

HOUSEHOLD.

Children's Reading.

Early inculcate a taste for standard literature. Some are born with an inclination bookward. Others have such a distaste for the printed page that the hardest manual labor is preferable to its perusal.

The child indifferent to books and the child with an aversion to anything on paper are not alone in jeopardy. The child with an inherent mania for anything readable is morally and intellectually endangered from the day he masters the alphabet, unless his parents are, perchance, Argos-eyed, his companions well chosen, and available libraries sifted again and again. Not only is the inveterate reader of tender years liable to be influenced by the low grade literature dispensed by means of any ordinary town library or book stall, but young men and maidens receive romantic, sentimental impressions from all highly wrought tales of fiction of adventure (however elevating their moral tone) which half a lifetime will hardly eradicate. It is not extravagant to say that as many girls

'Standing with reluctant feet
Where the brook and river meet,
Womanhood and childhood fleet,'

are hastened into premature 'heart affairs' by the modern novel as there are boys lured into exciting paths by the 'Buffalo Bill' stories.

If begun in time the youthful ear can as easily be trained to prefer the cadences of Scott, Byron, Whittier and Longfellow; Macaulay, Irving and Bancroft. Then easily digested prose and doggerel will prove as nauseating as it is now intoxicating to the uncultivated mind.

Infancy is not too soon for the starting point. Cloth scrap books, with pictures and classic verses in bright dress, form pretty presents for the earlier years. Before the baby can spell out the shortest primer words, mother can read, and note his delight in, the rhythm of 'Barefoot Boy,' Whittier; 'The Baby,' McDonald; 'Little Birdie,' Tennyson; 'The Brook,' Tennyson; 'Seven Times,' Ingelow; 'We are Seven,' Wordsworth; 'The Captain's Daughter,' Fields; 'Ruth,' Hood; 'Maidenhood,' Longfellow; 'A Farewell,' Kingsley; or even the more ambitious productions of those and other authors.

The libraries prepared especially for school children condense and simplify history, ancient and modern; astronomy, botany, geology, and the like. Interest the little one, as he grows old enough to compass such subjects, then give him a book on one of them and encourage him to search the local libraries and advertisements for others. When maturity is reached a well-grounded aversion for inelegant style and rapid, sensational plot will be instilled in the strong mind that delves in scientific subjects and revels in the choicest poetry.—'Presbyterian Banner.'

Promises Fulfilled.

I am glad we have just such a Heavenly Father as we have, watching over us, and caring for us; loving and merciful, yet having all power. I am glad no weak, earthly potentate, the best of whom can be influenced by parentage, position or money, is to weigh in the balance how much or how little we have been to our fellow men, when our time here is 'worked out.' We do need just such a God as we have, a God that knows all there is in our weak, human hearts, and counts motives and yearnings for doing good as much righteousness.

Dear, tired housemothers, patiently treading from one home duty to another, your world necessarily narrowed till it holds not much besides kitchen, work basket and trundle bed, it's such a comfort to think God knows all about it, knows about our daily toll, our daily struggle upward.

Dear, pale, sick faces, looking up from your white beds with hollow eyes, hungering for sympathy and health, can you think of anything that would seem better and sweeter to hear than this: 'She hath done what she could?'

We shall all be welcomed with these

words to our Father's house, if what we do or suffer here, from day to day, we do as unto him. There are plenty of opportunities, even in the smallest family, in which we must run up colors for our Saviour, or else cowardly deny him. I believe it is impossible to be a Christian and keep it all to one's self. Daily there are occasions on which we may reflect credit on his teachings.

Sometimes a promise is fulfilled so swiftly after the Spirit's promptings are obeyed, it startles as well as gladdens us. Sometimes a scriptural verse is so fitly applicable to us, we cannot evade the weight of its truth.

For a short time once, we had for help a young mother with a little child. He was ailing and very troublesome one day, whining constantly for this or that, as sick children will. The work got behind, but meals and an army of workmen came three times a day, as usual, whether one has strength or not to prepare for them. An aching tooth added to my annoyances, and the child's distracting, twanging whine rasped against every nerve in my aching head.

At noontime, when we were hurrying over the dinner, the child's mother setting the table, I dishing meats and vegetables over the stove, the men washing at the porch sink, or filing round the long table to their places, the little fellow persisted in standing by the sink, stretching up his arms towards the water pail, and whining loudly. I knew the child wanted water to drink, but he did look so unlovely, lifting up his dirty, homely little face, and I was so hurried with the dinner, I did not want to stop then and give him water, hoping his mother, who was standing much nearer than I, would look up from her counting of plates and knives, and notice his wants. He kept screaming and clutching for the dipper, and I thought, 'I am worse than a heathen, if I am not willing to give water to a thirsty little child,' and laying down the turnip masher, I crossed the floor, and held the dipper while the child leisurely drank, tears and water alike drizzling off his chin. When he was satisfied, and I had turned to the stove again, like a flash of wondrous light, came the words, 'Whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water . . . he shall in no wise lose his reward.'

Not for anything would I have lost the experience of that noontime. The Saviour in person seemed to be in our kitchen, right there in the midst of chairs, and children, and work people, and hot meats and vegetables to dish.

Never doubt but that you will have a rich reward sometime—it may come so soon it will startle you—for all you do for your Saviour. The Lord is an excellent paymaster.—'The Household.'

Selected Recipes.

Crab-Apple Short Cake.—Two cupfuls of thick, sour cream, a pinch of salt, a small spoonful of soda, and flour to make a stiff batter; place in a deep pie-tin and bake a light brown. Have ready a quart of sauce, made of crab apples and sugar stewed thick. Split the cake, when done, butter each half and spread with the sauce. Serve with the juice sweetened and slightly thickened with corn starch.

Beef Soup with Noodles.—Take a shin of beef and have it cracked fine; place in a stewpan and pour over it four quarts of cold water. Simmer three hours, removing the scum as it arises. Chop fine two turnips, two onions, a quarter of a head of white cabbage, and put them into the soup with pepper and salt to taste, letting it boil one and one-half hours longer. About thirty minutes before taking up put in the noodles made from the following recipe: Beat one egg very light, knead as much sifted flour as it will absorb, with one-half teaspoonful of salt. Roll out as thin as a wafer, dust over with flour and let it stand for half an hour. Half an hour before the soup is taken up roll the noodle dough over and over into a roll, cut off very thin slices from the edge of the roll, and shake out into long strips, adding more flour so they will not stick together. Put them into the soup lightly and boil twenty or thirty minutes. Serve with the soup.

Just Try It.

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JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Publishers, Montreal.

THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' is printed and published every week at the 'Witness' Building, at the corner of Craig and St. Peter streets, in the city of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall and Frederick Eugene Dougall, both of Montreal.

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