

THE HOUSEHOLD.

HER IDEAL HOME.

When Arthur Moreton asked Laura Willis to be his wife, she answered him "Yes," and began to make preparations for their early wedding. Often she paused in the midst of her delightful tasks to say to herself, "Now I shall have a chance to make a home just according to my ideal, and Arthur will be so fond of it. Then followed in her mind the details: pretty, soft easy-chairs, music, books, bright and tasteful draperies, and—oh, yes, of course, flowers and a canary bird, and so on till her castle rose high in the air.

They were married in October, and proceeded at once to furnish their house on Clifton street in an inexpensive but cosy way, and November found them fully settled in their new home.

One stormy evening three months later Mr. Moreton was kept at his office a little longer than usual. When released he hurried to his home, looking to it with a sense of pleasure and pride, just slightly marred by an uneasy feeling of something not exactly comfortable. As he entered and began laying aside his damp hat and overcoat his wife came to meet him with the usual caress, saying:

"I'm glad you've come at last, Arthur. Oh, don't touch me! This dress spots so easily," looking down at the pretty, delicate gown which she had donned, with wifely pride in appearing well in her husband's eyes.

A few months ago he would not have minded, but to-night he wanted to say like any other man, "Why do you wear a dress so easily spoiled?" but he said nothing as he proceeded to hang up his coat and hat.

"Won't they drip on the floor?" asked Mrs. Moreton. "Perhaps you had better take them to the kitchen." So the cold, tired man took the only slightly dampened garments away.

Seated at last in the cheery sitting-room, he stretched his feet to the fire to wait comfortably for his supper. Presently his wife came bustling in from the dining-room.

"Oh, Arthur, you do upset everything so when you come home. I just get neat and tidy and you put the chairs out of place, and kick the rugs up, and throw your traps around everywhere!" All of which, though said in a half-joking manner, jarred unpleasantly upon the husband's thoughts of rest and comfort. "But, come now, tea is ready. I meant to have made you some of the cakes you liked so much, but I wanted the time to finish embroidering the table scarf. You will say it is beautiful, I know."

Somehow, man-like, he didn't feel as much like admiring something ornamental for the centre table as much as he did something more inviting on the table before him, so the meal passed rather silently on his part.

When they were again seated for the evening and the table scarf had been much admired and the work praised, for Arthur Moreton was quick to put down unpleasant thoughts, he said to his wife:

"Laura, won't you play me something lively? I am in the mood for music to-night."

"I would like to. Can't you wait just a minute till I put the rest of these tassels on?"

He waited ten, twenty, thirty minutes, and still seeing no chance of amusement, drew a low chair to him and put his feet across its linen-covered seat.

"How vulgar you do look! Why, I wouldn't have thought it of you, Arthur," laughed Mrs. Moreton; then half reprovingly, "You'll get it all dirty. I can't keep anything nice."

She expected him to laugh at her old maidish ways, as he usually did when thus spoken to. But instead there came a little pucker in his forehead, and presently he arose and said:

"I must go out again, Laura; I have forgotten to see Holman to-day about fixing the piazza. It doesn't storm much yet," and he was gone.

When she had heard the outer door close behind him she laid her head on the table and burst into tears.

"He didn't want to stay, I know. I thought he couldn't help liking his home, I tried so hard and it seemed so pretty to me. What is the matter with it?"

What was the matter with it? Why did

not Laura Moreton's home realize Laura Willis' ideal?

First, because everything was too good to be used, and the housewife over particular to the husband's discomfort. Also, because pleasant furnishings were made to receive the time and care due to body and soul of a human being.—*Christian at Work.*

TEACH THE LITTLE ONES TO PRAY.

It is one of the most pleasant memories I have of my mother, that she taught me while very young to repeat my nightly prayer. I have often heard her relate an incident that occurred before I can remember.

A terrible fire broke out in the city where we lived, and threatened for a while, to destroy the greater part of it. I was awakened by the noise and tumult to find my parents busily packing their household goods, preparatory to a hasty departure from our home. She said I "went to the window, and watched the fire some time, then turning, without a word, knelt beside my little bed, and asked God to help the firemen put out the fire, and not let us be burned or hurt, but to take care of us for Jesus' sake. Then I crept into the bed and in a moment was fast asleep." The tears sprang to her eyes as my little, trusting prayer ascended to the throne on high. Is the prayer of faith ever lost, even of one of His little ones, when asked trustingly and submissively? Never. In this case, the wind was suddenly laid, not another building caught and the fire was soon under control.

I have taught my little one, since she could lisp a word, to kneel every night, and with clasped hands and bowed head, repeat her little prayer. At first, it was only to "bless papa and mamma, sister and brother, and myself, for Jesus' sake," then a line has been added to "help me be a good girl," then "to help me mind papa and mamma," then "to help me be a comfort as long as I live," and when anything has occurred through the day, "Forgive me for being naughty to-day," etc. She never forgets to "pray to God, mamma."

Since she began to ask Him to help her be a good girl, if she is naughty I have only to say, "My darling, didn't you ask God last night to help you be a good girl, and how can he help you if you do so, and do not help yourself?"

She waits a moment in deep thought, then gives up submissively and lovingly, and is my precious "Gift of God" again, and she will be only three next month.

You cannot commence too soon to "train a child in the way he should go," and we have the blessed assurance that "when he is old he will not"—mark that, mothers—"he will not depart from it." For a time he may wander off into forbidden paths, but God knows his own, and in his own good time, he will be gathered into the fold.

I made a sad, sad mistake with my eldest child, who was very courageous and feared nothing. I was afraid some accident would occur, and tried to make her more careful by holding up death as the probable result of her carelessness, and then of being buried up in the ground. Death and the grave have always seemed terrible to her, and I would give much to undo my work. My little one shall profit by my mistake. If it lies within my power to teach her, death shall seem to her but going to live with God and Jesus, who, she knows even now, loves her, and whose names she repeats so reverently and trustingly.

Mothers, teach your little ones to pray. In after years, the remembrance of these prayers will come back like a voice from heaven. Teach them to make all their little wants known to him, to carry all their sorrows and trials to him, and to confess humbly and penitently, all their errors and sins.

Perchance, in after years, when they are standing where two roads meet—one, wide, smooth and pleasant-looking, the other, narrow, rough and lonely—the prayer of their childhood will come back. "God help me to choose the right," and decide once and for all time, the road they are to go.

If they cannot see your hand beckoning down the narrow road, what then? Our children are God's best gift, oh, think of the responsibility that rests upon each of us, an immortal soul entrusted to our care. A question I read one day struck painfully to my heart. It was this: "Mothers, your

children have often heard you scold, have they ever heard you pray?"

May each one of us, at the throne of God, be able to say, "We are all, all here."—*Jael Fee in Household.*

SETTING A PRICE ON DISOBEDIENCE.

I heard one of my friends say, recently, to a little three-year-old boy, "Stop picking leaves from that vine," "Stop this minute, or I shall whip you." Another mother remarked in my hearing a few days since, "Stop that crying and take those blocks from the table or I shall whip you." Experience had taught the children what amount of whipping would probably follow. In the obstinate state of mind in which they then were, they looked upon the bargain held out to them as a fair one which they might accept or reject. They accepted the whipping as they were ready to pay for the indulgence. In both cases, the parents complained that their children were disobedient, yet there was nothing of the kind. The parent labored under the impression that he had commanded the child to do something and it had refused. What had been done was to offer the child a bargain, and the child had accepted the offer. The parent expected a refusal and was disappointed. The child recognized that the price was low and closed with the offer.

The correct plan in all cases where obedience is required, is to give the command, pure and simple. Set no price on disobedience. Let the "must" be plain and strong, and then if not heeded proceed to enforce obedience. Let the measures be decided on, however, before beginning to act. As soon as the child is willing to obey stop coercion. Remember the child is not an enemy; the punishment is merely to secure right doing. If before that falls the child is willing to obey, it has become needless.—*American Kindergarten.*

TAKEN DOWN.

Very old people are seldom sentimental. What they have seen of life ordinarily makes them practical, and not inclined to go into ecstasies over every day events. A young man of my acquaintance, writes a correspondent, had this fact impressed upon him in a somewhat mortifying way. He had been the suitor of a charming young lady, and to his keen delight, she had finally consented to become his wife. His exaltation of mind knew no bounds. He talked constantly of what he called his good fortune in a manner far from sensible.

Paying a visit to his aged grandmother, who was a blunt sensible old lady, while this mood was on him, he took her hand in a sentimental way, and after gushing over his good fortune for a few moments until the old lady looked quite bored, he closed his confession by saying,—

"You can't know, grandmother, half of my sweet little girl's worth. She is so gentle and tender and beautiful, and will make our little home the most delightful spot on earth, a perfect little haven of happiness and content."

To this grandma replied, with a twinkle in her eyes,—

"Well, I hope, George, she'll keep her kettles and dishes clean. If there's anything in this world I can't abide, it's a dirty kitchen with untidy things around. Don't expect me to go into any sentiment over her until I have seen how her kitchen looks."

"Her kitchen!" That had found no place thus far in George's poetic dreams and pictures, yet a cheerful kitchen is not an unpoetic thing in domestic life.—*Youth's Companion.*

TABLE MANNERS.

"Yes, he is a fine fellow, but it is surprising, considering the family he belongs to, that he hasn't better table manners." This frank comment concerning a young friend for whom we had been expressing our admiration, set us to wondering why it is that in so many families of genuine refinement, the table manners of children receive so small a share of attention. Many parents seem to forget that the habits formed at the table are likely to follow one through life. The child that at home is allowed to "sup" his soup audibly, to "bolt" his meat and vegetables like a hungry brute, to take a quarter of a slice of bread at a mouthful, sitting meanwhile perhaps either lolling against the chair back or with his elbow on

the table, will inevitably mortify himself and his friends when he comes to "dine out."

Sometimes it happens that at breakfast the pressure of business and household cares leads to undue haste on the parent's part; thus giving additional license to the children. The mother's attention is confined to the pouring of coffee, and the father is too impatient to be at his office to take time to serve the steak and potatoes with the gracious mien that distinguishes him when guests are present; and children are quick to note the difference. Children's minds are like sensitized plates, and those about them little realize the ineffacable impressions they are constantly receiving. Happy the child who can find in his own loved home circle pure and lofty ideas exemplified of every-day living!—*Good Housekeeping.*

A PRETTY TOILET STAND.

A pretty toilet stand is made in this way: Take an old four-legged stand (or a dry-goods box will do), and cut a piece of pink cambric to fit the top. Draw this over it tightly and tack around the edge. Cut a piece of the cambric long enough to go around three sides of the stand, and wide enough to reach from the top to the bottom. Draw around plain and tack. Cut a piece of cheese cloth twice the length of the cambric and the same width, allowing an inch and a half for a hem. Gather the edge opposite the hem, and tack around the edge of the stand. Cut a piece of cheese cloth three inches wide, and a strip of cambric one and a half inches wide. Notch each edge of both these, box plait, or gather through the centre. Fasten together—the pink over the white—and tack around the edge of the stand with bright tacks, and also fasten just above the hem. Mats can be made to correspond, and it is very pretty as well as inexpensive.

EVERY YOUNG MOTHER is an artist—the greatest of all artists. She has not simply a brush with which to paint shadows, or wires to make music, or clay to make an image, but a young living soul to mould into character. This makes motherhood the highest of all offices, and gives it a dignity than which no higher can be held. Do not envy her who sings or declaims in public or writes a book (worthy as these may be). She to whom God gives a child has a higher work than such. Your home may be humble and poor and cost you weary hours and much sacrifice, but in your child you and God are to join hands in building up a noble character.

PUZZLES.

HIDDEN PROVERB.

Take one word from each of the following sentences in order to make a familiar proverb: It is now over a week since Julia and Amy took a long walk. The story of it is a short one. Julia is an excellent girl. She had been ill for a few days and wanted fresh air. She got more of it than she needed, for soon after they started a violent wind arose.

"I am glad that it is so cool," said she at first. Yet a while after she said: "How very hard it blows! Nobody could enjoy walking on such a day. I hope I will not feel any bad effects from the exertion."

"Oh, no!" replied Amy, when at length they approached their home. "I think that the exercise has done you good."

SQUARE WORD.

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1. A place for baking; 2. A Latin verb signifying "I saw"; 3. an ancient garden; 4. a number.

LETTER PUZZLE.

Form words from these letters:
1. Donu. 2. Reel. 3. Aled. 4. Dahr. 5. Ceetl. 6. Peool. 7. Noccal. 8. Tarel. 9. Gaaver. 10. Fiffh. 11. Runcist.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN LAST NUMBER.

BURIED WORDS.

1. Xenophon; 2. Erie; 3. emanation; 4. tasso; 5. eith; 6. Laint; 7. tablet; 8. Inane; 9. Missouri; 10. omen.

CELEBRATED NAMESAKES.

1. St. John Chrysostom; 2. John of Procula; 3. John of Gaunt; 4. John the Fearless, Duke of Burgundy; 5. Don John of Austria, son of Emperor Charles V.; 6. John Knox; 7. John Elliot; 8. John Milton; 9. John Bunyan; 10. John Racine; 11. John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough; 12. John Howard; 13. Johann Mozart; 14. Johann Wolfgang von Goethe; 15. Sir John Franklin.