

HOUSEHOLD.

Love in the Home.

No amount of good religious teaching will ever make up for the lack of affectionateness in parents toward children. A gentleman said the other day, 'My mother was a good woman. She insisted on her boys going to church and Sunday-school, and taught us to pray. But I do not remember that she ever kissed me.' She was a woman of lofty principle, but cold, undemonstrative, repressed, wanting in tenderness.

It matters not how much bible-reading and prayer and catechism-saying and godly teaching there may be done in a home, if gentleness is lacking, that is lacking which most of all the young need in the life of their home. A child must have love. Love is to its life what sunshine is to plants and flowers. No young life can ever grow to its best in a home without gentleness.

Yet there are parents who forget this, or fail to realize its importance. There are homes where the sceptre is iron, where affection is repressed, where a child is never kissed after baby days are past. A woman of genius said that until she was eighteen she could not tell time by the clock. When she was twelve her father had tried to teach her how to know the hour; but she had failed to understand him, and feared to let him know she had not understood. Yet she said he had never in his life spoken to her a harsh word. On the other hand, however, he had never spoken an endearing word to her; and this marble-like coldness had frozen her. After his death she wrote of him, 'His heart was pure—but terrible. I think there was no other like it on the earth.'

I have a letter from a young girl of eighteen in another city—a stranger, of whose family I have no personal knowledge. The child writes to me, not to complain, but asking counsel as to her own duty. Hers is a home where love finds no adequate expression in affectionateness. Both her parents are professing Christians, but evidently they have trained themselves to repress whatever tenderness there may be in their nature. This young girl is hungry for home-love, and writes to ask if there is any way in which she can reach her parents' hearts to find the treasures of love which she believes are locked away there. 'I know they love me,' she writes; 'they would give their lives for me. But my heart is breaking for expressions of that love.' She is starving for love's daily food.

It is to be feared that there are too many such homes—Christian homes, with prayer and godly teaching, and with pure, consistent living, but with no daily bread of lovingness for hungry hearts.

'The lonely heart that knows not love's
Soft power, or friendship's ties,
Is like yon withering flower that bows
Its gentle head touched to the quick
For that genial sun hath hid its light,
And, sighing, dies.'

—Dr. Miller.

What is Good Housekeeping?

At a recent afternoon tea, where there were a goodly number of intelligent men and women assembled, the conversation turned upon good housekeeping, and one of the guests was asked to define the term.

After a moment's hesitation, he answered: 'Good housekeeping is that sort which embodies order, neatness, promptness and an average amount of good temper. Allowing that the members of the human family are by no means angelic, one must not look for too much, and it is therefore a part of the philosophy of life to avoid great expectations.'

'Good housekeeping,' said another member of the party, 'is to have a clean house, wholesome food at regular meal hours and that restfulness that is never found where the presiding genius of the establishment is fussy, irritable, worrisome, and given to fretting about trifles.'

'Keeping a house in order,' remarked a veteran, 'is not so difficult if one only adopts a systematic course and sticks to it.'

'But, my dear,' said a venerable mother in Israel, 'have you ever kept house on a system and lived up to it? I have been trying it for three-score years, for I began early, and I assure you that there is no fixed law about housekeeping except the law of uncertainty. I have many a time planned my

work for the day, and when everything was arranged and I saw clear sailing ahead of me, word would come up that the preserves were working, or the bread had turned sour, or Dick had dropped the egg basket and there wasn't a thing in the house to make cake with, or the range wouldn't work, and nobody could tell why, or any one of the thousand and one things that beset every housekeeper who tries to do things clear up to her lights on all these subjects.

'The best definition of good housekeeping that I ever heard, was given by a little slip of a boy who, after listening for a long time to a very learned discussion from some of his mother's club associations on the best way to order a home, was asked: "Well, my little man, what kind of a home do you think is best?" A beautiful light came into the child's eyes. He tossed back his yellow hair and shook his head: "I don't know much about it. Just the only kind that I like is the home that it's nice to go to." And when all of the philosophy, theory, science and wisdom of the subject had been exhausted, the women there assembled had to agree that the very best home, after all, was the home that—it was nice to go to.'—N. Y. Ledger.

A Child's Heart.

That was a pathetic story told in the newspapers the other day of a little girl who ran home in great glee to tell her mother that she had passed her examination and had received a certificate, and was shortly afterwards found dead. The medical enquiry showed that the poor child had been so excited with the examination and its results that her heart had stopped. What a light this lets in upon that hard-worked and excitable organ—a child's heart! We have no wish to sentimentalise in this matter, but perhaps only medical men and careful observers of children know how much damage is worked by violent exclamations and fierce words to sensitive children. Unfortunately these are often evoked by accidents which the little offender could not really help, and the excitement caused by grief over the slip, fear of the parent's anger, and a sense of being misunderstood, induces a condition of the heart which, if not attended by immediate serious results, is none the less operating mischievously against the child's health.—'The Christian.'

A Dress For School Girls.

More than one hundred of the six hundred young women who attend the Iowa State Normal School wear a school suit. The common sense and good judgment which they have shown in this matter ought to disarm criticism and set an example in other places.

A change of dress was necessary for the better health of the girls. Could they find a costume that would be at once healthful, inconspicuous and becoming? Would the teachers approve of its adoption? Would enough girls take hold of the movement to make it a success?

These questions have been answered, and the first day of the winter term, appropriately beginning with Thanksgiving in their hearts, over one hundred of the young women of the Iowa State Normal School appeared in what has been adopted as the 'school suit.' This consists of a skirt six inches from the floor, jacket to wear over shirt or fancy waists; leggings for protection in cold or stormy weather, and a plain hat or cap to match.

It is not expected that all will wear the same material or color, though dark blue storm serge or cheviot is recommended as most serviceable and appropriate. Individuality may be emphasized in waists, collars and ties, while uniformity of style will prove an advantage. Rational underclothing is insisted upon; extremities are to be warmly dressed, heavy skirts abolished, and the weight of the clothing to be evenly distributed.—'Journal of Hygiene.'

Marjorie's Corner.

MILK SOUP.

'What is the matter, Norah; you look worried?' said Marjorie, coming into the kitchen late one afternoon.

'Indeed, Miss Marjorie, and I don't look half so worried as I am, dear, O dear, O dear,' and Norah shook her head sadly.

'Can I help you, Norah? Do you want me to make anything for you?'

'I'm afraid it's no help you can be to me,

to-night. You see it's this way, Miss Marjorie. Two ladies has come to see your ma, and they're both going to stay to dinner, and not a bit of soup did I make to-day, whatever shall I do. It's disgraced I'll be to serve a dinner for company without soup.'

'But I thought you always kept soup in cans for just such cases,' said Marjorie.

'I used the last one to-day, and the grocer ain't sent the new case yet.'

'Well, Norah, you made a mistake when you said I couldn't help you, because I can. If you give me a quart of milk and an egg, I can make a delicious soup in ten minutes.'

'Bless your heart, but you're a jewel, I don't know what kind of soup you'll be after making with one egg and some milk, but I'll trust you,' and while she was speaking, Norah had laid a pitcher of milk and the egg on the table.

'Of course, I'll use some other things,' said Marjorie, 'like butter and flour, but that's all.'

The first thing Marjorie did was to pour the milk into a clean, granite saucepan which she put on the stove, adding two cupfuls of water and a tablespoonful of butter.

While these were boiling together, she beat up an egg and stirred it into a cupful of flour.

'I must wash my hands, Norah, because I've got to rub the egg and the flour between them until it is all in little lumps.'

When this was done to her satisfaction, Marjorie scattered it slowly into the boiling milk, and let it all boil together for five minutes.

'Just as soon as I've seasoned it, Norah, it's ready,' said Marjorie, shaking in pepper and salt with a liberal hand. 'In making this soup,' she continued, 'as she took it from the fire—and you can see how quickly and easily it's made—you must be very careful not to let it burn; grandma says milk soups scorch very easily. Now if you only had a little dried celery to put in it you couldn't tell it from cream of celery soup. I know, because I have had some made in that way.'—New York Observer.

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