

HOUSEHOLD.

The Story of a Business Woman.

(Annie A. Preston, in 'Advocate and Guardian.')

A wealthy and benevolent Christian gentleman who passed away not long since, once told this story to a widow who called upon him for advice and assistance in educating her sons:

"Yes," he said, kindly, "I have money and influence, as you say, but when my father died I had only my ten years of experience in a small country village, and my mother, but mother was a host in herself. Her brain was a mine of resources, her heart a chest of goodness, her hands willing tools to do whatever came in their way that was right and best. When my mother asked a neighbor to take his team and move her small belongings to the nearest large town, she working for his wife to pay him in advance, he said:

"If you take that boy to town at his age it will be the end of him."

"It will be the beginning of him, if I keep him busy," said my mother, and mother kept me busy that day even, helping her to pick up and pack.

"When you want to be moved back let me know," said the man, as he left our things in the little building, a room and a stairway below, and one room above, that she had hired in a short street or lane between two business streets.

"Mother thanked him, but she was not obliged to avail herself of his offer. She had seen, in an instant, what she could do with her small quarters, but first she closed the door, and, kneeling with me in the little upper room, repeated with me, "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want," and the Lord's Prayer, and this was always our daily service, participated in by whomsoever was with us in our home, and it is still mine. Let me tell you, madam, if you can impress upon a child that the Lord is his Shepherd, he will not stray very far, for he will feel that the all-seeing eye is upon him.

"Now," said mother, cheerfully, "we have reported to the Lord, and while we trust in him he will help us if we try to help ourselves," and, taking a small piece of smooth board, the top of a box, she wrote upon it with a bit of chalk a notice of "Fine washing and ironing, laces and curtains a specialty," and sent me with it to a near-by printing office to have a hundred small notices—flyers, we should call them now—struck off. She told me to bring back the board, as she wanted to set it in the window.

The enterprise showed in this amused and interested the proprietor so much that he became her first customer, and as I distributed our business cards in all the best places, mother had soon a laundry in the next building and was only doing the fine ironing herself. At the time, she had no ironing table, and used the stairs.

This scheme of advertising worked so well that I went about soliciting advertisements of specialties of the merchants, which I had printed and distributed. Soon I was adding my own card, as an advertiser, to the list, with the number of my office, our little ground-floor room that mother had made neat and attractive with her best things, and her advertisement was in one white-curtained window and mine in the other.

Soon I was having my advertisements printed upon one sheet for convenience sake, and then I took to adding items of news picked up on my business trips, and adapting a gift I had of telling a funny story or with mother's help a bit of verse. As there was soon quite a call for this sheet, I sold it, naming it for the small coin for which it was sold, and it came in time to be the leading paper of all our section.

"Mother kept hard at work herself even after all the heavy work was done outside. She directed and inspected everything that was done in her name. She looked beautiful in her white gowns and smooth hair; she was a bright woman. Ladies used to come into the tidy little place to talk with her and watch her as she picked out the dainty embroidery with her white fingers, and these friendships were prized when she was a rich woman, at the head of many charitable and philanthropic enterprises. She was ad-

vised to change her locality, but said, "No, people are in the habit of thinking of us here, and our little seed of enterprise has taken root in this spot and is making growth." This was hard sense, and brought my mother added respect.

"Our earnings accumulated, and it was not long before we owned our little place. The time came when we owned the whole street, and there was upon one corner a school and upon the other a meeting-house, with our own home just back of it, and the street was called by our name; but that was all a matter of time. Mother was not a rugged woman, but she saw what she could do well, and did that. She kept me busy, teaching me all that she knew herself and helping me to adapt all that was best that came my way, and she helped me to recognize God's hand in all things."

The Weekly Uplift.

I sometimes wonder whether, at its right worth, we prize the weekly uplift, which is ours, from the habit of going to church. By the time we have spent six days at our work, six days in the shop, in the kitchen, in society, in the nursery, in the usual tasks and recreations of life, we are often like a clock run down and in need of the weekly winding up. We have had our daily Bible reading, and our closet prayer, and some of us have had the midweek prayer meeting, too, but we feel the want of something more. We need the instruction which is part of the pulpit's function. The quiet spending of a morning in God's house, and the waiting there before him, with his people.

'I joyed when to the house of God
Go up, they said to me,
Jerusalem, within thy gates,
Our feet shall standing be,'

says the quaint old version of the psalms sung in many a Scottish kirk. Blessed are we who feel in our hearts a thrill of joy when as the Sabbath returns we go unto the courts of the Lord.

The weekly uplift is greater, if we are to be found, as a rule, in our own sanctuary, and lesser to ourselves if we have the habit of strolling about in search of some novel presentation of the truth. The famous minister may occasionally attract us, but our duty is to our own pastor and our obligation to be in our own church when it is open is as real as that of our pastor to be in the pulpit. To congregations, troubled because the pews are not well filled, and annoyed that strangers do not come to them, the recommendation might well be made, that for twelve months they try the plan of absolute fidelity in their personal attendance at church, each individual and each family, unless prevented by illness, making it a custom to be always there, when there was a service. This single method would go far towards insuring success for any church, in the matter of building it up numerically.

On the mother naturally falls the duty of seeing that the children are ready for church in time, and that no trivial reasons keep them at home. The Sunday-school is the children's Bible school; it is not their church, nor does it take to them the place of church-going. In some of our Christian communities we are rearing a generation of young people who have no feeling of responsibility about divine worship; they have been permitted to make it elective through their childhood, and the result, already manifest in a lowered conscience, and a growing materialism, will be more than ever disastrous in days to come, unless parents are awakened and change their course. The movement to revive the neglected study of the catechism should receive the support of mothers all through our church, and we should hail as a good omen any quickening of sentiment and strengthening of conviction on the part of those who have child training in hand.—Margaret E. Sangster, in 'Christian Intelligencer.'

Remembering a Mother's Songs.

How greatly are those children to be compassionate, and of how rich an heritage do they suffer deprivation, who have no remembrance of a mother's voice in song. An instance is recalled of a family whose oldest sons talked with enthusiasm of the songs

which their mother sang when they were boys. A younger child always looked his wistfulness and disappointment, for he had no such memory. The mother's health had failed, and with it her voice, in the time of his bringing up, and so much was lost to him that seemed like gathered wealth to the older ones. So I feel like saying to mothers: 'Sing, if ever so poorly, to your little ones. Give them a childhood memory of how mother could sing,' because, in after life it will be precious to them, and may sometimes give them help over the hard, uphill places that come to all, however favored. If we should be asked that question of to-day, 'Who most influenced your life?' or another, 'What did your mother teach you?' we could answer with earnest directness to the first: 'Our mother. She set the current of our lives towards God.' And reply to the second by saying: 'She taught us personal responsibility and the fear of God.'—'Christian Intelligencer.'

A Medicine Closet.

A well-equipped medicine emergency closet is one way of being ready, and below is a list that may help young mothers and housekeepers. A roll of old linen handkerchiefs, perfectly clean and sweet, and smoothly ironed. A roll of old linen of any sort—old fine damask napkins being always the most precious and the most desirable, all clean, and all well ironed and smoothly folded. Wrinkled old linen is seldom as useful as if put away properly. Some old flannel, and at least a yard or two of new flannel, of medium quality and all wool. Flannel made of half wool and half cotton is not always so soft as that woven entirely of wool. Some soft old towels; a cake of surgeon's soap; a small soft sponge, to be bought of any good chemist; several rolls of cotton bandages, five yards long and from two to four inches wide. They can be bought, but are easily rolled with a little practice, and are much cheaper when bought in that way. The end should be fastened down with a bit of adhesive plaster. A roll of surgeon's adhesive plaster; some large, small and medium nursery safety pins; a paper of pins of medium size—English are better than American, as they have sharper points; a bottle of arnica, and one of witch hazel; a small bottle of aromatic spirits of ammonia; a bottle of lime-water, and one of sweet oil; a jar of vaseline; a pair of sharp scissors of medium size; a good spool of coarse cotton, and needles to carry it. These things will equip the emergency shelf, and a strict rule should be made that, unless needed for illness or accident, not one of the articles should ever be touched, or, if used, should be replaced as soon as possible.—'Living Church.'

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