

men had, through reverses of fortune, suffered not only poverty and want, but worse, disgrace, misery and insanity, all from want of proper early training.

Home training cannot be begun too soon, nor carried on too faithfully. While the child is yet young the mother should inculcate lessons of care and thoughtfulness for others, and begin to teach the child to form habits of industry, order and method. One by one she should be taught to perform dexterously various little household duties. One thing at a time, and that thoroughly, is the true way. As Abbott says, "When a boy has learned thoroughly how to use the hammer, give him a new tool—a saw for instance—or a gimlet, and so proceed till he understands all the various carpenter's tools." (I do not quote but give his ideas from memory.) So with girls—do not disgust and weary them, but give them short and frequent lessons, "Only a little, but always," says a distinguished French educator. This is the way to accomplish most.

It is a common mistake to undertake too much and so fail in all. Not how much but how well should be the criterion. How much more pleasing a simple air well rendered, than a classic and difficult piece of music played wrong; a little poem than an elaborate one written badly; a simple pudding well cooked than a rich one spoiled in the making or baking. How much prettier a simple dress neatly fitted and made than a rich and elaborate suit ill made, or trimmed with tawdry or ill chosen colors. How much more comfortable a plain but well ordered household than an expensive mansion filled with dust, disorder and confusion. Undertake then no more than can well be accomplished. Teach a girl to dust thoroughly, then to sew well, to mend neatly, then to cook this, and the other thing successively, as each one is mastered, and so on through all the mysteries of housekeeping lore, remembering always the proverb, "What is worth doing at all is worth doing well."

With a little tact the lessons may be made to be regarded as rather a pastime than drudgery. When a daughter has found that she can make a loaf of bread that papa can praise, that she can scallop oysters that will elicit the admiration of a chance visitor, or make a pudding that renders her famous in the eyes of her young brothers and sisters, she will begin to think that she is fond of cooking, and will take a pride in being a good cook.

No doubt this will involve much time and pains on the part of the mother. It would be easier you think to do it yourself, or allow it to be done by a servant; but reflect, mother; it is worth your while to bestow a little time and pains to secure so great a benefit to your daughter. It has been said that children in these days are suffered to grow up useless and indolent, but many parents go to the other extreme, requiring too much labor from their children, taxing their strength so heavily that in some cases the growth is stunted, the constitution weakened, life shortened, and usefulness abridged by this careless and injudicious management. Both extremes should be avoided.

Above all let the mother be careful not to grow indolent herself, or discouraged at the difficulties in the way, which she will be sure to meet. She must not expect success at first. It takes time to produce anything valuable. Success is never achieved but by patient, persistent effort. The mother more than any one else needs to cultivate patience, charity and perseverance.

It is said that while the great Michael Angelo was at work upon one of those masterpieces which have rendered his name immortal, a friend called and examined the work attentively. Coming in again a few days after he glanced at the work and said, "You have been idle since I last saw you."

"Oh, no!" replied the great sculptor, "I have made an alteration here and an improvement there," pointing to different parts of the work.

"But," said the visitor, "these are but trifles."

"True," replied the master, "but trifles make perfection, and perfection is no trifle."

Can a mother afford to take less care and pains in shaping an immortal life?—*Household.*

READING TO CHILDREN.

Many persons suppose that it is useless to attempt to read anything to children under twelve years of age but books written expressly for them. They think that a child can only appreciate stories that are short and easily comprehended, and written in the simplest language. But experience has convinced me that this is a mistaken notion.

Juvenile works are necessary when children begin to read themselves, and until they have become so familiar with the appearance of the majority of words that they recognize them at a glance, and have ceased to be conscious of the effort of forming letters into words and sentences. Before they know the simplest monosyllable by sight, they have an extensive stock of long words, which they recognize by

the sound, and whose meaning they fully comprehend, as soon as they hear them uttered. And you can read passages from the most famous works of genius to a young child, without changing the language in the least, or explaining the author's meaning. Its smiles and tears and its appreciative remarks (not its questions—for a demand for frequent elucidation and elaboration is usually a proof that the work is not suitable for youthful readers) will convince you that it understands and thoroughly enjoys the book.

If you are on the lookout for facts and fancies that will interest children, you will find something that will please them in nearly every magazine, or biography, or book of travels, or scientific work, or novel, or volume of poems, that you read. And before your boy and girl has entered the High School, they will be familiar with the names of many of the best writers, and will know their heroes and heroines well, and love them dearly.

When you find nothing in a book that is suitable to read aloud, there is often something interesting that you can relate. Children love to hear about Mrs. Browning's dog Flush, and Professor James Wilson's birds, Shilly and Robbie, and the rest of his pets, described in the fourth chapter of his life, by Dr. Hamilton; and about Sir Walter Scott's and Dr. Brown's numerous dogs. They take great pleasure in Roswell's charming picture of Dr. Johnson and his cat Hodge, and in the story of the nightingale and the jealous robin in Michelet's "Bird." And they are never weary of the adventures of Fenella and of Sir Geoffrey Hudson, the dwarf, as related in Peveril of the Peak. All children love animals, and so, it would seem, do most distinguished men and women.

The stories of Eva and Topsy, in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and of Harry and Tina, in "Old Town Folks," and of Dickens' little Nell, will be enjoyed best read in the author's own words. Browning's Pied Piper of Hamelin, and the Goose, by Tennyson, and his May Queen, are also great favorites. Charles and Mary Lamb's "Tales from Shakespeare," is also a fascinating book to children. If you read the story of the Tempest once to a child, it will be called for again and again, until you cease to enjoy it at all yourself.

Little things not five years old will listen eagerly to the reading of the story of the transformation of the companions of Ulysses into Swine by Circe in Bryant's translation of the tenth book of the Odyssey, and to the account of the confinement of the winds in a bag by Colus, and their release by the sailors, while Ulysses slept. And they will like to be told about the Sirens, and about the Lotus Eaters, and to hear the story of how blind Homer wandered through Grecian lands, chanting these poems to enraptured listeners. No book do these very little folks love better than Mrs. Kirkland's Selections from Spenser's Faery Queen, especially the adventures of Una and the Red Cross Knight. They are delighted with the lazy dwarf, who carries off the lovely lady's bag of needments at his back; with her palfrey more white than snow, and her milk-white lamb. But next to Una herself, the lion is the greatest attraction, and it is necessary to skip the lines describing the brave animal's death, as too harrowing to the child's feelings. In fact, one great secret of success in reading to children books intended primarily for mature minds, consists in knowing what to omit; and how to do it so quickly and skillfully as to make no perceptible pause.—*X. L. Z. in Evangelist.*

EQUINE SAGACITY.

A pleasant story has just come from the Cape of Good Hope. In Graaf-Reinett, as in all the old Dutch towns in the Colony, there is, in the centre of the place, a large market square, where the farmers, traders, and others, arriving with their produce at any hour of the day or night, may "outspan" the oxen and horses from their waggons, send the cattle out to the "commonage" to feed, while they bivouac at their waggons, as is the wont of African travellers to do until the eight o'clock morning market auction. An old horse belonging to one of these parties had wandered about in search of grass and water—vainly, no doubt, for it was during the severe drought from which the country is but now recovering. Coming to the great bare market-place, and finding a knot of men talking there, he singled out one of them and pulled him by the sleeve with his teeth. The man, thinking the horse might possibly bite, repulsed him, but, as it was not very roughly done, he returned to the charge, with the same reception; but he was a persevering animal, and practically demonstrated the axiom that "perseverance gains the day," for, upon his taking the chosen sleeve for the third time between his teeth, the owner awoke to the idea that a deed of kindness might be required of him; so putting his hand on the horse's neck he said, "All right, old fellow; march on!" The horse at once led the way to a pump at the further side of the square. Some colored servants were lounging about the spot. One

of them, at the bidding of the white man, filled a bucket with water; three times was the bucket replenished and emptied before the "great thirst" was assuaged, and then the grateful brute almost spoke his thanks to his white friend by rubbing his nose gently against his arm, after which he walked off with a great sigh of relief. A story somewhat analogous to the foregoing was told me by a friend, whose uncle, an old country Squire in one of our western counties, had a favorite hunter in a loose box in the stable. One warm summer day he was "athirst" and could get no water. He tried to draw the groom's attention to the fact, but without success. The horse was not to be discouraged; he evidently gave the matter consideration. The thirst was pressing. All at once he remembered that he always had a certain halter put upon his head when led to water. He knew where it hung. He managed to unhook it from its peg, and carried it to the groom, who, in great admiration of the knowledgeable brute, rewarded him in the manner he desired.—*Nature.*

HEROES IN HUMBLE LIFE.

The chief reason why evil often seems so much commoner than good in the world is that evil is noisy and always advertised, while good is quiet and passes without notice. The daily press chronicles and emphasizes crime, but seldom makes record of the manifold virtues, which are to vice as fifty to one. In these days of excessive publication, what we do not read of were inclined to believe does not exist. Occasionally, however, instances of modest unassertive heroism get into print, and it is pleasant and encouraging to notice them. Here are two:

Peter Rapp, age twenty-six, died in Cincinnati a few days ago. Nobody had known or even heard of him, for he was only a driver of a street car, earning a wretched pittance. Still, with this pittance he had for years supported his father and mother, both invalids and unable to work, and having provided for them, had actually nothing for himself. Last winter he could buy neither undergarments nor overcoat, and he was obliged to walk daily from his poor house and back, nine miles, because the street-car companies, as generous there as here, would not allow their employees, when off duty, to ride free. His suffering from cold, with fifteen hours of daily hard work, added to anxiety and privation, destroyed his health, and he died of rapid consumption—died, literally, that his parents might live.

Mary Ann, or Grandma, Wilson, as she is called, is a vendor of peanuts in New Orleans, an industrious, cheerful, withered old woman, who has plied her humble calling in St. Charles street for more than forty years. She is the most famous yellow-fever nurse in the South—a fact which one would never learn from her own lips. She took excellent care of patients during the prevalence of the scourge there in 1837, and again in 1853 she was faithfully at her post. Two years later, when the fever raged at Norfolk, she went there and rendered efficient service. She went at other seasons to Savannah and Memphis, and did her utmost to relieve those who had been attacked by the pestilence. Last summer found her at Grenada, where for thirty-eight days and nights she battled with the disease ministering to the sick and dying with a tenderness and devotion not to be exceeded. She has done a world of good, but she never speaks of it, perhaps never thinks of it. She, noble, simple soul, is once more in St. Charles street selling peanuts, apparently unconscious that she had done anything more than her plain duty. The world is better than we think it.—*N. Y. Times.*

PERIL FROM THE PULPIT.

Under this suggestive title Mr. Spurgeon lets fly a broadside, in the last number of the *Sword and Trowel*, at those ministers who unnecessarily advertise skepticism. He says:

The habit of perpetually mentioning the theories of unbelievers when preaching the gospel, gives a man the appearance of great learning, but it also proves his want of common sense. In order to show the value of wholesome food it is not needful to proffer your guest a dose of poison, nor would he think the better of your hospitality if you did so. Certain sermons are more calculated to weaken faith than to render men believers; they resemble the process through which a poor unhappy dog is frequently passed at the Grotto del Cane at Naples. He is thrown into the gas which reaches up to the spectator's knees, not with the view of killing him, but merely as an exhibition. Lifted out of his vapory bath, he is thrown into a pool of water, and revives in time for another operation. Such a dog is not likely to be a very efficient watch-dog or pursuer of game; and when hearers Sunday after Sunday are plunged into a bath of skeptical thought, they may survive the experiment, but they will never become spiritually strong or practically useful. It is never worth while to make rents in a garment for the sake of mending them, nor to create doubts in order to show

how cleverly we can quiet them. Should a man set fire to his house because he has a patent *extincteur* which would put it out in no time, he would stand a chance of one day creating a conflagration which all the patents under heaven could not easily extinguish. Thousands of unbelievers have been born into the family of skepticism by professed preachers of the gospel, who supposed that they were helping them to faith; the fire fed upon the heaps of leaves which the foolish, well-intentioned speaker cast upon it in the hope of smothering it. Young men in many instances have obtained their first notions of infidelity from their ministers; they have sucked in the poison, but refused the antidote. The devil's catechists in doubt have been the men who were sent to preach "believe and live." This is a sore evil under the sun, and it seems hard to stay it, and yet ordinary common sense ought to teach ministers wisdom in such a matter.

Do our young readers ever think how little it takes to stain their character? A drop of ink is a very small thing, yet dropped into a tumbler of clear water, it blackens the whole; and so the first oath, the first lie, the first glass, they seem very trivial, but they leave a dark stain upon one's character. Look out for the first stain.

Question Corner.—No. 13.

Answers to these questions should be sent in as soon as possible and addressed EDITOR NORTHERN MESSENGER. It is not necessary to write out the question, give merely the number of the question and the answer. In writing letters always give clearly the name of the place where you live and the initials of the province in which it is situated.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

145. Who were Nadab and Abihu, and for what were they put to death?
146. What was the Feast of Pentecost?
147. Why was the Feast of the Passover kept?
148. What was the year of Jubilee?
149. What was the Sabbatical year?
150. Who were the sons of Levi?
151. When the tabernacle was taken down to be carried, how were its parts distributed amongst the Levites?
152. What was the vow of the Nazarite?
153. Where were the Israelites encamped when the spies were sent to spy out the land of Canaan?
154. How many of the spies brought back a favorable report?
155. How were the Israelites punished when they refused to go and conquer the land of Canaan?
156. How many were to be spared to enter the promised land, and who were they?

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

1. A holy woman famed for works of love.
2. The saint who was first called to heaven above.
3. Who led a king his fearful love to see?
4. Who from his childhood home was forced to flee?
5. From whence with mighty signs was Israel brought?
6. What king was by his mother's wisdom taught?

In the initials you may trace  
A noble youth, who, by God's grace,  
Was not ashamed his faith to own  
Before a heathen tyrant's throne.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 11.

121. At the confluence of the rivers Tigris and Euphrates.
122. And I will put enmity, &c., Gen. iii. 15.
123. The clean beasts by sevens; the unclean beasts by twos; the fowls of the air by sevens, Gen. vii. 2, 3.
124. Nephew, Gen. xi. 27.
125. Because of a strife between their herdsmen, Gen. xiii. 6.
126. Mount Moriah, Gen. xxii. 2.
127. The Lord will provide. To the place where Abraham intended to sacrifice Isaac, Gen. xxii. 14.
128. The Lord watch between me and thee, Gen. xxxi. 49.
129. Seventeen, Gen. xxxvii. 2.
130. Seventy, Gen. xlvi. 27.
131. In the northeastern part.
132. Gen. xlix. 10.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

Watchman.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

To, No. 11.—John Goldsbro. 11; William C. Wickham, 10; Mary F. Haycock, 10; Jane E. Russell, 7; Andrew W. Barnes, 10; E. A. Hamilton, 6; Mabel Wickett, 11; Edin F. Hine, 5; Flora M. Livingston, 4; Sarah A. Fosdyr, 4; Ella Huff, 12; M. W. Rose, 9; A. M. Burgess, 10 ac.; Chas. E. Beard, 9; Frank T. Dolph, 10.

To, No. 10.—M. Hare, 10; Agnes J. McKay, 8; John Goldsbro, 12 ac.; Annie Donaldson, 10 ac.; Francis Hooker, 10 ac.; Maggie Ann Cuyler, 5; Bella Hamilton, 9 ac.