

HOUSEHOLD.

Sunday Afternoon.

(By Mrs. H. E. Thayer.)

With regard to books, papers, cards and puzzles, for Sunday use, I do not always advise bible topics or illustrations. I think it is advisable to instruct the little ones in bible stories, but not at all necessary that the Sunday reading should be only that. Select books which you know have a good moral—books that will cultivate in your child a love of good reading, which aids so much in self-education, and leads to thoughtful manhood and womanhood. My rule has been to allow on Sunday the reading of any book or magazine that will help the child to be truthful, unselfish, and loving. The selection of books requires refined judgment and prayerful consideration. Bible stories and pictures should, of course, be used, but not always to the entire exclusion of thoroughly moral tales of fiction.

I would lay particular stress on keeping children with the family as much as possible on Sunday afternoons. Oftentimes, during the week, parents are necessarily so occupied with the duties and cares of life, that it is difficult for them to unbend their minds, or to take all the time which the little ones crave and need. In some cases both father and mother can only see their children at meal-times, because in the evening, when the parents are free, the little ones are sent to bed. During the six days this state of things is absolutely unavoidable, but only in exceptional cases are the parents necessarily occupied on Sundays. This, therefore, is the time, I think, the parents should most largely devote to their children. I do not believe in making them sit with folded hands or walk with an adult's dignity. If they go to walk, I would allow the children to skip along, happily, to run out of the path a moment now and then, to pick a stray flower for papa's button-hole, or to throw a pebble into the brook, papa meanwhile, showing a loving interest in what interests them.

Try to help the child to notice the little things in nature about and above. Sooner or later they will surely see a beauty, and take an interest that will have a lasting influence. This was one great thought of Froebel's in founding the kindergarten, that, observing the thing made, the childish mind might be led to think of and love the Maker.

Many a young man has been led off on Sunday afternoons to clubs or secular amusements; many a young girl has been drawn into Sunday afternoon idle flirtations and contaminating influences, because in childhood the Sunday afternoon at home was a time to be dreaded.—a time when mamma and papa were stupid, lazy, and yawning, and the little ones were hustled off, either by themselves or with the nurse, that the parents might have 'one day of rest out of the seven,' and might enjoy a quiet chance to doze over the lengthy Sunday newspaper, or dream over the latest novel.

Finally, I would that I might help every mother to realize that no external difference she may strive to make on Sunday, no amount of personal contact with the little ones, can take the place of the loving, consecrated heart of both father and mother, that almost unconsciously makes Sunday different from the week-day, and leaves an impression to remain through the busy days of mature life.—'Sunday-school Times.'

Hospitality.

Parents are mainly responsible for the fact that the hospitality of the home for young people is so much less exercised now than formerly. Many of them are little aware what opportunities for their children they are throwing away in these swiftly passing years simply by neglecting to encourage them to invite their friends to their homes. If they could realize how much happiness may be procured by a trifling expenditure of time and money, they would gratify them oftener in this respect. A boy or girl feels an access of dignity and self-respect if able to invite a friend to a meal according to his discretion, and he is not likely to abuse the privilege if it is wisely explained to him.

A little evening company of one or two dozen does not require the services of a caterer, and ice-cream is by no means a necessity. Some simple cake and lemonade,

or even nuts and popped corn, may be all that is needed for a really good time. The great art is in helping the company to feel at ease, and whatever stimulates natural conversation is to be prized. Sometimes the memory of a happy evening in a friend's home will be cherished for a life-time, and such an invitation will be far more appreciated by the lonely young man or woman than the most constant urging to attend the church social. There is frequent complaint that the boys and girls grow indifferent to their homes and prefer public amusement to the family circle. If homes are made more useful, would they not be more prized?—'Congregationalist.'

Correspondence

Amityville.

Dear Editor,—As I have taken such a deep interest in your paper, and promised to write to you again, I will now give a description of my trip to New York during my summer holidays.

I left my home in Ingersoll on Aug. 20, and journeyed all night. I woke early next morning and saw high ridges of blue mountains, and great rocks which seemed to cover us on every side. Finally we arrived at Jersey City, where we met our friends. We crossed the river, and the first view I had of the Hudson River was from the promenade deck of the 'Pennsylvania' ferry boat. From this deck I could look across New York bay and see the statue of liberty and Staten Island, off which was lying part of the American fleet just home from the war. We landed in New York city near the great Washington market. As the streets were so crowded we had a hard time to get one of the cars on the Belt Line Railway. From the Belt Line Railway we went to the Battery Park, where stands the Castle Garden Aquarium. We continued on the horse car to East River, and passed along South street where shipping is, and crossed the ferry to Long Island City. At the ferry house I saw a colored soldier, who evidently belonged to the United States Cavalry. He had on the light brown suit which the United States Government had selected for use in the tropics. He had a group of admirers around him who were listening to his description of the battles of Santiago and San Juan. We passed on until we came to Brooklyn Navy Yard, where I had a close view of some war-ships, one was the 'Iowa,' and another was the cruiser 'Brooklyn.' The color of these war-ships was a dull green. Coming along the river we saw a number of immense piers rising up out of the water. When we left the boat we had to hurry to meet our train which was going to Amityville. I arrived there about one o'clock, and after my pleasant journey I will reside here for some time. Hoping to write you again, I remain, yours truly,

EVA H.

Lauder.

Dear Editor,—I am one of your subscribers for the 'Messenger,' and like it very much. I showed it to a neighbor boy and he sent for it too. I am a temperance boy, and hope the plebiscite will carry. Papa takes the 'Witness,' we would not like to do without it. Mother says she is not afraid to let us children read it, for it is a clean paper. I like to read the Boys' and Girls' letters. I am eleven years old. Truly your friend,

BURTON.

Belmont.

Dear Editor,—I am a girl over thirteen years old, and, as many other boys and girls write, I am writing to your paper too. I go to school every day that I can. I am a member of the Independent Order of Good Templars. We had open lodge on May 24. The lodge room was crowded.

I have two sisters and four brothers; one of my sisters and two of my brothers go to school with me. We live in the country, on a bush farm. I get the 'Northern Messenger' at Sunday-school, and I read it when I am coming home. Our baby is just a year old, he tries to talk and walk. We sometimes go out and gather flowers and pick berries. I like singing, but I cannot sing myself. I like to recite. We sometimes have a little concert on Friday evenings before school is closed. Yours truly,

EDNA.

River Louison, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl eleven

years old. I take the 'Northern Messenger,' and I like very much to read the stories and the letters from the children.

I live on a farm beside a little river which flows into the Bay de Chaleurs; strangers say this is a very pretty place and I think it is, for the Bay and mountains on the other side look beautiful in summer; but in winter it is very cold. Sometimes the snow is very deep on the ground and it drifts a great deal with the wind. I have only a short distance to go to school; so the storms of winter are not great enough to keep me home. I am in the fifth grade now, but I hope to be further on in a little while.

We have a Mission Band, its name is 'Buds of Promise'; it was only organized this spring, but we have thirty-four members in it now. We have studied about the missions in Corea and Trinidad, and are now studying about the New Hebrides. Our meetings are very nice; at each one, after the lesson is over we sew clothes for the Indian children in Trinidad. We expect to have a thank-offering meeting soon now, and we are preparing recitations and dialogues for it. Your faithful reader,

NELLIE.

'Cartoons.'

We are sending out this week our plebiscite 'Cartoons,' as a part of the 'Northern Messenger,' believing that it is a good way to bring the arguments for prohibition voting before people who really want to do right. The girls and boys will, we hope, be pleased to see so many pictures in this week's paper, and will study out the meaning of each picture.

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