

THE HOUSEHOLD.

A. PRAYER FOR OUR CHILDREN.

Father our children keep!

We know not what is coming on the earth;
Beneath the shadow of thy heavenly wing,
Oh, keep them, keep them, Thou who gav'st
them birth.

Father draw nearer us?

Draw firmer round us thy protecting arm;
Oh, clasp our children closer 'to Thy side,
Uninjured in the day of earth's alarm.

Them in Thy chambers hide!

Oh, hide them, and preserve them calm and
safe

When sin abounds, and error flows abroad,
And Satan tempts, and human passions chafe.

Oh, keep them undefiled!

Unspotted from a tempting world of sin:
That, clothed in white, through the bright city
gates

They may with us in triumph enter in.

—H. Bonar.

HOW THE MOTHER OF THE SALVATION ARMY BROUGHT UP HER CHILDREN.

BY FRANCES E. WILLARD.

Some papers on the training of children have reminded me of a conversation recently had with a lady who was an intimate friend of the great mother of the Salvation Army. From her I learned that Mrs. Booth determined early in her married life and with almost passionate earnestness, that she 'would never have a wicked child.' This she was wont to declare to her little flock that finally numbered eight. She often told them that she 'would pray her children dead rather than have them depart from righteousness.' One of her daughters recalls how her mother was wont to gather the little ones around her and pray that they might die rather than ever become wicked, and the thrill she felt when her mother's hot tears dropped on her bare neck while she prayed.

This undying zeal was the less remarkable in a woman who had read the Bible through eight times before she was twelve years of age and had wrought into the warp and woof of her nature its law as well as its gospel. Sometimes she was very severe against what are called 'society' sins, and especially spoke out her mind when she was preaching at a seaside resort. One of her daughters said as they left the church together, 'I think, mother, you are a little too heavy on them.' Whereupon Mrs. Booth responded, 'Ah! you are like the rest of them, pleading for the syrup without the sulphur.' One of her constant reiterations was, 'I not only wish to know what you are converted from, but what you are converted to.'

This forceful spirit had perhaps its earliest manifestations in Mrs. Booth as a mother when her son, Bramwell, was but six months old, and for the first time showed symptoms of rebellion in the refusal to lie down in his little cradle. He fought, struggled and roared; his young mother held him one-half hour exactly as she wanted him to lie in the cradle, and although he began to grow blue in the face she never swerved for an instant from her decision. From that time he never gave her any trouble. His friends call him a seraphic spirit; one whose knowledge of the higher ranges of Christian experience cannot be doubted by any who know his daily life.

Talking with a young mother who had come to her for counsel Mrs. Booth said with great earnestness: 'Never let anything pass, that is my motto. It is the little foxes that spoil the vines, it is the slight departures in little children from what their mother has taught them that undermine her power. If, when they are small and easily guided, you polarize them toward yourself in obedience, faith and love, they will never wander away. You must not let them cheat at games, you must not let them use any words of doubtful tendency, for if one's words are right down to the smallest particular, one's deeds are almost sure to be the same.' If in their simplest play Mrs. Booth saw her children attempting to overreach, she would stop them, then and there, no matter who was present, and tell them 'no child of hers could do a thing like that.'

When her son, Ballington, now at the

head of the Salvation Army forces in America, was fourteen years of age, she noticed in him a tendency to exaggerate in speech, and checked him with the words: 'If you go on like that you will be a liar, and no child of mine must ever become that.' She was at this time almost too ill to move, but she told the boy to go up stairs and take off his jacket. He pitied his mother so much to think of the undertaking before her that he burst into tears, crying out, 'Let father do it,' although he knew that his father was much more severe; but his mother followed him to his room, saying, after a most earnest talk, 'I have impressed these views on your mind; it is now my painful duty to impress them on your body,' and she gave him as sound a thrashing as she was able.

Mrs. Booth was urging her friend thus to take her own little ones in hand. 'Oh, but!' was the response, 'you have more power in your little finger than I have in my whole body.' 'Never mind said Mrs. Booth, 'then you must believe for yourself. Behold the goodness and severity of God; that is what the Scripture says. You dread, perhaps, to do this; you think your children will not love you. Let me show you a letter from my son in America; it reads like that of a lover.' And so it did, as the two women bent over its beautiful pages, and the mother, whose goodness and severity had helped to mould his character, shed happy tears upon its loving lines.

I am neither indorsing nor condemning this method of bringing up children; the exact opposite was the one my mother used; she never struck me a blow in her life, almost never gave me a command, and yet I remember writing her in my maturer years: 'I cannot be driven by Niagara, but you have always led me with a straw.' But the question of training children is many-sided. Inheritance, environment and character produce such different specimens that it is well for us to consider various methods, and that of Mrs. Booth merits our thought for two reasons at least. First, it was followed by one of the greatest and best women that ever lived; second—it has produced a family of eight children who are probably by their combined efforts doing more good to-day than any other mother's eight children that can be named.—London, England. *Union Signal*.

NO PARLOR.

The word parlor always suggests to my mind a vague something not exactly practical or beautiful, with no savor of comfort or happiness, but instead, a breathless sort of place, from its solemnity or 'not to be used' air; a place so sacred from disturbances and the possible dust that may come in at the open windows, as to always lack geniality and fresh air. In stately mansions, its forbiddingness takes an air of such supreme elegance that humanity seems not related because there is no deference to the common needs. I always feel a chill when honored by a reception in a parlor or drawing-room, and I feel one of the richest tributes I can pay my mother is that she so loved her home that she never had a parlor. The largest and sunniest room had the best furnishings, and along with easy chairs, cheery pictures, an open piano, and books in plenty, were the open window and vases of flowers in summer, and warm fire and plate of fruits in winter.

Mother always had a sitting-room apart, because our reception room was so popular that sometimes she wished to spend her evening more quietly with book or friend than with our merry group. But no guest left the happy young circle without a good-night to mother, even if she had seen fit to withdraw from our musical, fun-loving crowd. All who came thought the evening incomplete without the pleasant smile, jolly word, or bit of kindly counsel they sought of my mother, 'the young folks' friend.'

It was through this sweet freedom, informality and unity of our home life that the children's friends were always under the supervision of our parents. A shield invisible was about us in this parental love and companionship, and our home made the centre of pure and wholesome amusement for our young companions. Our mother knew our friends and she was our, and often their, confidential friend.

Let us not waste one inch of room in our house by making it a show room. If we would have our home the brightest spot in the memory of our boys and girls, when they have become men and women, let the atmosphere of the home be genial, sympathetic, with every belonging serving every day the human needs of unfolding lives.—*Selected*.

THE REFUSE.

What to do with the varied waste of the house, is a problem every housekeeper must meet, and I have solved it to some extent.

To begin with the ashes. Those from the coal stove are spread upon the driveway and walks, which they gradually render firm and solid. Wood ashes are scattered thinly here and there over the grass. The next shower of summer, or the next snow-storm of winter, washes them away or covers them from sight. They are an excellent dressing for the lawn, as our thick growth of dark green grass proves.

The table scraps, after our kitty has had her fill, are saved for a neighbor's big dog. Any bone that may be too large for him to swallow, I drop into the stove. There too, go all the waste papers, soiled scrubbing and floor cloths, and all worn-out boots and shoes, to be 'purified so as by fire.' I also burn all vegetable and fruit-parings, and the outside cabbage leaves. Tucked away in a back corner of the firebox they soon vanish, leaving nothing but a handful of clean ashes. The dish water is carried out, and thrown on the pile of stable litter behind the barn, where it immediately disappears.

That disposes of everything except the broken dishes, tin cans, and such things. We finally dug a hole three or four feet deep for them, and when it is nearly full, we shall cover it up and dig another.

In summer time, all the weeds taken from the garden are put in an out-of-the-way corner, and the pea-pods, melon-rinds green-corn husks, etc., are added to the pile. Then the dishwater is poured over them, and by fall I have a supply of excellent earth for my house plants.

In this way we avoid any accumulation of rubbish on the place. The back-door yard is just as sweet and wholesome as the front lawn. There is no need of a spring cleaning of the premises, except to rake up the dead leaves that have lain under the snow.—*Housekeeper*.

VENTILATION.

BY MARY L. PALMER.

Probably more deaths than we are aware of are caused by impure air. The proportion of forty in one hundred has been given and the chief cause of this impurity is carbonic acid gas—a deadly poison. This gas killed one hundred and twenty-three persons in eleven hours in the 'Black Hole' of Calcutta in 1756, and has killed many, very many since. The atmosphere of our rooms is not receiving the attention it should. Ventilation is of prime importance, and when we consider the many sources of impure air—the breath, exhalations from the body, stoves, lamps, candles, and vapors and odors from cooking—we should see to it that good air replaces the bad.

A little study and applied thought will do this. There is no safety but in thorough ventilation, and there are various ways of obtaining it. One of the best is an open fireplace, failing this a large hole in the chimney near the ceiling is recommended. It may be covered with some kind of lattice-work and made to look quite ornate. A long window open at top and bottom is often necessary in summer, and open doors are a blessing. Other means may be devised.

It is thought, applied thought, that we want. Rooms heated by close stoves and hot-air registers always require ventilation. There must be fresh air admitted or carbonic acid gas is generated and inhaled. What is true of our homes is true of school-houses, churches, theatres, workshops, and cars. These are all usually imperfectly ventilated. And since we must breathe at night as well as day ventilation of our sleeping-rooms is to be studied. We do not wish to sleep in a strong current of air and we wish to breathe good air during

sleep. Poorly ventilated sleeping-rooms have been the cause of much mischief.—*Christian at Work*.

CULTIVATE REFINEMENT.

Do not draw into your shell. So much is to be gained by contact with the outside world. The influence of the social current has the same effect upon human nature as that produced by the constant friction of the sea upon the pebbles on the beach. Rough corners are polished and sharp angles smoothed down into symmetrical proportions. But it is not enough to be simply in the swim. One must, to be happy, cultivate that society which elevates and ennobles. Seek relaxation for mind and body among a set of people who hold broad views of living. Narrow-minded men and woman, and the world is full of them, will only give you distorted ideas of life, ideas that will change the sunniest and most healthful disposition into one morose, churlish, and ill-natured. Be careful then, whom you choose for your companions.—*Standard*.

LEFT UNDONE.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

It isn't the thing you do, dear,

It's the thing you've left undone,

Which gives you a bit of heartache,

At the setting of the sun.

The tender word forgotten,

The letter you did not write,

The flower you might have sent, dear,

Are your haunting ghosts to-night.

The stone you might have lifted

Out of a brother's way.

The bit of heartsome counsel

You were hurried too much to say:

The loving touch of the hand, dear,

The gentle and winsome tone,

That you had no time nor thought for,

With troubles enough of your own.

RECIPES.

SALT is a splendid polisher for brass; mixed with vinegar it is excellent for mica stove windows; with lemon or cream of tartar it will remove rust from iron or steel.

SOAP, starch and salt should be rubbed into spots of mildew on cloth, which can then be restored by placing in the sun for an hour or two.

THERE is no better skin stimulant than a brisk rubbing with salt and water. Wet salt applied to a bee sting will quickly give relief.

TOMATO SALAD.—Peel ripe tomatoes and lay them on the ice for two hours. Just before serving cut them in quarters or slices, lay them on lettuce-leaves and serve with a mayonnaise dressing. They are also very good with a French dressing and unaccompanied by the lettuce.

HAMBURG CREAM is so easy to make, we are sure our housekeeping readers will be glad to know it. Beat together the juice of two lemons, one-half pound of sifted sugar, and the yolks of five eggs. Put on the fire in a double boiler, and let it come to a boil. Add quickly the whites of the eggs, beaten stiff. Stir all well together, take immediately from the fire, and serve cold in glasses or in large dessert dish.

CHICKEN SALAD.—The meat of a cold boiled chicken cut into small pieces; half as much celery as you have chicken, cut into inch lengths; one small head lettuce; pepper and salt to taste; one tablespoonful oil; one tablespoonful vinegar; one full cup mayonnaise dressing. Mix the cut chicken and celery, season them, and moisten them with the oil and vinegar. Line a salad-bowl with lettuce, and on this heap your salad. Pour the thick mayonnaise dressing over the chicken and celery. In summer-time when celery is scarce and expensive, it may be omitted from the salad, and then it is well to use celery salt in seasoning. Garnish with quarters of hard-boiled egg, stoned olives, or capers, as you may desire.

MAYONNAISE DRESSING.—One egg; one pint salad oil—the best—never use a cheap oil; one tablespoonful vinegar; half a lemon; saltspoonful salt; half-saltspoonful each of mustard and white pepper. Separate the white and the yolk of the egg. To the latter add the juice of the lemon, the salt, pepper and mustard. Mix with three or four stirs of a fork. Begin putting in the oil, a few drops at a time, stirring steadily, increasing the quantity as the dressing thickens. When about two-thirds of the oil has been used, the vinegar should be added, little by little, and after that the remainder of the oil. The steady stirring of the fork should be unremitting. If egg, oil, and plate have been chilled before they are used, this dressing may be made in ten or fifteen minutes. Place it on the ice until needed, and just before sending to table, whip the white of the egg to a standing froth and stir it lightly into the dressing. Should the egg and oil curdle and separate, or obstinately refuse to stir them to a success, take another egg, and begin again in a fresh plate. When this dressing thickens—as it will, unless there is something radically wrong with the egg, oil or work—add the curdled dressing carefully, a little at a time, stirring incessantly. The result should be as good a mayonnaise as could be desired. In hot weather, especial care should be taken to have utensils and ingredients alike ice-cold.