

THE HOUSEHOLD.

"I LOVE YOU."

A tired woman hushed to sleep her nestling babe. Beauty once made her face radiant, perhaps, but all that beauty is gone now. The blue eye is dim and faded—the pale brow covered with lines of care. Perhaps, with that far-off look of hers, she sees three little graves, green with as many summers. Her home is very humble—all day she has toiled, and the fainting spirit almost surrenders to fatigue, the downcast eye trembles in tears—she is so weary. And every nerve tingles when the "boys" come hungry from school, some with a tale of sorrow that mother must hear.

And after they were hushed with kisses or chidings, it is time to get supper for seven hungry mouths, and the accustomed, never-ending routine of putting away and cleaning up, till the worn-out creature wonders with a sigh if there really will ever come a rest to her—an eternal rest.

At last she can seat her weary limbs in the old corner rocking-chair. The babe, whose eyes close fitfully to a lullaby, lies in his father's lap. He is a plain man, that good father, with an honest face and a great heart, that would take in all the cares and sorrows of the household.

The babe sleeps. With a rude gentleness he lays it on its mother's bosom, and as the ruddy firelight plays over her careworn features, he looks upon her with eyes suddenly grown lustrous and beautiful. He lifts his great hand softly till it rests on her shoulders, as he says:

"I love you, Mary."

How the poor heart leaps into love, light and rest. How vanish the cares that trod upon her very soul. She reflects not now that the pretty babe with pink-flushed cheek against her breast has worn her patience thread-bare with its constant tears and unrest. She forgets that the fire would smoke, the broth burn, that the children teased her, that the clothes-line broke, and that her whole frame ached with fatigue.

What were these in comparison with the steadfast love that has burned for eighteen years, and is the sunlight of happiness, through the clouds of despair, when the beauty that made her winning and the freshness of her youth departed forever? What cared she for aught outside her home, though she had many sorrows, while such words thrilled her whole being?

"I love you, Mary."

Ah! you long-married, repining husbands, who exact every attention and duty—how much would it cost to make your home thus beautiful, with all its cares? I tell you, one word will loosen great burdens from the shoulders of the woman you call wife. Try it. Go home some night and look upon her with the eyes of long ago. For one moment think how great trials she took into her heart when she married you. Then tenderly clasp her hand, and as she looks with wonder-opened eyes, say to her in a low and steady voice, not carelessly and sportively, but earnestly:

"I love you."

Trust me, it will be to her and to you both better than diamonds.—*Standard.*

EARLY RISING.

Early rising has its advantages, for as the old proverb has it, the morning hour has gold in its mouth. Still it is one of those things which by common consent are set very high in the list of desirable virtues, and yet which are open to certain doubts and objections. Early rising, unless preceded by early bedtime and sound sleep may be very unhealthy. Delicate children should never be wakened till they have fully had their sleep out, and nature will then awaken them. We do not underestimate the pleasure and propriety of having the family all seated at once at the breakfast table, but in many homes an elastic breakfast hour would be a boon. If one or two people in the house by reason of engagements must sally forth very early, it is often better to let them have their morning meal by themselves while others rise and breakfast later. Many a worn and ailing mother, whose sleep is disturbed by the cares of her nursery, owes it to herself and to her family to take a morning nap, and to make up the arrears of repose by late rising. Breakfast in one's room or in bed is not unfrequently a wise and sensible measure for semi-invalids, or for those who would be

such if they had time or will to consider their own infirmities.

To sit up till midnight and to rise with the dawn, is to sinfully and prodigally burn life's candle at both ends. This species of insanity is practised by the very persons who for unselfish reasons ought to be careful of their health and economical of their strength. Overwork is as criminal as over-indulgence, and it is a temptation to which most of us are vulnerable. Our climate is stimulating, our associations crowd us with motives for energy, and an overwhelming public opinion condemns the idler, the laggard, and the shirk. There is electricity in the air we breathe, and from our babyhood we are incited to make haste, to do two hours' work in one, to be at the end of a task before we have fairly begun it. Hence arises a lack of thoroughness in many individuals. Brilliance is looked for rather than painstaking, and imperfect sketchiness is far more common than exquisite finish and trained capability. What has early rising to do with this, says mother-familias, who persists in ringing the bell at a stated hour, and insists that everybody shall heed it. Nothing, dear madam, in itself, but much if it be taken as one illustration of our indiscriminating way of expecting everybody to be run into the same mould and of setting some good habits up as graven images, to which we pay honor and render worship at the expense of others equally praiseworthy and admirable. It is better to rise at eight in the freshness of renovated powers than to rise at five, jaded, aching, and half asleep, to drag wearily through the first quarter of the day, doing nothing well, and exasperating one's friends by fretfulness and fault-finding.

But you who have the blissful habit of early rising formed, whose health is sufficient to it, whose good sense sends you to seek sleep by nine or at the latest ten o'clock, what delights are yours! What ecstasy to watch the oncoming of the early day, the sky unfolding its pearl and rosy gates to let the monarch in. How sweet the songs of the birds! How lustrous the dew on the leaves! How fragrant the air! What charm in the purity of the hour! How vital every breath that fans the cheek! How tender and precious the communion at that sacred time with the Lord who draws near to the heart which lifts to Him its matin praise!—*Christ. Intelligencer.*

CARE OF NAILS.

Some persons insist that the finger-nails are signs of character. The slender, tapering nail, they say, indicates a refined nature which is sometimes accompanied by a shrewish temper. The broad, stubby nail suggests natural coarseness which may be allied to good-nature. Whether these are signs or not, it is true that the care of the nails reveals personal habits as to cleanliness.

Nails may be greatly improved, both in shape and color, by proper attention. The best appliance is a nail brush used in water softened by the addition of a little borax and really fine toilet soap.

In well-brushed and well-cared-for nails the little curtain-like rim which surrounds them is well pushed or rolled back, displaying generally a delicate little crescent at the root. The skin of the fingers should never be allowed to grow up on the nail.

In paring and trimming the shape given should always be as long an oval as possible. To cut a nail squarely off gives the finger-end a stubby look.

The corners should be carefully and closely cut, and the centre left rather long, so as to give the long oval shape.

In cleaning the nails the knife should never scrape off the inner substance of the nail, as this renders the edge opaque and muddy in appearance, whereas it should be transparent.

The nail is susceptible of a high degree of polish by rubbing with the towel when drying the hands.

The habit of biting the nails is one against which children should be carefully guarded. It is ruinous to the very structure of the nail, and once acquired, is one of the most difficult habits to break.

This is evidenced by the fact that some men and women, but more especially men, have a habit of biting their nails when reading or studying, of which they are perfectly unconscious.

Not a few lawyers and clergymen occur to mind whose nails are almost a deformity as a result of this habit.—*Youth's Companion.*

SENSIBLE HOME TALK.

A good many men and women have the reputation of being "charming conversationalists," who never appear in that role in their own homes. Their talk is confined to the most threadbare and uninteresting topics, to mere gossip, or to enforcing quiet while they pretend to cultivate their precious intellects, or settle their nerves to fit them for sociability in public. Yet aside from the pleasure which cheerful and worthy conversation diffuses over a home circle, its educative force can hardly be over-estimated. The bright and interesting girls, who surprise and delight you with their ready fund of information quite outside of the conventional topics, and the "well-posted" boys, who know much more than books could have taught them, will be found in general to have a father or mother who is wise enough to converse and talk with them, and who do not keep their best mental and social gifts for outside friends.

Show us a father or the mother who tells new stories or jokes to delight the family circle after supper—who has an eye out for new facts of travel, discovery, science, literature, art or religion with which to stimulate conversation at home—who talks with little chaps about their studies and plays, and the older ones about their duties, ambitions and labors—who keeps before his daughters an ideal gentleman who treats ladies with sincerity, reverence, and as equals, and doesn't carry his "small talk" in a separate package from the rest of his knowledge, strictly for their use, and we'll show you a true gentleman. The home should be something more than a boarding-house, a mere convenience or social necessity, and as such it ought to draw out the best gifts of each inmate into the fund of common enjoyment and mutual delight and improvement. All who read this must give their assent to its truthfulness and common-sensibleness. Then act upon it, and make home happy while you improve yourselves also by the effort. *Verbum sap.—Christian at Work.*

THAT ARCTIC PARLOR.

The music teacher comes to give the lesson to the blooming scion of the family. The parlor, by neglect, or the fear of a little trouble, or a great mistake in economy, has not been warmed, and has withal the chill of a damp and unused room. The tutor and the pupil can neither do good work, because not only their fingers but their spirits need the comfortable air. They go through the hour, and each finds that she has taken a serious cold with its threatening possibilities. And the next time it is just so.

What a forbidding place it is, anyhow, with its prim and stately finery, with its dark and uncheery look, like Knicker-bocker's best room, opened and dusted and aired every Monday morning, and then closed up until the next weekly cleaning! How you always shoot by it into the living room if you can count upon a sufficient familiarity so to do. How it freezes up a pastoral call. What shall be done about it?

Why, just tear away the partition between the parlor and living-room, and put in folding doors, and don't be too careful to keep them closed. Let the sunlight of the family life shine in upon that dismal front room, which is not too good for your wife and children to use, and which the neighbor or the stranger will love all the more. Open the shutters, too, and let in the sweetening light of heaven. Or, if it must be kept off by itself, do make a frequent fire to dry the dampness and the mould, whether you care anything for the lessons on the piano or not.—*Advance.*

A SAND-BAG is one of the most serviceable articles to use in a sick room. Get some clean fine sand, dry it thoroughly in a kettle on the stove, make a bag about eight inches square of flannel, fill it with dry sand, sew the opening carefully together, and cover the bag with cotton or linen cloth. This will prevent the sand from sifting out and will also enable you to heat the bag quickly by placing it in the oven, or even on top of the stove. After once using this you will never again attempt to warm the feet or hands of a sick person with a bottle of hot water or a brick. The sand holds the heat a long time, and the bag can be tucked up the back without hurting the invalid. It is a good plan to make two or three of the bags and keep them ready for use.

PUZZLES.

CHARADE.

(Original).

My first lies hid in the calm blue deep,
Far, far 'neath the rocky shore,
Where the mariner sleeps his last long sleep,
And well doth Ocean the treasure keep
Till the diver its depths explore.

My second adorns the wild forests fair
Of our own Canadian land;
Though of slender growth, and proportions spare

Yet still it is stately, and useful and rare
As the pride of some foreign strand.

In forming my whole—'tis a substance hard,
My second is oft employed,
But not till its verdure, all lovely, is marred,
Its goodly proportions all blackened and charred,
Its life and its beauty destroyed.

SOME PORTRAITS IN A PICTURE GALLERY.

1. What a rough man once said to his son when he wished him to eat his food properly.
2. Is a lion's house dug in the side of a hill where there is no water.
3. A good many pilgrims and flatterers have knelt low to kiss him.
4. Makes and mends for first-class customers.
5. Represents the dwellings of civilized countries.
6. Is a kind of linen.
7. Can be worn on the head.
8. A name that means such fiery things, I can't describe their pains and stings.
9. Belongs to a monastery.
10. Not one of the four points of the compass, but inclining toward one of them.
11. Is what an oyster heap is apt to be.
12. Is any chain of hills containing a certain dark treasure.
13. Always youthful, you see; but, between you and me, he never was much of a chicken.
14. An American manufacturing town.
15. Is an internal pain.
16. The value of a word.
17. A seven-footer whose name begins with fifty.
18. A worker in the precious metals.
19. A very vital part of the body.
20. A lady's garment.
21. Small talk and heavy weight.
22. A prefix and a disease.
23. Comes from an unlearned pig.
24. A disagreeable fellow to have on one's foot.
25. A sick place of worship.
26. A mean dog 'tis.
27. An official dreaded by the students of English universities.
28. His middle name is suggestive of an Indian or a Hottentot.
29. A manufactured metal.
30. A game, and a mate of the human species.
31. An answer to "Which is the greater poet, William Shakespeare or Martin F. Tupper?"
32. Meat! What are you doing?
33. Is very fast indeed.
34. A barrier built of an edible.
35. To agitate a weapon.
36. Red as an apple, black as the night, a heavenly sign or a perfect fright.
37. A domestic worker.
38. A slang exclamation.
39. Pack away closely, never scatter, and doing so you'll soon get at her.
40. A young domestic animal.
41. One who is more than a sandy shore.
42. A fraction in American currency and the prevailing fashion.
43. Mamma is in perfect health, my child; and thus he mentioned a poet mild.
44. A girl's name and a male relative.
45. Take a heavy field-piece, nothing loath, and in a trice you'll find them both.
46. Put an edible grain 'twixt an ant and a bee, and a much-beloved poet you'll speedily see.
47. A common domestic animal and what it can never do.
48. Each human head in time, 'tis said, will turn to him though he is dead.

SQUARE WORD.

A celebrated queen of ancient Carthage; a conception; a valuable; pertaining to a boat.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES OF MAY 15.

Charade.—Hamlet.

Double Acrostic.—

L ance T
O tte R
N er O
G lasgo W
F i B
E age R
L ok I
L oa D
O penin G
W hal E

Inverted Pyramids.—

L EARN PARTY PRAWN
E A R A R T R A W
A R A

Curtailements and Beheadings.—Poe, poet.
Raven, rave. Bells, ells.

A Bouquet.—1, Everlasting. 2, Pennyroyal.
3, Indian Moccasin. 4, Ice Plant. 5, Venus'
Fly-Trap. 6, Flag.