

The Home.

A Woman Should Dress Her Best at Home.

At home a woman should be guided in her manner of dressing by an even greater desire to please than elsewhere. Her husband may be the most unservant of men, but he will know when she looks neat and attractive, with hair newly dressed, and some pretty arrangement about the bodice of her gown. The practice of wearing soiled finery at home cannot be too strongly deprecated.—*July Ladies' Home Journal*.

A Cosy Home.

It was our privilege recently to visit one of the cosiest homes in all this country, and it was a Methodist parsonage at that. The building is comparatively new, recently repainted inside and out. In front of the house is a beautiful little flower garden—the design and largely the result of the work of pastor and his wife. For some years the pastor put out around the yard some choice fruit trees. These are just beginning to bear. In a few more years they will furnish all the fruit a preacher's family will need. These trees have not cost a day's work for an entire year, but what a blessing they will be to preacher's families for years to come! With just a little effort all of our parsonages could be made comfortable homes in every way. The preachers can help much. If they will try, the people will help.—*Wesleyan Church Advocate*.

When Bedtime Comes.

We were pushed off into a train of reflection the other day by reading the statement that, "It is safe to say that children have been whipped more often at the bedtime hour than at any other." Is that possible? It was our spontaneous supposition that that hour was given to smoothing down the ruffled sleeve of care that comes to the little folks as certainly as to the big folks; that that hour was given to soft and sweet content and affection; that that precious pause before the little ones say their prayers and are covered in bed as they close their eyes on their white pillows, was filled with words that would mould them into beauty and gentleness and moral strength. Are we mistaken? One little toddler thus closed her "Now I lay me down to sleep" not long ago: "And God kinde the bad people good and the good people kinde to each other." Precious child! Thou didst then thyself become teacher.—*Central Christian Advocate*.

Useless Wasting of Strength.

If women only knew it, they waste a great deal of strength by undue expenditure of emotion on small occasions. Part of the training of our young girls should be along lines of self-repression, in the way of the quiet manner, the restrained speech, the tranquil expression of face, and the reposeful carriage of the body. A young husband accustomed to the calm gentleness of a mother who might easily have been mistaken for a friend, so silent and dignified was her fortitude in the presence of disasters, so equal was she to every emergency, was shocked and alarmed not alone ago, to find his idolized wife almost thrown into convulsions by a household catastrophe of some sort—something not more dreadful than the breaking of a cherished bit of china. The girl wife came of a family whose custom it was to express themselves volubly, and to fly

into frantic states of mind when there was apparently little reason for vehemence.

Apart from the lack of good taste here displayed, women often wear themselves out by too lavishly a display of feeling. One may feebly without tearing passion to tatters, and it would be wise for mothers to inculcate in growing children a wholesome self-restraint.—*The Presbyterian*.

The Business Man at Home.

I am a staunch believer in games. Crokinole is as good for the business man's health of body and soul, as a season at Saratoga or the reading of Thomas à Kempis. Chess, checkers, backgammon, halma, carroms, and scores of other games, might be added. A family reading circle, running through some series of great books; a family study class, taking up a modern language; a family orchestra, or at least a rousing family chorus; a family current topic club, watching the history of the world,—if any one thinks these suggestions inappropriate to an essay on the business man's religion, he knows little of the heart-needs of business men. If the evening at home can lift him out of the rut of his cares, into fresh, sane, ever-widening interests, and if it can throw about every hour of the following day the gracious, unseen atmosphere of love and hearty fellowship, it will not be hard for him to be brave and true and strong.—*Amos R. Wells*.

Keeping Attractive.

A woman can make or mar her attractiveness. She can, by an utter disregard of hygienic laws and a neglect of toilet accessories, lose entirely that charm of face and form that nature obviously intended should be hers. It will do no woman harm to know that a few drops of a soothing lotion will transform a pair of rough red hands into soft white ones; that systematic care of the complexion will keep it smooth and ward off wrinkles, and that an eagerness to read clever books and to know things, and a lively interest in the current events of the day, will brighten the eyes as nothing else can, except it be the sympathy of the man she loves. The woman possessing this knowledge is far more charming and attractive than she in whose path no beautifying whims have ever come. And the woman who applies this knowledge is the one who will develop into the entertaining, interesting grandmother of the next generation, as dainty and as straight and as youthful as was the mother of the past generation.

To Make Home Happy.

Mrs. Lillian Massey-Treble has done a real service for Toronto's poor, and, indeed, for the rich as well, in establishing and equipping at great expense an institute for teaching practical home-making and house-keeping. This beautiful school, the equal of which is said to have been found on the continent, is situated at the corner of Queen and Jarvis streets, and will be opened on the first of October. It is the intention to take all who care to enter the classes to be formed the secrets of domestic science. Although the school will be liberally attended by the better classes, it will be hailed as a boon and a blessing by the poorer people of the city. It will be possible for any mother who desires to send her little girl, or boy if preferred, to a class to learn how to cook and to bake ordinary food, and to make edible, tasty dishes at the smallest cost. Materials will be furnished free at the school, and a proficient teacher will conduct the classes. A fee of two dollars for the season will be charged, and each lesson will cost the child one cent. Many persons have already signified their intention of providing scholarships, that is to pay the two-dollar fee for a number of children, and if any person would like to show real kindness a

better opportunity could not be had than in finding some little ten-year-old girl and defraying the slight expense which a course at the school would involve.

The advantages of the school cannot be commended too strongly. A concrete example will show the aims and objects of the institution better than anything else that could be said. Not long ago a little girl of poor parents went to a similar school, and was there taught to make muffins. Going home, with childish eagerness she told her mother she would like to try her hand. Her mother consented, and the next morning her father, a workman, was surprised to have a new article on the bill of fare, better cooked food probably than he had eaten for years. He was delighted, and so the loving little service was done over and over again. "Pretty soon more inexpensive dainties followed. The result led to a reformation in the household, a new table cloth, a new dish brought home now and again by the proud father, and, in short, a good digestion and a clean, happy home.

If the Victor School can bring about results like these it will do a real service in the community, and will be applied Christianity in a new and delightful form.—*Toronto Evening News*.

The Judge's Mother.

Mrs. Smith had a paper to write for her club. The subject she had chosen was, "How can women uplift the coming generation?"

She was puzzled to choose the best of the many ways which suggested themselves to her. Should it be through art, lecturing, literature or general reform?

She confided her difficulty to old Judge Adams, who was sitting with her husband on the veranda.

"I can only give you my experience," he said. "I was one of five brothers. All were men who became a strong influence in the world, and each one of us owed his bent and force of character to our mother."

"Our father died when we were children. Mother made us what we were. Until we were grey-haired men we went to her whenever we were in perplexity. 'Mother,' we would say, 'what is the right thing to do in this case?' She knew nothing of law or politics, but she always knew the right. I think," said the judge, gravely, "that my mother influenced the next generation to her own more strongly than any other human being I ever have known."

"She no doubt had a powerful mind and a broad education?" asked Mrs. Smith.

"No," the judge smiled. "She got her hold on us in very simple ways. I remember one of them. When we came home from school on cold days, mother was sure to be waiting beside a big fire. Off came our wet shoes and stockings; she rubbed the cold feet warm with her own hands. Then there was always a huge brown jug waiting before the fire with roasted apples and sugar and hot water in it, and each one had his mug of the delicious stuff, and we sat and grew warm, and joked and laughed, and no doubt opened our little hearts to the dear, wise woman."

"All day long she was our comrade. We carried to her all our secrets and miseries when we were men, as we had done when we were boys. Two of us were ministers, two legislators who helped to form the laws of new states, but I doubt if one of us ever took an important step in life without being influenced by the opinion of that one good woman."

Mrs. Smith looked uncertainly at her paper, on which she had scribbled "artists, lecturers, civil and political reformers."

"You think, then," she said, "that woman's greatest hold upon the world is at home, through love and a Christian life?"

The judge's eyes twinkled. "I can tell you only what I know. I cannot decide for the world," he said.—*Youth's Companion*.