

day, then the eldest boy read from the home and foreign missionary calendars the missionaries named for especial prayer, and then one mother or the other would offer a short prayer, closing with the Lord's Prayer in unison.

In another summer home, where the father never participated in the expression of the devotional life, the mother, who entertained for her two boys many boys and girls, had the general order for the day posted in each bedroom. After 1, Breakfast, came 2, Prayers, where all read in concert a psalm, and then united in the Lord's Prayer.

A little daughter, now aged eleven, has been carrying out this plan of her father, who was called to the heavenly home two years ago. She had read, morning by morning, from the 'Bible for Children,' as selected and arranged by Dr. Francis Brown, of Union Seminary. Now her brother of eight years is able to alternate with her, each reading for a week, a paragraph or two at a time. After the scripture all join in a hymn, chosen by each member of the family in turn, and then the grandfather or the mother leads in a short prayer, to which the little daughter of four can say 'Amen.' These three children say they 'could not get along without prayers,' and do not see how other parents expect their children to be good without this help. They especially enjoy the hymn.

These instances prove that if this element of family life is rightly appreciated, it will be made a constituent part of the daily routine. The mother can do much by seeing that meals are prompt, children dressed in season, hymn books and Bibles at hand, and the atmosphere such as to make spiritual aspiration and inspiration possible. The helpers in the home should be invited to come. This may be the best missionary work some of us will ever do. Is it possible in your home this year? Not without trying; but try it and see!—'The Interior.'

**Too Many Dont's.**

It was one of my comfort-loving bachelor friends who told me once that one reason he did not marry was because there were too many don'ts in the married life of most men. He was afraid he would develop into a real bear of a man if restricted in his freedom of will by the 'don'ts' imposed upon their husbands by too exacting wives.

I once spent a week with a friend of mine whose wife is 'a beautiful housekeeper,' but she has attained this degree of perfection just through such a series of don'ts that his orderly home is not a very restful or peaceful place to her husband. If it is raining when he comes home she meets him at the door with:

'Now, James, don't come in at the front door to-day; it's only a step or two to the rear door, and my front hall is so nice and clean you mustn't come into it all wet; and don't forget to clean your feet well at the back door, and please don't sit in any of the upholstered chairs if your clothes are damp.'

James is limited to certain chairs; if he sits down on others his wife flutters toward him with a reproachful 'don't' on her lips, and says:

'Don't sit on that fancy little chair, James, you'll be sure to break it, and I'm sure there are other chairs in which you can sit, and—oh, please don't lean back against the tidy of that chair, you'll muss it so; there is your chair over in the corner!'

James goes sulking into his chair. Perhaps he leaves it for the sofa a little later, and if he does he hears the pleading and peremptory voice of Mrs. James saying:

'Don't put your head on that fancy sofa pillow, James! How often must I tell you to always spread your handkerchief on the pillow before you lie down? And please don't put your feet upon the sofa. I don't see why you should lie down anyhow, right in the middle of the day!'

James, under these circumstances, is hardly guilty of treason to his wife if he thinks regretfully of the comfortable old sofa in his bachelor quarters, on which he 'lopped down' and kicked up his heels whenever he felt like doing so, without the protesting 'don't' of any woman in his ears. He whistled once in a while there, too, but if he does it now he hears a sharp 'don't' from his wife. She says 'don't' if she catches him giving a nickel to the poor wretched hand-organ man, and it's, 'Now, don't

be one long,' every time he goes down town; and 'don't stay late,' when he goes out at night; 'don't buy this,' and 'I wouldn't buy that,' are familiar and galling expressions to him; and it's 'don't, don't, don't' until poor James becomes so broken in spirit and so fearful of doing something he ought not that his home life is a burden to him; or he may go right on doing as he likes, heedless of his wife's 'don'ts,' but even then there may be times when, loyal though he may be to his wife, he cannot help recalling the times when there were no don'ts in the way of his free will, and it is better for both husband and wife that he should not think the days of his bachelorhood more joyous than the days of his married life.

**Washing the Mouth.**

If people would wash out their mouths twice or three times a day with an antiseptic solution, there would not be near so much sickness. In the last ten years I have never had a cold, sore throat or fever, and I ascribe this immunity solely to the fact that I follow this plan rigidly. There are any number of proprietary antiseptics that are excellent for this purpose, but many more simple agents that are as good or better. One of the best of the latter is carbolic acid. A very weak solution of this gargled and held in the mouth two or three times a day will work wonders. Immediately after using, one will find that the mouth feels cleaner. I believe that a great majority of the common throat and lung troubles come from the lodgment of disease microbes within the mucous membranes of the mouth. The free use of antiseptics will kill these germs.—St. Louis 'Globe-Democrat.'

It is possible to wash flannels without ever shrinking them, but the average laundress does not know the process. Therefore it is worth while to know how to restore shrunken garments to their original size, or something like it. Try laying the article to be restored on the ironing board, and lay on it a piece of cheese-cloth, which has been wrung out of cold water. Press with a hot iron until the cheese-cloth is perfectly dry. The garment will show a marked improvement.

**Selected Recipes.**

Meat Rissoles.—Half-pound cold meat, 1 oz. flour, yolk of 1 egg, little chopped parsley or mixed herbs, 2 tablespoonfuls gravy, 2 oz. bread crumbs, 1 oz. butter. Melt the butter in a stewpan, fry flour brown, add all the other things, roll in balls and fry in hot fat.

Potato Pie.—Scraps of cold meat or sausage, a little gravy, salt, pepper, herbs to taste, ½ oz. dripping, 1 lb. mashed potatoes. Place the meat at the bottom of pie-dish, add seasoning, cover with the potatoes, bake in moderate oven three-quarters of an hour.

Whole Wheat Bread Pudding.—Soak some whole wheat bread in cold milk and water. When soft reduce to a pulp. Add sultana raisins, chopped almonds, as many as desired, sugar to taste, and a beaten egg. Put into a buttered pudding dish and place some bits of butter on top. Bake in oven till brown. Turn out on a flat dish and eat with a sweet sauce.

Cottage Pudding.—A spoonful of butter, a cup of sugar, a cup of milk, a pint of flour, two

eggs, a teaspoon of saleratus, two teaspoons of cream of tartar; soften the butter, and then beat to a froth with the sugar and eggs; then add the milk, and lastly the flour, in which the saleratus and cream of tartar are thoroughly mixed; flavor with lemon, and bake in two shallow pudding dishes half an hour, in a moderate oven; serve with lemon sauce.

Bechamel Sauce.—Melt one tablespoonful of butter without browning, add one tablespoonful of flour, and mix until smooth. Add one cup of cream and stir continually until it thickens; season to taste with salt and pepper. Just before taking from the fire stir in quickly the yolk of one egg and serve at once. The heat of the sauce is enough to cook the egg if stirred in just as taken from the stove; and if the sauce stands on the fire after the egg has been added it will be spoiled.

Polentae Pomodoro.—Ingredients — Indian meal, salt, water, one Spanish onion, two ounces of butter, half a pound of tomatoes. Cook the meal in a saucepan of boiling salt water for a quarter of an hour. Turn it on to a dish, and when firm cut into slices. Have ready a sauce made with the butter, fried onion and tomatoes. Place a tablespoonful of the mixture on the slices of meal and serve very hot. This is a delicious and wholesome dish in vogue in Italy and often superseding the meat course.—'Girl's Own Magazine.'

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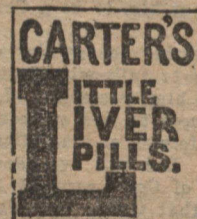
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THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' is printed and published every week at the 'Witness' Building, at the corner of Craig and St. Peter streets, in the city of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall and Frederick Eugene Dougall, both of Montreal.

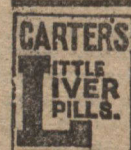
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