

THE HOUSEHOLD.

A WORD FOR THE MOTHER.

Send the children to bed with a kiss and a smile; Sweet childhood will tarry at best but a while; And soon they will pass from the portals at home, The wilderness ways of their life-work to roam.

Yes, tuck them in bed with a gentle "good-night!"

The mantle of shadow is veiling the light; And, maybe—God knows—on this sweet little face

May fall deeper shadows in life's weary race.

Yes, say it: "God bless my dear children, I pray!" It may be the last you will say it for aye! The night may be long ere you see them again; The motherless children may call you in vain!

Drop sweet benediction on each little head, And fold them in prayer as they nestle in bed; A guard of bright angels around them invite, The spirit may slip from the mooring to-night. —Selected.

LIVING IN OUR HOMES.

I know several very attractive houses, in pretty rural villages, where, for reasons of economy or to lessen the housework that falls upon the women of the family, the parlors are never warmed or opened from November until May, only some great occasion, as a wedding or a funeral, being deemed a sufficient excuse for this trouble.

"Where do you take your meals?" I asked the daughter of one such family. Something she had said, had led to the impression that the pleasant dining-room in which the summer boarders were entertained was not used when the family were by themselves.

"Oh!" was the reply, "we eat in the kitchen; it is handy where we can reach to the stove without leaving the table."

These were well-to-do people, with fair acres stretching out to right and left, with sleek, well-kept horses and comfortable looking cows, and chickens and turkeys, and every evidence of homely plenty in the house and out. The carpets in their closed parlors and bedrooms were costly if not tasteful; the furniture was solid and strong, there was silver on the old-fashioned sideboard, and china to tempt a collector's heart on the closed shelves. But the art of living in their house, was as yet, unknown to the owners of it.

In towns of any size, and in the great cities, the sacredness of the front parlor has passed away. Thirty years ago, it was as it is in many country districts to-day, the throne-room of the lady-of-the-house; the holy of holies, not to be used in common, lest carpets and curtains should fade, lest sofas should be scratched, lest "things" should be worn out. A happy, and indeed, a vital change has taken place. People live all over their houses. The children play and study, and, within bounds, romp as freely in the best, as in any other room. To this are brought the new books, the finest pictures, the choice engravings, the shaded shine of lovely lamps. Here, father sits with the evening paper, here Jack and Mollie practice duets, here mother brings her mending, and grandmother her knitting. Here, like moths around a candle, the sons of the neighbors, gather around the daughter of the house, scorching their wings in airy lightness, yet receiving no serious wound, for are not father and mother near, and is not "attention without intention" delightful, in circumstances so safe from real hazard. By-and-by, the Prince himself will doff his plumed hat in the parting of yonder silken portieres, and his wooing will go gayly on, beneath the mother's eye.

"I like to visit at the—'s," said a lad the other day. "They live all over the house, and a fellow can do whatever he pleases." I knew just what the boy meant. A certain freedom is in the atmosphere of a home that is "lived" in. Boys, in particular, enjoy liberty of movement, and dislike to be restricted in their use of furniture and their going up and down in their home. A well-trained boy will not injure a house, either by rough usage or visible defacement, or destroy any portion of the furniture by thoughtlessness. Boys have not a monopoly of the destructive element in their nature, though you would think so, to hear some people talk. —Clarie Lightfoot, in Christian Intelligencer.

A GOOD WAY TO HEALTH.

Among the many helpful suggestions given to working girls in *Far and Near* the story is told of a young district school teacher, who, finding that her health was failing by indoor confinement, determined not to get sick if she could help it.

"She asked her father to give her twenty-four feet square of the garden. The first heavy work of spading she paid for; she spent one dollar and a half in seeds. She determined to have one thing good, and to be known for a speciality; loving verbenas, she chose them, and certainly I never saw such glorious results. She sold young plants, knowing that some of her neighbors would like to be saved the trouble of planting; and one plat of seed, if all came up, would give more plants than she would have room for.

"She started in the kitchen window in shallow boxes, or pots, her asters, and chrysanthemums, nasturtiums, marigolds, etc. When they had four leaves she transplanted each little root into other boxes, three or four inches apart, and then when the time came they were put in the ground. She sold young plants of all these, keeping eighteen or more for herself of each, and from July to November, I have seldom seen such a garden. Of course in her vacation she had more time, and she loved her flowers so much that she gave them many half-hours.

"She sold flowers and did so well that she determined the next year to try and 'make money.'

"She broke down so completely it was thought best to give up the school, so she devoted herself to her garden. In winter she used the window of a small sunny room with a big table in front of it for starting all her seeds early. Over her boxes and pots of seed she put a pane of glass, thus making a little hot-bed. At the end of the summer she had taken as much money as she earned at school. She went on, building a little forcing house on the sunny side of her house and had early vegetable plants besides coleus, castor bean and almost anything you asked for, and now has a flourishing local business as well as a good distant one. She has married, but keeps up the work just because she regained her health entirely and the new life kept her well; besides she put by each year much more than she earned in teaching dull children. She hired a man for all the heavy work, but continued to give the same supervision and all her odd half-hours." —*Laurel of Life.*

"NOT MADE WITH HANDS."

Farmers' wives in the Middle States, descended from the Pennsylvania Dutch, are noted for the excessive neatness of their housekeeping. It is said to be not an unusual thing for one of these matrons, when she feels her last hour approaching, to make a tour of the house, seeing with her own eyes that every room is swept, dusted and garnished for the eyes of the strangers who may come to the funeral.

A housewife who died lately in New England is said to have added economy to this painful neatness. "Lay me out in the kitchen," she whispered with her last breath. "The bearers would muddy the parlor carpet."

Cleanliness is undoubtedly a close attendant upon godliness, but many good women in their love for the one are in danger of mistaking it for the other.

It is a good and creditable thing to have well-swept carpets and rooms so dainty that no fly, spider, or speck of dust is ever to be found in them; but if the housekeeper obtains these things by the loss of her temper, if they rob her of time for recreation, for reading and for prayer, she has sold her birthright for a very poor mess of pottage.

It is the custom with these Pennsylvania mothers to give to their daughters while still children a room to clean every day, in order that they may early learn how to sweep, dust, wash windows, and in a thousand ways wage warfare against dust, a warfare which is expected to last all through their lives.

Every careful mother, of whatever rank or race, is desirous that her daughter shall be a good housekeeper; if she does not actually clean her dwelling with her own hands she must know how to direct others to do it.

But how many girls remember that to each one of them has been given a dwelling, which is entrusted to her exclusive care, and which no one but herself can cleanse or keep in order?

It matters little whose hands sweep or dust the room in which she sleeps and eats. But that inner chamber in which the soul dwells she alone can keep in order.

Does she examine it every morning, to sweep out the vulgarity, the malice, the indolent indifference to God and His truth which she may find there?

She is watchful through the day to keep all filth and poisonous infection from her parlor and chambers. Does she shut out as carefully all uncleanness and contagion from that hidden place within?

She does not open her house at night for noxious insects and foul birds to harbor in it. Does she thrust out with equal zeal all trivial thoughts and gossip, with their malignant sting, from that most secret chamber?

She may live in a hut or a palace. But that place in which her soul dwells, is unseen by mortal eye. It is her work to keep it clean and pure as long as life lasts. When her body is carried out dead, her neighbors will enter and see her earthly house. But God alone, looking upon that secret dwelling, will judge what her soul and life have been. —*Youth's Companion.*

LET HOMES BE ON THEIR GUARD.

BY VIOLA ROSEBOROUGH.

In a recent visit to a little country village I was entertained in a Christian home overflowing with good books and papers. One day I picked up one, obviously of a lower literary grade than most of the periodicals about me, but still seeming to be a harmless and even admirable little sheet. It was plainly intended for country and village circulation; it contained information and advice about gardening and household interests, little stories and verses and items of news, all on the order of such things in many deservedly popular domestic journals.

But something turned my eye to the advertising columns. Here was a different story indeed; this simple "home" paper was full of the most plainly and outrageously indecent, immoral, and I sincerely trust illegal, advertisements. It had every appearance of being only a masked vehicle for such. It had been sent as a sample copy to my friend, and she had never looked at it. It was clear that I was the first one to do so, and I shall take care that, except for the persons whose help I shall seek in trying to check such insolent defiance of the decencies of civilization, I shall be the last. I thought nothing could be more unscrupulous than the conduct of the advertising departments of some of our great metropolitan dailies, but I see I was mistaken. I tell the incident to sound a note of warning.

See what is in the advertising columns of the periodicals that come into your house. Their general aspect proves nothing. These vampires who live on the destruction of both human souls and human bodies, cunningly adapt their appeals to excite the curiosity of the young, and they sell their goods, their pictures, books, etc., cheap. It is surely the duty of every one, not only to see that our families, our children-friends and children-neighbors are not thus poisoned, but to use all the means that the law gives us to stop such practices.

We are all busy in our own particular life work, or are bound down by the insisting necessities of daily life; most of us cannot personally undertake such crusades, but what we can do is to find who are the persons who make these very crusades their life-work, and put matters in their hands. That is the good, one of them, of organized reform, organized benevolence, organized advance. —*Union Signal.*

SELECTED RECIPES.

CORN MEAL GRMS.—One beaten egg, one pint of sweet milk, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one spoonful of sugar, half a cupful of flour, then thicken with Indian meal, so it will drop easily from a spoon, and bake in gem irons.

CORN MEAL GRIDDLE CAKES.—Beat two eggs and add one quart of sour milk, half a teaspoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of melted butter (or two of sour cream), two teaspoonfuls of soda dissolved. Make a batter of two-thirds Indian meal and the other third wheat flour. Bake on griddle.

BROWN BREAD TOAST.—If you have slices of brown bread that are too dry for the table, toast

and lay in a deep dish, spread a little butter on each slice, warm a teaspoonful of thin sweet cream, pour over the toast and serve. If you have no cream, put half a spoonful of flour in cold milk and mix, then pour into hot milk on the stove and cook two or three minutes, and pour over the toasted bread.

JOHNNY-CAKE.—Beat one egg, add one tablespoonful of sugar, half a teaspoonful of salt, two cupfuls of flour and enough sour milk to mix to the thickness of cake. Last of all, add one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in hot water. Grease a biscuit-tin and pour the mixture into it. If you like all crust only pour in enough to cover the bottom of the tin like a layer cake and the remainder on another tin. Bake in a quick oven.

HASTY PUDDING OR MUSH.—To make this have a kettle of boiling water—the quantity depends on how many members of your family enjoy it. Salt the water and have ready a dish of sifted fresh Indian meal, letting it pass slowly through your fingers while you stir rapidly with the paddle. Don't let it stop boiling. When you have stirred in one handful take up another and repeat the process, being careful not to get the mush too thick, as it thickens somewhat after you stop putting in meal. Do not leave it a moment but continue to stir it, mashing any lumps that may appear. When it is a success, it is smooth. Pour it in a tureen and have ready a pitcher of rich milk to eat on it. Serve it in oatmeal or bread and milk bowls. Some like this pudding with butter and sugar on it and children often prefer maple syrup to milk.

PUZZLES NO. 12.

SINGLE ACROSTIC.

1. A noted General.
 2. An American inventor.
 3. One of the natural beauties of North America.
 4. An American statesman.
 5. A Spanish explorer.
 6. A children's writer.
 7. A fashionable summer resort.
 8. An English poet.
 9. A city rich in wines.
 10. An American prose writer.
 11. The name of a banished ruler.
- The initials spell a famous composer of music.

BEHEADINGS.

1. Behead a grain, and leave the opposite of cold; again, and leave to masticate; again, and leave a preposition.
2. Behead the opposite of fast, and leave not high.
3. Behead a personal pronoun, and leave another personal pronoun.
4. Behead to upset, and leave a medicine; again, and leave sick.
5. Behead an animal, and leave a preposition.
6. Behead a weight, and leave a preposition.
7. Behead a metal, and leave advanced in years.
8. Behead a transparent substance, and leave a girl.
9. Behead a stream of water, and leave a bird.

A HIDDEN BOUQUET.

1. Are you regardless or relentless?
2. A tiny bird doth upon my lady's lip perch.
3. I am glad, ah! I have found thee out.
4. Mabel I. Lyons was her name.
5. Johnny caught his coat on a hook, and tore the arm in two.
6. Hal said to Ada, "Is Yucatan in Europe?"
7. Nero set Rome on fire.

BIBLE NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

- I am composed of 62 letters.
 My 10, 2, 18, 26, 32, 50, 62 and 57 spell one of the names given to the Divine being.
 My 23, 15, 30, 7, 40, is something which comes to us all.
 My 24, 56, 35, 42, 5, 45, is mentioned in the parable of the man who went into a far country.
 My 53, 37, 3, 31, 20, 48, paradise.
 My 11, 21, 59, 6, 16, 39, 31, 36, 60, 52, 47, are what this mortal must put on.
 My 1, 9, 4, 27, 14, 41, 57, eternity.
 My 13, 43, 4, 49, 29, 56, 59, a father of nations.
 My 43, 17, 53, 12, 3, 61, 44, a place where some of Jesus' friends lived.
 My 33, 46, 28, 35, 38, 4, 19, 61, some with whom Jesus showed great tenderness.
 My 8, 22, 51, 38, what Isaiah says the great Shepherd shall do to His flock.
 My 58, 25, 54, 55, a personal pronoun often used in the Bible.
 My whole is a promise of redemption in Isaiah. "I. G. P."

CHARADE.

My first is youth and health and grace.
 My second a garment, pretty and gay.
 My whole is what I'm in to-day.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES No. 11.

BIBLE ENIGMA.—

- Moses—Exodus 28. 1.
 Sacrifice—Heb. 10. 12.
 Congregation—Ezra 10. 1.
 Idolatry—Acts 16. 17.
 Sepulchre—Matt. 27. 60.
 Sanctuary—Exod. 25. 8.
 Confessing—James 5. 16.
 Tooth—Matt. 5. 38.
 Head—Heb. 2. 1.
 H, h, h.

Ans.—"Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee."—Isaiah 60. 1.

DIAMOND.—

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PIED CITIES.—Geneva. Cairo. Athens. Edinburgh. Rome. Buenos Ayres. Dublin. Calcutta. Vienna. Stockholm.

HISTORICAL ACROSTIC.—

1. P utna M
2. E mpir A
3. R ed Rive R
4. I sabbell A
5. C abo T
6. L cc H
7. E spej O
8. S olo N

ENIGMA.—Dickens.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS IN PI.—1. Guitar. 2. Banjo. 3. Zither. 4. Accordion. 5. Flute. 6. Piano. 7. Organ. 8. Violin. 9. French harp.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Correct answers have been received from Mabel S. Bromwell, Edith Grammie, Agnes Bromwell and Jennie B. Graham.