

HOUSEHOLD.

Motherhood.

Good-bye, little boy, good-bye,
I never had thought of this,
That some day I'd vainly sigh
For the baby I used to kiss.
That into his corner a man would grow,
And I should not miss him nor see him go,
Till all of a sudden the scales would fall,
And one be revealed to me, straight and tall,
Then I should be startled, and sadly cry:
'Good-bye, little boy, good-bye!'

Good-bye, little boy, good-bye,
You are going despite my tears.
You can not, and neither can I,
Successfully cope with the years.
They fit the burden that all must bear,
And then, at their pleasure, they place it
there.
I love you, too, but my heart is sore
For the child who has gone to return no
more,
And deep in my bosom I sadly cry:
'Good-bye, little boy, good-bye!'
—Isabel Richy, in 'New England Farmer.'

Borrowing Books.

(By Emma Churchman Hewitt.)

Do you borrow jewellery from your school-mates. One can never know when an accident may happen to it. A few years ago, a ring so borrowed contained a valuable stone. It was only worn a few short hours, but in that time a jewel which it took forty dollars to replace had been irretrievably lost. It had disappeared, no one could imagine where. But this is not what we were to talk about to-day. 'Borrowing books' was the theme. There is no earthly objection to either lending or borrowing a book. It is the one kind of borrowing of which I heartily approve—with certain restrictions. These restrictions are two, it should be well cared for and returned as soon as read.

Taking the latter restriction first, let us consider whether it be possible to be more careful than we are. If we have a book from a public library, we read it in the prescribed time, because we know if we do not there will be a fine to pay. But if we borrow from a friend, are we careful to finish in a reasonable time? Most of us are not. We think that as long as a book is borrowed instead of out of the library, we can keep it any time, and therefore we keep it and keep it instead of finishing it and returning it so that someone else may have the advantage of it. There are certain people in this world, dear, good, sweet people in other respects, who are so easy going in this one that their friends positively dread lending them a book, never knowing when they shall see it again.

Now, Edna, I have something to say to you personally, but it shall be said so low that the others cannot hear. What did you do with that pretty blue book you borrowed of Isabel yesterday? Ah, you blush! You do not know. You have been looking for it everywhere to-day. I have been watching your troubled countenance, and I have been wicked enough to be rather glad you were so troubled, for it seemed as if you needed a good lesson to make you careful of other people's possessions. While you were searching upstairs and downstairs so quietly but so diligently, for fear you would receive another well-merited rebuke from your mother, the pretty blue book was resting quietly in a bureau drawer, where it was put by myself. Do you know where I found it? Lying open, face downward, on a chair, and on top of it Baby's little spade, covered with garden soil. Baby had no business to bring his spade into the house, you say. That I quite grant you, but you, who are twelve years older, are quite old enough to know that that does not excuse you for your carelessness with a borrowed book.

Many people are like myself—a book to me is a personal friend, breathing of something which is entirely apart from the subject matter within. I even confess to a weakness for second-hand books. An absolutely new book has half the charm that those have which look as if they had been lived with and loved for themselves. To have this atmosphere, however, a book must be

well-treated and well-preserved. It ruins a book to lay it face down, even if Baby does not put his little spade upon it.

The moment you bring a borrowed book into the house, even if it should only have a paper cover (more particularly, in fact, if it has a paper cover, for they are so delicate), it should at once be covered with stiff paper. Then you are sure that a drop of water will not mar it, and that careless handling by any of the family or servants will not soil it. When you are not reading it, it should be carefully laid upon a shelf or in a drawer where it is free from harm. If these two things are observed and books are returned in a reasonable time, you will find all your friends willing to share their treasures with you.—'Christian Work.'

Quarrelsome People.

Some people are born with quarrelsome tendencies, but by far the greater number of those who spend their time in petty contentions have a quarrelsome disposition thrust upon them in childhood. Take, for example, a family in which there is a habit of bickering over trifles. One person announces at breakfast that Uncle Robert and Aunt Amanda are coming to call to-day after their drive from the farm and their visit at Cousin Sue's. Another instantly declares that the two relatives have no intention whatever of calling at Cousin Sue's, and a third says they are coming to-morrow and not to-day. The matter in dispute could be easily settled by a reference to the letter which gave the information, but nobody thinks of this, and the household is agitated and upset by an undignified and absurd squabble, to no purpose whatever.

Worse, still, the home atmosphere is disturbed, and the children learn to be cross and contradictory, human nature being prone to learn the worse rather than the better thing on every possible occasion.

It is a good rule in home life to avoid all arguments which tend to irritate or wound. Blessings on the memory of a saint of ninety years who once said to me, I being a girl of fifteen at the time:—'Dear child, never insist on the last word about anything. It isn't worth while. You can keep your own opinion, but let your friend express his if he wants to, and refuse for your part to quarrel about a trifle.'—'Baltimore Advocate.'

Good Reading.

Many of our schools make far too little of the study of reading. If correct habits and tastes for reading are not acquired when young, they are never acquired. The mental associates of any person have more to do with his character, his happiness, or misery, and his eternal welfare, than his material associates. In these days of cheap books and free libraries, there is little excuse for a person to read bad books, except the ignorance that they are bad. Read for knowledge, for the strengthening of all that is best in you, for elevation of your ideals, for the appreciation of nobility, virtue, goodness, for we grow like that which we admire. That book is good, that does you good. That book is bad, that in any way lowers your tone of mind, morals and manners. Read for the training of the imagination, that God-given reproductive power of the mind; read for rest and recreation. Discriminate in reading as you would in choosing friends. One writer says, 'A student should be as careful of what books he reads as of what company he keeps; they both leave the same tincture on the mind.' Do you know the fearful power of memory, that no impression made upon the mind can ever be effaced? See to it that you have no mental furnishing which will appear before you uncalled and unwelcome. I have heard people say, 'It doesn't make any difference if I do read trash—I forget it right away.' You may seem to forget, but trashy reading does its work upon some mental power. When there are so many beautiful, true, good, uplifting thoughts and people to know in literature, why store your mind with the low, the impure, the trash? Why associate with those characters in literature, that you would shun with abhorrence in real life, or blush to own as acquaintances? Some books are seemingly attractive, filled with the lurid glow of money, power, fashion, and what passes for love—but the only virtuous characters are weak, unattractive creatures, without the power that God has given to virtue and uprightness. One feels as if needing a bath

after reading such books, and rinsing the mouth to get the taste out. There are such books by popular authors, called 'nice' by many who ought to know better. Don't read anything that in any way tends to unfit you for the plain, simple, everyday, God-given duties of life. A German boy was reading a blood and thunder novel. Right in the midst of it he said to himself, 'This will never do. I get too much excited over it. So here goes!' and he flung the book out into the river. That was the boy who became Fichte, the great German philosopher.—'Helping Hand.'

Fault-Finding.

A single pithy quotation which many of us would do well to print in gilt letters and tack in the most conspicuous part of our very own apartment is, 'Strive to learn the hard lesson of admiring rather than criticizing.' To find fault seems so much easier than to praise. The husband grumbles at the luke-warm, muddied coffee on Monday morning, but forgets to praise the excellence of the clear, strong, smoking-hot beverage on the six other days in the week. The mistress tells the maid of the undusted chair, but does not notice the shining glass and silver. The school-teacher condemns the blotted copy, and passes without mentioning the correct example in arithmetic. The mother at her work, calls impatiently to her boys when a door is slammed, and bids them 'be quiet,' never giving a thought to the silence that has reigned in the house for the past hour, during which time quiet plays have been the rule in the nursery, so that 'dear mamma,' will not be disturbed. After the harsh word has been uttered it is too late to make it as if it had never been. Salve may soothe a wound, but it does not banish all pain and smooth away the scar. While to repress the indignant sentence of disapproval may cause an actual struggle with inclination and temper, this struggle does not leave behind it the poignant pain that does the memory of your hasty criticism and our tardy praise.—'Bazar.'

Selected Recipes

Caramel Custard. — Let a cupful of light brown sugar melt and brown in a saucepan over a moderate fire, stirring constantly to prevent burning; when well browned pour over it half a coffee-cupful of boiling water, let it simmer slowly; beat four eggs, add a pinch of salt and a quart of new milk; when the caramel is melted add it to the milk and stir well, pour in custard cups and bake in a dripping pan of hot water in a quick oven about half an hour; serve cold.

Make a batter of one pint of milk, two eggs and flour enough not to make too stiff; add four tart apples chopped fine; fry in lard, and serve with powdered sugar sprinkled over them.

Sponge Jelly Cake.—Beat together the yolks of five eggs, one cupful of sugar, and the grated rind of a lemon; add the whites of the eggs, well-beaten, a cupful of flour, with which a teaspoonful of baking powder has been sifted, and pour into jelly pans. Bake in a quick oven till done. Spread jelly over the bottom of the cake and lay one cake over the other, and sprinkle sugar on top, or frosting, if preferred.

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