

HINTS FOR TRAVELLERS TO EUROPE.

The first law of your trip must be to avoid all superfluous baggage, for in some countries you pay for every pound not carried in the hand, and this will make an ordinary trunk add about one fourth to the cost of each ticket. You will therefore save money, as well as time and trouble, if you dispense with a trunk, using a valise or hand satchel—at least until your face is turned towards home, and you are beginning to gather together your various purchases. A most convenient hand bag, which can be easily made by any woman, and which will hold all you are likely to need as you fly over the face of the continent, is made of waterproof serge, lined with blue silesia, the edges being bound with braid. It is one yard long and 27 inches wide. Six inches are allowed at one end for a "turn over," and on the remaining portion put a piece of silesia 38 inches long, made into two pockets, each 15 inches deep and 27 inches long, the pockets being formed by gathering the silesia, through the middle, in three rows of gathers some half an inch apart, and hemming the ends, into which a drawing string is put, so that the string can tie in the middle of the hem. The sides of these pockets are held in by the braid, which binds the whole bag, and the gathers in the middle are fastened tightly in place, but, as it is not desirable to have these stitches seen, it is a good plan to put the pockets on the silesia lining and then cover the outside with the serge. To close the bag securely, 15 brass rings should be sewed to each side edge, beginning directly in the lower corner, and putting one ring here, and the others two inches apart, being careful to bring one just in the spot where the middle gather ends. To this ring sew firmly a yard of braid, so that its ends are each 18 inches long. Across the bottom edge put rings two inches apart, sewing in the one next to the corner a yard and a half of braid. Six inches below the upper edge of the bag, sew to the lining a similar row of rings, taking care to place each one opposite to a ring on the lower edge. Put a hook on each corner and in the middle of the upper edge. These are to fasten into eyes or eyelets on the outside of bag, six inches from the lower edge. The braids are to use as laces through the rings, by which the bag may shut tightly and be tied securely, even reducing the size somewhat at need. The bag will hold a woman's dress, or a man's suit of clothes, in one pocket, while in the other may be a complete outfit of underwear and the various small accessories of the toilet.

If a valise is used it should be of a kind that opens quickly at the demand of custom house officials, for this examination of all luggage is a nuisance to be suffered at every frontier line, and from which there is no escape.

Each piece of baggage should be clearly and distinctly marked with your name and permanent address, leaving the changing destinations to appear on the tag.

For the voyage you will find a steamer trunk a great convenience. It may be of the humblest description, even one of those known as "shoe box trunks" will answer nicely, and in the size you need ought not to cost more than \$1. It must be small enough to slip under the berth, or sofa, for nothing is more disagreeable, and perhaps dangerous, than a trunk which must stand in the middle of the stateroom, and against whose corners you are thrown at every lurch of the vessel.

In the steamer trunk put everything you are to use in the ship, and very little less, so that when you land you may pack it securely and leave it at the first port you touch, in charge of the shipping company, who will store it for a small fee and have it sent to your vessel when you are ready to start home. It should contain an old woolen dress, dark in color, for the voyage, and the older and darker the better, since a ship is a dirty place, and there is always something to "rub off" from the fresh paint, and oiled brasses, and tarry ropes, besides the innumerable possibilities of being drenched with soup or nice hot gravy, if you encounter rough weather. Navy blue flannel is the best ship suit, but if you have not an old dress of this, use whatever you do have, provided, always, that it is warm.

The trunk should hold, likewise, plenty of wraps, an ulster or old winter coat, besides a heavy blanket shawl, to wrap about your fluttering skirts as you sit on deck; a hood, or nubia, to go over your hat in the same breezy place; a woolen wrapper for seasickness; a night dress; knit slippers; underclothing, including flannel shirts and skirts; thick shoes; warm gloves; medicines; smelling salts; a little fine brandy or whiskey; an india rubber bag for hot water; some lemons; and a few books—for the ship's library is always most limited in quality and quantity.—*The Ladies Home Journal*.

SIMPLE LIFE BEST.

Happiness is the natural condition of every normal child, and if the small boy or girl has a peculiar facility for any one thing it is for self-entertainment, with certain granted conditions, of course. One of these is physical freedom and a few rude and simple playthings. Agreeable occupation is as great a necessity for children as for adults, and beyond this almost nothing can be contributed to the real happiness of a child.

"I try hard to make my children happy," said a mother with a sigh, one day, in despair at her efforts.

"Stop trying," exclaimed a practical friend at her elbow "and do as a neighbor of mine does."

"And how is that?" she asked, dolefully.

"Why, she simply lets her children grow and develop naturally, only directing their growth properly. She has always thrown them, as far as practicable, upon their own resources; taught them to wait upon themselves—no matter how many servants she had—and to construct their own playthings. When she returns home from an absence, they await but one thing—their mother's kiss. Whatever has been brought for them is bestowed when the needed time comes. Nothing exciting is allowed them at night, and they go to bed and to sleep in a wholesome mental state that ensures restful slumber. They are taught to love nature, and to feel that there is nothing arrayed so finely as the lily of the field, the bee, and the butterfly: there is nothing so mean as a lie, nor anything so miserable as disobedience; that it is a disgrace to be sick, and that good health, good teeth, and good temper come from plain food, plenty of sleep, and being good."

In order to thrive, children require a certain amount of "letting alone." Supreme faith in the mother, few toys, no finery, plain food, no drugs, and early to bed, are the best things for making them happy.

OPPORTUNITY AND RESPONSIBILITY.

Our opportunity is the measure of our responsibility. No law of the physical world can be more certain in its operation than the law of the spiritual world, which, for every opportunity that is given us, imposes a corresponding responsibility, that increases in the same ratio as the opportunity.

This truth bears very strongly upon the development of Christian character, and a right appreciation of it will enable us to make the most of life, and attain to the highest standard of Christian living.

To use the opportunities which come to us we must be ready to receive them when they come, for they may not be within our reach again.

The grandest opportunity that is ever given to any man or woman is given when Jesus says: "Come ye after me, and I will make you to be come fishers of men;" and let it be remembered that this opportunity comes to every Christian, whether he or she be rich or poor, learned or unlearned. The opportunity to speak to a friend whom we know is not a Christian, comes when we are alone with that one.

Those who are not Christians feel no hesitancy in speaking of things which Christians frequently find it very hard to talk about. This should render it easier for us to break the ice, and urge them to view life, with its varied possibilities, its

opportunities and its responsibilities, as necessarily incomplete, unless it is spent in constant effort to attain to the standard of God's perfect law—"unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ."

A WISE MOTHER.

A good New Jersey mother thus prepared her daughters to enter upon the duties of married life as housekeepers. This mother, a widow, was in good circumstances, continuing a prosperous business her husband had left her, and she had four daughters, to all of whom she gave the best education the city she lived in afforded. As it was the seat of a college the schools were unusually good, and so was the society of the place. When the eldest daughter was graduated from school, her mother took her into the kitchen and initiated her into all the arts and mysteries of that department, and from that to upstairs work, to the providing the supplies—in short, to everything pertaining to housekeeping, even to presiding at the table. After she was thoroughly instructed in all this, and perfectly competent to do it, she and her mother took turns in having the entire charge of the house, a week about. When the other girls were graduated they went in turn through the same course of instruction, and when they married, housekeeping was no bugbear to them!

A GLEAM OF LIGHT.

A beautiful incident within our knowledge impressed upon us more than ever the fact that the divine message shall not fall to the ground void, but is mighty beyond our comprehension through his power. A lady was summoned to the bedside of a friend, the mother of a family, and whose mental faculties had become deranged. "What could I say or do?" she said. "All was wild excitement; my heart wept over her, yet I had no power to claim her, or to do her good. But I felt for her so deeply that I could not leave her without one whisper of comfort. I bent above her, and said softly: 'Underneath are the everlasting arms!' It seemed as though she glanced up at the words—hers was a Christian life—but she showed no sign of comprehension, and I left her, believing my whisper unheard." But hours after, to that delirium there came a lucid interval, and in that period of quiet, what were the words that the invalid spoke? "Underneath are the everlasting arms!" Amid all the strange fancies of the restless brain, that one text of heavenly calm had been victorious, and reached to heart and memory.

A RASH PROMISE.

Once upon a time there was a king, who had a favorite horse—one that he was very fond of. In talking one day with his jester, he said:

"I really don't know what I should do if that should die. One thing I am determined upon; if he does die, I'll positively have the man hanged who first tells me the bad news."

It was the custom in those days to reward messengers bringing good news, and the king seems to have thought that it would be perfectly in keeping with that practice to punish those who brought tidings that were bad.

Well, after a while, true enough, the horse died, and everybody was afraid to go and tell the king. Finally, they persuaded the fool to go: so he entered into the palace and went into the presence of the king, wearing a most woe-begone expression of countenance as if some thing terrible had happened.

"What's the matter?" asked the king.

"Speak, I tell you."

"O your majesty, how can I speak? And to think that yesterday at this time he was as well as ever! Oh, what shall I do?"

Here the fool seemed to be so distressed that he could not speak.

"He is dead!" said the king. "I know he is dead! Why don't you tell me?"

"Yes, your majesty," said the fool, suddenly calming himself and assuming a look of composure.