

HOUSEHOLD.

Love's Easter.

The comfort of the Easter Day
Comes not alone to those who lay
Their loved ones down with sealed eyes
But to those hearts whose restless moan
To sleep beneath the bending skies,
Tells of sweet hopes too swiftly flown—
Of friends, who tossed love's costly flower
Aside—the bauble of an hour,
And left us, while they yet remain
A legacy of ceaseless pain.
By these sad graves through darkened days.
A tender, white-robed angel stays
To roll the stone, that we may see
Love crowned with immortality.

—Ellen M. Comstock.

Ten Commandments for the Mother.

1. Be healthy.
2. Be joyful.
3. Be beautiful.
4. Be gentle and placid.
5. Be firm without severity.
6. Do not stint your mother love. Tenderness is not effeminacy. And just because life often is cold and hard and cruel, a sunny, bright, glad childhood is a blessing for the whole life.
7. Discipline as life disciplines. It does not scold, it does not plead, it does not fly into a passion. It simply teaches that every deed has its adequate effect.
8. Do not laugh at the little sorrows and pains of child life. Nothing wounds a child more than to find ridicule where it looked for sympathy.
9. In illness and danger protect, nurse, cherish and cheer as much as in your power. And yet do not weaken your vitality by giving away to anguish and sorrowing. What can be done must be done as well as possible.
10. Do not forget the happiness of having a child includes the duty of smoothing his way in the world—of endowing him with health, gladness, courage, vigor; of finally letting him live his own life freely and in his own way. Your pay you have had in advance, for your sorrowing was happiness and your sacrificing joy.—Translated for 'Harper's Bazar' from 'Die Illustrierte Frauenzeitung.'

A Helpful Home.

At first it was only a plan, talked of one afternoon as a group of girls were chatting together. They had been discussing their plans for the future, and presently the brown-eyed girl began to speak:

'I would like to have a home of my own some day,' she said, 'just a nice, cozy home; then I would lend it to other people.'

'Lend it to other people—what a queer idea,' chorused her companions in surprise; 'how could you do that?'

'Why, this way,' she explained. 'I would have a pretty sitting-room for tired mothers, a dainty dining-room in which to give pleasant little teas, and a spare room for visitors who needed a change occasionally. Yes, I have it all planned out now, even to the ones I would invite.'

'Then count us among the number,' remarked her friends, smiling at the novel idea, and after a little more talk the group separated.

Years passed by; they were separated in a wider sense, and in the meantime some of them had realized their wishes and some had not; but among the former was the brown-eyed girl. She had become the happy mistress of a little home, and the plan formed in her girlhood days was not forgotten. Her resources, however, were limited, for the house contained only six rooms; but to each careful thought had been given, and though plainly furnished, they were beautiful with the true beauty of simplicity. Frequently, too, were they 'lent,' even as their owner had planned in former times.

Yet it was not from the circle of her intimate friends that her guests were most often chosen. The little hostess reasoned that they

had comfortable homes of their own and did not need help. But there were others, so many others, whose lives seemed but a round of toil amid surroundings where beauty was unknown, even though hearts and minds craved for it.

'They have such hard lives,' the little woman observed sympathetically, 'and have to live in such ugly houses. Perhaps a few hours spent in another home would help them a little. I mean to try the plan, anyway.'

So she set to work; and thus it came to pass that there were many pleasant gatherings in the small house on the hill. Sometimes only one guest would be present, sometimes two; but never more than three or four at once.

Perhaps the visitor would be a weary mother who was asked to spend an afternoon in the bright sitting-room (parlor there was none) among the books and flowers. Or else two old friends would be bidden and then left for a cozy chat together. Again, the guest would be a homeless woman, a dweller in boarding houses, and for a time she would have a glimpse of real home life.

Tired workers, too, worn out in mind and body, were welcomed cordially, and for them the hostess would play sweet, restful music. She was not a skilled musician, but from her small organ she could draw forth the old, old melodies which after all are best. And thus many different people, different creeds and classes, but all one in their human needs, found a refuge in her home; and wisely she ministered unto them, carrying out her plan of simple kindness.

All, however, was done quietly, and never was there any special effort made at entertaining. She considered her own family worthy of the best she could give, and her guests fared as they did. Yet, in a small house on a small income, she helped more than those whose riches were great; and through her influence many a life was brightened, many a heart strengthened and comforted.

True, it required much unselfish effort, for her household cares were many and there were no servants to share them. But she gave herself and her home freely to the cause. She was a woman who wanted to help and who did so, realizing thus her girlhood's dream. And in its simplicity and its helpfulness, does it not offer an example many might follow?—The 'Interior.'

How to Prevent Consumption.

Consumption (with other forms of tuberculosis) causes one death in every eight in this country. Of all deaths in the Dominion, between the ages of twenty-five and thirty-five, nearly one-half are due to consumption.

It gives rise to a vast amount of suffering and permanent ill-health. It is calculated that in Canada, at the present moment, between 30,000 and 40,000 persons are suffering from it.

The disease is preventable.

Consumption is contracted by taking into the system, chiefly by inhalation, the germ or microbe of the disease. The invasion of the system by the tubercle bacillus or germ may be induced by a great variety of conditions, such as living in overcrowded, ill-ventilated, dark, dirty rooms; insufficient or bad food; alcoholism and other forms of dissipation; infectious fevers, or other illness; by anything which enfeebles the constitution and thus impairs its power of resistance. The germ is contained in the dust particles of the dried spit of the consumptive, and in the minute droplets sprayed into the atmosphere by the consumptive in coughing.

These germs are only derived from persons suffering from consumption, or some other form of tuberculosis. They are found in vast numbers in the phlegm, spit, or expectoration of a consumptive person.

In a moist state this expectoration does not infect the air, excepting by the sprayed droplets in coughing, but if allowed to dry and become dust it is exceedingly dangerous, and is then a means by which the disease is spread from person to person.

The best place for a consumptive is a sanatorium. If this is impracticable, he must sleep in a separate bedroom.

PRECAUTIONS.—It is essential for the pro-

tection of their own families, and to prevent the spread of the disease among the general public, that the following simple precautions be taken by consumptive persons:

The consumptive person must not expectorate about the house, nor on the floor of any cab, omnibus, street-car, railway carriage or other conveyance. Spitting about the streets, or in any public buildings (churches, schools, theatres, railway stations, etc.), is a dangerous as well as a filthy habit.

The consumptive person must not expectorate anywhere except into a cup or small spittoon kept for the purpose, and containing a little water.

When out of doors, a small, wide-mouthed bottle with a well-fitting cork, or a pocket spittoon, which may be obtained from any chemist, should be used.

The expectoration must be washed into a drain, buried in the earth, or thrown into the fire.

The cup or spittoon must then be kept in boiling water for ten minutes before being thoroughly cleaned.

When not provided with a proper spittoon, a consumptive person must not spit into a handkerchief, but into a piece of rag or paper, which must be burnt.

Handkerchiefs which may have been used of necessity should be boiled half an hour before washing.

Consumptive persons must not swallow their phlegm, as, by so doing, the disease may be conveyed to parts of the body not already affected.

A consumptive person must not kiss, or be kissed, on the mouth.

A consumptive person, when coughing, should always hold a handkerchief in front of his mouth, and avoid coughing in the direction of another person.

General Precautions to be observed:—

Live as much as possible in the open air.

All rooms occupied by consumptive persons should be as well lighted and ventilated as possible. Fresh air, light and sunshine are most important preventives of consumption. It is not safe for a healthy person to share a bedroom with a consumptive.

No chimney should ever be blocked up, and windows should be kept open.

Cleanliness and good sanitary surroundings are important, both for the prevention and for the cure of consumption.

Wet dusters must be used to wipe up the dust on the floor, furniture, woodwork, etc., and must afterwards be boiled. Tea leaves used on the floor should afterwards be burnt. Do not chase dust about or stir it up.

Milk, especially that used for children and invalids, should be boiled or sterilized. Meat should be well cooked.

A room which has been occupied by a consumptive should not be used again until it has been thoroughly cleaned. In the event of a death from consumption, advice may be sought from the local sanitary authority.—'Presbyterian.'

As a Tired Mother.

'As a tired mother when the day is o'er,
Leads by the hand her little child to bed,
Half willing, half reluctant to be led,
And leaves his broken playthings on the floor,
Still gazing at them through the open door,
Nor wholly reassured and comforted,
By promises of others in their stead,
Which though more splendid, may not please
him more;

So nature deals with us and takes away
Our playthings one by one, and by the hand
Leads us so gently that we go
Scarce knowing if we wish to go or stay,
Being too full of sleep to understand
How far the unknown transcends the what
we know.'

—Longfellow.

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