

HOUSEHOLD.

How to Make Children Kind.

(By Sarah K. Bolton, in N. Y. 'Ledger'.)

When I was a young girl I lived at the home of my uncle, Colonel H. L. Miller, in Hartford, Conn. To encourage generosity in the heart of his eldest child, Alice, though she did not need encouragement in that direction, he and my Aunt Martha allowed her to give each Christmas to the one or two hundred children in the orphan asylum, and sometimes other public institutions, a frosted cake, an orange and a book each; but in order to do this she must go without something that she liked, for instance, butter, of which she was very fond, or deny herself in some other way. This she did gladly, and I have no doubt but her after life, of as great self-sacrifice as I have ever known in missionary work in Boston and elsewhere, is in part due to the wise training of a Christian home.

There was no necessity for this self-sacrifice, for my uncle was a man of means, but it taught Alice a lesson which she never forgot.

If giving costs a child nothing, he or she does not notice the meaning of it. The older I grow, and learn how difficult it is to draw money out of people's pockets for any cause except for their own upbuilding—fine clothes or fine houses for themselves—the more I am sure that we must teach giving early in life.

Encourage children to give away some of their playthings, or the books they have read. The homes become full enough without hoarding. I often wonder what the Lord would say if he looked into some of our attics. He would find furniture packed away for years which would make some poor family comfortable, and cloaks kept by Christian women for ten or twenty years, thinking the fur on them might sometimes be needed for trimming!

One afternoon, my only son, then a child, and three children of our next-door neighbor, Lyman and his twin sisters, Edith and Addie Ford, found a mole, killed it because it dug up their playground, and brought it to me. Its skin was as smooth as velvet. I told the children how wonderfully it was made, digging its long passages underground with its pretty head as well as feet, its small eyes hidden by hair so that the dirt could not get in and produce blindness; the great good it accomplished in eating noxious insects and weeds, and the sin of destroying things that God had made, unless there was absolute necessity for so doing. Perhaps, too, there were little ones waiting for a mother who would never come back. Saddened at what they had done, without suggestion on my part, they took their little play-waggon, covered the bottom with flowers from the garden, laid the dead mole upon the flowers, and formed themselves into a funeral procession, the two girls leading the way, the two boys drawing the waggon after them. They dug a grave, lined it with flowers, and buried there the helpless thing whose life they had unthinkingly taken. The lovely twin girls were long since buried under flowers; and the boys, now grown to manhood, have always been extremely kind to animals.

Some years ago my husband and I were going to a Maryland Chautauqua. At the hotel and station combined, where we changed cars, I noticed an apparently half-famished gray cat, and asked the colored waiters if they fed her. They said they were not allowed to do so, for fear she would remain. I bought some food which I gave her. Soon after I saw a boy of perhaps eight years, handsomely dressed, go up to the cat and lick her off the porch. I spoke to him kindly, but firmly, and asked him why he did it. His reply was, 'Father does it, and says he'll kill her, and I'm trying to kill her too.' I saw the family at dinner, a young man and his wife, both stylish, and their un-governed child sat beside them. It is not difficult to predict the future of that boy, and his father will be largely responsible.

The Michigan State Prison has had the wisdom to allow eight hundred birds among as many prisoners, to make them more gentle and give them something to love and care for. What a pity that these men did not have these influences in childhood! Alas, that we allow sin to do its evil work among

the young, and then try to reform them after the damage has been done.

I think, with Professor Wesley Mills in the 'Popular Science Monthly,' that every family should have some one animal brought up with the household—a bird, a cat, or dog.

A lady said to me recently, 'I am bringing up a St. Bernard puppy to please my son, and it is so much work.'

'Better do it by all means,' I said. 'I doubt if the value of a dog can be over-estimated in the good it does a boy. The dog is a safe companion—some boys are not. It makes your child more contented at his home. It makes him kinder, more considerate, more cheerful—a better boy and a better man. You will be repaid for your trouble a thousand times.'

As I write this article a yellow St. Bernard dog, weighing over one hundred and seventy-five pounds, lies on the floor beside me, and in his paws asleep, a half-grown Maltese cat, with white face and breast. Two kittens were given to us, the wildest creatures I ever saw. They had never been touched by human hands. It was a month before I could catch them. Finally one of them died, and the other, apparently missing its playmate, made friends with our dog, Bernie, sleeps between his paws at night, goes out to walk with him by day, plays with his tail, and fondles his great paws as though they were strong enough to protect her from intruders. A dog teaches a lesson constantly of affection and faithfulness. I was reading only a few days ago about the monument erected recently at the suggestion of that noble woman, Frances Power Cobbe, aided by the Rev. N. D. Rawnsley, Vicar of Crossthwait, to Charles Gough, who was killed in 1805 by falling off the Helvellyn Mountain, in England. The body was found three months after death, his little yellow female terrier still watching beside the corpse. Her puppies, which she could not nourish, were dead beside her. Where will one find more devotion than this?

It was a noble thought to build a memorial for a son in the erection of the Leland Stanford, Jr., University, in California. An incident told of young Leland, shows what sort of a child he was, and what a man he would have become, for Miss Cobbe is right when she says, 'Extreme gentleness is ever surely a note of the highest order of men.'

Leland was always allowed to have pets. One day when he was about ten he saw a crowd of street boys pursuing a little, homely, yellow dog. He rushed out of doors, brought in the dust-covered dog, found that its leg was broken, took it in their carriage to the veterinary surgeon, and had it soon cured. The dog repaid him by the most ardent affection. When Leland died in Florence, Italy, a little less than sixteen years old, the body was brought back to their summer home at Palo Alto. The poor dog was heartbroken, for he knew all too well what that coffin meant. After the body was placed in the tomb the dog placed himself in front of the door. He could not be coaxed away even for his food, and one morning he was found there, dead through grief. They buried him near the body of his young master and friend.

If you wish your children to be gentle, tender to every living thing, unselfish, and noble men and women in the future, take the trouble to keep some pets in the house.

College Diet.

It is considered not quite 'womanly' to make much of a disturbance about eating. Yet the woman student, with the heavy demands upon her system, with her delicate organization, with an appetite too refined and discriminating to find satisfaction in crude and coarse cooking, needs the most carefully prepared and the most nourishing food it is possible to get to enable her to do her work successfully and creditably. What is the use of an elaborate system of physical training without some store of food-supply as a basis? What is the use of outdoor exercise to purify the blood, if there is no proper nourishment to feed it?

The parent then, in choosing a college for the daughter, must look carefully to the sort of table that is to be set before her. This is a matter that needs close attention, because it is so very hard to remedy. The college has provided means of exercise for pupils, partly because parents and the public could see whether this was done or not, partly because gymnasiums, athletic fields and athletic teams are means of attraction and a good advertisement. The college does not

provide as good a table as it ought to, because no one outside can easily know, or will care especially, whether it does or not. The college begrudges to food an expenditure which it might use to the enlargement of its faculty, or it prefers to keep living expenses to the lowest point so that as few students as possible may be kept away by the cost. Often the college may spend money enough for the raw material of food, but will employ some incompetent person as housekeeper, who has no judgment in the selection or preparation of food. Sometimes the students themselves regulate the table in student clubs, and reduce diet far below what it ought to be in their desire to reduce expenses as far as possible.—'College training for Women,' by Miss Cleghorn.

'You Naughty, Naughty Child'

This is the way we heard a mother address her child who had innocently picked up an expensive piece of bric-a-brac. What there was so very naughty about this act we could not understand. The vase was a handsome one, and we had a desire to examine it ourselves. Curiosity inspired each of us with the idea, and the only difference between the two was that we had no right to handle anything in the house without invitation, while the child was the only heir to the whole property. To be sure the chances of our injuring it would not be so great, but is this question of safety a question of naughtiness also? Once give a bright child to understand that he is naughty and he will become so thoroughly impressed with his own naughtiness that it will serve him as an excuse for every misdeed. When a child is naughty then it is time enough to inform him of the fact, and also the reason why such a conclusion is reached on your part. Let us expect good things from our children, and above all, let us so train them that they will know we expect good things from them.—'Trained Motherhood.'

Selected Recipes.

Cocoanut Blancmange.—One quart of rich milk—four table-spoonfuls of corn starch dissolved in one cupful of the milk, with three table-spoonfuls of sugar. When the milk begins to boil, stir in the mixture, and as it thickens, beat in lightly two cupfuls of cocoanut. Put in molds on ice. Serve with cream and sugar. A little yellow-orange peel may be cooked in the milk for a flavor. Take out before cooling.

Johnnycake.—

Two cups Indian, one cup wheat,
One cup sour milk, one cup sweet,
One good egg, that you will beat,
One-half a cup of molasses, too,
One-half a cup of sugar add thereto,
With one spoon of butter new,
Salt and soda each a spoon,
Mix it quickly, bake it soon.

A pretty pen-wiper to hang over a desk is made of two large black worsted tassels. Over each is a crocheted cover of red silk, which leaves the bottom of the tassel open to bury the pen in when wiping it. Make of black wool and red silk a twisted cord three-quarters of a yard long, fasten a tassel to each end of this, tie in a bow-knot and fasten it in position by two or three small tacks.

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