

**A Family Group.**

There is a sweet remembrance comes down through the years to most of us of some happy home it has been our privilege to know. It may once have been our own, or it may have been one we have only been permitted to enter as a visitor. It may have been one of luxury, but more likely it has been one which had within it the necessities of life only—a home whose atmosphere was happiness and love, and where each member was in harmony with his or her surroundings; where there was no more discord observable than there is in a garden or orchard in June, when the birds sing and the squirrels run and the beetle "wheels his droning flight". Why does the influence of that home come to us in our better moments? and why do we yearn to be there once again? Is it not because there was that in it which called out the better side of our nature, which was, on earth, a faint type of what we expect a heavenly one to be? It was not alone the music as the familiar words were sung. We have heard since then sweeter voices and better trained, but they do not sound to us so well. It was not the beauty of the faces, for they were plain. There was, however, something far better the faces expressed, and the minds within grew bright or sad as the thoughts came; yet it was not intelligence alone, it was the playful, natural outcome of the soul without affectation, with unconscious sincerity and cheerfulness.

There were the three generations there—grandmother looking over her spectacles, sitting with quiet dignity of bygone days in her easy chair. There was the baby, too, which in every home tends to keep hearts young and simple. In whatever grief or trouble or vexation, the baby comes as comforter with the waxen touches, bright smiles, happy ways and perfect trust, though all else in the world should turn cold.

Our illustration represents such a group—grandma, baby on the floor, with cradle and playthings about; a little man, whom we are inclined to call Willie, with curly hair, with a toy drum at his side. Mamma is proud of her boy, but is just now showing him to grandma in his new suit. Papa is not visible, but his coat hangs on the wall and he soon will join the "family group".

Happy now, does someone say, but it will not last. That may, but need not, be so. In grown up and large—perhaps in the larger the more likely—families once in a while we find an ideal home. In it we are sure to find good parents, unselfishness ruling the home life and love binding all together. K. R. M.

After the juice is squeezed from lemons the peels are useful to rub brass with, dipped in common salt; then brush with dry bathbrick.

Drain-pipes, and all places that are sour or impure, may be cleaned with lime-water or carbolic acid or chloride of lime.

**Answers to Inquirers.**

Please to tell me the cause, and how to prevent shirt fronts blistering. The collars and cuffs never blister, but the shirt fronts do so, although I have tried all I could to prevent it.

JEANIE.

Shirt fronts never blister if starched on the right side; if starched on the wrong side they often do so.

How can I clean hair brushes. I washed one in water with sal soda, and have completely spoilt it.

B. B.

The best way to clean hair brushes is with spirits of ammonia, as its effects are immediate. Take a teaspoonful of ammonia to a quart of

but if they come empty-handed they are sure to bring poverty. The name January comes from Janus, who in mythology was the god that presided over the gate of the New Year. He was always represented as having two faces, one looking to the past, the other to the future; in his right hand he held a key, and in his left a rod, to show that he opened and ruled the year. Sometimes he bore the number "300" in one hand and "65" in the other, to denote the number of days.

**Temper.**

Believe me there is nothing to boast of in the possession of a bad temper. We may call it "suirited" or "inherited," or what we like, but it can only be looked upon as one of those bad traits of humanity that should be striven against and eradicated at all costs. The possession of a bad temper betokens an irritable, nervous, cruel and selfish character, and the effects upon others do untold harm. The selfishness of this indulgence can easily be seen when we do not care whose feelings we hurt, nor what a sorry show we make of ourselves. When we hear of parental severity we can always trace a bad temper as a foundation, for as a rule children are punished as an outcome of parental temper rather than any regard to the welfare of the child. We might as well boast of inheriting cancer or scrofula as temper, and those who are born with it can only claim our contempt that they have not eradicated it as they grew to maturity. To witness any human being in a paroxysm of anger is a most humiliating sight, and one on which we do not care to look for long. Bad temper in one person is a constant cause of irritability in others. Some women are constantly angry, peevish or snappish. What is the use of living under such pressure? It can be overcome or the cause removed if we try. If it is household matters that crowd us we should study to arrange them so they would not overtax us, and doubtless our own want of method is the sole cause. If it is the care of our children we should bear in mind that they have nothing whatever to do with our burden. We are to blame entirely, and they, poor innocents, should not be abused for our own deliberate acts. I do not say we can pass through this world entirely without being irritated, but we can control it, and keep before us what we owe to ourselves and others; and the woman who betrays temper habitually before husband, child or servant, just lowers herself that much in their and her own respect. A child's love for a parent will lessen as his observation teaches him her lack of self respect; and as she cannot control herself she will lose her hold upon her children. In many homes the bad temper of the parents is the one blight upon domestic happiness.



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water; dip the hair part of the brush without wetting the back, and the grease will be removed in a moment. Then rinse in cold water, shake well, and dry in the air, but not in the sun. Soda and soap soften the bristles.

What caused New Year's Day to be established, and what is the origin for it? M. B. K.

With the Greeks it was a solemn festival; with the Romans one of glad feasting and congratulation, when they interchanged visits and small gifts, a custom which is kept to the present day in Scotland. The folks say that if they have a fair man for a first foot (that is first visitor) they will have good luck all the year round; and if he is dark they have trouble, unless he takes a fair-haired lady with him. Then they will be all right;

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