

HOUSEHOLD.

Shadows Touched With Sunlight.

(Mrs. M. A. Holt.)

One day last summer, as I happened to go to the front door of our house, I heard angry voices just outside, under the shadow of a maple tree. The voices were familiar, and I hastened out to see what it meant. I found my own little Freddie and Willie Mason engaged in an angry dispute, and before I could reach them, blows were exchanged by the angry little boys. They were little blows, however, and did not make serious results; but yet I was shocked and grieved at what I saw.

I sent Freddie at once to his room, bidding him remain in it until I should give him permission to leave. Then I took Willie gently by the hand, and led him toward his own home, which was only a little way off. I asked him to tell me how the strife began, but he was too angry to speak. I gave him over into the hands of his mother, who was as deeply grieved at the matter as I was.

Willie was sent to his room also, and after the matter was talked over between Mrs. Mason and myself, we decided to leave the two boys alone for awhile, and see what the result would be.

It was in the twilight of the summer evening that I heard a voice call to me from Freddie's room.

'Mamma, please come in a moment,' the voice said.

I knew by the very tone that it was time to go in, and so I went softly through the door.

'Mamma, I am sorry that I struck Willie and hurt him'; and the voice grew soft and tender while a little boyish face was pressed upon my lap.

'Tell me all about it, Freddie,' I said, as I placed my hand upon the hot, tear-wet face of my penitent little boy.

'Mamma, I am sorry that I struck Willie so hard; did I hurt him, mamma?' and the boy's voice betrayed the solicitude he felt.

I did not answer, and the little boy went on: 'I was angry, mamma, and I have asked God to take away my bad temper.'

Just then we heard a soft footfall outside the door, followed by a faint little rap.

In the deepening twilight I recognized Willie Mason, who came in with bowed head and halting step. 'I'm sorry I struck Freddie, and I struck him first, too,' and the visitor broke entirely down.

Willie's anger had all gone, and he was evidently as penitent as Freddie was. 'I'm sorry,' he began.

'And I am sorry, too,' was the low answer.

I slipped out of the room, and left the two little boys to 'make up' all alone. Pretty soon they came out, hand in hand, and I knew the matter was all settled.

So the shadow of the afternoon was touched with the sunlight of penitence for sin, and of a forgiving spirit, which always crown the human life with a halo of brightness.—'Presbyterian Banner.'

Danger Ahead.

The danger of alcoholic prescriptions for expectant mothers, and for young children are being pointed out forcefully by European students of the effects of intoxicants. Statistics have been collected by physicians connected with hospitals showing that many children form an appetite for liquor very early in life through its being given to them by medical advice. Others have the appetite as the effect of prenatal influence.

Some time ago a good Christian mother was advised to give brandy to her delicate baby boy in his food. One day the brandy bottle was empty, and no one was in the house to send for a fresh supply, so the mother prepared the food without its usual flavoring of spirit. To her amazement the babe spat it out with evident lack of relish. With horror she realized that she had already fastened upon her infant child the deadly alcoholic appetite. Being a woman of quick resolve, and of firm determination, she said to the little one, 'Well, my boy, if you will not take your food without brandy, you can go hungry until you will.' How few mothers would have recognized the danger until it was too late!

The mothers of the land are quite as res-

ponsible as the physicians for the widespread use of alcoholics as medicines. The American Medical Temperance Association has made careful inquiry which shows that about ninety percent of homes in this country use alcohol with more or less freedom as medicine. Very few women seem to think of the danger lurking in the various cough mixtures, soothing syrups and other proprietary medicines containing whiskey, opium, cocaine or other powerful drugs. It is amazing to hear professedly Christian women glibly advising whiskey for this, that, and the other ailment, and assuming an air of conscious superiority over those who speak of such prescriptions as dangerous. Such a mother, well-known to the writer, has one son to-day a saloon-keeper, and the other a drunken loafer. The father was an exemplary, total-abstaining Methodist class-leader, in no way to blame for the results of the mother's folly.

When will Christian mothers set aside their senseless prejudices in favor of the greatest destroyer of their homes? God's Word, and advanced medical science, are agreed that 'whosoever is deceived' by alcohol, whether as beverage or medicine, 'is not wise.' There is no longer any excuse for ignorance. When the home medicine chest is purged of all its deceitful and dangerous drugs, and the family physician is requested to not administer alcoholics, or kindred substances, there will be fewer premature deaths and fewer lost souls to be accounted for in the day of judgment.—'Union Signal.'

The Intangible Furnishing.

I think that it has occurred to all of us home makers and housekeepers that there is something more than furniture and walls in the making of a home; there is that potent but undefinable something, which is displeasing in some houses and pleasing in others, which we vaguely call atmosphere, or temperament, or which we do not call at all, but simply recognize as a pleasant or an unpleasant feeling, and do not pursue the analysis further.

So let us take a thought, just a thought, as a feature and the important feature in our furnishing and we shall then have a result which money cannot buy, and thieves cannot take away.

Suppose we take happiness, harmony, and love for a trinity of thoughts and with them we can furnish a home that will radiate gladness and comfort and congeniality into the neighborhood, and will lift up the whole community into a higher and better plane of life, for—

'I hold it true that thoughts are things,
Endowed with bodies, breath, and wings,
And that we send them forth to fill
The world with good results—or ill.
The thoughts have life; and they will fly
And leave their impress by and by,
Like some marsh breeze, whose poisoned
breath
Breathes into homes its fevered breath.'

Furnished with fine thoughts and noble aspirations our home becomes a centre and nucleus of all that which is highest and best.

We are all willing and ready to agree that the aim of life is happiness, and that that is all that justifies existence. Life is largely what we make it and it lies with us to make it for weal or for woe.

The American mother has an ethical duty beyond pots and pans and furnishings, and it is she who is to lift up the people—with her lies the future of the race and the generations that are to come.

The home that we provide, the environment with which we surround our loved ones—the influences which we bring to bear, count for much in the progress of the race.

While the furnishing of our homes is in a way a financial and mechanical feature let us inject into it the higher ethical feeling that the thought behind it is the potent force—the living thing, and let that thought be love.—'American Mother.'

Virtues of Buttermilk.

The growing practice of utilizing the waste product of all manufactures has brought out the fact that buttermilk possesses many unsuspected qualities. A medical paper says its reputation as an agent of superior digestibility has become firmly established. It is, indeed, a true milk pep-

tone—that is, milk already partially digested, the coagulation of the coagulated portion being loose and flaky and not of that firm, indigestible nature which is the result of the action of the gastric juice upon sweet cows' milk. It is of great value in the treatment of typhoid fever, and, being a decided laxative, it may be turned to advantage in the treatment of habitual constipation. It is no less valuable in kidney troubles, from its diuretic qualities. It is in great request for the treatment of diabetes, either alone or alternately with skim milk and in cases of gastric ulcer and cancer of the stomach it can often be retained when no other food can. Chemical analysis shows that in its nature it greatly resembles koumyss, with the exception of which it is the most grateful, refreshing and digestible of the product of milk.—'Presbyterian Banner.'

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