

HOUSEHOLD.

A Mother's Error.

(By Julia A. Tirrell.)

Mrs. Brooks was a devoted mother. She earnestly desired to perform her whole duty by the children God had given her. A large part of that duty seemed to be making home attractive.

In a certain sense she was right. Home should be the most attractive place on earth to any boy or girl; but whether it be so or not, depends upon the tastes and education of the child as much as upon the home itself.

Mrs. Brooks had never been decided with her children. 'She could never bear to punish them,' she sometimes said. Warm-hearted, generous Harry had always been allowed to choose his own associates. I need not say that they were not all desirable companions. The very qualities that made him beloved rendered him an easy prey to designing, unprincipled young men, and Harry was fast acquiring injurious tastes and habits.

Louise—dreamy, imaginative Louise—cared little for society. She delighted in books. Not, I am sorry to say, in healthful, instructive books, but those of the sentimental, romantic type.

One day Mrs. Brooks awoke to the fact that, in spite of all her indulgence, these children were growing away from her and home. Something must be done. A little wonders. The woman was well educated. A wholesome authority might have achieved suitable course of reading, selected and insisted upon, might have helped both boy and girl. More music, a hundred useful, interesting employments, could have been easily improvised to fill up the long winter evenings; but when any of these were proposed, Harry and Louise objected, and Mrs. Brooks listened to the objections. She loved her boy and girl. Home must be made attractive. What would they enjoy most?

All Louise asked was to read what she liked best. That seemed simple. An easy request to grant. Harry hesitated. Finally he said he could see no harm in a game of cards, and why not indulge in a private dancing party now and then? Mrs. Brooks was troubled. She was a church member. 'But,' Harry urged, 'there are ever so many church members who do those things.' The mother hesitated, then yielded. Home must be made attractive to the children, even at the cost of a few conscientious scruples. These amusements at home would keep Harry and Louise from the evil companionship they would find in them elsewhere, and, after all, the association of these things were their chief objection.

Time passed on. Harry had gone to the city—was clerk in a store. The old taste for cards and dancing, and similar amusements, had grown and strengthened with his growth and strength. It led him into society where at first he would have blushed to have been seen. 'My mother allowed those things, and she was a church member,' he often said to himself, in excuse, as he plunged deeper and deeper into excesses.

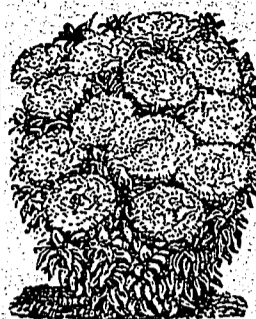
But I need not prolong the story of his career. It is too often told in our daily papers. Evil companions, expensive habits, great temptations, forgery, and a felon's cell. And all this might have been prevented had the mother's hand been one of restraint as well as caress; had the voice that called him 'darling,' uttered also 'shall not!'

Mrs. Brooks thought her cup of sorrow full. There were other woes in store. Louise was with her, but seemed too much immersed in her own states of mind to think of anyone else. She was morbid and hysterical, would shut herself up alone for hours at a time, and was very little company or comfort to the mother. One day Louise was absent from breakfast. No one thought it strange. She had not made her appearance at dinner-time and Mrs. Brooks sought her room. It was empty. A note lay on the table. Suicide was the terrible thought that flashed upon her as she staggered backward.

It was not suicide, however, but scarcely less dreadful seemed the words of the note. The girl had, without one parting kindly word, left home and mother to bury herself in a convent—and she must allow it! Louise had reached an age when she could command her own acts.

And so to-day the mother sits alone, and

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sighs over what she terms 'a mysterious dispensation of providence. 'It would not have seemed so strange,' she sometimes says, 'if I had been like some mothers; but I always tried to have them enjoy life, and to make home attractive to them.'—'Church and Home.'

Love of Dress.

The Rev. Josiah Leeds, of Philadelphia, after quoting a justice of the criminal courts of New York as to the evil caused by love of dress, speaks of the influence of one woman in this matter. This young lady came to a small city and took a position as teacher in a public school. While so engaged she became acquainted with a couple who were Christians, but who were in such indigent circumstances, that they thought their attire not good enough to wear to church. The young teacher at once removed the plume from her hat, and, later, dressed in a plain print gown, accompanied the couple to the place of worship. She subsequently became the wife of a judge who was also a railway president. The account concerning her concluded: 'She still kept up her plain attire at church, and occupied her abundant leisure in going about among the poor. From the most dressy church in the city we have become the plainest, and from a church of almost exclusively wealthy people we have a large membership among the working classes. Our coldness and purse-pride have been replaced by enthusiasm for the Lord's work. The present prosperity of the church is all due, under God, to the influence for twenty years of that sensible, amiable woman.'

Selected Recipes.

Welsh Rarebit.—Half a cup of milk, two cups of cheese, crumbled or grated, quarter teaspoonful of baking soda, half teaspoonful of salt, yolks of two eggs. Put the milk, cheese and soda in a granite saucepan and cook till the cheese melts, but do not let it boil; take from the fire and add the yolks and salt. Spread on fresh toasted bread, buttered and cut in squares or oblongs. A simpler preparation under the same name is made with toasted bread softened ever so slightly with boiling water and covered with grated cheese, then put in the oven till the cheese is melted.

Soft Toast.—Some invalids like this very much indeed, and nearly all do when it is nicely made. Toast well, but not too brown, a couple of thin slices of bread; put them on a warm plate, and pour over boiling water; cover quickly with another plate of the same size, and drain the water off; remove the upper plate, butter the toast, put it in the oven one minute, and then cover again with a hot plate and serve at once.

West Riding Pudding.—Line a deep pie-dish with good puff paste, and cover the bottom with two kinds of preserves—as peach and ginger, or apple and raspberry. Take two eggs and their weight in sugar, butter and flour. Rub together the butter and sugar, and the eggs, beaten light, the flour and a half-teaspoonful of baking-powder. Pour this into the dish on the preserves, and bake to a good brown. Brush the crust with the yolk of an egg three minutes before taking from the oven.

Quick Biscuits.—One quart of flour and

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one tablespoonful each of salt, baking powder and lard, add milk till it can just be stirred with a spoon. Gently place one spoonful at a time in a floured tin, so they will not touch. Bake in a hot oven and they will rise and be found splendid, and very quickly made.—'Housekeeper.'

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