

THE HOUSEHOLD.

STRENGTH AN INCOME.

Men and women shrink from financial poverty in old age, but the wealth of nations cannot save from physical poverty if strength has not been administered wisely. How many men and women who are busily hoarding money for that future are hoarding the strength that will make it doubly rich? Faces grow old and wrinkled and voices shrill and dissonant, not in service, but worry. Who would rather not wear out than rust out? But let us live to a purpose; let us wear out evenly, not in holes that require patching. What service we render, let it be given in health, not disease; in joy, not in pain. As there are men and women who watch the outlay of every penny, so there are men and women who must watch the outlay of every physical and mental effort. We should develop a wholesome shame for disease; we should see in it the result of transgression; and, when so seen, it leads to repentance and conversion. Two women were overheard conversing recently. The conversation ran something like this:

"You do not seem very well, Carrie; what is the matter?"

"I'm not well at all. I have all the symptoms of nervous prostration, just as I had them two years ago. Charlie is worried to death."

"Why do you try to do so much? Why do you not give up some things?"

"I just can't. I must keep doing all the time, or I am unhappy."

The woman was an efficient worker in a number of charities, but poor Charlie!

An earnest-looking man about forty, and unmarried was talking to a group of his friends, men and women. The subject of the nervous, not to say irritable, condition in which so many men and women were living had been the subject of conversation, when with strong emphasis, he said: "I would not allow my wife, if I had one, to belong to Dr. ———'s church. Every woman in it is filled with an evil spirit she calls work, and every woman in the church is suffering from nervous prostration. Is that the rest religion gives? I tell you that church is a woman-killer."

All men and women should study their own natures enough to know where to call, Halt!—to place the legend, "Thus far, and no farther," and live up to it. Then, when the emergencies make large demands, the exchequer will not be empty; poverty will not be added to the other burdens.

Treat your strength as you do your income—getting the best results for the amount expended, and leaving a margin for use in the non-productive days.—*Christian Union.*

A STORY FOR MOTHERS.

The Fullers were an influential, wealthy, cultured family, and among the most prominent members of the principal church in the town in which they lived. Every Sunday they filled their pew, gave liberally, and the minister was always welcomed to their table.

Mrs. Fuller was a sincere Christian woman. No one acquainted with her daily life could question her sincerity. But she was peculiarly reserved and sensitive, with an extreme dislike of obtruding on the reserve of other people. Her son was her constant companion as he grew to early manhood—a clever, spirited boy; keen of apprehension and eager for knowledge. His mother discussed every subject but that of religion freely with him. He had been sent to Sunday-school, and had been taught Jewish history and the life and mission of Christ. But she had never asked him to consider the relation in which he himself stood to God, or urged him to take Christ as the guide and model of his life—his Friend and Master. There had been times when she felt almost driven to do this but when the lad was at her side her courage had failed her. He was a handsome, healthy young man, a noted athlete, with a life full of plans and hopes before him; there was plenty of time, she felt, for such counsel.

The boy, however, was struck down by diphtheria. On the second day, the physician told him that he had not an hour to live. While he lay stunned and silent,

some one spoke to him of Christ as a Saviour.

"Saviour? Why, I never thought about Him!" he cried. "He is no Saviour of mine. Mother, why didn't you talk to me about Him?"

These were his last words. In a few moments his senses were clouded, and before the hour was over he was dead.

Every mother will understand the fearful legacy of remorse left by these words. Yet how many mothers, although religious in their profession and habits, never break the silence between themselves and their sons on this subject? If a man's mother does not care for his soul, who will?

GIVE THEM TIME.

"Old Forbes," as the neighbors called him, was a Pennsylvania farmer of the old type; correct in his morals, bigoted in religion, shrewd in business, and stubborn as iron in his prejudices. He had three sons of different character from himself, each of whom, as he passed out of childhood, became vicious, deceitful and ungovernable.

Their father at last brought his troubles to the minister. "I have done my duty," he said. "I have never neglected to punish them when they did not walk in the right way."

"But did it ever occur to you," said old Doctor D——, "that the right way for a sheep is not the right way for a lamb? You expect from boys of fourteen the wisdom of thirty, and punish them when they fall short. Why are not these peaches in bearing, Brother Forbes?" he asked abruptly.

"They were only planted last year," said the farmer, nettled at the question. "You must give them time."

"Yes, and give your human plants time," said the old clergyman, as he left him without another word.

Farmer Forbes, after much thought, determined to "hand the boys over to their mother a while."

The experiment was successful. The mother had patience, as well as high aims. Her sons in the end fulfilled both her hopes and her prayers.

There are few families now to be found even in Puritan New England or Presbyterian Pennsylvania in which the iron rod holds sway as it did fifty years ago. Children are suffered to grow up without the savage pruning and wrenching of character once too common, but they are often subjected to an unnatural mental strain almost as hurtful. A boy of average ability is put into a class of lads who have nimbler brains than he, and—what he lacks—the ease of habit in study. He is urged to take the prize from John or to equal William in marks, as though he would be ruined for life if these boys pass into a higher class while he is left behind.

In the best schools of the country the mind of each pupil is developed or stimulated to a healthy growth, as a plant is nourished in the garden, without reference to other plants.

The wise father knows, too, that it is not necessary to use the pruning-knife continually. There are faults of childhood which disappear with that age, as the vigorous tree easily throws off the false shoots that clogged its growth as a sapling.—*Youth's Companion.*

WHAT CHILDREN DO NOT NEED.

"Died of too much grandfather, grandmother, uncle, and aunt," would be a fitting epitaph for many a bright child. Emotion is the most exhaustive of all mental attributes. What children do, and how much, is of far less importance than the way in which they do it. The evils of premature mental activity are without doubt very great; to prematurely and unduly excite emotional manifestations is tenfold more hurtful. In this regard there seems to be the densest ignorance. The fact that young children's only business in life is to develop slowly—to eat, sleep and play in childlike fashion, is too often forgotten in the home circle. On the contrary, they are supposed to attend to their own work of growing and developing, and afford fun for the family at the same time. Our tender little ones are made the playthings of the household—hugged, kissed, talked to, and made to talk, for the pleasure and gratification of parents and

friends. Their callow brains are overworked by exciting and intense emotion. What wonder they have big heads, little bodies, and hardly any digestion at all! Feebleness, asymmetry, excitability, premature arrest of growth, are some of the evils resulting from this continued tension selfishly imposed by thoughtless grown folk upon unresisting childhood.—*New York Medical Journal.*

TO COOK DRIED FRUIT.

It may seem like a broad, sweeping assertion, says the *American Analyst*, when we state that nine out of every ten persons who undertake to cook dried fruit make a positive failure. The usual method followed is a very poor one, that of selecting the fruit to be eaten at lunch, dinner or tea two or three hours prior to using it, rinsing it in a little water, then placing it in water and allowing it to remain to soak for two or three hours only, then pouring off the water in which the fruit was soaked and applying fresh water, putting it on the stove and cooking it thoroughly. Such a manipulation as this is calculated to produce the poorest possible result, if it does not actually ruin the fruit. Many people consider dried fruits hardly worthy of their time and attention; from the fact that after repeated trials they find so little of value—the fruit having lost its original flavor is tasteless and not at all palatable. If the following method for cooking dried fruit is followed, a directly opposite result will be realized. Select the fruit that you intend to use, rinse it thoroughly in clean, clear water, then place the fruit to soak in an earthen dish, with sufficient water to cover it, from ten to fifteen hours before requiring it for use. Then place it on the back of the stove in the same water in which it has been soaked, which contains the flavor and nutrition soaked out of the fruit and allow it to simmer slowly, just coming to a boil occasionally until it is entirely cooked through; add sugar as the occasion requires to make it palatable. It can be served either hot or cold as you desire; as a rule if it is placed one side and allowed to cool, it will be fully as palatable. By this method you will secure a wholesome, palatable dish, fully flavored and resembling in appearance, size, taste and flavor the original green product, as near as is possible.

CALLING THE SABBATH A DELIGHT

It is for the parents to make clear the distinction that marks, in the child's mind, the Sabbath as the day of days in the week's history. The child may be differently dressed, or differently washed, or differently handled, on that day from any other. Some more disagreeable detail of its morning toilet, or of its day's management, might on that day be omitted, as a means of marking the day. There may be a sweeter song sung in its hearing, or a brighter exhibit of some kind made in its sight, or a peculiar favor of some sort granted to it, which links a special joy with that day in comparison with the days on either side of it. So soon as the child is old enough to grasp a rattle or to play with a toy, there ought to be a difference between his Sabbath rattle or other toy, and his weekday delights in the same line. By one means or another he should have the Sabbath to look back upon as his brightest memory, and to look forward to as his fondest anticipation. And in this way he can be trained to enjoy the Sabbath, even before he can know why it is made a joy to him. A child is well started in the line of wise training when he is carried along as far as this.—*S. S. Times.*

VARY A CHILD'S OCCUPATION.

Don't let a child play the whole day long, as after a certain period toys would lose their charm for it. There are plenty of ways of amusing a child. Take, for instance, all the nice occupations which Froebel, the children's great friend, invented for his "Kindergarten," and you will find that they are not only a pleasant change, but at the same time they will develop a child's qualities, such as patience, perseverance, &c. There are, for instance, paper-weaving, pricking and sewing patterns on paper, &c., that will be thoroughly enjoyed by every child. I can tell by experience how delighted children are when they have done such a nice little work, and

how much pleasure it gives them to make presents to their aunts, sisters, and friends of "self-made" mats. Of course, by-and-by the child's work will get more and more perfect, and then it will learn to work different and more elaborate patterns. The material can also be varied, and instead of paper—cloth, leather, &c., may be used. I have seen some mats for a dressing-table worked in two shades of blue leather, which looked very pretty indeed.—*The Housewife.*

MAIDENLY RESERVE.

Since it is undoubtedly true that some of our girls, who show nice discrimination as to where they go themselves, are careless, at times, of where they allow their representatives to go, that is, the pictures which stand for them, the warning of the *Congregationalist* is appropriate, and, I doubt not, sufficient.

"American girls have so much freedom in social matters that they sometimes overstep the bounds of real delicacy through simple thoughtlessness. But Hood rightly says that

Evil is wrought by want of thought. As well as want of heart;

and there is one custom among young ladies which, we believe, is productive of harm from this cause rather than from any lack of genuine modesty. We refer to the practice of giving one's photograph indiscriminately to young men who are merely acquaintances. We always feel a twinge of pain on entering the room of a college youth and finding about his mirror, or arranged on the dressing-table, a dozen or more 'counterfeit presentments,' of refined girlish faces. It indicates that, although these girls may come from cultivated homes, there is an absence of fine perception of the fitness of things. To scatter one's photographs as carelessly as if they were so many visiting cards, is not a nice thing to do. It detracts something, also, from the sweetness and sacredness of bestowing one's photograph upon him who may one day have a royal right, as king of hearts to claim the original."—*Golden Rule.*

NEW YORK GINGER SNAPS.—One and a half cups molasses. Two tablespoonfuls sugar. One cup butter or sweet nice lard, two tablespoonfuls vinegar, two teaspoonfuls tartaric in a little hot water. Salt and spice to taste. Mix stiff; roll thin; bake quickly in hot oven, first cutting them in any shape desired.

PUZZLES—NO. 3.

BIBLE ENIGMA.

I'm in purchase and in sell,
I'm in secret and in tell,
I'm in insolent and meek,
I'm in keenly and in weak,
I'm in hurry and in delay,
I'm in duchess and in boy,
I'm in muddy and in mat,
I'm in buggy and in yacht,
I'm in fever and in fan,
I'm in barrel and in can,
I'm in chamber and in cell,
I'm in hillside and in dell.

HANNAIH E. GREENE.

CHARADE NO. 1.

My first a friend may be reckoned,
My second is a mite,
My whole is like my second
And emits a shining light.

R. H. JENKINS.

CHARADE NO. 2.

My first is used extensively
For quenching people's thirst,
My second is a useful dish,
My whole prepares my first.

R. H. JENKINS.

GOSPEL ENIGMA.

I'm in break but not in mend,
I'm in love but not in friend,
I'm in give but not in take,
I'm in sleep but not in wake,
I'm in sorry but not in gay,
I'm in June but not in May,
I'm in wretched, not in nice,
I'm in cash, not in price,
I'm in river, not in land,
I'm in ocean, not in sand,
I'm in virtue, not in vice,
I'm in heat, not in ice,
I'm in cider, not in gin,
I'm in mirth, not in sin,
I'm in steel, not in pin,
I'm in earth, not in sky,
I'm in kill, not in die.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.—NUMBER 2.

THREE ENIGMAS.—"Serve the Lord," (Deut. 10:12). 2. "The Lord liveth," (Psalms 18:46). 3. "Be thou perfect." (Genesis 17:1).

TWO SQUARES.—

A	B	A	C	K	C	R	A	V	E
B	A	R	O	N	R	I	V	E	N
A	R	E	N	A	A	V	E	R	T
C	O	N	I	C	V	E	R	G	E
K	N	A	C	K	E	N	T	E	R