

HOUSEHOLD.

The Family Altar.

(The answer to an oft-asked question, by the
Rev. B. G. Maynard.)

'Good night, mamma!
'Good night, children!

And the young ones are off on their voyage to 'Dreamland.' Their evening devotions at the mother's knee have been performed. Brief are these evening services, but they span the ages and are limited by eternity only. In all the world of speech there is no such pulpit as that about the godly mother's knee. There devotional habits are formed and devotional impulses awakened that tide the budding life into destinies of goodness, greatness and glory. It is at these home altars that we hear notes that echo down the years—blessing, exalting, ennobling. Their memory never dies. Who can forget their songs, their prayers, their exhortations, their warnings and their tears? The hopes awakened the anxieties quieted, the joys experienced, the peaceful sense of security attained—can these ever fade away into dreamy forgetfulness? Can they die without their living fruitage? No! no!

God be thanked for the family altar, with its hallowing and saving influences and its sweet and soothing memories! Oh, that the flames of the old-time family devotions, with their sacred songs and prayers of faith, could be re-illumined in our Canadian homes! Oh, that all Canadian hearts would be re-enthused with regard to this old-time family relic! Its disappearance is a social, Christian, and national calamity. We learn here the answer to the oft-asked question, 'Why this alarming decline of religious zeal, self-denial, of personal sacrifice? Why this declension of the missionary spirit?' Here's the reply: The withering grasp of worldly-mindedness and self-gratification on the family.

Worldliness and pleasure have usurped the place of devotion. Pastime cards have supplanted the Bible on the centre-table, and instead of songs of the Redeemer those of empty hilarity are heard by the fireside. God's name goes unmentioned and God's word remains unopened. The latest novel, the Sunday paper, the mirthful song, the theatre and the social dance, all occupy time and absorb attention; while the awful realities of eternity are forgotten and unheeded. Godlessness in the life, and thoughtlessness and forgetfulness in the mind and heart, are the prelude to consequences awfully tragic. May our country be spared the doom which awaits a land where godless lives and aimless homes bring down the judgments of an offended Deity! — 'Parish and Home'

Plenty of Fresh Air.

The importance of fresh air in bedrooms and clothes-presses cannot be over-estimated. It is not at all unusual for people to come in from the street, remove their clothing, hang it up in a small, close closet, perhaps against a warm chimney or near a register, and then shut the door and go away, without a thought of the dangers that lurk in the stuffy atmosphere thus created. The hems of the skirts have swept up all kinds of rubbish, and disease germs in the mud and dampness of the pavement, and these are allowed to propagate in this stifling air. When the garments are wanted they are taken down, given a bit of a flirt, or, under favorable circumstances, a thorough brushing in the room, filling the apartment with deadly germs, any one of which may lodge in a sensitive throat or head, or upon some unprotected portion of the body, and lay the train for a long series of ills, with perhaps a fatal termination.

Sunshine helps to preserve the health, and garments that can be so exposed should be put into the bright sunlight for some portion of the day, after they have been worn in the streets of a city.

It is well worth while, if one can, to have two suits of clothing, to be worn on alternate days. This gives one an opportunity to become sanitary while the other is in use. Besides, it is extremely uncomfortable to put

on a garment that is laden with perspiration, and has not had time to become thoroughly dry. After a few wearings, the clothing of certain people, becomes charged with an odor of perspiration that is anything but agreeable. When the wearers discover this they resort to perfumes, strong ones sometimes, and they go about smelling like a perfumery shop. There is nothing so wholesome and agreeable in the way of smells as the odor of cleanliness, and clean clothes have a perfume all their own. There are many people whose perspiration has a peculiar odor, caused by some derangement of the system. They do not know that this can almost always be corrected by proper medical treatment. There are, however, some who are hopelessly afflicted in this way, and a greater misfortune it is scarcely possible for a healthy person to meet with. Bathing in salt and water, with an occasional bath in which ammonia is used, is sometimes beneficial; but those who are troubled in this way should lose no time in consulting a physician, that their trouble may be treated before it becomes chronic. — New York 'Ledger.'

The Child at Home.

The child is building his world. He builds from the centre outward. That centre is himself. In himself he must early find his centre of gravity, the fulcrum and centre of his powers. To this end he must early have his own place, and his own material, belonging exclusively to himself. Happy the child who has his own corner. Have you observed his love for it—how he speaks of it as 'my corner?' Happy the child who when he outgrows his corner, can then say 'my room.' Here he can keep his things, and having his own property rights, respects those of others.

Many grown people do not appreciate the wrong they do in destroying a child's property—dry leaves, stones, sticks, strings, etc., which seem very insignificant to us but are gold and diamonds to them. A mother I know has the contents of a little child's pocket. The child died forty years ago. She cherishes the old snuff-box which he had carried around filled with shells, stones, marbles, a cent, a bit of tin, and all tied with a leather string. If mothers could only have a little of the reverence she feels for that pocket while the children are with them, many bruised feelings would be saved, and there would be closer sympathy between mothers and children.—'Pres. W. L. Hervey.'

Selected Recipes.

Franklin Cake. — Mix together a pint of molasses and half a pint of milk, in which cut up half a pound of butter. Warm just enough to melt the butter, and stir in six ounces of brown sugar, adding three tablespoonfuls of ginger, a tablespoonful of powdered cinnamon, a teaspoonful of powdered cloves and a grated nutmeg. Beat seven eggs very light and stir them gradually into the mixture, in turn with a pound and two ounces of sifted flour. Add the grated peel and juice of two lemons. Stir very hard Put in buttered tins and bake in a moderate oven.

Here is a dish called 'sponge pudding,' of which Southerners are very fond: — Beat seven eggs until they are light as sea-foam; add six tablespoonfuls of sugar, and beat for five minutes furiously. Sift into it seven tablespoonfuls of sweet corn meal, one tablespoonful of salt, grated peel of half a lemon and its juice, freed from seeds. Stir quickly and bake in sponge-cake pans, serving hot with hot sauce or creamed butter and sugar with nutmeg.

Mutton or Chicken Broth.—One pound lean mutton or chicken, cut small, one quart of water, cold, one tablespoonful of rice, or barley, soaked in a very little warm water, four tablespoonfuls of milk, salt and pepper, with a little chopped parsley. Boil the meat unsalted, in the water, keeping it closely covered, until it falls to pieces. Strain it out, add the soaked barley or rice; simmer half an hour, stirring often; stir in the seasoning and the milk, and simmer five minutes after it heats up well, taking care it does not burn. Serve hot, with cream crackers.

The Mother's Work in the Home.

The mother's work is unlike any other in the whole world; it entails the constant drawing out of the very depths of her nature and keeps it on the stretch often for hours together. It is from morning to night, and often does not end with night. But different calls are made on her at different times; that is where the difficulty and need of adaptation arise. She must, like a musician on a rich-toned organ, frequently, at a moment's notice, pull out a new stop and pull in all the others—thus only can she supply the harmony of family life. She must be ready to meet these sudden, rapid changes, these calls on her love and sympathy on all sides. She must go from the anxiety of a sick room to a cheerful meal without casting sorrow around her; from the practical and troublesome study of economics to join in the intellectual joys which have no price on earth. She may come in from visits to her poorer neighbors, and while her heart aches at leaving some terrible sight—a burned child, it may be, or a dying old friend—she must at once devote her whole attention to something her children have been waiting for, in which all her best powers must be used. In these rapid changes she must show no dismay, no surprise; they are her life. She must reckon herself as rightly the servant of all, while she is mistress of all, and must take smallest details as not only "all in the day's work," but as her own special province and one of her joys in life, as that about which it warms her heart to think that she, and she alone, is the one who can in the end order and arrange them for the comfort and well-being of the little community under her charge. In order to succeed in this, she must bring all her powers to bear on it with definite intention, just as the skilful musician would. Details, interruptions, perplexities, all must be, as it were, part of one great whole, must minister to the efficiency of the one great work, the fulfilment of the one ideal. This ideal is the same for the woman of high rank, with her large household and her heavy social responsibilities, as for the quiet 'home-maker,' who has but one little maid-of-all-work to direct. Both alike have husband and children to care for, and of the two the second has perhaps the making of her own life most entirely in her own hands. To be queen over her little kingdom, serene in every family emergency, capable of directing all things with calmness, cheerfulness and decision, is an ambition sufficient to tax the powers of the most skilful among us, and a vocation equal to the highest God has appointed on earth.—'The Parents' Review.'

Two Friends.

'In a minute' is a bad friend: he makes you put off what you ought to do at once, and so he gets you into a great deal of trouble.

'Right away' is a good friend: he helps you to do what you are asked to pleasantly and quickly, and he never gets you into trouble.—'Buds of Promise.'

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