

THE HOUSEHOLD.

BEWARE OF HARM TO THE LITTLE ONES.

BY AUNT HOPE.

You may talk of the forgetfulness of childhood, but lasting impressions are made on the minds of the little ones; so every one ought to be very watchful how they drop careless words near the ears of little children, for often serious things happen from it. It is good discipline for everyone to have children around them; it teaches them to carefully watch their words.

But how thoughtless many grown people are! They relate chapter after chapter of gossip in the lives of their neighbors, while some pure, innocent little one is near by, whose ears are open to catch every passing sound; and that child, if it doesn't repeat what it hears, often thinks of what was said when the subject of conversation is near. Often children are made to doubt God and his love by some thoughtless remark of a dear friend in the family. Or religious discussions are made, and the child has stamped on its memory, either a doubt of the truth, or a false impression which in after years is hard to get rid of. Many parents make women of their girls before they have had time to enjoy the sweetness of innocent childhood, and then wonder why they don't grow up pure, modest, retiring women.

Watch yourselves carefully, mothers, and do not sow seeds of impurity, untruth, deceit, carelessness, vanity or envy in the minds of your children, and then expect to persuade or beat it out of them, after those seeds have taken root.

Be cautious, friends and neighbors, that you do not hurt the souls of the children you meet. You who have reached years of discretion, weigh your words before allowing them to pass into the ears and hearts of the children. You would not kill one of those innocent little ones! And yet you might better hasten it, pure and unspiced as it is, into the presence of its Maker, than day by day murder its soul with your careless dropping of words, that are not fit for its ears, and which too often help it toward the wrong path.

There is too little thought about this matter; people consider it too trifling to allow of more than a passing word; but the unchildlike wisdom of so many children makes one sad to think how much childish innocence they are missing, and how cruel are mothers and mothers' friends, and how little they think of the lasting impressions of childhood.—*Church and Home.*

CLING TO YOUR OLD FRIENDS.

The friends of your childhood—those who have been friends of your father and mother. There is something for you in them, which you cannot find in new friends, however dear.

Here and there is one, who long ago used to visit you at the dear old home—whom father and mother loved and respected; whose kind looks and Christian sympathy seemed to be to them an inspiration; whose earnest prayers always called down a benediction on the household; whose kind hand on your young head seemed like the weight of the blessing already descending, as he gave you good words of counsel and comfort. And you grew all the more careless, thinking that all would surely be right with you, since God has given you such a friend.

Then, when the heedless, pleasure-loving years of youth arrived, you almost ceased to appreciate this dear, saint-like friend. Gay companions, more worldly, like yourself, were more attractive; for you wearied of being pointed so constantly to heaven, when you loved this earth so well.

But the years glide on. The happy home circle is broken. Never again will you hear the dear voice of that loving father petitioning heaven's guidance for your life journey, which is now far on its way, and already growing perplexing and wearisome. Mother's hair is whitening, and the sight of her without her earthly prop makes you feel what dreadful things may and must occur before you and yours shall be reunited in the home above. You shiver and feel cold and lonely, like a helpless orphaned child who is left to make its way in the world among strangers. But you have friends left. Oh! very many! All full of sympathy and expressions of kindness. But you turn from them all—the grave and the gay—to this dear old friend

of your childhood—the friend of the family. You say he is the one I want. He has known us always. We need not tell him anything of our feelings; he will ask us no questions; he will sit beside us and take our hand in his, and we shall know that he knows our thoughts, and that his very heart beat is full of genuine sympathy. He knew him and loved him—not as strangers love, or as new friends, who admire the good traits most prominent, but with all his faults and all his virtues, as only old and tried friends can love, with a love full of old memories, old associations which time cannot destroy; and he will love us—all who remain—and pray for us, especially pleading for our straying ones; and there is such a sense of rest and safety in the thought. Thank God! for our dear old friends; and make us worthy of and true to them.—*Christian at Work.*

LITTLE FEET.

The care of the feet is the great picket post after the child begins to run alone. Watch—watch the little feet that no damp or chill is creeping up to chill the vitals. A pair of warm stockings to each pair of restless feet must be kept by the stove in all damp or cold weather and never let a child stop a moment its active play, until you know whether its feet are warm and dry. You had better change feet covering four or five times a day during those delightful, treacherous, spring days, than to watch a sick bed and lose your darling at last. This is what neglect of the feet often bring the little ones to. I know the task I am enjoining on mothers and nurses; I have had twenty-three pairs of stockings hanging around my cook stove at once, each pair in daily use for exchanges. But I do not know what it is to lose a child, or hardly a night's rest, and we have raised six from baby hood. "Why don't you keep out of the water?" said I, impatiently jerking off a pair of five year old's boots one sloshy day last spring. He looked up at me in surprise, and answered, "How can you expect me to keep dry all the time, when 'ar is free times as much water as 'ar is land?" He had heard his brother at the geography lessons during the winter just gone. Never let them go to bed without having their feet all aglow with warmth to their knees, from the long bright fire shine upon them. This is my hobby. Fire—warmth. It will cure ear-ache, stomach-ache, head-ache, legs-ache; prevent neuralgia, white swelling, rheumatic pains, indigestion. Yes, I'm a "fire worshipper" and you will be after you have tried its virtues on yourself and children, faithfully for twenty years.—*Household.*

CHEERFUL CHICKENS.

Cheerfulness is a wonderful element of efficiency among birds and brutes as well as men. A bright-eyed, cheerful chicken is more likely to lay eggs at any time of the year than a dull, languid one. It is more important to secure laying qualities in winter than any other time of the year. This is the time when, eggs being scarce, they are most valuable if wanted for use at home; and when, if they are to be sold, they bring from double to four-fold the prices of other seasons in the year.

I am not sufficiently informed in chicken mental philosophy to discuss it theoretically. As a practical question, however, I know that plenty of the best conserved sunlight and sunheat tends to make cheerful, healthful chickens, as certainly as it tends to make cheerful, healthful children. Plenty of glass is, therefore, exceedingly important in the south side of the hen-house. Much of the moral as well as mental and physical ill that human flesh is heir to is attributable to lack of sunshine, especially in winter, in the homes of the people. An extra window or two in the south side of the house would save many a headache, as well as headache, by creating cheerfulness. It would likewise save many a brain from losing its balance. Having become enthusiastic on this element of human home life has led me to study it in its relation to domestic animals.

The more the sun shines on the sides of stables and poultry-houses the better. This is true as a question of mere mercy. It is equally so as a question of profit. It is, if possible, more manifestly true of the hen-house than of the "hotel du horse." A dozen hens, all other things being equal, will lay double the eggs in a house having a little window-glass in the south side, and

where the south side is not thus equipped with a conservator of solar light and heat. If there is only a single sash of six lights it will work wonders in the way of making chickens cheerful and healthful, and therefore fruitful. Four times that amount of glass surface is better, and the whole of the south side glazed is better still. It is quite important to keep the glass clean, so that it can perform its office work of economizing the sun's rays to the best advantage.

One who has never tried or seen this experiment will be surprised at the bright, cheerful and egg-laying qualities of birds kept under the influence and advantage of this cheap and convenient appliance. As compared with the dull-eyed, sickly, non-laying hens not so kept, there is a difference which shows that no one can afford to keep fowls without this simple arrangement. If there is only a small portion of the south side fitted out with glass it should be low down, so as to strike on the ground and warm it, and to sun the birds as they lie there to bask and to scratch. It is well, however, to have the southerly slope of the roof, as well as the entire south side of the poultry-house, fitted with sash.

Any person who will try the experiment suggested herein would not easily thereafter be induced to be without the pleasure to poultry and profit to themselves. A short trial will make a convert to the cheerful chicken creed.—*G. M. Powell, in Christian Union.*

CHILDREN IN THE HOUSE.

The tidiest and most particular child that ever lived will sometimes upset things about a house to the annoyance of the fussy housekeeper, and all ordinary children are the bane of her life. They cannot, will not, appreciate and pay respect to any ordinary ideas of good housekeeping, so far as avoiding litter goes, at any rate. Their toys, their games, their shreds, their books, are scattered indiscriminately around. As soon as a child is old enough to play about in most homes a sort of quiet warfare between the housekeeper and that child commences. The greatest love may prompt the mother, yet all but unconsciously, as it were, an attitude of antagonism is assumed by her as regards the child's upsetting things. When there is a nursery, and plenty of assistants, of course, the little folks are more at liberty in their own domain. But in the average home, where the children are part and parcel of the family as regards the use of the common living rooms, their want of order will cause more or less disturbance. Happy the mother who has the wisdom and good sense not to be disturbed by their litterings. Who with equanimity can see the dining-room chairs converted into railway trains, and composedly survey the marks of little fingers on the furniture. Unbridled license will ruin the temper and disposition of any child; but sympathy for and patience with their desire to find themselves amusement, will lead any housekeeper to put up with a good deal of annoyance from them.—*Christian at Work.*

AN EXQUISITE "WASH RAG."—The ladies in the suburbs of Newark, N.-J., have been visited by a good-looking young man, who could talk fluently about pictures and art. He had seeds for sale, each of which would produce a plant, with a most beautiful red, white, and yellow flower. As each flower opened it would disclose—of all things in the world—an exquisite "Wash Rag." Some sales were made at six seeds for a dollar, each seed warranted to produce three wash rags. One lady wrote us that, at that price, the flowers ought to produce lace pocket handkerchiefs; but some people are unreasonable. It is said that the wealthy persons of the neighborhood were pretty generally victimized. As the seeds are said to be somewhat like those of the pumpkin, but black, we suppose they may be those of the old "Dish Cloth," or "Bonnet Gourd," or "sponge Cucumber" (*Luffia*) which we figured several years ago. The cucumber-like fruit, when ripe, has a net-work of fibres, which may be used in place of a sponge. But wash rags in the flowers!—*American Agriculturist.*

CORN CAKE.—One cup Indian meal, one-half cup flower, one cup sweet milk, one egg, one teaspoon salt, two of sugar, one of cream tartar, half teaspoon soda. To be well beaten; bake in a hot oven about forty minutes.

PUZZLES.

ENIGMA.

A very little thing am I,
Not found in ocean, earth, or sky;
Who'll find me out? who'll guess? who'll try?

Me do the vivid lightnings bring.
And without me the fierce Fire King
Is nothing but a shapeless thing.

Yet in the frigid arctic clime
You'll find me in the ice and rime,
And in the iceberg's height sublime.

You hear me in the winds that wail
When driving wintry ice and hail
To shiver rigging, ship, and sail.

You'll see me in the sunshine bright
That glitters in the lily white,
And in the flick'ring faint moonlight.

You'll spy me in your birthday gift,
And in the rippling river swift.
That issues from the hill-side rift.

Within the rain that feeds the ground,
And in the ship that's homeward bound,
And in deep tin mines am I found.

Seek me in china, not in delf;
And when you've guessed, quick-witted elf,
You'll find I'm not unlike yourself.

TWELVE MEN OF NOTE.

Yes, I'm on and rewarded with a job, art.
Ho! lo' me win him. At the war Otho mastered
Pete Rimal and Jam, especially. J. Oh,
no, take this car; I otherwise will go if Juju,
Dasphi, Liper, &c, do; there is such a jam,
Estelle will be timid.

CROSS-WORD.

My first is in cat, but not in rat;
My second is in Derby, but not in hat;
My third is in insect, but not in bug;
My fourth is in pinch, but not in hug;
My fifth is in key, but not in door;
My sixth is in ceiling, but not in floor;
My seventh is in butcher, but not in kill;
My whole is an insect with a voice very shrill.

TRANSPOSED PROVERB.

Elvo otn pesle, selt huot moce ot yorvpte,
pone iehnt seey dan tuoh aslth eb sldiastl
tiwh rdaeb.

FOUR EASY SQUARES.

1.—1, A mineral. 2, A sickness. 3, Shapeless. 4, An animal.
2.—1, A famous mountain. 2, Afterward.
3, Cleanly. 4, Certain insects.
3.—1, A coin. 2, An image. 3, A family of plants. 4, Otherwise.
4.—1, A word often fitly applied to school-girls. 2, Across. 3, To measure. 4, Spoils.

POSITIVE.

COMPARATIVE.

A falsehood.	A musical instrument
A noise.	A meal.
An exhibition.	A coast.
To knot.	A city now in ruins.
An article of wearing apparel.	Certain.
Unbaked bread.	An opening.
A personal pronoun.	A pitcher.
A plaything.	A piece of money.
A box for holding fruit.	Part of a volcano.
A seat in church.	Unadulterated.
Heaviness.	A servant.
An article of food.	A pile to be burnt.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

In choler, but not in rage;
In youth, but not in old age;
In happen, but not in chance;
In spear, and also in lance;
In country, but not in sea;
In onion, but not in pea;
In author, but not in poet;
And now I'm sure you know it.
Whole a novel by Chas. Kingsley.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES OF APRIL 1.

Diamond.—

R
P E D
C A S E D
P A R A P E T
R E S A L U T E D
D E P U T E D
D E T E R
T E D
D

Easy Charades.—1, Germ-an-y. 2, Den-mark
3, Po-land.
Charade.—April, ape-rill.
Hidden Menagerie.—Deer, Bear, Fish, Frog,
Tiger, Gnat, Toad, Dog, Ant, Pony, Cat, Pig,
Wasp, Moth, Rat, Doe Hen, Leopard, Lion,
Ermine, Camel, Alpaca, Owl, Worm, Panther,
Sheep, Turkey, Calf, Cow, Goat, Stag.