

HOUSEHOLD.

Don't Make the Wrinkles Deeper.

('Michigan Advocate.')

Is father's eyesight growing dim,
His form a little lower?
Is mother's hair a little gray,
Her step a little slower?
Is life's hill growing hard to climb?
Make not their pathway steeper;
Smooth out the furrows on their brows,
Oh, do not make them deeper.

In doubtful pathways do not go,
Be tempted not to wander;
Grieve not the hearts that love you so,
But make their love grow fonder.
Much have thy parents borne for thee,
Be now their tender keeper;
And let them lean upon thy love,
Don't make the wrinkles deeper.

Be lavish with thy loving deeds,
Be patient, true and tender;
And make the path that ageward leads,
Aglow with earthly splendor.
Some day thy dear ones, stricken low,
Must yield to death, the reaper;
And you will then be glad to know
You made no wrinkles deeper.

Home Lessons.

(By Mary Wood-Allen, M.D., in 'Congregationalist,' Boston.)

Why is it that foreigners coming to our land become anarchists? May it not be because the rebellion against old-world despotism, woven into the fabric of being through generations of oppression, finds in our very home life a spirit of lawlessness which these strangers misinterpret as liberty? American children are criticised the whole world over as ungoverned and ungovernable. Is it any wonder that the ignorant foreigner imagines this license to be the freedom for which in his old world home he longed?

If we are to have law-abiding citizens in the state we must have law-abiding children in the home. The nation is an aggregation of households, and if households are not well-governed we cannot reasonably expect their members graciously to accept the governing of the nation.

The habit of cheerful and prompt obedience should be formed in the home and in the earliest period of existence. We sometimes see parents smiling at the perversity and wilfulness of a two-year-old child, forgetting that it is but the beginning of anarchy. It may be funny to see a baby slap his mother in a fit of infantile rage, but it is no longer laughable when, as a grown man, in a fit of temper he knocks her down or takes her life. We need not wonder if the child who strikes and throws things when he cannot have his way develops into the man who thinks to win his way by fists or pistols. The mother who says laughingly that she cannot govern her six-year-old son may be obliged with tears to see him at sixteen under the control of the state for lawlessness.

In a home of culture I saw this little scene. A boy of five was going out to play. The air was cold and raw and the mother wanted him to put on an overcoat. The child refused. 'But, my dear,' said the mother, gently, 'you must put it on. You will take cold.' 'I won't put on that old coat, I tell you.' 'O, please do.' 'I won't.' 'Just to please me.' 'No.' The father now came to the front. 'My son, you must put on that coat.' 'Well,

I won't, and you might as well make up your minds to that.' The mother took hold of the child, he pulled to get away, and not succeeding struck at her and bit her hand. The father attempted to get hold of him, but he broke away and ran with a tantalizing laugh, 'You didn't come it, did you?' The father turned to me smilingly, saying: 'Well, when he makes up his mind you may as well give in first as last.' The mother shook her finger after the boy, and that ended the matter. But did it end it? Who can foretell the end? Who can see what may result from such home training?

This is not an isolated case. We have but to keep our eyes open to see similar instances on every hand. In public and in private, children are lawless. On shipboard, at church socials, at picnics, the children literally run over everybody, and often without an effort at control by their elders.

Boys and girls come and go at their own will. People whose business brings them into towns on late trains see children of all ages playing around the stations and the streets. At election times I have heard the voices of boys not more than six years old on the streets all night long. Frequenters of theatres see groups of lads and small boys waiting at the doors as they pass out at midnight. In one Western town, after a public open-air gathering, the police found girls as well as boys playing in the park at three o'clock in the morning.

Had these children parents? Yes, and not all of them as ignorant or degraded as one might imagine. Some of them were indifferent, some thoughtless, some only indulgent, some powerless to control. But, whatever the reason, the result is the same—children and youths growing up without wholesome supervision and control, becoming acquainted with all forms of vice and acquiring vicious habits, and all tending to the creation of an undesirable type of national character. It will be difficult for these lawless children to mature into law-abiding adults. The child who grows up with the habit of running from the 'cops' will not find it hard to fall into a course of life that necessitates continual avoiding of the representatives of law and order.

Selected Recipes.

Angel Cream.—Put in double boiler one pint of new milk, saving out enough to rub smooth three heaping teaspoonfuls of corn starch. Add to hot milk one-half cupful of sugar. Take it from the fire and add ten drops of almond extract and whipped whites of three eggs. Mould and pour over, when serving, a rich boiled custard made of one and one-half cupfuls of milk, two tablespoonfuls of sugar and the yolks of three eggs. Flavor the custard with vanilla.

Treacle Pudding.—Chop six ounces of suet, add to it half a pound of flour, one teacupful of treacle, and one well-beaten egg. Mix all together, tie into a scalded and floured cloth, and boil for three hours.

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Cup Pudding.—This is a useful pudding for an invalid or a little child. Take half a teacupful of bread soaked in milk, beat it up well with a fork, and add a well-beaten egg. Pour into a buttered cup, and boil for twenty minutes. Serve with a little sifted sugar over.

Sunday Pudding.—Put three-quarters of a pound of flour into a basin, add to it half a pound of finely-sifted suet, six ounces of sultanas, six ounces of raisins (stoned), and a piece of candied peel chopped. Mix the pudding with two well-beaten eggs and as much milk as is necessary; boil six hours. This pudding should be made the day before it is required, so as to give it a sufficiently long boiling.

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