

THE FAMILY THAT IS TO BE.

BY QUERCUS.

"I hope," so he mused within himself, as he sat in his room alone in the evening hours, "I hope that the time will come before many years when I shall have a home of my own. My business relations are progressing on the whole as well as I could expect. I shall not have to wait a great deal longer before I can take the step and become the head of a family. But," and here his musings took a very serious turn, "that family that is to be will be shaped largely by what I am. If children are borne to me they will inherit physical and mental and even moral characteristics from me. I have a responsibility, not for myself alone, but for them. I must care for my health, but only for my own sake, but for my children's sake. My children?" The young man almost laughed aloud at the idea. And yet he was thoroughly right in the line of thought he was following. It is a vast pity that more of the fathers that are to be do not come to a sense of their responsibility long before they become fathers. The foundations of the future family are laid in the early youth of the man and woman who by-and-by come together to establish it. It would be a great point gained if, without purient fancies or weak sentimentality, our youth would realize that there is a real responsibility resting upon them now."

"There is Jack Spader," his thought ran on, leaving the abstract for the concrete. "I declare I did not have a moment's peace that evening, when I dined with him, until thaturchin of his was taken off to bed. Why, that urchin is just a bundle of nerves! I can't say that I wonder at it. Jack is of a nervous temperament himself. He never ceases to take a great deal of exercise, and he was a confirmed smoker. Mrs. Spader seemed nervous too. I think Jack told me once that she was an only child, and had always lived in a boarding house. I dare say confectionery—not a part of the boarding-house menu, though—was a part of her daily food. I don't mean that the boy is bad, but he hasn't body enough to balance the nervous energy that seems to be stored up in him, and consequently he don't seem to enjoy himself; he is not as placidly happy as a boy of three ought to be. And it is not his fault. His father and mother laid the foundations of his irritability years ago in their own failure to comply with some of the laws of health. Jack mourns over little Johnny's irritability, and is endeavoring to correct it, but he hardly realizes how much of it the little chap gets by direct descent. "But it is not the body only that is to be looked after," so the young man's thought ran on. "There are mental and moral qualities that descend as well. How often I find myself looking at questions just in the way father does. I don't believe this is all education, it's nature. It is bred in the bone. Well, I want my children to get nothing but good in any traits they may inherit from their father—that perhaps—is to be. My children?" Again he smiled softly, yes reverently, at the thought. Then he turned to his desk and began a letter to the dear girl who, by-and-by, was to help him make the home that rose so pleasantly in his thought, and for which he was laying the foundations, pecuniary, physical, mental, moral.

Was it by one of those curious and inexplicable commingings of the spirits of friends that are far separated that through the mind of the fair girl somewhat the same thoughts were running at the same hour? "Hygienic reform," she had been reading, "ought to begin with our grandmothers." "Well," she said to herself, "it did begin with my grandmother, for both mamma and I have splendid health. How glad I am, Charlie won't have a sickly wife, whatever else he fails to find in me. Charlie himself has a good constitution and no bad habits. We shall have health in our home, whether we lack other things or not. I mean, of course, general health, for no home is proof against sudden or communicated attacks of disease.

"Poor Mrs. Whelpley, I was so sorry for her to-day when she was telling mother about the sickness and death of four of her children! She said they seemed to have no constitution, and the moment disease seized them they seemed doomed. She has always been sickly herself, and I don't see how it could be otherwise than that her children should be feeble.

"Dear me, it's a solemn thing to be married! If it was not, as some one said,

more solemn thing not to be, I should shrink from it—if I could give up Charlie! But we won't give each other up, and our home will be what he and I make it. If children come to us they will be, in some sense, reproductions of ourselves. We shall see ourselves in them. I want to be a good wife and a wise mother. I am glad—almost—that we have to wait a few years before Charlie's circumstances will allow us to marry, for it gives me time to cultivate my mind not only, but to study the art of home-making and home managing. I want my home that is to be as nearly a perfect home as God will give me grace and wisdom to make it. Charlie and I, to a good degree, are settling that question now. Indeed we have been settling it all along, even before we knew each other. My home here has been very dear to me, always will be dear. But my home is the one that is to be. The one here has been made for me. That other one I am to help to make."

She could not help it; she sat down and began a letter to Charlie.—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

"CLOSING TALKS."

No part of the superintendent's work seems to me to carry with it greater opportunity, or weightier responsibility, than the closing talk. The lesson has been taught; each teacher has presented the points that seem to him or her most important; and now all faces are turned toward the superintendent, and in perfect quiet they wait his closing words. Many nails may have been driven and not clinched; many hearts stirred, only to forget as soon as they pass out of and away from the school. What is there in the lesson that will help in the practical daily life of the coming week? What in it to clinch the nails driven, to fasten and deepen the impressions made? What to win the unconverted to Christ? What to give comfort and strength to the longing heart? Such questions as these should suggest and form the basis of the closing talk.

I try to study the scholars at all times, and I have frequently noticed some, restless, apparently inattentive, or perhaps endeavoring to prevent attention in the class; and this of from those whose demeanor is usually good. Often the reason of such conduct is, that no one may suspect how the Spirit is striving with the heart, which though apparently so unconcerned, is inwardly crying for help. In the class, the scholar is at such times "on guard" watchful of the teacher's or superintendent's every look, and frequently ready to repel any personal effort; but now in the moments of the closing talk, looking into the faces of these same scholars, lost, as they suppose, in the mass of the school, I see they are "off guard," and I can but note their wistful, longing hope that they may find help and comfort in my words. Time and again, as I have looked into the upturned faces, and read there the wants of hungry, thirsting souls, I have felt the responsibility was greater than I could bear, and I hardly dared attempt to say anything so deeply did I feel the importance of saying the right thing; and yet I dared not neglect the opportunity. Many times a heart that is inaccessible in any other way can be reached and touched in these closing talks. Though to me, as to many other superintendents, the closing talk is a trial, a burden almost too heavy to carry, I believe we ought to give more prayer and more attention to this part of the Sunday-school service; and by praying more earnestly for divine help and wisdom, these few moments may be made, with God's blessing, instrumental in bringing souls into the light of his love, and may also help and strengthen many who are trying to walk in the light.—*The Baptist Superintendent.*

STOCKING DARNING.

There may be, as you choose to look at it, a great deal of drudgery or a great deal of romance and poetry in your weekly darning. There is really a noble self-deception, it seems to me, to small household tasks. Perhaps it should not call it self-deception, but a determination to like what one naturally dislikes. For instance: you "hate darning," it is something to be "gotten over" somehow, and "through with" as soon as possible.

But now suppose, instead of seeing merely the pile of brown, gray, and cardinal stockings, you see the feet which they encase;

recall the first glimpse of Will's baby foot as you mend your eldest born's manly sock; what a little crushed rose leaf it seemed! How you longed to have it grow strong! Then that first day he "felt his feet" how the gentle pressure on your lap throbbled to your very heart! How many times you have asked God to guide his steps! How many times He has guided when you did not ask! Why, Will's socks are mended and folded away, and you turn to Nettie's or Rob's with a thought peculiar to your girl just growing into womanhood, or to your merry, rumping school-boy whose noise and frolic you would miss sorely, though they try your patience now and then. Look back and see the goodness and mercy which have followed the children and yourself. Perhaps you have expected to see the goodness and mercy ahead of you! But that is not the promise. How Rob does wear out his knees! Ah, well, all that love for marbles and tae is but'ing up a fine constitution. Better be mending than nursing! So, with thoughts of the past and prayers for the future, an hour goes by as you have really enjoyed what has always before been a hard task.

But I wish to be practical, and so would give the benefit of my experience in darning. I find that too many mothers do not know that they should leave a loop at each turn of the darn, as the stocking has shrunk and the darning cotton has not. Then, too, I always "run" the heels and knees of new stockings, or else herring-bone a lining on them; if you line the heels put your lining on the right side, lest the seam hurt the foot. Do not turn in the edges of the lining, but herring-bone it neatly. Then again, instead of darning large holes, patch the children's stockings. Last of all, if you have a leisure half hour now and then, lay aside stockings which are too far gone for your own children and re-foot them for some of God's little ones. Such mended stockings can always be used at the different "Homes," or given to some poor member of your own church. It is a very great help to your Christian life to lay aside one afternoon in the week when you will work for the poor mending or making garments. This is quite a different matter from making some beautiful art needle-work to be sold at a fair. But it is more Biblical. We don't hear anything about the firecreens or table-scarfs that Dorcas was engaged in when she fell asleep! "Think on these things."—*Hope Lofgard, in The Congregationalist.*

LOVE THE GREAT CONQUEROR.

Superintendents who have not perfect order in their schools, and teachers who have little or no control over their classes, are frequently heard lamenting that the corporal punishment and the discipline used in the day schools is not allowed in the Sunday-school. Yet there are men, like Mr. Schaufler, who will have order at any cost, and who do not hesitate to discipline offenders. But there is a better way. When love reigns the Law is fulfilled. And in secular schools love has conquered where punishment had only hardened. A little six-year-old Irish boy used to come every morning to his teacher, Miss Ford, and, while the others brought gifts of fruits and flowers, being poor, he would only throw his arms around her neck and say, "I brought you a bushel of love." His teacher had no difficulty in controlling him, but one day his mother came to her and complained that Johnnie played truant every afternoon, and she could not break him, altho, she had punished him severely. Miss Ford called the child to her and directed him to go home immediately after school was dismissed. The following morning Johnnie's mother came with the complaint that he had not returned home until after dark. Miss Ford then told the little truant that if he disobeyed her again, he should be sent to the principal for correction. "I won't do it," said the child, quickly and firmly. The teacher answered kindly but as firmly, "I cannot allow my little boy to speak to me in that way. He must go to the principal now." "I won't!" More defiantly than before the words were spoken. Miss Ford took the boy in her arms and carried him to the foot of the stairs and bade him ascend. He caught hold of one of the banisters and wound his little body around it and again refused. The lady brought a rod and punished him, but could get from him only the

same stubborn "I won't." She then called the principal and the two used their united strength but could not force the little body from the banister any more than if he had been a part of it. They left him and went to an adjoining room for conference. It was decided that the principal should go upstairs and leave him with his teacher, but that he should not be punished if he could be persuaded to do as they wished. Miss Ford said to him, "Johnnie didn't bring me anything to-day." "Yes, I did," quickly. "No, you did not." "Yes, I did, I brought you a bushel of love." "I know you said so, but you didn't." The head was lifted, there were tears in the boy's eyes. "I did, Miss Ford." "No, Johnnie, if you had brought me any love you would have gone up-stairs when I asked you." Very slowly the arms and legs were unwound from the banister. Presently the boy's arms were around the teacher's neck. "I did bring you a bushel of love. I will go up-stairs." That boy never played truant again, and when a few weeks afterward he died, his teacher only regretted that she had not tried first the power of love instead of using it as a last resort.—*The Illustrator.*

TO PRESERVE CARNATION CHERRIES.—

Choose the finest of these most beautiful of all cherries, and those that are not too ripe. Take out the stones. Allow one pound of white sugar to one pound of the fruit. Put them together in a kettle, and let them boil gently until clear. Another way, preferred by some persons, is to make a syrup in the proportion of a pound of sugar to a pint of water. Pierce the skins of the cherries with a large needle to prevent bursting, drop them in whole without removing stems or stones, and cook them gently until perfectly clear. Before putting the cherries in syrup it is better to let them get well heated through in plain water. This prevents that shrivelling up of the fruit that is so disappointing to the preserver, rendering the skin tender, so that the syrup can easily penetrate it.

Question Corner.—No. 10.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

A STRANGE DWELLING.

Of all dwellings ever heard of since the appearance of men on the earth, no one perhaps ever seemed less fit for the use of men than this one. In fact, several men renowned for their bodily strength were utterly destroyed by approaching too close to its door! Yet four persons lived in it for some time on the same day without being injured thereby. What is more, to three of their number, at that time the very deadliness of this dwelling-place did a very good turn. Who were these three? Where did this happen? And what does their experience teach us about the way to be saved?

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN No. 8.

SCRIPTURE SCENE.

If you look at a map of Palestine, you will see that the hills run all down the middle of it, and streams run off right and left to the Mediterranean sea, or to the Jordan. They come to an end at the south, and nearly at the end is Hebron. It stands in a fine valley, running north and south; along the bottom is a stream which afterwards turns west to the Mediterranean. The situation is a good one for a town, and we are not surprised to find this note in the Bible, that Hebron was built before Zoan in Egypt. Generally we may say that the cities in Egypt were much older than those in Palestine, so that Hebron would be older than any of its neighbors, unless we leave out Damascus, which is also known to have been very ancient. Among the chiefs who helped Abraham, you will notice the name of Eshcol; this chief led his name to a fine spring of water at the northern end of the vale. It was on these hillsides that the best grapes grew, and here the spies cut that large bunch of grapes of Eshcol, which they had to carry on a pole. The spring is still called by his name. When Caleb took possession of the place it was called Kirjath Arba, or the city of Arba. Arba it seems was the father of these giants whom Caleb had to drive out. You have read how Abraham lived here, or rather in the plains near the hills, called the plains of Mamre; for being the owner of large flocks, he would not choose very hilly ground to pitch his tent on. You have also read how he purchased a cave in the hillsides, called the cave of Machpelah for a burying-place. From Genesis xlii. 31, we learn that six persons in all were buried there, about whom there is a curious thing to be said by the hammedians who live in that country now: reverence the memories of the great men of the old Testament, though they hate the Jews. They say that all the bones of these six persons are still there in a ball in the centre of the hill. No Christian, however, has been able to get into it, so that we have to be content with what the inhabitants say to travellers.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED FROM Hannah E. Green, Theodore Gregory, Jane Miller, Bala F. Christie, and Albert Jesse French.