

HOUSEHOLD.

A True Story.

('Australian Christian World.')

'Did you ever ask God to save you from giving a wrong medicine, or a hasty slap, or from saying a thoughtless word which afterwards you grieved over, and though you might be forgiven by the one whom you had wronged, still you could not forgive yourself?' These questions I was asked by a dear clergyman's wife, who was a pattern of what a consecrated Christian life ought to be. She was always the brightest and the happiest person in her home, and a calm, holy joy was marked on her face. Nothing seemed to trouble or to worry her. When things appeared to go wrong, she told the Lord, and cast the burden upon him. When they were bright she praised him for his goodness. To her questions I had to acknowledge that I did not remember asking God in particular to prevent me from making a mistake, which, though quite accidental, might cast a cloud on the remainder of my life.

'Well, she said, 'I was only a girl in my teens, when a very painful story came under my notice, and it made such an impression upon me, that ever since I never passed a day almost without asking the Lord to preserve me from any act which would cause deep sorrow, and he has graciously answered my prayer, and kept me and my family all these years, and he will preserve "our going out and coming in" until he calls us up to the home which he is preparing for those who love him.'

She then told the following story of a dressmaker who worked beautifully. She was a widow, and had one sweet little girl about five years of age, whom she delighted in. She used to say her child was the only joy she had since her husband's death. One evening she was very busy in finishing off a ball dress, which she had promised to have ready in the morning, but it was much more tedious than she had anticipated, and as she kept no apprentices, but worked by herself, and took much pains, she often had more work than she was able to accomplish in a short time. The ball-dress was almost finished; all that she had to do was to sew some little moss rose-buds here and there on the dress.

A hasty knock came to the door, and a footman came with a letter from the young lady, saying that she was vexed at her dress not having been sent to her that morning, and that she was waiting at home to put it on for the ball, and desiring the servant not to return without it.

'Please sit down for a few minutes and I will not keep you long,' Mrs. L. said to the servant. 'I have only these little rose-buds to put on, and the dress will be ready.'

She stitched away as fast as her poor tired fingers could work, after a day of weary toiling and a late night's rest, trying to have it finished in time.

While she was sewing on the rose-buds her little child was sitting on the floor at her feet busily engaged in cutting off the flowers which the poor mother was stitching on in such haste.

The dressmaker took up the dress, saying 'It is finished now,' and she gave the skirt a shake intending to fold it, and lay it in the box to send off, and as she shook it, all the little rose-buds fell on the floor.

She was in a great state of excitement on seeing the mischief that the little child had done.

'Look what you have done,' she said, slapping the child on the side of the head, and entirely forgetting for the moment that a pair of scissors were in her hand. The child gave a little cry and fell back, not speaking again.

The heart-broken mother lifted her little set with her golden curls in her arms, and

then she found a slight cut on the side of her head where the pair of scissors had penetrated. All that medical skill and love could do was tried, but inflammation of the brain set in, and the little one died.

The poor mother's agony was so intense, that like Rachel of old, 'she could not be comforted,' and she became insane, and was taken to a lunatic asylum, where she died shortly afterwards.

My friend said to me, 'Is not the Lord good in preserving us from such sorrows? We should try if possible to give our orders early, and not to wait till the last moment for business people to be overtaxed and worried by insufficient time to complete their work. Bread by some is hardly earned. Let us try to soften the difficulty by helping to make it easy. The tender chord of sympathy for others vibrates back into our own bosom.'—M. C. D. MacNeill.

A Missionary's Home.

The Autobiography of John G. Paton contains a picture of the Scottish home-life that was founded upon the teaching of Deut. iv., 6-9. 'We had special Bible readings on the Lord's Day evenings,—mother and children and visitors reading in turns, with fresh and interesting questions, answer, and exposition, all tending to impress us with the infinite grace of a God of love and mercy in the great gift of his dear son Jesus, our Saviour.

'I can remember those happy Sabbath evenings; no blinds drawn and shutters up to keep out the sun from us, as some scandalously affirm; but a holy, happy, entirely human day, for a Christian father, mother, and children to spend. How my father would parade across and across our flag-floor, telling over the substance of the day's sermons to our dear mother! . . . How he would entice us to help him recall some idea or other, rewarding us when we got the length of "taking notes" and reading them over on our return; how he would turn the talk over so naturally to some Bible story, or some martyr reminiscence, or some happy allusion to the "Pilgrim's Progress"! And then it was quite a contest which of us would get reading aloud, while all the rest listened, and father added here and there a happy thought, or illustration, or anecdote.

'There were eleven of us brought up in a home like that; and never one of the eleven, boy or girl, man or woman, has been heard, or ever will be heard, saying that Sabbath was dull or wearisome for us, or suggesting that we have heard of or seen any way more likely than that for making the Day of the Lord bright and blessed alike for parents and for children.'—C. E. World.'

A Healthful Beverage.

For most people, hot milk is far more healthful than tea or coffee, and it is the only hot drink that should be given to children. It must be as hot as can be drunk to be relished. Heat in a pail set inside a kettle of water. It should be sipped slowly and not swallowed fast.

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