

## A Mother's Dream.

Last night I dreamed of baby faces.  
Warm and sweet from love's embraces—  
I reached out strong arms shivering,  
I reached out strong lips quivering  
To—just a dream.

Last night I sprang up waking, sobbing,  
Cold and damp from terror throbbing—  
I sought my warm ones—finding them,  
I kissed my warm ones, binding them;  
Yes—not a dream!

O Father, keep them through the night  
Wrapped close with love, safe in thy light,  
Amen.

—Mark Hayne, in the 'Mother's Magazine.'

## The Duty of Old Age to Youth.

(By M. S. Johnson, in the 'Presbyterian Banner'.)

In almost every paper one examines, one sees some article on the duty of youth to old age. I think, however, something should be written on the other side of the question. Not that I do not approve of all reverence to old age, but at the same time I think old age has duties also.

The subject was brought quite forcibly to my mind one day this summer. I was sitting on our pretty porch, deep in the mysteries of an exciting novel, when I glanced up and saw the sweetest looking old lady imaginable coming towards me. She seated herself by me and while I was resting I glanced fondly at her. Her eyes were gray with an expression, quiet and serene. Her almost gray hair was parted and drawn simply back behind her ears. It was in her expression that her greatest attraction lay, it was so strong yet so sweet.

Presently she remarked, 'I have just passed another mile-stone. I was seventy-six yesterday.'

Her face had that beautiful look of contentment that only comes to those whose lives have been spent for others.

I impulsively exclaimed, 'I wish I had the satisfaction of knowing that I would grow old like you. Won't you tell me your secret?'

'Certainly, dear; I have always thought we old people demanded too much of the young, consequently I have endeavored to try to do differently. It commenced years ago, when my children were old enough to marry. When it came to the last one I felt it more than I could bear. I could not let her leave me. I went to my room and prayed. In the morning I awakened with the sweet thought of my child's happiness. Then it all flashed across my mind how selfish I had been. I had wanted those children—for they seemed children to me—to give up their young, married freedom, and live with us. Oh, how many parents make mistakes in keeping their children with them!

'Then, later in life, when my dear husband was taken from me, I felt, because of my deep grief, that if I did not watch myself carefully, I would become selfish to my loved ones. How often I have thought of the expression of Fenelon's, "Extreme grief is mere selfishness, resignation is true heroism." So I tried to be bright before them, that my grandchildren could never say, "Grandma is so gloomy." I have always tried to remember that I was young once—we old people are apt to forget that. For instance, last summer I felt that I would rather stay quietly at home than go away anywhere to avoid the heat. What if it did inconvenience my daughter-in-law a little? What if she did have to keep her servant for my sake? It would not hurt her. So I thought one night when my head ached and the world looked dark. But, fortunately, no one knew my thoughts. For as I looked quietly at the stars, and thought of my home beyond, a better mood came to me, and I realized how selfish I might have been. I do hope, my dear child, when I am taken above, that my dear ones will all miss me.

'If you want to be an unselfish old woman, you must commence in your youth. You must give all you can of your life and expect lit-

tle. Do not be looking out for people to slight, hurt or offend you. Take your happiness with you. Create gladness in the hearts of all, instead of sadness. But I can express myself better in the words of James Lane Allen: "Have the love of courage, the love of courtesy, the love of honor, the love of the poor and helpless, the love of a spotless name and a spotless life, the love of kindred, the love of friendship, the love of humility of spirit, the love of forgiveness, the love of beauty, the love of love, the love of God." That is my secret. I am glad you love me, for then I feel satisfied, and can go on to the end of life with my motto, "Love beyond all things."

## Housework as Physical Culture.

There is nothing like housework for physical culture. In the various complex movements performed by the different sets of muscles during the innumerable evolutions incidental to housework we have an admirable system of gymnastics peculiarly adapted to the needs of women. A certain amount of exercise which arouses and interests the mental faculties while occupying the activities of the bodily organs is necessary to health, and housework undoubtedly complies with both of these conditions. In many a household the daughters take their share of the lighter branches of the work, but in many another establishment dusting is considered undignified, polishing plebeian, and bed-making a bore, and so the womenfolk leave the work to hired hands, while they amuse themselves at so-called physical culture classes, where, perhaps, they beat the air with Indian clubs, a form of exercise considered more dignified, if less useful, than beating carpets with rattan canes.—'Morning Star.'

## Good Advice.

In giving advice we must consult the gentlest manner and softest reasons of address; our advice must not fall, like a violent storm, bearing down, and making that to droop which it was meant to cherish and refresh; it must descend as the dew upon the tender herb, or like melting flakes of snow; the softer it falls the longer it dwells upon and the deeper it sinks into the mind.

If there are few who have the humility to receive advice as they ought, it is often because there are few who have the discretion to convey it in a proper vehicle and to qualify the harshness and bitterness of reproof, against which nature is apt to revolt, by an artful mixture of sweetening and agreeable ingredients.—Selected.

## Legal 'Don'ts' for Wives.

1. Don't sign or endorse a note or agree to be surety for any debt, unless you are willing and can afford to pay the amount yourself. Never vary from this rule, even in the case of your husband, your father, or the dearest woman friend.

2. Don't write your name on a blank piece of paper. Many women have done it and bitterly regretted it for the rest of their days.

3. Don't give an unlimited power of attorney to anyone. If it is absolutely necessary to give one at all, be sure that it is given only for what it is needed and limit the time as much as possible.

4. Don't do anything in business matters 'for politeness,' which your judgment tells you you should not do.

5. In short, don't give any promise or sign any paper whatever until you are sure you know the legal effect of it on yourself and your family.

6. Don't write anything, even in a friendly letter, which you would not be willing to have used as evidence in court. On the other hand, don't destroy any letter or paper which may have a bearing on a business matter.

7. Don't consent to your husband's assigning his wages. Don't make it necessary by extravagant living.

8. Don't buy furniture, books or anything else, for which you cannot afford to pay cash. If you think of buying on the installment plan, first estimate what the interest

will amount to and add it to the price of the goods; then find out the cost of goods of the same quality at a cash store and compare the figures. Realize that you own none of the goods bought on instalments until you have paid for all, and that a failure to keep any portion of your agreement may cause you to lose all that you have paid.

9. Don't keep people, rich or poor, waiting for money you owe them. I could tell you some true and tragic stories, which would make an overdue dressmaker's bill a veritable nightmare to you.

10. Don't be penny wise and pound foolish. Get good advice when you need it, pay for it, and act upon it. Preventive measures, 'always remember, are the most satisfactory and the cheapest in the end.—Caroline J. Cook, in 'Good Housekeeping.'

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