

# HOUSEHOLD.

## Strange Lands.

Where do you come from, Mr. Jay?  
 'From the land of Play, from the land of Play.'

And where can that be, Mr. Jay?  
 'Far away—far away.'

Where do you come from, Mrs. Dove?  
 'From the land of Love, from the land of Love.'

And how do you get there, Mrs. Dove?  
 'Look above—look above.'

Where do you come from, Baby Miss?  
 'From the land of Bliss, from the land of Bliss.'

And what is the way there, Baby Miss?  
 'Mother's kiss—mother's kiss.'  
 —Laurence Alma Tadema.

## A Useless Member.

'Yes,' said Aunt Sarah, surveying her bandaged wrist, 'the doctors say it's a bad sprain; and the minister says I know now how the church feels, in not having the use of all its members. The minister didn't mean that for just a joke, either; he looked at me as if he wanted to see how I'd take it. I had sense enough, too, to feel I deserved to have him say it to me. A word like that comes home pretty straight when one of your own members is useless, and worse.'

'I've never thought just what being a member of the church meant before, though I've been one for thirty-five years. I've never felt obliged to do what the church wanted done. I felt it was a favor, my doing it at all, and half the time I let someone else do it instead. When I was through with work at home, and with what things I liked to do outside, then I was willing to do something in the church—if it was the kind of work that suited me. I guess I've been just about as useful a member to the church as the sprained hand is to me, all stiff and crippled, and refusing to bend more than an inch or two.'

'There's lots of things I need to do, but I can't use this member to do them—that's certain. That's the way the minister has felt about me, I guess. I've been a useless member for thirty-five years, that's the long and short of it; and, if the rest of the members had been like me, the church would have been as paralyzed as old Cousin Josiah Jones, that can't move hand nor foot. I'm ashamed of myself—I truly am—and things are going to be different from now on,' and Aunt Sarah nodded her head with firm determination, as she looked at the church spire from her window.—'Forward.'

## Sabbath With the Children.

We often notice inquiries in regard to keeping children interested on the Sabbath. Any mother who loves the company of her children, and has sufficient time and strength, may find happiness in spending a few hours of the day with them. One who has an interest herself, cannot fail to interest the little ones. If we say, when they come around us longing for something to take up their time, O, go off and play; I am tired, and want to rest; or, 'I want to read now, don't bother me,' and notice the grieved look, we must have a very interesting book, if that picture does not intrude itself between us and every page.

Dear mothers, why were we given the power to please them? Why do we feel so amply repaid when we unselfishly lay by the things that would interest us possibly more at the moment, but cannot bring the lasting happiness self-denial always brings to those who practice it? These days are the ones our children, and even ourselves, will look to in after years as our best.

There is something in the very air and sunshine of the Sabbath, a peacefulness, a holy calm, a blessed feeling of rest and relief from every-day care. The day is our own and theirs, a God-given day of enjoy-

ment; our opportunity, when we can teach the little ones the things that we cannot talk about freely and have their attention unless we have them all to ourselves. Almost all children love to be talked to, or read to, and good books are so cheap that one need not be without a few. One can tell at a glance, almost, the difference between children who have books and papers for their constant companions and those who do nothing but run the streets. The arguments are all in favor of books. It is from them that children gain a general knowledge of a great many things that cannot be obtained at schools.

Children's minds are like wax, so easily molded; and like marble to retain anything of which you would fain break them. So in our selections of stories or games, as well as their playmates, one cannot be too careful to choose only such as will be a benefit instead of an injury.

Children should never be allowed to form the habit of running around among the neighbor's children on the Sabbath, for soon a spirit of restlessness will take possession of them; and the Sabbath quiet will be forever at an end, if one allows the children to bring their week day companions with them from Sabbath school or church. If mamma has the time and strength to walk out with them, an hour spent in this way is very nice. Point out the beauties of nature and teach them that one of the secrets of happiness lies in being able to enjoy the things that are always within reach of all.—'Housekeeper.'

## What he Read.

A young man who recently committed suicide in Indiana, ascribed his downfall to the influence of 'the vilest kind of novels,' which he was allowed to read when eight or nine years old. 'If good books had been furnished me,' he says, 'and no bad ones, I should have read the good books with as great zest as I did the bad ones. Persuade all persons over whom you have influence not to read novels,' was his parting message to his brother. The chaplain of Newgate Prison, in London, in his annual report to the Lord Mayor, referring to many fine looking lads of respectable parentage in the city prison, says that he discovered 'that all these boys, without one exception, had been in the habit of reading those cheap periodicals which are now published for the alleged instruction and amusement of the youth of both sexes.'

## Some Callers of Mine.

'Now, don't be in a hurry. When I go to your house I stay two or three hours.'

I looked at my pleasant little friend and made some trifling excuse for leaving. I could not tell her that I was trying to set her an example in the matter of calls; that my pleasure in seeing her at my home was always tempered by the thought that she was good for a two hours' sit.

She is a dear little woman possessed of many lovable qualities. She is kind-hearted, sweet-natured, unselfish, and generous. I like her immensely—for half an hour at a time. How well I remember one hot summer day when I had spent the morning and the first hour of the afternoon over the ironing board. I had just gone upstairs for a much-needed rest when the door-bell rang and Mrs. Butler was announced. There was nothing to do but to dress quickly and go down to the parlor to be entertained until tea-time with a detailed account of Mrs. Butler's new business venture, Rob's college triumphs, and Jennie's headaches, followed by a lengthy discussion of ways and means whereby the Ladies' Aid Society could raise money to buy a new carpet for the Church. All of which interests me ordinarily, but that day my head buzzed and my back ached, so that instead of polite responses to the steady flow of Mrs. Butler's conversation, it is a wonder I did not cry out, 'Why did you come so early? I could have enjoyed this if I had a rest first.' Well, well, I must not scold any more about my good friend. She is a much better woman than I am, only I have more sense about calls. I know that a breezy little chat of twenty minutes or half an hour is

refreshing to both caller and hostess, but a long-drawn-out effort at 'making talk' is exhausting to both.

Another point in making calls is timeliness. Just when my potatoes are ready to be mashed, it is not an unmixed pleasure to hear the cheery voice of Mrs. Vance in the hall, 'Tell your mother I want to see her just a minute.' And, of course, I leave everything to see my dear missionary co-worker and hear a letter from our presbyterian secretary. One minute lengthens into ten, as we talk it over. I hear my husband come in, and a faint odor of scorched potatoes disturbs my equanimity. It requires an effort not to appear too ready to have Mrs. Vance depart. I hasten to the kitchen to find my meat dry and potatoes hopelessly burned. Mrs. Vance has a cook at home, her husband is not in business, and she does not realize how much ten minutes, just at dinner time, means to me. But she might. I sometimes think a little consideration would teach her to keep away at meal time. I could tell you about the gossip caller, the doleful caller, the stupid caller, but forbear, lest your attention should be diverted from the worst offenders—the caller who stays too long and the caller who comes at dinner time.—'Presbyterian Banner.'

## Paint for Old Barns.

Farmers who have their barns to paint and cannot afford to pay out the necessary money for a good paint can make one that looks good by using the following varieties: Slack one peck fresh stone lime, and while the liquid is still warm add four ounces of glue previously dissolved, one quart raw linseed oil, and such color as is preferred, stirring it well together. This will be very durable on stone, brick, or wood, and will not rub off. White wash or dry color put on with water is made more durable if varnished over with raw oil.

Another cheap paint is made by mixing Venetian red ground oil with boiled linseed oil and adding five times the quantity of crude petroleum. A good whitewash can be made as follows: Slack one-half bushel good stone lime in boiling water, keeping it covered while slacking; strain and add one-half peck salt, dissolved in warm water, three pounds ground rice boiled to a thin paste, one-half pound powdered Spanish whiting, and one pound clear glue dissolved in warm water. Mix it thoroughly with the strained slacked lime and let stand for several days. Apply as hot as possible, with a clean brush. Add dry pigment to make any desired color.—Otto Irwin, in 'Agricultural Epitomist.'



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