

WHAT MOTHERS SHOULD DO.

As the boys grow up, make companions of them, then they will not seek companionship elsewhere.

Let the children make a noise sometimes: their happiness is as important as your nerves.

Respect their little secrets; if they have concealments, worrying them will never make them tell, and patience will probably do the work.

Allow them, as they grow older, to have opinions of their own; make them individuals, and not mere echoes.

Remember that without physical health, mental attainment is worthless; let them lead free, happy lives, which will strengthen both mind and body.

Bear in mind that you are largely responsible for your child's inherited character, and have patience with faults and failings.

Talk hopefully to your children of life and its possibilities; you have no right to depress them because you have suffered.

If you have lost a child, remember that for the one gone there is no more to do—for those remaining, everything; hide your grief for their sakes.

Impress upon them from early infancy that actions have results, and that they cannot escape consequences, even by being sorry when they have acted wrongly.

Teach boys and girls the actual faults of life as soon as they are old enough to understand them, and give them the sense of responsibility without saddening them. —*Christian Guardian.*

OUR ADVANCING PHYSICIAN.

Great are the achievements of contemporary science in the department of therapeutics. No one who has undertaken to raise a family can fail, or at least should fail, to be thankful for anti-toxine. It has really annihilated the worst terrors of diphtheria, and grateful voices rejoice in it wherever it has been used. Its success revives hope that the wise men will presently learn to deal effectually with the bacilli of consumption, and of cancer, too, if it should turn out, as begins to be suspected, that cancer is a communicable disease.

Every great medical discovery seems to tend to run itself somewhat out of breath at the start. After the operation for appendicitis was invented, it was thought that skilful surgeons who knew how to do it were somewhat too willing to perform it, and slit open a good many people who would have got on better unopened. One hears now that as the novelty of the operation has worn off, and the doctors have grown more use to it, it is used with a riper discrimination than at first, and has grown surer and safer and a little less frequent.

Just now the medical novelty seems to be the pursuit of the microbe. It is carried on with an ardor that sometimes makes both laymen and doctors smile. One hears such stories as that of a man who went to his physician with a slight sore throat, left a little of the lining of it to be examined, got a gargle and went home. That night he went to the theatre, but was called out in the middle of the performance and told that the membrane from his throat had diphtheritic microbes in it, and that he must go home, which he did; but all the folks with sore throats in the audience who happened not to have seen a physician staid the show out.

We laugh at the multiplication of precautions, and think our medical masters aspire for us to an impracticable degree of security. But we don't laugh very hard, and we do as we are told, confident that after all that is known has been done for our protection there will still be a great plenty of chances for us to take. —*Harper's Weekly.*

Our Young Folks.

IF YOU LOVE ME.

"If you love me," Jesus said,
"You must show it;"
If you really love the Saviour,
You will know it;
If you love your little brother,
Your dear father, or your mother,
You don't have to ask another
If it's so,
For you know
That your hearts are bound together.

DUTY AND INCLINATION.

"Stay at home," said Inclination,
"Let the errand wait."
"Go at once," said Duty, sternly,
"Or you'll be too late."

"But it rains," said Inclination,
"And the wind is keen."
"Never mind all that," said Duty,
"Go and brave it, Jean."

Jean stepped out into the garden,
Looked up at the sky;
Clouded shrouded dreary, sunless,
Rain unceasingly.

"Stay," again said Inclination
"Go," said Duty, "go."
Forth went Jean with no more waiting,
Or a selfish "No."

You will smile if now I tell you
That this quiet strife,
Duty conquering Inclination,
Strengthened all her life.

HINTS FOR GIRLS MAKING VISITS.

When the note of invitation from your friend arrives, the first thing to do is to answer it, setting the day and the train when she may expect you. She probably mentioned the first in her invitation, and enclosed a time-table so that you might select your train. Having decided on this, keep your engagement. Do not allow a slight inconvenience, or an invitation elsewhere, or a caprice, to let you change your plan. Go when you are expected, and stay as long as you are asked to stay. An invitation usually mentions whether your friend would like you to come for a week, or ten days, or a fortnight, or it may read thus: "Please give us the great pleasure of a visit from you. Come on Friday afternoon and stay until Tuesday," or on "Monday, and help us celebrate Louise's birthday, which occurs on Tuesday; we will hope to keep you with us until Friday." It is very much pleasanter to know for how long you are invited than to have it left uncertain; but when no time is mentioned, one takes it for granted that a week will cover the period of the visit.

A girl will find her pretty travelling dress, which at this season is of rough cloth, dark brown or blue by preference, with a thick jacket and a neat little hat, suitable for walking, driving, and sight-seeing while away from home. She must be sure that her boots and gloves are in dainty order, without missing buttons, and, if she chooses, a fur collar or box and a muff may complete her out-door costume. For use in company, afternoon teas, evenings, little gatherings of friends at dinner, or any fête to which she is invited, a pretty waist of silk or chiffon and a skirt of silk or fine wool will be appropriate. In packing waists use plenty of soft white tissue-paper, so that they will come out uninjured at the journey's end. Your mother will provide you with a simple evening gown, if she thinks it needful, and a girl never looks sweeter than in

simple white muslin or in a white gown of some sort. With the white gown must be white shoes, and house gowns of all kinds need dainty foot-gear.

Now, pray forgive me, but when going on a visit never omit your night-gowns, changes of underclothing, stockings and handkerchiefs in abundance. A lady is never unprovided with enough of these essentials. Take your own comb and brush, your tooth-powder, tooth-brush cold cream and all the little toilet accessories which you like to have at home. Supply yourself with pins, the common kind and the sheath kind, and have your needle and thread in case of a rent to be mended. —*Harper's Round Table.*

A CAT THAT TOOK TO WATER.

The most interesting trait in our cat's character did not appear until he had been a week or so on board. Then he gave us a surprise. It was when we were lying in Camden harbor. Everybody was going ashore to take a tramp among the hills, and Charlie, the cook, was coming too, to row the boat back to the yacht.

Middy discovered that he was somehow "getting left." Being a prompt and very decided cat, it did not take him long to make up his mind what to do. He ran to the low rail of the yacht, put his fore-paws on it, and gave us a long, anxious look. Then as the boat was shoved off he raised his voice in a plaintive mew. We waved him a good-bye, chaffed him pleasantly, and told him to mind the anchor, and have dinner ready when we got back.

That was too much for his temper. As quick as a flash he had dived overboard, and was swimming like a water-spaniel after the dinghy!

That was the strangest thing we had ever seen in all our lives! We were quite used to elephants that could play at seesaw, and horses that could fire cannon; to learned pigs and to educated dogs; but a cat that of his own accord would take to the water like a full-blooded Newfoundland, was a little beyond anything we had ever heard of. Of course the boat was stopped, and Middy was taken aboard drenched and shivering, but perfectly happy to be once more with the crew. He had been ignored and slighted; but he had insisted on the rights, and as soon as they were recognized he was quite contented. —*St. Nicholas.*

SOPHIE'S COOKIES.

"If you would just let me have my own way," said Sophie, impatiently, "it bothers me to have any one around all the time."

"O well," said mother, "I thought I would only tell you to use—"

"But Jane's recipe is right here, as plain as day," said Sophie.

"And have—" continued mother.

"I am going to follow it just as near as I can. But I don't like to be told. I shall never learn anything with some one over my shoulder all the time."

"Well, good luck to you," said mother pleasantly, "I won't bother you any more. I have plenty to do in the sewing room."

When the cookies were passed that night Joe gave a long look.

"What is this, anyway? A chip from our big log? Queer shaped thing."

"They would not keep their shape some how," murmured Sophie.

"Did you make them, sister?" asked Charley, "what makes them so pale? They look unhealthy."

"I don't know why they wouldn't brown," said Sophie.

"That one looks like a molasses snap. Did you make two kinds?"

"That one's burned," said Sophie flushing.

"Did you put any what-you-call-'em in them—shortening?" said Jo, taking a bite.

"Too much flour," said Charley wisely.

"It was just the rule, anyway," answered Sophie ready to cry.

"Well, try, try again," Sophie, said Joe condescendingly, rising, "only use a different recipe. I can't risk my digestion."

"May I bother you a little bit about these cookies now, daughter?" said mother as the boys left the room.

"O, yes, anything, mother," said Sophie dejectedly.

"What was not in your recipe 'as plain as day,' my dear, was the warning not to use bread flour, and not to leave the upper draught open to cool the oven. And then it did not instruct you how to put cookies in the pan in order to keep their shape."

"These are what I call cookies," said Jo next night. "What's the difference in the recipe, Sophie?"

"It is one and the same, Jo, but these are mother's and mine together."

DISCOVERED THROUGH A CHILD.

When Sir Humphry Davy was a boy about sixteen, a little girl came to him in great excitement:

"Humphry, do tell me why these two pieces of cane make a tiny spark of light when I rub them together."

Humphry was a studious boy, who spent hours in thinking out scientific problems. He patted the child's curly head, and said,—

"I do not know, dear. Let us see if they really do make a light, and then we will try to find out why."

Humphry soon found that the little girl was right; the pieces of cane, if rubbed together quickly, did give a tiny light. Then he set to work to find out the reason, and after some time, thanks to the observing powers of his little friend, and his own kindness to her in not impatiently telling her not to "worry," as so many might have done, Humphry Davy made the first of his interesting discoveries. Every reed, cane, and grass has an outer skin of flinty stuff, which protects the inside from insects, and also helps the frail-looking leaves to stand upright.

Talking about children helping in discoveries, reminds us of another pretty tale.

In 1867, some children were playing near the Orange River, in Africa. They picked up a stone which they thought was only a very pretty pebble, far prettier than any they had found before.

A neighbor, seeing this stone, offered to buy it for a mere trifle. He, in his turn, sold it to someone else; and so the pebble changed hands, till at last it reached the governor of the colony, who paid two thousand five hundred dollars for it. This stone which the children had found was the first of the African diamonds.