

TEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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What Rum Will Do.

Rum will scorch and sear the brain,
Rum will madden the heart with pain,
Rum will bloat the flesh with fire
And eternal thirst inspire.

Rum will clothe with rags your back,
Make your walk a crooked track,
Change your meat to naked bones
And to wrath your gentle tones.

Rum will rob the head of sense,
Rum will rob the purse of pence,
Rum will rob the mouth of food
And the soul of heavenly good.

Rum the jails with men will fill,
And the dungeon's gloomy cell;
It rouses passion's deadly hate,
And pours its curses o'er the state.

Rum the Christian's love will cool,
Make him break the golden rule,
Bind his soul to error's bands
And to evil turn his hands.

HOUSEKEEPING.

BY KATE W. HAMILTON.

THE Professor was busy with his papers, while Mrs. Professor was flitting to and fro through the house as her varied duties called her, now to the kitchen, where the mysterious rite of jelly-making demanded her supervision, now to the nursery, where the children's call for "mamma" rang out frequently. Between times she was trying to look over the winter clothing and pack it away. Possibly it was the discovery of how rapidly little garments were outgrown that discouraged her. Certainly there was an embroidered dress and a small cloak over her arm as she dropped into a chair near the library table with the remark: "Modern housekeeping is exhausting; it's too complicated." "So I have often observed," said the Professor, calmly.

"But it isn't observation that is needed," declared the little woman, "it is remedy. Why don't you wise men plan out some simpler way of living that will yet meet all the requirements?" "Simpler? that is easy enough. But as for its meeting all the requirements"—the Professor shook his head doubtfully. Then his gaze wandered to one of the great volumes open on the table before him, and he questioned: "How would you like the Kirghiz style?" "Kirghiz?" repeated Mrs. Professor, inquiringly.



HOUSEKEEPING.

that a single camel can carry it when the family desires to move."

"What an easy way to take a summer trip," said Mrs. Professor.

"There are a good many summer trips, chiefly in pursuit of fresh pasturage for the animals. The interior of the tent is decorated with rugs, shawls, mattresses, strips of ribbon, clothes, almost anything; in short, very much like a modern room, I should judge." with a glance at the bescarfed and tidied furniture. "But the wardrobe does not occupy very much room or time. The men and women dress alike, in long, gown-like garments, except that the latter have the head and neck swathed in long folds of muslin to form a turban

and bib at the same time. The women spin and embroider very well, cook and do most of the work, indeed, for the men do not like to work."

"Do the women?" inquired Mrs. Professor, with a little nineteenth-century snap in her eyes.

"It is not probable that anybody asks them. That is one of the peculiarities of such primitive styles. When the lord of the camp decides to move, he moves, and his family are not consulted. When he decides to stop, his household must needs stop also, and his women-folk get their meals of roasted barley-flour—a sort of griddle-cake—and tea-broth, into which they put salt, flour, meat, or anything eat-

able that comes handy. They are Mohanmedans in religion—or in the want of it. They believe almost everything that is told them, though their own word is not to be relied upon. They are usually good-natured and peaceable, but the loss of horses or sheep is considered a sufficient reason for going on a plundering expedition against their neighbours to indemnify themselves."

"On the whole, I believe I prefer to have the orderings of my household just a trifle more complicated than that," said Mrs. Professor, thoughtfully. "You needn't plan pitching our tent elsewhere without consulting me. Poor women! how can they bear such a dreary existence?"

A minute later her voice floated down the stairway as she went on her rounds once more:

"For our womanhood uplifted,
For our name and place and kingdom,
For the sweetness of our home-life,
For the music at the hearthstone—
All we are, and all we hope for—
Star of Bethlehem, we praise thee."

MY LITTLE NIECE.

THE little incident about which I am going to write reminded me so forcibly, at the time it happened, of a lost sinner coming to Christ that I could not get over the impression to write about it.

I went out one afternoon to pick some thimble-berries for tea. It was a rough place, overgrown with shrubby and berry bushes. My brother was cutting wheat in the adjoining field. His little four-year-old daughter had followed him out to the field, and after playing about for some time she started to go home, but on the way something frightened her, and she came back crying. I believe her papa told her in low tones when I was, for I overheard her saying, "I didn't know she was there." She had faith to believe that I was there somewhere, though she couldn't see me, for she started at once to find me. And I stood waiting to answer the first call and to guide the little feet to where I was. After struggling through the bushes for some time, she stopped suddenly. I believe a sense of loneliness or fear swept over her, for just then came the most heart-rending cry I ever heard, "Aunt Maggie!" Her whole soul was in her voice, and it seemed to say, if you do not answer me I am lost forever. I shall never forget the expression on the dear, tear-stained face when she first caught sight of me. It was radiant with joy and happiness. She scrambled up to where I was and caught hold of my dress with both hands; she laughed, talked and sang alternately, and did not seem to mind how rough and hot the way was, so long as I was by her side. But after a while she let go her hold of me and began to pick and eat berries, then one object after another diverted her attention and she kept getting farther and farther away from me until finally she lost sight of me. Then came the call, "Aunt Maggie, you'll not go away and leave me, will you?" "No dear," "Nor forsake thee," came floating into my mind.

Now all the while she was wandering