

## HOUSEHOLD.

## 'Who Were They Praying For?'

For ten long years Mrs. H—prayed for her infidel husband. She knew that the Lord heard, and that He was 'faithful who had promised,' but as yet the answer did not come. The thoughts of her kind, indulgent companion as far from hers, as when, in the joy of her new-found hope, she had told him how 'God so loved,' and asked him to join her in a life of loving service. Yet the Lord was leading her gently that she might know and do His will.

One evening at the church prayer-meeting, her heart was more than usually burdened, and near the close of the service, she rose timidly and said: 'For many years, dear friends, I have longed to ask you to help me pray. It is not customary with us for ladies to speak in the meeting, and I have feared to be intrusive, but I can forbear no longer. Will you pray for my husband?'

Every heart was touched. A good brother immediately led in prayer, then another and another took up the petition. Mr. H—was well known and much loved in the community, and they poured out their hearts before the Lord, pleading as one pleads for a friend. Last of all a colored brother led in prayer, and in humble confidence seemed to enter into the very presence of the Lord.

Just after Mrs. H—had made her request, her husband, as was his custom, came to the church to accompany her home. Finding that the service had not yet closed, he entered, unobserved, and took a seat near the door.

'Tell me, wife,' he said, as they were leaving the vestibule, 'who was the gentleman they were praying for just now?'

'He is the husband of one of the sisters of the church,' replied Mrs. H—.

'Wife,' he said again, as they ascended the steps at home, 'who was it they were praying for?'

'The husband of one of the sisters, Charles.'

'Well, wife,' he replied, 'that man will certainly be converted: I never heard such prayers before.'

Again, as they were preparing for the night, he remarked, 'Those were wonderful prayers, wife. Can you tell me the gentleman's name?'

'He was the husband of one of the ladies present,' replied Mrs. H—, and then she retired to her closet for prayer and praise.

At midnight she heard her husband's voice again. 'Wife, wife, God heard those prayers; I cannot sleep, wife. Will you pray for me? Can the Lord show mercy to me, wife?'

There was joy in the presence of angels that night. When the faithful pastor called the next morning, he found Mr. H—praising and blessing God.

Blessed words of Jesus, 'If two of you shall agree on earth as touching any thing that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven.'—American Paper.

## The Child's Garden.

A little garden of its own, where it may plant and dig and pull weeds up and potter about to its heart's content, is a very great boon to a child. For children love to work, and like to make play of their work, and work of their play; they yearn for activity they desire to possess something which they may do with as they please.

Usually the home garden is not as attractive to a little child as it might be, because there are too many Don'ts and Thou shalt nots about it. Little fingers must not break off the flowers, little feet must not trample the turf, little playmates must stay away, for their games and romping may do mischief. In the country there are always the fields overflowing with daisies and clover, and the lanes where one may wander along looking up through green branches to the sky; but a city child has only a back yard with narrow flower borders around a square plot of velvet-green grass, a limited realm indeed.

Even here, however, the sensible mother may contrive a little garden for the children, or a small bed for each child, where seeds may be sown, and such homely favorites as

petunias, four-o'clocks, lady's-slippers, and pansies grow without much care. A few hardy pinks, or the old-fashioned ribbon-grass, a verbena, a lily, larkspur, perhaps a monthly rose, a few sweet peas, and the child's sense of beauty will be cultivated, and he will have what we all want most, when we think about it—flowers to give away. It is so lovely to have a flower from the child's own garden for papa's button-hole, for mamma's plate at the breakfast-table, for the dear friend who is going on a journey and would like something sweet to look at in the cars. And then there may be a flower-mission, and the child will be glad to contribute from his garden for the pleasure of sick people burning up in hospitals, burning with fever, tossing in pain; or of blind people too old and too wretched to enjoy much more in the world, but cheered up by a flower; or of little children who live in crowded tenements and never have much fun, and are made glad when flowers come into their lives.

A part of every child's training should be to give pleasure systematically to others, and this is best done by teaching little people to give away something which they prize, not on the impulse of heedless prodigality, but because everyone is responsible for the happiness or misery of everyone else; and we are all bound in one bundle, and only by giving conscientiously and according to rule do we ever learn to be generous and kind, and considerate of someone or something beyond ourselves. The child's garden may train him to spontaneous kindness as hardly anything else which he owns can do.—Harper's Bazar.

## Housewifery Hints.

(By Fanny L. Fancher.)

The weekly washing is ever considered the bete noir of house-keeping, and when performed as did our great-grandmothers, it is not surprising; yet many housewives are loth to try new and easier methods.

'You'll not catch me using kerosene in my wash, fur I'm sure it'll yaller the clothes!'

Then this rut-bound woman will rub, rub, rub her garments, destroying not only herself with over exertion, but the fiber of her clothing as well. In the wisdom of her conceit she will not heed the advice of many who tell her that kerosene extracts disease as well as stains and dirt. Handkerchiefs alive with catarrhal bacilli will become harmless by this process of cleansing, and fruit stains will readily yield when kerosene is employed. An acquaintance of the writer tells that she supposed her finest white gowns were ruined by peach and pear stains, since they had been laundered in a careless manner. She soaked them in the oil, however, and not a vestige of stain remained in them after the next washing was over.

When marking table linen, handkerchiefs, etc., a friend spilled the indelible ink on a handkerchief. Instead of throwing it in the stove, as was her first impulse, she saturated it with kerosene, and no ink was visible after laundering.

There are various ways of using the oil in washing. Some use with washing powders, and others with soap. A thorough incorporation of either with the oil is essential to good results. The following modus operandi has been successfully tried in the writer's family, which consists of six members:

Shave in thin slices a bar of soap, and boil, in a small quantity of water, until dissolved. To this soft soap add four tablespoonfuls of kerosene. To a boiler two-thirds full of water add one-half of soap mixture and the finest of the clothes that have previously soaked a few hours. When scalded about twenty minutes remove to warm sudsing water; add more cold water and soap mixture, and place the remainder of the clothes in the boiler. When sudsing, the washboard can be employed for the most soiled pieces; but sheets, pillow-slips and many other things will be found sufficiently clean without rubbing, hence the cloth is saved as well as the more valuable strength and time. For rinsing employ, if possible, soft water, as it is always better, and especially is this so when one uses the kerosene oil.

To the conservative reader who asks of the permanent results of such manner of washing, I would relate a recent occurrence which answered that query to my complete satisfaction. An old school acquaintance was visiting the writer. Though agreeable,

she is unprogressive, and consequently clings with great tenacity to old usages. As her great-grandmother did her washing, so does she, considering easier ways as sheer laziness.

The weekly washing was well under way, when the domestic called me, and producing an under-garment of my guest, said in trepidation, 'I can't possibly get this gray thing white! just see how grindy all her things look beside our clothes!'

I could but smile over her confusion, and was really startled at the contrast. White as the driven snow appeared my clothes when compared to this woman's, who could never be induced to wash my 'new-fangled way.' To any one fearing an unpleasant odor in the clothing, I will say that no one can have more sensitive olfactory nerves than the writer, who has never noticed other than the freshest, sweetest smell from garments thus cleansed. Indeed for this very reason clothing fresh from the line, redolent of sunshine and air, is preferred to those nearly burned with hot flat irons.—'Christian at Work.'

## Selected Recipes.

Lemon Custard Pie.—Beat three eggs, add one even cupful of white sugar, the juice and grated rind of a good-sized lemon; wet two tablespoonfuls of flour with cold water until very smooth, then pour over it one gill of boiling water; strain through tin strainer and add to the eggs. Have ready a crust on a pie plate, pour in the mixture and bake; beat the whites of two eggs to a stiff froth; add a little sifted sugar. When the pie is baked, spread on the frosting and set in the oven to brown a little.

New England Johnny Cake.—One pint corn meal, one pint flour, one-half cupful sugar, one-half teaspoonful salt, one tablespoonful lard, two teaspoonfuls baking-powder, three eggs and one and one-fourth pints of milk. Sift together, corn meal, flour, sugar, salt, and powder; rub in the lard cold; add beaten eggs and milk; mix into firm, smooth batter; pour into square, shallow bake pan; bake in rather hot oven forty-five minutes.

## Newspaper Opinion.

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