

## HOUSEHOLD.

### Comforted.

We are like little children:

When we are weak with pain,  
And sorrow has overshadowed us,  
We want our mothers again.

Why do the mothers die so soon,  
Whom we are fain to keep?

Why do they pass away to heaven,  
And leave us lone to weep?

Listen, O hearts that are sad for love,  
To what God the Lord can do:  
'As one whom his mother comforteth,  
So will I comfort you.'

Who can be like a mother,  
Hushing her child to rest?

We cannot outgrow the longing  
To lie on the mother's breast.

The mother-love is so wonderful,  
To pardon and help and bless,  
And, even tho' we have erred and sinned,  
They do not love us less.

Mothers have arms so strong and kind,  
And hearts most tender and true:  
'As one whom his mother comforteth,  
So will I comfort you.'

Lord, who hast been my Father,  
Lifting my heart to Thee,  
Thou art my consolation

When the darkness covers me;  
Even a mother-love I find

When I cling to Thee alone,  
I am as weak as a little child,

But still I am all Thine own;  
Pardon me, pity me, give me grace,

For I know Thy word is true:  
'As one whom his mother comforteth,  
So will I comfort you.'

—Marianne Farningham.

### Don't Cross Your Knees.

A medical authority has recently uttered a warning against the habit of sitting with one knee crossed over the other—a pose which is nowadays almost as common among women as among men. This apparently harmless habit, it seems, is likely to cause sciatica, lameness, chronic numbness, ascending paralysis, cramps, varicose veins, and other evils. The reason is simple: The back of the knee, it is explained, as well as the front of the elbow and wrist, the groin and the armpit, contains nerves and blood-vessels, which are less adequately protected than in other parts of the body. The space behind the knees contains two large nerves, a large artery, as well as numerous veins and lymphatic glands. It is the pressure on these nerves and vessels which is apt to give rise to the various troubles against which we are warned.—'Harper's Weekly.'

### For the Sick Room.

One of the most convenient articles to be used in a sick-room is a sand bag. Get some clean fine sand; dry it thoroughly in a kettle on the stove. Make a bag about eight inches square, of flannel, fill it with dry sand, sew the opening carefully together and cover the bag with cotton or linen. This will prevent the sand from sifting out and will also enable you to heat the bag quickly by placing it in the oven, or even on top of the stove. After once using this you will never again attempt to warm the feet or hands of a sick person with a bottle of hot water or a brick. The sand holds the heat a long time, and the bag can be tucked up to the back without hurting the invalid. It is a good plan to make two or three of the bags and keep them on hand ready for use at any time when needed.—'N.W. Advocate.'

### Stale Bread.

Slices of bread may be cut into half-inch cubes and browned in the oven or fried in hot, deep fat, and served as croutons in soups. Many a child who does not care for soup will make a wholesome lunch of soup and croutons, if the latter are served hot and crisp but not too greasy in a separate bowl so he may drop them in and enjoy them while still crisp. Whole slices may be dipped in beaten egg

and milk (one egg to one cupful and four slices), and browned in hot butter, and served as egg toast with syrup with a sweet sauce for dessert. Another favorite is sandwiches made with jam, and dipped in batter, then fried in hot lard, like doughnuts.

### To Clean Gloves.

A way to clean gloves with naphtha is highly recommended by those who have tried it. Fill a wide-mouthed bottle or small jar with naphtha and put the gloves in it, covering it closely. Leave for forty-eight hours, shaking perhaps once or twice gently, then take out the gloves and hang in the air. The odor of the naphtha dissipates as quickly after this long bath as when the liquid is applied less generously with a bit of silk. As no rubbing of the glove is needed, the objectionable streaks left sometimes after rubbing are done away with, and, most important of all, the absence of all friction during the operation lessens any dangerous possibilities in the use of this easily exploded liquid.

### My Neighbor's Child.

(Rose Wood-Allen Chapman, in the Boston 'Congregationalist'.)

Six-year-old Ruth was spending the afternoon at the home of a little friend. In the midst of their play, the mother appeared, and, with the kindest intention in the world, handed each child a cookie. Putting her hands behind her, Ruth shook her head slowly and said, 'My mamma doesn't allow me to eat between meals.'

Her temptress, with different ideas about eating for children, said: 'That's nonsense! This cookie won't hurt you. Take it and eat it.'

'But my mamma wouldn't like it,' persisted the loyal little one.

'Oh, your mamma'll never know. If you're afraid she'll come in and catch you, crawl in here under the table and she'll never see you.'

Amazed, astonished, the child stared for one horror-stricken moment at the awful woman who would suggest such wicked conduct to her, and then turned and fled. Straight to her mother's arms she ran, and there sobbed out her story of temptation.

When her tender heart had been relieved of its burden and her sobs somewhat quieted, she looked at her mamma and said: 'I don't fink it's nice of grown-up folks to make it so hard for little girls to be good, do you, Mamma? 'F I was a grown-up lady and a little girl said her mamma wouldn't let her eat a cookie, I'd say, "Put it in your po'tet, dear, and keep it until supper time."''

Silently the mother's heart approved the judgment of the little girl. Now could she forgive the one who had really tried to instill into her little daughter thoughts of disobedience and deception?

Unfortunately, this experience was not the only one of its kind endured by this mother. Having made a study of hygiene, her attitude toward the diet of her children was entirely different from that of the other mothers of her acquaintance, and, being out of sympathy with her theories, they seemed to feel no necessity for assisting her in her efforts to bring up her children in the way that seemed right to her. On every hand the children were offered tempting viands, and if they remained true to their mother's teachings they were told that they were 'foolish' and that she was 'cruel.'

These women did not mean to be unkind; they were simply thoughtless. Their responsibility for the upbringing of their own children weighed heavily upon their shoulders, but that they owed the slightest duty to the children of their neighbors never entered their heads.

Yet it is not alone because your children are yours that you must train them right; it is also because they are children, men and women in embryo, future citizens of the nation upon whose stability of character rests the future of the country. Christ taught us to love our neighbors as ourselves, and, recalling his recognition of the child's worth, we cannot question but that his commandment would include our neighbor's children. To care only for the welfare and up-building of our own children is not the attitude of the true follower of Christ.

Moreover, we should remember that, as upon the father and mother rests the responsibility for their child's future, their ideals of right conduct should be carefully respected by us. We may see no harm in things which they have forbidden to their children, but the fact that they are forbidden should be sufficient for us, and we should do all in our power to make observance of the prohibition easy.

Sometimes the parents are not wise in the training of their little ones, and then it may be that a conscientious neighbor can bring into the little lawless lives some of that orderliness which is so evidently needed. To be sure, the neighbor cannot exert the authority which belongs to the parent, but there are other ways of acquiring influence, and a real child-lover can often make an impress upon the unfolding personality which will never be effaced.

A woman whose heart was full of love and reverence for God's little ones, was amazed one morning, soon after her arrival in a new locality, to see her kitchen door opened from without and two children, four and five years of age, with unabashed mien walk into her presence. She welcomed them pleasantly, however, learned that they were little neighbors and, upon their departure, invited them to come again. The next day they appeared in the same unceremonious fashion, but this time she was ready for them.

Looking up from her work, she said, 'Oh, how do you do? Did you knock; I didn't hear you.'

A little abashed at the unexpected question the children replied only with a negative shake of their heads.

'Well, you know,' she went on cheerily, 'when folks go visiting they always knock at the door, and then the one they're calling on tells them to "come in." That's the way the grown-up people do, and that's the way you want to do—isn't it?'

The little girl assented, but the boy was doubtful.

'Suppose you go out and try it once. It's just like a game.' She rose as she spoke and advanced toward them, the children backing away as though a little fearful as to what might happen next. With a few more encouraging words she closed the door and then waited.

After a little while a timid knock was heard. Hastening to the door, the neighbor exclaimed, 'Why, here's Emma and Harry! How do you do? Won't you walk in? I'm very glad to see you.'

That the children enjoyed the greeting was very evident by their smiling faces, but it must not be supposed that the lesson was learned at once. For several days they appeared as usual, but each time were sent outside to knock, and ultimately the habit was so strongly fixed that never was the door opened by them without permission from within. When this fact became known to the mothers it caused great wonder, as never before had the children received such a lesson.

In the same way their new friend taught the little ones, who loved to spend hours in her home, to pick up their playthings and put them away before leaving. The first time she explained to them that such was the way to do, the little girl asked, 'Do you always put your things away?'

'Oh, yes,' was the reply, 'or just see how my room would look when Mr. A. comes home. I want everything to look nice for him, you know.'

Then, by making the straightening-up into a game or into a contest as to which would do the most in the shortest time, she made the task a pleasure to them until finally another good habit was formed.

Without trespassing upon the parent's domain or overstepping the bounds of courtesy, it is yet possible to make one's intercourse with a child an influence for good; and when we realize that every word or act must leave an impress for either good or evil upon the plastic material before us, we are made to feel our responsibility to our neighbor's child.

1904 Caricatured—'World Wide Cartoon' edition now ready. Ten cents a copy. For sale by all booksellers and newsdealers throughout the Dominion, or by remitting 10c to John Dougall & Son, Publishers, Montreal.