

THE HOUSEHOLD.

IN THE NEST.

Gather them close to your loving heart,
Cradle them close to your breast;
They will soon enough leave your brooding care;
Soon enough mount youth's topmost stair,—
Little ones in the nest.

Fret not that the children's hearts are gay,
That their restless feet will run:
There may come a time in the by and by
When you'll sit in your lonely room and sigh
For a sound of childish fun.

When you long for a repetition sweet,
That sounds through each room,
Of "Mother! mother!" the dear one calls,
That will echo long through the silent halls,
And add to their stately gloom.

There may come a time when you'll long to hear
The eager, boyish tread,
The tuneless whistle, the clear, shrill shout,
The busy bustle in and out,
The pattering overhead.

When the boys and girls are all grown up,
And scattered far and wide,
Or gone to the undiscovered shore,
Where youth and age come never more,
You will miss them from your side.

Then gather them to your loving heart,
Cradle them on your breast;
They will soon enough leave your brooding care,
Soon enough mount youth's topmost stair,
Little ones in the nest.
—Unidentified.

SUNDAY DINNERS.

LEAVES FROM THE JOURNAL OF A MINISTER'S WIFE.

This Sunday evening is so peaceful and pleasant and the house so very quiet, I must write a little in memory of this happy Sabbath day.

In the magazines and newspapers of the present time, also in our modern novels, we find many strictures upon old-fashioned Sabbath observances. We read of children being placed on high-backed chairs and forbidden to get down without permission; they must not laugh, it is sinful even to smile on Sunday. Pa and ma walk around on tiptoe and whisper as if there had been a death in the house. They all walk in solemn procession to church and back to eat their dinner of baked beans, and digest it by desserts of hymns and catechism exercises afterwards.

This is the exaggerated picture drawn by modern writers of old-fashioned Sabbath keeping. Now we neither visit nor have visitors on Sunday, we neither ride nor walk anywhere except to church or on our own premises, and yet a happier little circle is scarcely ever seen than our own children on the blessed day of rest. On Saturday we all do double duty and provide a Sunday dinner that can almost cook itself. We put a piece of meat in the dripping pan to be roasted Sunday morning early, or on Saturday. We prepare a nice dessert, lemon pies or boiled rice with custard. We have our potatoes pared and put in water, and other vegetables made ready for cooking. We rise early on Sunday, sometimes roast our meat with the breakfast fire, then cover and leave on the back of the stove; we even boil and mash our potatoes, standing the dish also on the stove in a pan of hot water; dressing is also made for our salads. The table is set with fresh table-cloth and napkins and the brightest of silver. Our one servant leaves the house at the same time we do, and goes to her church; the doors are locked and we fill our family pew. Church is out, our bonnets and wraps laid aside, and dinner appears so quickly it seems like fairy work. We enjoy a nice dinner on Sunday—and have given many prepared in this way (on Saturday) to numbers of relatives staying at our home—and never keeping a single member of the household away from church service to get the dinner. Our afternoons, after a little bodily rest, are so peaceful; we sing, we read good books, we repeat Bible verses, the children gather flowers for mamma from the garden. Then our tea of good fruit, choice cake and biscuits of Saturday's baking, with happy children around our table! We give God thanks for all these blessings on this day of holy rest and service.

Oh, these lovely Sabbath days! what a halo of joy and peace surrounds them!

Will our dear children as they go out into the world sneer at the old-fashioned Sabbath? Will they forget the sacredness their good father teaches them to associate with its holy hours? Will they economize their time for business by travelling on this holy day. Will they secularize their minds by poring over voluminous Sunday newspapers? O Lord, in mercy grant to each of these, my darlings, that they may, when they grow to be men and women, honor Thy Sabbaths and reverence Thy sanctuaries! "Those that be planted in the house of the Lord shall flourish in the courts of our God."—*Christian Intelligencer.*

YOUNG LADIES AND TOBACCO.

A conscientious young friend asks for the opinion of the *Housekeeper* as to whether it is really wrong to marry a young man who uses tobacco.

That depends upon the standard you assume. If you are talking from the standpoint of absolute right and wrong, there can hardly be a question as to the wrong of marrying a man addicted to any bad habit, particularly in view of the recent facts developed regarding heredity. If the fathers transgress in the line of appetite, the children's teeth will be set on edge. This truth, uttered long ago, was no threat, but the statement of a natural law which holds not only to the third and fourth generation but even longer.

Nicotine, the essential element of tobacco, is a virulent poison. It hardly stands to reason that a man can use it all his life and still be as sound and pure blooded as if he had never indulged in it. And, even if the physical harm appear less than might be expected, yet those who have studied the subject most deeply, say that the injury may develop in a moral or mental way, but it is sure to crop out somewhere. But the greatest known harm of the tobacco habit is the transmission of the taint to children, probably accompanied with a hereditary taste for the weed. The taste may not develop necessarily, but the offspring are liable to be sufferers from some inherited mental, moral or physical weakness, which may lead to sin or sickness of a serious nature. No one has a right to marry without considering the possible results to the future family; and in the light of facts and reason, every young lady must decide for herself whether it is wrong to marry a man who uses tobacco. No one can assume that responsibility but herself. We do not recommend her to do so.

But whether it is wrong or not, young ladies will probably continue to marry men addicted to the tobacco habit, for the simple reason that there are very few who are not addicted to it. But when a young woman decides to marry a man, let her do so with her eyes open. If she accept him, tobacco and all, let her resolve to take him for better or for worse and forever after hold her peace. Let her say all she has to say on the subject before marriage and keep quiet afterward. The most women of the present day can do is to teach their sons the wrong of using the weed.—*Housekeeper.*

DUSTER-CASE.

It would often be convenient to have a duster in every room, but a dust-brush seems out of place when conspicuous enough to be at hand. Thus, dusting-bags have grown to be works of art.

A simple one to hang on a key-board near the bureau in all sleeping-rooms, is made thus: Take cream or white scrim, twelve inches wide and thirty long. About two inches from the sides draw lengthwise fifteen threads; weave narrow ribbon (the Tom Thumb is the best) over five threads and under five threads; weave in three rows on each side, always putting each row under where the next one to it was put over, the same as splint baskets are woven. Now turn a hem on each side up close to the ribbon; then hem each end an inch and a half deep, and put a "rim" at the lower edge of these hems of one-half inch. Take two pieces of half-inch ribbon twenty inches long, and draw into this rim one from the left and one from the right; fasten one at the right in the middle, one at the left; tie each in a bow and draw up like an old-fashioned work-bag. This makes a bag shape, but its hemmed sides leave an opening at both sides, so that when once hung in its place it need not be

disturbed, for the dust-cloth can be taken out or put in at either side. The dust cloth may be a silk handkerchief, or a square of cheese-cloth can be plainly hemmed or feather-stitched down in red worsted.

One may have good servants and yet often wish that a duster was at hand to wipe a vase or brush some books, and if one takes the whole care of one's rooms, surely convenience is of great moment. Elaborate ones hang now in sitting-rooms and parlors.—*Kesiah Shelton, in New York Observer.*

TIDY HOUSEKEEPING.

BY KESIAH SHELTON.

People wonder how Mrs. Street could do her own housework, keep her home so tidy always, yet ever be presentable herself.

This required some skill, for she had not even one servant, and must answer the bell whatever she might be doing.

The secret was that she arranged her hair neatly as soon as she arose, dressed herself in a well made home dress, always wore a collar and pin, and was properly attired for the whole day, if she chose to be.

Throwing her bed open to air, she left the room to be attended to after her breakfast was served; between her morning's work and the getting of dinner, she would put her room in perfect order.

In her kitchen closet hung a loose wrapper of neat print, made with full sleeves and close bands at the wrist. The first thing when she entered her kitchen for work, was to put this wrapper on over whatever dress she wore; and if her hands were to be in the water, she drew on rubber elbow sleeves. Thus she was protected from neck to feet. Many a time this wrapper covered a silk gown that she had worn out on a calling trip in the afternoon, or a dainty white suit.

If the bell rang, it was but a moment's work to drop her wrapper and go to the door, looking as jaunty and fresh as if she had a couple of servants instead of performing the most menial of duties with her own hands.

By a systematic division of her time and work, every meal was on time, and each room presentable at all times. Each room had its day for a thorough cleaning, and on the others received the "touches" necessary. All things had a place of their own, and careful habits respected their rights.

The carpet-sweeper was never left in the corner of the sitting-room (with its contents unemptied) to mortify her when some caller dropped in.

That "lazy people take the most trouble," is never more fully exemplified than by the careless housekeeper, who, perhaps, thinks to save trouble by not emptying the box of her sweeper only when it is full. Result—some day when in a hurry to brush up a few bits of litter from a carpet scarcely dusty, a hurried move upsets the box, a draft from an open door scatters the dust and lint all over the room, and the careless, or too lazy to be particular woman, has in consequence of her untidy habit to sweep the whole room.

A thing well done is more than twice done; a thing put in place at once is off one's mind, is where the next person that needs it can find it, without calling upon the time of a second person to hunt it up.

Then one has a sense of security if one does each duty properly; some women enter any room with a harassing doubt as to the state they shall find it in solely from a habit of never doing anything well, until forced to from very shame. Such persons have a chronic terror of unexpected company. They are unnerved unless word is received early upon the promised advent of guests, and then they pray that the guest may be delayed.—*Christian at Work.*

BOYS' BANDS.

Our Boys' Bands meet sometimes once a week; sometimes more frequently. Reading, singing, recitations, study of the catechism and conversation (we find the latter an open door to the heart) enliven the evening. We must be excused if we pause here for a word of exhortation to the mothers of all our boys. With voice and pen we would say in trumpet tones:—Make home happy for your boys. Keep them off the streets. Expect them to be just as pure, just as polite as your girls.

Guard them just as carefully from all that will contaminate. Take them with you to church and to Sunday school and remember that in morals as in nature, "Wild oats sown produce wild oats."—*Episcopal Recorder.*

RECIPES.

HELP AND HINTS.

Put tea and coffee away in air-tight receptacles as soon as they are brought to the house. They lose much of their flavor by standing uncovered.

In boiling meats take the fat from the top of the water and save for cooking or soap. In roasting meat pour the grease out of the pan or dip it out before it gets burned. It will be excellent for use in cooking. But if it stays till the meat is done it will be nearly sure to have a burnt, unpleasant flavor.

When using stale bread for puddings always soak it in a cold liquid. Bread that has been soaked in cold milk or water is light and crumbly, whereas that soaked in hot liquids is heavy.

Clean piano keys with a soft rag dipped in alcohol.

Egg stains on silver can be taken off with table salt and a wet rag.

Strong black tea, cold, is a good thing to clean black silk.

SCOTCH BROTH.—Scotch broth is considered excellent for convalescents as it is both appetizing and nutritious. Get two pounds of mutton (the rough part of the neck is best for this use), cut the meat from the bones, remove all fat and then cut the meat in small pieces, put it in a soup kettle with two slices of carrot, one of turnip, a stalk of celery and a small onion chopped fine. Add to this one half cup of barley or rice and three pints of water. Simmer for two hours. Put the bones in a pint of water and let them simmer slowly the same length of time; then add the liquor to the soup. Cook together a tablespoonful of butter and flour until perfectly smooth. Stir this in the broth and add sufficient salt and pepper to season. Strain the broth before serving it.

CODFISH PIE.—Take a piece from the middle of a good-sized fish, salt it well all night, then wash it and season with salt, pepper and a few grains of nutmeg, a little chopped parsley and some oysters; put all in your dish, with pieces of butter on the fish; add a cup of good second white stock and cream; cover it with a good crust, adding a little lemon juice in the gravy.

PANADA.—Break in a bowl two large crackers, sprinkle a little salt over them, and pour on boiling water enough to cover. When they look clear they are ready to eat. Some invalids like a little pepper over them, with water enough to be something like soup, and others prefer to keep the crackers whole, and slide them out on a saucer and eat them with cream and sugar.

CREAMED CODFISH.—Boil one pint of milk, thicken it with one tablespoonful of flour and one of butter. The easiest way to mix is to put them together in a bowl set on top of the boiling tea-kettle, stir them occasionally, as the butter melts, until they are smoothly blended, thin with a little of the hot milk, then mix all together, season all with pepper and add a heaping cupful of shredded codfish. Serve very hot.

PUZZLES.—No. 22.

CROSS WORD ENIGMA.

I'm in bellow and in howl,
I'm in porridge and in bowl,
I'm in covert and in cove,
I'm in peacock and in dove,
I'm in workshop and in wrought,
I'm in twenty and in nought,
I'm in anger and in peace,
In ostate and in a lease,
I'm in even and in horn,
I'm in exon and in horn,
I'm in better and in bright,
I'm in daylight and in night,
I'm in squander and in giver,
I'm in brooklet and in river.

HANNAH E. GREEN.

ANAGRAMS.

1. Not leaks.
2. Do wash.
3. Get a star.

LYDIA AGNES MAY.

ENIGMA.

I am a plant which you have doubtless seen.
My first four letters form a word which is a noun and verb at the same time.
My 1, 5, 6, give a boy's nickname.
My 4, 2, 7, 3, give an animal.

ALLIE.

ANAGRAM.

Men's greener thorns.

S. MOORE.

WORD SQUARE.

A big man
A lazy man
A narrow street
Wants
An appointment
Quebec,

S. MOORE.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES—NUMBER 22.

CHARADE.—Comb-in-at-ion.

CHAIR PUZZLE.

t	r	o	a	t
a	l	a	o	k
b	i	c	k	e
l				e
c	a	r	n	
a	l	o	n	
r	o	d	s	o
n	c	s	t	w
o	a	h	t	
p	r	r	o	
h	s	i	n	
o	v			
w	e			

PLANTS.—A Prickly Pear (pear) Ground pines Golden-rod.

ACROSTIC.—Heather, Anemone, Wall-flower, Tulip, Harebell, Olive, Rose, Narcissus—Haw-thorn.