's life must be unutterably happy to every maternal heart. It is later, when more than the brooding instinct is wanted, more than the intuitive yearning over the helpless morsel, whose cry is a command, whose blindest motion an appeal, that the mother's solicitude is awakened.

"How shall I govern my child?" "By governing yourself, madam."

Advice is cheap. To govern one's self is to-day, as in the time of Solomon, so difficult and so praiseworthy in task and attainment that better is he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city. Easy to do it, sitting in church, with palm-leaf swaying languidly, a sunbeam stealing through a storied window, and the minister's voice inciting you to Christian endeavor, or uplifting you to heavenly heights. Not so easy next day, when Amy slaps Kitty, and the gentle Louise suddenly develops an attack of obstinacy, or your whole soul stands still because the dove-eyed Mary, sweetest of your band, amazes you by telling a falsehood.

Whatever you do or leave undone, you must teach the children to be truthful, and train them to be obedient.

Rose Terry Cooke, with a spice of common sense, says: "Never mind whether they are your own children, your step-children, or your children by adoption, see that they mind when they are spoken to." To this I would add, that whether you meet the disobedient child and conquer its iniquity by the old-fashioned allopathic or the new-fashioned homeopathic remedies, may be left, as to methods, to your own discretion, but if you desire peace at home, you must be the head of the house. A sweet young mother, her pretty little girl on her knee, observed sensibly, "I am determined that baby shall be lovable, and she never will be so unless she is obedient, so I've begun at the beginning." The mother who fails here is a pitiful weakling.

To pass on, do not try, because it is fair neither to yourself nor them, to make your children conform to your ideal child. The Lord does not run us all into one mould. He respects our individuality and gives us our work according to our fitness.—*Christian Intelligencer*.

THE SERVANT GIRL PROBLEM.

A year or two ago seven women were employed in one of the great retail shops in a large American city. Two were widows, each with a child to support; the others were young girls. All of them had received a good English education; they were quick, intelligent, and had gentle, pleasant manners. They began work at half-past seven o'clock; the shop usually closed at seven in the evening, but in the busy season was open until eleven. They were not permitted to sit down while on duty. They received from three to five dollars per week, from which fines were frequently deducted for tardiness, mistakes, and other faults.

Their board, in a miserable lodging house, cost from two dollars and a half to three dollars per week. They were obliged to dress neatly and well. How to make their income cover their outlay was the problem set before them and their two hundred companions.

Some of these young girls, weak in principle and in body, grew tired in coming back every night, the year round, from a long day's work, to their lonely and wretched garret rooms, and were tempted into theft and other ways of earning plenty of food, fine clothes, and gay companionship, short and steep ways, which ended in sudden and irretrievable ruin.

Our friends devised another plan of relief. They went to the owners of two large and handsome private houses, who had advertised for servants, and said, in effect:

"We will undertake to do the whole work of your house, cooking, waiting, laundry, and chamberwork, as quietly and

thoroughly as any trained servants. We will try faithfully to give you no cause to complain of lack of skill, energy, or politeness on our part. We do not expect to find companions in you, nor look for you to make companions of us.

"We only stipulate that our wages shall be regularly paid, that we shall have well-ventilated, comfortable sleeping-rooms, that we shall not be asked to associate with ignorant and untidy servants, and shall be treated with ordinary civility and respect."

The experiment was made, and with success. One of the employers said, "I have never found the machinery of my house run so well and smoothly." The other declared, "I find the difference of having heads and not hands employed at my work."

Both employers and employed had self-respect and intelligence enough to respect each other. The women were lodged in pleasant, comfortable rooms, boarded at a good table, and were paid as high wages as they received in the shop. More than all, they were removed from temptation and had the protection of a home.

They found that the cooking and serving of a meal and the care of a house required quite as much intelligence, taste, and skill as the measuring of cotton or dress-goods behind a counter; in fact, that so-called menial work is only ignoble when it is done ignobly.—*Youth's Companion*.

SONGS FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

A young mother desirous of meeting the dawning intelligence of her infant child with something that would interest and at the same time instruct and elevate him, procured a copy of "Songs for the Little Ones at Home," published by the American Tract Society in 1852. The little fellow never wearied of listening to the bits of beautiful, simple poetry, or rather rhymes, and to the mother they soon became as familiar as "Old Mother Goose's Melodies," learned in her early childhood. When this mother would ask her boy, then between two and three years of age, what she should read to him first, his answer invariably was, "The best use of a penny," and "about the mother who threw her poor little baby in the river." A picture of an infant struggling in the jaws of an alligator while the inhuman mother stood indifferently surveying the scene, seemed particularly to touch his baby heart. I should like to copy these simple verses, hoping that they may impress some other child as they did this baby boy.

"See that heathen mother stand
Where the sacred current flows;
With her own maternal hand
'Mid the waves her babe she throws.
Hark! I hear the piteous scream;
Frightful monsters seize their prey,
O'er the dark and bloody stream
Bear the struggling child away.
Fainter now, and fainter still,
Breaks the cry upon the ear;
But the mother's heart is steel,
She unmoved that cry can hear.
Send, oh send the Bible there,
Let its precepts reach the heart:
She may then her children spare—
Act the mother's tender part."

"Should you wish to be told the best use of a penny?
I'll tell you a way that is better than any:
Not on apples, or cakes, or playthings to spend it,
But over the seas to the heathen to send it.
Come, listen to me, and I'll tell, if you please,
Of some poor little children far over the seas.
Their color is dark, for our God made them thus,
But He made them with bodies and feelings like us.

"A soul too, that never will die has been given,
And there is room for these children with Jesus in heaven.
But who will now tell of such good things as these
To the poor little heathen far over the seas?"

"Little boys in this land are well off indeed;
They have schools every day, where they sing,
write and read;
To church, they may go, and have pastors to teach
How the true way to heaven through Jesus to reach.
Yet, sad to remember, there are so few of these

For the poor little heathen far over the seas,
Oh! think of this when a penny is given,
'I can help a poor child on his way home to heaven;

Then give it to Jesus, and He will approve.
Nor scorn e'en the mite if 'tis offered in love,
And oh! when in prayer you to Him bend
your knees,
Remember the children far over the seas."

As the years rolled on the boy entered

upon the busy scenes of commercial life. Still believing "the best use of a penny" is to consecrate it to the Master's service, he appropriated a tenth of his income to His cause, feeling that he is doing but very little for one who has done so much for him. Oh, that all mothers would embrace the precious moments when their eager, questioning children are clustering around their knees, to impress upon their susceptible minds not only the old, old story of Jesus and His love, but the spirit of the Saviour's parting injunction, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature!"

If we would have a generation of missionaries, the missionary spirit must be inculcated in the nursery. The character of a person depends largely upon the aliment administered to the hungry, assimilating mind of the child during the first four or five years of its life.—*Intelligencer*.

NOAH'S ARK QUILTS.

One of the fashionable little "fads" of the day in fancy work is a Noah's Ark quilt. The quilt can be of serge, cloth, satin sheeting or plain cream sheeting, and is designed and commenced by the lady who starts it. If she is a good worker, she embroiders or appliques the Noah's Ark, which is near the centre of the quilt, but placed high up. The animals are all in couples, and form a long procession round the entire quilt, marching round towards the Ark. Sometimes the procession is curved so as to form a design over the entire surface, but this depends on individual taste and fancy. The lady asks her friends and neighbors to work the pairs of animals, usually giving them some choice in the matter. Some of these quilts are very amusing, and really worth keeping. In cream sheeting, the animals may be all in Turkey-red twill, worked with red ingrained thread, or in various colors. This may be an idea for many busy fingers. The animals are generally cut out in paper first, and then in whatever material they are to be worked in, and are copied from a child's colored picture book. It is also occasionally all worked by one pair of hands, on a foundation of double width diagonal serge, with the various animals portrayed in wools, sometimes in cross-stitch first worked on pieces of ordinary canvas, afterwards drawn away, or in outline stitch in crewels, or in another stitch which is being a good deal now used for travelling rugs, bath blankets, etc., which is done by laying wool in strands on the outlined pattern, and tacking it down by small stitches of silk, or a contrasting color. In two shades of color, this works remarkably well, and the edges are usually widely buttonholed in both shades.—*Dorcas Magazine*.

DISH-WASHING—I have used a mop for two years, and wouldn't be without one for anything. Just think of the advantages! Boiling water can be used, no soap, a clear saving, and lastly no wrinkled hands. Perhaps my hands are my weak point. I do hate to put them into anything dirty, and dish-water is always greasy. With the mop, hold your towel in the left hand, swash the water round until the dish is clean, then lift with the towel and wipe. In this way it is done quickly, and dish-washing ceases to be a bugbear. For pitchers and glasses, fruit jars and other things where one cannot insert the hand the mop is invaluable.

RECIPES.

BROWN BREAD.—One pint of rye meal, two cups of milk, one pint of water, two teaspoonfuls each of soda and salt, and one-half cup of molasses; thicken with Indian meal, not too stiff.

MAPLE AVENUE SAUCE.—This is nice for dessert or tea. Peel six oranges and after removing seeds and outside of pulp, chop fine and add one cup of granulated sugar. Let it stand several hours and it will be found very nice.

TO CLEANSE A FEEDING BOTTLE.—You should have two feeding-bottles for the babe, so that one may be used when the other is being cleansed. A good way to clean the bottle is to rinse it out thoroughly with a strong solution of bicarbonate of soda after it has been used, and then let it soak in clean water until needed.

BREAKFAST GEMS.—One cup of sweet milk or water, one egg, one tablespoonful of sugar, one heaping teaspoonful of baking powder, and a pinch of salt beaten well together, add about one and one-half cups of flour, stir thoroughly, and bake in hot gem pans in a hot oven about fifteen minutes.

CREAMED APPLES.—Pare your fruit, and

either scald or bake it until sufficiently soft to pulp it through a colander, sweeten it agreeably to taste, and fill your glasses three parts full with it, then plentifully sprinkle in some powdered cinnamon, put a good layer of rich whipped cream, and sift white sugar upon the top.

SURPRISE CAKE.—One egg, one cup of sugar, one-half cup of butter, one cup of sweet milk, two and one-half cups of flour, one teaspoonful of soda, and two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, flavor with lemon. Its bulk and beauty are a surprise. I have taken one-half of the dough and put in cocoanut, and put the same on top of the cake.

SUNDERLAND PUDDINGS.—One pint each of milk and flour, three eggs and a little salt. Butter eight cups and fill them each half full; bake twenty-five minutes in a hot oven. The puddings will rise over the top of the cup. Sauce.—Three eggs and two cups of white sugar beaten to a cream, and add a little vanilla. Set the bowl on the top of the teakettle full of boiling water, and add two tablespoonfuls of boiling milk or water to the sauce, beat well and serve on the puddings.

DOUGHNUTS.—Two eggs, one cup of sugar, one teaspoonful of unmelted butter, one cup of cold water, and two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder, flavor to taste, I use one-fourth of a nutmeg, and add flour till as stiff as can be stirred well. Have plenty of flour on the moulding board, pour out the dough, sift on flour, and roll about one-third inch thick, cut in strips about one inch wide, and fry in hot lard. One secret of light, soft doughnuts is not to have the dough too stiff. I sometimes have to take mine to the kettle on a knife they are so soft.

BOILED LEG OF MUTTON.—Slice into a pot of boiling water, one good sized onion, and a tomato, add one scant salt-spoonful of red pepper, salt enough to taste, and the meat. Boil briskly for about one hour. Then place in the oven with enough of the liquid to make gravy, which should be thickened with flour after the meat is a nice brown. Add to the liquid which is left in the pot one good handful of rice, let it boil twenty minutes and you have an excellent soup. I would say that canned tomatoes will do when fresh ones are not to be had.

CREAM PUFFS.—One cup of hot water, one-half cup of butter, boil together, and while boiling stir in one cup of sifted flour, dry. Take from the stove and stir to a paste, and after this cools stir in three eggs, not beaten, stir it five minutes, drop in tablespoonfuls on a buttered (or greased with lard), tin, and bake in a quick oven twenty-five minutes, being careful not to open the oven door oftener than is necessary. Don't let them touch each other in the pan. Cream for Puffs.—One cup of milk, one-half cup of sugar, one egg, three tablespoonfuls of flour, and flavor. When puffs and cream are cool, open the puffs with a knife and fill with cream.

PUZZLES.

POETICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 69 letters.
My 22, 30, 15, 37, 3, 48, is the name of the author of my whole.
My 43, 64, 25, 8, 16, is the name of the place where he spent many years of his life.
My 46, 6, 21, 53, is an animal of which he was very fond.
My 42, 24, 58, 69, 35, is what he was.
My 4, 51, 31, 11, is the name of an article of furniture immortalized by one of his works.
My 23, 57, 10, 36, 62, is the name of an ancient poet whose works he translated.
My 19, 28, 12, 5, 51, 34, 39, is an epithet which he applied to another celebrated poet of antiquity.
My 7, 59, 29, is the number which, taken twice, denotes the length of time that the hero of one of his poems had been married.
My 50, 63, 9, 26, 17, 44, describes the ride which the aforesaid hero took on his wedding-day.
My 40, 49, 60, 27, 65, is what he and his horse could not come to.
My 68, 18, 47, 56, 32, describes his appearance when he set out on his ride.
My 2, 67, 45, 41, are two articles of dress which he lost upon the road.
My 55, 33, 61, 52, 38, 13, describes the mind of his wife.
My 66, 20, 14, 1, was the cause of much annoyance to him while upon his ride.
My whole is two lines by a famous English poet.

CHARADE.

My first is an article.
My second is a personal pronoun.
My third is a ship's officer.
And my whole is to make alive.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN LAST NUMBER.

SHAKESPEAREAN CHARACTERS.—1. Ferdinand; 2. Miranda; 3. Anne Page; 4. Sir Andrew Ague-cheek; 5. Olivia; 6. Beatrice; 7. Hermia.

A MARINE SUBSTANCE.—Madrepore.

OCTAGON PUZZLE—

D A R
T O P E R
D O L P H I N
A P P E A S E R
B E H A V E R
R I S E N
N E D

WORDS WITHIN WORDS.—1. S-he-et; 2. p-ract-ice; 3. p-rim-ary; 4. t-reason-able; 5. c-ave-at; 6. a-unt-ing; 7. r-ear-ly; 8. s-cream-ing; 9. b-round-en; 10. lo-Com-otion.