

HOUSEHOLD.

The Child's Religion.

'When Doris was about two,' said Nell, 'I taught her to say a little prayer, and had her repeat it every night on going to bed. "God bless Doris"—that was all it was at first; but I showed her how to kneel, and she understood that the prayer was always to come before lying down for the night. Of course, the name God meant nothing to the child until she could understand things better. Doris's original supplication ends with "And make me grow up kind, and make me grow up to be a good lady and a good cook."

'One night I heard Doris say, "Mine was a bigger prayer than yours, Frank." "Oh," said I, "that doesn't matter. Sometimes you will say a long prayer and sometimes a short one. Never ask for anything more than you want; for God knows what you wish to ask him. He doesn't care whether it's a long prayer or a short one. Sometimes you will be too tired to make a long prayer, but I hope you will never want to go to sleep without sending up some prayer to him."

'One evening I was late in getting to the children, and Frank seemed to be asleep. As I kissed him, he stirred and sleepily murmured, "Good-night." "Too tired to say your prayer?" "Ye-s;" then, rousing, he said, "No, I'm 'fraid God 'ould miss it." It might have been about this time that Doris asked me if it were necessary to kneel when praying. "No, dear," I answered. "If you were not well, it would be quite proper for you to say your prayer in bed; and God would listen to it just as surely. Often, when I am out walking, I send little thoughts up to him as I go along. In some churches the people kneel when praying; in others, as you know, they bow their heads or cover their eyes. Still, it seems to me better in the regular prayer at night or in the morning to kneel. I don't know that we need to, but I like to. I always kneel when I say my night prayer." This had its influence with Doris; for since then, no matter how sleepy she is, she always insists upon kneeling.—'S. S. Record.'

In Twenty Years.

If the tired mother whose cares seem endless could look forward twenty years what changed feelings might be hers, as she surveyed her little group? Hugh, her first born, is fourteen, a lad nearing that parting of the ways which often makes adolescence a trying period for parents and children. His feet and hands are much in evidence and in the way; his hair is tumbled; he has not arrived as yet at the point of much care for his personal appearance. The mother love watches Hugh sedulously, for the temptations which lie in wait for a boy are many and she knows that there is no better safeguard for him than a bright and happy Christian home. So, though she is weary enough at eventide she usually finds time to play and sing for Hugh, to join him in games and to entertain his young companions.

Twenty years hence, could she lift the curtain, she might see her boy a man of thirty-four, with a wife and child, and an honored place among men, holding a position of responsibility and working for the good of the city and the state. Men will then speak of him as a rising man, and when there is good work to be done—brave, fearless work, her Hugh will be among the leaders. The well started boy of fourteen may be safely expected to become the honored man of thirty-four.

Alice, her little daughter of twelve, in the twenty years that lie before her, will have gone to school and to college, crossed the ocean for post-graduate work, and returning, have become professor of English literature in a college far away in the West. Dreamy Alice, whose head is always in a book and who forgets to mend her stockings as the good mother insists she shall, will be a woman to be proud of at thirty-two.

The twins, restless, rollicking little fellows of nine, in knickerbockers still, at twenty-nine will have formed their separate vocations. Stuart will be a young doc-

tor, studying grave problems of life and death, and consecrating fine talents to excellent uses. Ralph, as a foreign missionary, will be serving the Master whom he loves on a distant field, and the mother will rejoice over both these brilliant and worthy sons.

And Agnes, little, spirituelle, sensitive, shy Agnes, so winsome at six, so tender, yet so steadfast, revealing so many interesting and charming characteristics the mother, were her eyes not holden, would shelter Agnes very closely in these years and prize every sweet moment. For that angel whose coming over the threshold brings such loss and pain, albeit he is the messenger of love, will take Agnes home in her early girlhood and she will not be here among the household band twenty years hence. It will be hers to welcome the mother when her turn comes to go home.

If when present burdens press too heavily we could think that though we live but one day at a time we are always sowing the seeds of the future, we should bear with greater ease the weights of the day.

Alice, Agnes, Hugh, Ralph, Stuart, let the mother think of them, as five separate blessings, God's best gifts to her, and feel that to her is spoken the word, 'Take these children and train them for me, and I will give thee thy wages.—'Christian Intelligencer.'

Screaming.

When a little child kicks and screams and shows its bad temper, the very worst thing to do is to oppose it with an outburst of temper equally bad. Here is a case where like does not cure like, and what makes it all the worse is its unreasonableness. When the child's temper is hot, the mother's should be cool, for two hot waves brought into contact never make the atmosphere cooler, but all the more intensely hot. The gentle application of a little cold water, or the changing of its occupation and surroundings for a moment, will bring it back to peace and calmness again.—'American Paper.'

One Mother's Plan.

(By W. Boydston.)

Father came in, and said: 'I found Robert pumping kerosene out of the can on the back porch.' His face showed plainly he knew he was doing wrong. I told him never to touch it again, but I'm afraid I ought to have punished him.'

'Yes, I'm afraid you ought,' said mother. He was usually obedient, their strong, live four-year-old, and they were trying to train him very wisely.

Next day she was filling the lamps, and saw him watching her from a corner of the yard,—so wistfully. He would try to obey, she knew that; but there would surely come a time when the healthful, natural, boyish longing to work out the secret of that wonderful squeaking pump would efface all the force of the command. She called him to her.

'Robert, don't you want to help mamma fill the lamps?'

'Yes'm,' eagerly. And he pumped and pumped, slowly and carefully, stopping every moment to see if they were full. Her arms were so tired holding the lamps before they were done.

Then she said, 'Now we mustn't ever pump unless we have to fill the lamps; it wastes the oil.'

'No, mustn't,' he said; 'it wastes the oil.' And he closed the top of the pneumatic can very carefully.

After that, he would always come running when he heard the can squeak, and say:—'Mama, don't you want me to help you fill the lamps?' and would always close the can, saying, 'Mama, we mustn't pump the oil only when we fill the lamps—must we, mama?'

One day she saw him trying to climb up on the well-curb. She called to him quickly, sharply, to get down. The danger made her forget everything for a minute. Then it came to her that he was trying to see what was in the well. Why not, when the bucket made so many journeys down into it? And why should he not see?

So she held him up where he could see, and he looked long and wonderingly, and

talked excitedly about what he saw. Then she told him what would happen if he should fall in—he must never climb up.

'No, I never will, mama. But won't you let me look some other time?'

And so Robert grew to see that the commands of his father and mother were reasonable, necessary ones, and he would feel this and give willing obedience, even when the reasons could not be made clear to him.—'Sunday-school Times.'

It depends on mothers to bring up their children clean in life, clean in thought, their sons as well as their daughters; to inculcate courage in their daughters as well as in their sons.—Governor Roosevelt.

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