

THE HOUSEHOLD.

A MOTHER'S CARE.

Lying between the leaves of my "Kemble's Christian Year," where for a long time it has served as a kind of a book mark, to be frequently read over, are the following lines cut from some paper—lines which I have often thought I would send to *The Household*. They are just what will come near to every Christian woman's heart, be she a mother or not, for with nearly all of us, is a feeling that

"There are so many trivial cares
That no one knows and no one shares."

That but for the one true Helper, we could not endure unto the end.

The most of us are too much inclined to look down, not up, to feel the weight of our cares and responsibilities so heavily, as upon ourselves alone, that we forget at times to cast them on him who has promised to bear the heaviest end of every cross and burden. We pour out our griefs, but forget to sing the psalms of joy which ought to make melody in our soul. I said the lines would come near to every Christian heart, may they, indeed, find an echo in the soul of every reader, and if we cannot at all times feel the "divine caress" which "makes its throbbing cease," may we be no stranger to "such felicity."

"A MOTHER'S CARE."

I do not think that I could bear
My daily weight of woman's care,
If it were not for this:
That Jesus seemeth always near,
Unseen, but whispering in my ear
Some tender word of love and cheer,
To fill my soul with bliss!

There are so many trivial cares
That no one knows and no one shares
Too small for me to tell,
Things e'en my husband cannot see
Nor his dear love uplift from me—
Each hour's unnamed perplexity
That mothers know so well.

The failure of some household scheme,
The ending of some pleasant dream,
Deep hidden in my breast;
The weariness of children's noise,
The yearning for that subtle poise
That turneth duties into joys,
And giveth inner rest.

These secret things, however small,
Are known to Jesus, each and all,
And this thought brings me peace.
I do not need to say one word,
He knows what thought my heart hath
stirred,
And by divine caress, my Lord,
Makes all its throbbings cease.

And then, upon his loving breast,
My weary head is laid at rest,
In speechless ecstasy;
Until it seemeth all in vain
That care, fatigue or mortal pain,
Should hope to drive me forth again
From such felicity!

ONE OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

—Household.

HOW TO SAVE BOYS.

Women who have sons to rear, and dread the demoralizing influence of bad associates, ought to understand the nature of young manhood. It is disturbed by vague ambitions, by thirst for action, by longings for excitement, by irrepressible desire to touch life in manifold ways.

If you, mothers, rear your sons so that their homes are associated with the repressions of natural instincts, you will be sure to throw them into society that in some measure can supply the need of their hearts.

They will not go to the public house at first for love of liquor—very few people like the taste of liquor; they go for the animated and hilarious companionship they discover that does so much to repress the disturbing restlessness in their breasts.

See to it, then, that their homes compete with public places in attractiveness. Open your blinds by day and light your fires by night. Illuminate your rooms. Hang pictures on the wall. Put books and newspapers on the tables. Have music and entertaining games. Banish demons of dullness and apathy that have so long ruled in your household, and bring in mirth and good cheer. Invent occupations for your sons. Stimulate their ambitions in worthy directions. While you make home their delight, fill them with higher purposes than mere pleasure. Whether they shall pass boyhood and enter upon manhood with refined tastes and noble ambitions depends upon you. Believe it possible that, with exertion and

right means, a mother may have more control over the destiny of her boys than any other influence whatever.—*Christian at Work*.

POULTRY KEEPING.

Every one knows what a hen-house should be—so warm that it will never freeze inside, clean and with plenty of sunlight; but how few provide such quarters for them. Old farmers can recollect when young cattle were wintered in open sheds and fed at the straw or bog-haystack, and when the common excuse for their unthriftiness was the vermin that were on them. It was thought good treatment enough for calves and colts, and to give them better care was pampering and spoiling their constitutions. As this has changed for the better, it may be possible to improve the condition of the poultry houses, and get better treatment for their inmates. Let those who say that poultry does not pay go to work and clean up the hen-house; give the walls a coat of white-wash, and the nests and roosts a brushing with kerosene; remove the manure under the roosts, and give a supply of clean, dry earth or wood ashes for them to wallow in; give them hot dough or boiled potatoes mixed with meal or wheat bran every morning; good corn, oats, or other whole grain at night; a few meat scraps and green vegetables every day; pure water all the time, and the better if slightly warm in the morning; keep a supply of cracked bones or oyster shells constantly on hand; and above all, make their room as warm as possible, and begin on the first of the year to keep a strict account with them for the ensuing twelve months, and they will give a different report next year. No fear of the business being overdone until chickens are sold at the same price per pound as whole hogs sell for, or until eggs can be bought so cheaply that it will not pay to send grain to Europe to feed poultry to produce eggs to be sent back here. At present prices of grain and poultry products it is not difficult to make a flock of young hens yield a profit of \$2 or \$3 per head a year, or as many times their own cost, while we should think a cow or horse that gave such a profit over cost of keeping was a phenomenal animal, as it would be. But such a result in poultry keeping can only be obtained by good care.

PARENTS AND CHILDREN.

There is too much talk of what is expected of the mother, and too much blame accorded her oftentimes when she strives hard to do her part, yet is cast down by the want of the needed moral support of her husband. This is not a matter of imagination, as some may suppose. It is but a few days since the writer heard the mother of a fine family express regret that her husband took no interest in the welfare of the children. He liked them while they were playthings, but after that seemed to forget that they needed his watch and care.

Go out upon the street of an evening where the little boys are playing, listen a few moments, and if you do not hear profanity and vulgarity you are fortunate. There is where the father is needed with a restraining and guiding influence or the boys should be at home. Fathers would find it for their own interest to share the evening sports of their young boys, and while they keep the lads pure, will grow better themselves. There is no society this side of heaven so good as that of little children, the pool-room and the club-room and political headquarters to the contrary notwithstanding, and if there is any business in life worth pursuing it is that of growing better and making the world better. And can we do anything to make the world better more effectively than by guarding the children from corrupting influences, and especially from the mischievous miasm of sensational literature? But the trouble is, too many parents like the sensational newspapers, and they are quite as corrupting as the dime novels, though they come in a different guise. Now we owe it to society, to the citizenship of the future, to discourage pernicious reading, and we urge it upon all parents to look well to their children's reading and whereabouts. "Take trouble for your children or they will make trouble for you," said Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, and we think she was right. There is plenty of good literature to be had at little more expense, and once a good taste is

acquired the sensational will not be attractive.

The writer remembers the lady with whom she boarded—and she was a lady every inch, though a hard-working woman—used to gather them into her kitchen, and with her own boys let them litter with scissors and paper, blocks and knives, until it looked like a work-shop; and she would take time to read them some instructive and entertaining story, which perhaps would delay her own work into the night. Then when the play or the storm was over and time to go home, they were invited to sweep and put the room in order, and in time she taught some of the mothers it was better to cultivate the best that was in their boys, instead of selfishly sending them away from the fireside. Her own boys were taught to be helpers in the house, in kitchen and dining-room; and to take care of their rooms. Another thing she did which was wise, and which all mothers do not do, she gave them as pleasant a chamber as she gave her daughters, and then put them on their good behavior towards appointments, and never regretted it.—*Chris. at Work*.

ESCALOPED POTATOES.—Cut a quart of cold boiled potatoes into very thin slices and season well with salt and pepper. Next butter an escalop dish. Put two tablespoonfuls of butter into a frying-pan, and when the butter has become hot, and before it has become browned, add a teaspoonful of flour. Stir it until a white froth has been formed, and then draw the frying-pan to a cooler part of the stove, and add, very gradually, a pint of cold milk. After about a third of this quantity has been thus used, move the frying-pan to the hottest part of the range and stir the mixture constantly until it bubbles; then add the remainder of the milk and let it boil up. Season with a little pepper and a third of a teaspoonful of salt. Spread a layer of this sauce on the bottom of the escalop dish, then a layer of potato, another of sauce and another of potato, and finish with one of sauce. Cover with fine dry bread crumbs and cook in twenty minutes. The potato can be sliced and seasoned the night before, and the crumbs and dish placed in readiness on the table, so that the work in the morning may be quickly done.

BEEF STEW.—Few persons care to stew raw meat, but as a way of serving up what is left of a roasted joint so that it may make a hot and appetizing dish, stewing is highly esteemed. Cut off, then, as much of a cold joint as will furnish enough food for your family, and about one hour before dinner-time lay it in a stew-pan that has a lid to it; add butter in proportion to the size of the dish, or, if you have been provident enough to set aside a good portion of yesterday's gravy, you will need almost none; cut into rings a boiled carrot, also a whole pickled cucumber, chop up a fraction of an onion, and two or three cold potatoes, adding pepper and salt to your taste, as also a teaspoonful of whole allspice; then add a little hot water, cover up your stewpan closely, and set it where it may stew gently until the hour comes for serving; send it to the table in a covered dish, and if carefully prepared, the chances are that the family will enjoy it more than many a more elaborate preparation.

WE DO NOT BELIEVE in rods over the mantel-piece, nor in a long code of rules and regulations with penalties attached for the governance of children, but we do believe in parental authority that rules, not arbitrarily, but lovingly and wisely; in a watchfulness that knows unmistakably where the boy or girl is every hour of the day or night, and especially the night—that wins the love and confidence of the children into a quiet and willing obedience, that furnishes attractive occupation and that keeps something good and elevating, or at the very least innocent before the children's mind, instead of leaving them to find or make for themselves pastimes that are often reprehensible and debasing.—*Christian at Work*.

POTATOES WITH CREAM.—The mistake usually made in preparing this excellent dish is, that many economical house-wives use cold boiled potatoes left from the preceding day. True economy would have been in boiling just enough for each meal; but for potatoes with cream, see to it that they are boiled and afterward cut up while warm, and seasoned with salt and pepper.

Boil half a pint of cream, add to it a walnut of butter, and add the potatoes to it. If milk is used, it may be thickened a little with flour.

CREAMED CABBAGE.—Slice as for cold slaw and stew in a covered saucepan till tender; drain, return to saucepan, add a gill or more of rich cream, one ounce of butter, pepper and salt to taste; let simmer two or three minutes, then serve. Milk may be used by adding a little more butter; or have a deep spider hot, put in the sliced cabbage, pour quickly over it a pint of boiling water, cover close and cook for ten minutes, then pour off water, and add half a pint of rich milk. When the milk boils stir in a teaspoonful of flour moistened with a little milk; season, cook a moment and serve.

TOMATO OMELET.—Scald and skin three ripe tomatoes; quarter them; fry a quarter of an onion (minced) in an ounce of butter, toss the tomatoes in this, add a little water to prevent burning; season with salt, a pinch of cayenne pepper and a very slight suspicion of mace; simmer until reduced to a pulp. Break three eggs separately, beat them together, put them in the frying pan and when slightly browned on the bottom prepare to fold the omelet; just before so doing add the tomato pulp and turn the omelet out on a hot dish, surround it with a little tomato sauce and serve.—*The Cook*.

CHEESE FONDU.—Two cups milk, with a pinch of soda stirred in; one cup very dry, fine crumbs; half pound of dry cheese, grated; four beaten eggs, one tablespoonful of melted butter, pepper, salt and a pinch of mace. Soak the crumbs in the milk; beat in the eggs, butter, seasoning—lastly, the cheese. Butter a pudding dish; put in the mixture; strew on top with fine crumbs and bake, covered, half an hour; then brown quickly. Eat soon, as it will fall in cooling.

PUZZLES.

A CONUNDRUM.

Two little brothers, the live-long day,
Chasing each other, but not for play.

The tall one far outruns the other,
Yet off is caught by the slower brother.

They never speak in angry word,
Though all day long their voice is heard.

And sometimes even in the night,
When I am wrong, they set me right.

Can you their names and dwelling tell?
I'm sure you know them very well.

For all their doors are made of glass,
And you may see them as you pass.

INCOMPLETE SENTENCES.

Fill the second blanks with the word of the first blank decapitated.

1. Annie had to hunt for her — so she went to school —.
2. We bought a — of fruit, and we found it first —.
3. Before we reached the — there was a driving —.
4. We enjoyed our tricycle jaunt, traveling over a — fine —.

PL.

Sith drowl si lla a glentife whos,
Rof sa'mn isollnu vinge;
Eth simels fo oiy, het stare fo oew,
Eedticull hesin, ditliciene wlof,
Str'eeh nnohgti rute tub eevnah.

CHARADE.

My first gleams bright 'mid azure shields,
On rich emblazoned argent fields.
If you too often use my second,
An egotist you will be reckoned.
My third, it is a battle-cry;
And be it yours in every high,
And good, and noble end and aim,
As such it is the road to fame,
My belted whole you may descry
Illumining the southern sky.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN LAST NUMBER.

CHARADE.—FUNGUS.

ACROSTICAL WORD-SQUARE.—

M A D A M
A D A G E
D A V I D
A G I T E
M E D E S

PL.— Kind hearts are the gardens,
Kind thoughts are the roots,
Kind words are the blossoms,
Kind deeds are the fruits.

CHARADE.—Aladdin.