

## THE HOUSEHOLD.

## MY SERMON.

BY MRS. GEORGE A. PAULL.

The evening bells were pealing  
Their call to praise and prayer,  
The sweet chimes softly stealing  
Through the tranquil twilight air,  
As I sat by my baby's cradle  
With many a wistful thought  
Of the hour in the quiet chapel,  
With praise and worship fraught.

I must miss the inspiration  
Of the earnest, prayerful throng,  
I could not hear the sermon,  
Nor join the evening song.  
I must sit by the swaying cradle,  
Watching the quiet sleep  
Of my little one, my treasure,  
A loving guard to keep.

The sound of the bell's sweet summons  
Had died on the quiet air,  
And I bent o'er my darling's slumbers,  
Lifting a voiceless prayer  
That the message I could not follow  
Might still be sent to me,  
And the blessing I sorely needed  
Should not be lost to me.

Just then the little sleeper  
Cried out in childish fright;  
Some troubled dream had roused him,  
And made him fear the night,  
As I clasped the trembling baby  
As closely to my heart,  
As if some real danger  
Had caused his cry and start.

I stilled his frightened wailing  
With loving tenderness,  
And lulled him into slumber  
With many a fond caress.  
No grief could hurt my darling;  
Although a fancied fear,  
My loving arms around him,  
Would show him I was near.

Then words of tender comfort  
I had often read before;  
Came back like a spoken message  
In that quiet twilight hour;  
My love for my precious baby  
Gave them a meaning new,—  
"As one whom his mother comforteth,  
So will I comfort you."

Then I measured with clearer vision  
The infinite tender love,  
That will stoop to our little sorrows  
From the heights so far above.  
What though they are fancied burdens,  
He hears our feeblest cry,  
And the loving arms about us  
Show us that He is nigh.

My finite mother-passion,  
Should be the plummet true  
By which I could better measure  
Love greater than I knew.  
I had missed the song and sermon  
Till a quiet eventide,  
Brought a precious lesson  
Sat at my baby's side.

—Christ of Amsterdam.

## HOME-MAKER OR HOUSE-KEEPER?

What a busy world it is! So much to be done and so little time in which to do it all! All the time there is!

Yes, yet that doesn't help us any if we have not the happy faculty of so economizing that time as to make the most of it; to have, if possible, a surplus to draw upon when unlooked-for rushes upon us would otherwise bring us to our last available minute, heated and hurried, and discouraged in mind and tired in body; a state of affairs which even the strongest will cannot face with equanimity.

Then it is we think with remorse of the wasted time and strength put into unnecessary work which only brought, in the doing, a sense of satisfaction, without which we would be equally if not more happy in the end.

How many aching backs, pale faces, weak chests, heavy hearts, and warped tempers is the demon of overwork responsible for! All telling of a weakness only too common with our women.

Have we any right to thus abuse the health and strength given us for higher purposes? We sweep away with our too ready broom the very light of our life; fade in our washtubs the glowing colors of home; rub off with constant scrubbing and cleaning the last vestige of happiness and home enjoyment.

What happiness can there be without

health? And how can a tired, broken-down woman do her duty to her family or herself? Is it worth it, the cleanliness, which, to be sure, we all know is next to Godliness? "Next!" remember, not to be made a fetch of, and worshipped above all else at any cost.

Is there not such a thing as over-cleanliness? Have you not been in houses where a speck of dust would be a relief to the eye?

Better a little wholesome disorder and litter than a worn out wife and mother. Better an hour of leisure with your loved ones in an unswept room, than the constant grind and toil from sunrise to sunset, and no time to spare for those near and dear to us.

There are so many ways to save work; so many little things that could be left undone and no one be the sufferer thereby. Why, after a hard day, when things have gone contrary, and, like Martha of old, you are "troubled about many things,"—why can you not let the little duty wait?

Are you strong enough to keep your house immaculate, care for your children, give to your husband the companionship he certainly expected when he married you, and with it all keep up your own health and spirits? Yes? Well, then go ahead. You are one in a thousand.

But if not, then you must let something go. What is it to be?

Not the children; they are too precious a charge—these jewels given into our hands, for which by-and-by we must render an account.

And surely not the hours devoted to the husband—those happy evening hours; you will never get them back again if you once let them go.

Then is it to be yourself? A thousand times no!

Let it be the unnecessary work.

Nor do I advocate untidiness or poor housekeeping. Every woman should be a good housekeeper, but with it and above all should she be a good home-maker.

Don't let the house, however grand, crowd out the home, more beautiful still. Have a system of work by all means, but don't let it be as unalterable as the law of the Medes and Persians. Do not become a slave to system.

This theory I carry out at all cost in my own home. My work is subservient to me, and I can with a clear conscience spend an hour in the nursery resting while I listen to the prattle of my children, at the cost of a neglected household duty, one thought of which does not intrude upon or mar my enjoyment of these real treasures upon earth.—*The Household.*

## THE SLATE ON THE KITCHEN WALL.

"What is the big slate for that hangs upon your kitchen wall?" said a visitor to a young housewife the other day. "Oh, that's my memorandum book," was the reply. "When I first began to keep house out in this suburban spot, we would frequently sit down to a meal and discover there was no pepper in the pepper-caster, or vinegar in the cruet, or only one-quarter of a loaf of bread in the box, or some little thing like that, which had slipped my memory among the number of more important things I had to think of—by themselves of little account, but just big enough to take the completeness away from a good meal which it needs to be thoroughly enjoyed."

"As our grocer, and baker, and butcher, you see, are all two or three miles away, one cannot tell the girl to clap on her hat, run out and supply the want, as you can who live in the city, so I told John that I must have a memorandum book for the kitchen, to jot these wants down in, so that when I did go shopping or when the tradesmen did call, I would be sure to tell them of everything I wanted."

"The very next day the dear boy brought me home a lovely little book with ivory covers, silvertipped pencil and celluloid leaves, from which the writing could be erased after the book was full. I tried it for a week, but it was so pretty that if I were baking pies, say, and observed that the cloves were almost gone, I would have to stop and wash the paste from my hands before I could handle that pretty book. Consequently I used to say, 'Oh, I'll not stop now. I'll just remember that and put it down when I have some others to go

with it.' Of course, I forgot all about the cloves until the next time I went to get some and found not half enough. So I relegated the pretty book to the recesses of my bureau drawer and bought a common school slate with a pencil and a sponge attached to it by strings. Whenever I find anything running low in the larder, I jot it down on the slate, one half of one side of which is reserved for the grocer, and the rest for the butcher, the baker, etc. If I'm not in the kitchen when they come, Bridget shows them the slate and they copy down the orders. Then, on the other side of the slate I write instructions for Bridget to follow when I go out, or the page and number in the cook book of the recipe by which I want her to cook certain dishes while I am away. Altogether I find it exceedingly useful and handy, and would advise all young housekeepers to try it.

## EXCELSIOR HOUSEKEEPERS.

I once knew a brisk woman who used to loosen her carpets in the last of February, so that she might take advantage of the first warm day, and whisk them out before the gaze of an astonished world. There was a tradition in her family that all carpets should be up, and stoves down, by the middle of March, and unless positively frozen up and snowed under, she fought it out on that line. She and her family are long since dead, as might be expected, sacrificed not by cleanliness, but by a silly pride and an insane desire to be more "forehanded" than her neighbors. I have noticed that these women who are so forehanded with their house-cleaning are apt to be forehanded in their deaths. They seem to fancy there is some merit in thus forcing the season, and they plunge into the good work with all the enthusiasm of the ancient martyrs, laying up coughs, and colds, and treasures in heaven. So many women clean house according to tradition, instead of common sense. They learned in their youth that spring begins in March, and in March they will clean house if they kill themselves and their families in the attempt. They remind me of that imprudent young man who attempted to scale the Alpine heights, refusing to listen to sensible advice, and shouting "Excelsior" to all inquiring friends. These women, amid the snow and biting winds of a lingering winter, will expose life and limb, or at least fingers and thumbs, and backs, to get ahead of their neighbors and have their houses cleaned first; they go pegging away up the wintry Alps, in a lame, rheumatic, but determined procession, waving their tack-hammers and scrubbing-brushes, and shouting "Excelsior," till they disappear in a cloud of dust. They pay no attention to good advice, nor do they heed the roar of the awful avalanche of dust, and dirt, and carpets, and stoves, and soot that they bring down on their devoted heads; on they rush, and down from the cold, damp shades of their fireless, sunless parlors, comes the last faint echo of their cries.—*Elizabeth Cole, in Good Housekeeping.*

## KEEP CLEAN.

There can be no such thing as equality between cleanly people and people of uncleanly habits, "Amber" tells the *Chicago Herald*. My neighbor may have a bank account and a butler; but if he fails on the bath question, he is my inferior, although I peddle pins from door to door.

If you can't make successes in your children in any other way, the way is open to you to make them the peers of the king if you will establish them in dainty and delicate personal habits. Teach them that a homespun suit and a calico gown over a clean body is infinitely to be preferred to the robe of a duchess over an infrequently bathed, cuticle. Water is free as sunshine; soap of the best costs less than confectionary, and nothing but a lack of self-respect stands in the way of everybody being sweet and clean.

If I had a man about the home as regardless of personal cleanliness as some of the well-dressed men I ride with daily in the cars, I would call in the humane society to chloroform him, or the health officer to disinfect him. There should be no argument possible with such men; it ought to be bath or bullet, every time, in the name of public good. It is an insult to God to take such shabby care of these beautiful bodies he has given us.

## STUDY THE CHILD NATURE.

"What should be done with a child for telling a lie?" asks an anxious mother.

The word "lie" is almost too strong a word to use in connection with a child. A lie is an intention to deceive. Untruthfulness, in fact, may be ignorance in the little one. For instance, a child while visiting was shown a rainbow. "My papa has a much bigger one at home," she said. Months before, her father had carried her on his shoulder to see a brilliant bow spanning the entire heavens. The dear baby! Like the little boy who declared his papa made the trees because he had seen him hew a gate post, and call it his. Some children, from pure imagination, may tell what is untrue. We need to study the child-nature, and be very slow to condemn. Our example teaches them more than we are aware. If not perfectly truthful ourselves, can we expect them to be? A good rule is given by a teacher: "Never, under any circumstances, severely punish a child for telling a lie. Use your skill in detecting untruths to baffle, not to punish them. Make it an object in your life to see that no benefit ever results from deceit or lying, but do not provoke a crop to grow in order to cover one transgression."

## RECIPES.

**DELICIOUS STEAMED PUDDING.**—Half a cup of sugar, half a cup of butter, one egg, one cup of buttermilk, one teaspoonful of soda, add flour until stiff as cake, then a cup of stoned and chopped raisins, or any fruit you have. Pour it into a two quart basin and steam an hour and a half. Serve with boiled sauce.

**FIG PUDDING.**—Three-quarters pound grated bread, half a pound of figs, six ounces suet, six ounces brown sugar, one teaspoonful milk, one egg, nutmeg. Figs and suet must be chopped fine. Mix bread and suet first. Then the figs, sugar, nutmeg, egg beaten well, and lastly the milk. Boil in a mould (pudding steamer) four hours. Serve with sweet sauce.

**FORMULA FOR INSECT BITES.**—One of the very best applications for the bites of mosquitoes and fleas, also for other eruptions attended with intense itching, is menthol in alcohol, one part to ten. This is very cooling and immediately effective. It is also an excellent lotion for application to the forehead and temples in headache, often at once subduing the same.—*Weekly Medical Review.*

## PUZZLES.—No. 8.

## RIDDLE-ME-REE.

What is it that may rise  
To such a height,  
That 'twill to human eyes  
Be out of sight,  
And though so far o'er farm or town  
Unquestionably still be down?

ANDREW A. SCOTT.

## CHARADE.

My first is a personal pronoun.  
My second is a number.  
My third is the lower part of a window.  
My whole is any tool of a trade.

## WHAT AM I.

I hardly think I am a bird,  
And I will tell you why;  
I've not one feather in my wings,  
Although I flit and fly.  
When other birds have gone to bed,  
All but my friend the owl,  
Like him, among the ruins old,  
I love to pry and prowl.  
From ancient tower and hollow tree,  
I sometimes venture down,  
To flutter like a butterfly,  
Above some little town.  
When, to my dark and dreary home,  
I go to seek repose,  
I want no pillow for my head,  
I hang upon my toes!

## ENIGMA.

I am composed of 45 letters.  
My 29, 30, 40, 21, 19, 39 is a noted general.  
My 10, 20, 11, 22 is a number.  
My 31, 36, 27, 38, 2 is a noted Spanish explorer.  
My 1, 27, 12, 11, 35, 40 is a large river in Europe.  
My 26, 4, 18, 37 was a Confederate general.  
My 25, 14, 15, 16 is a boy's name.  
My 3, 9, 8, 23, 22, 11, 31, 32, 29 is famous.  
My 41, 42, 43, 27, 45 is a present day.  
My 6, 7, 5 is to move in any direction.  
My 24, 14, 17 is a mental faculty of the mind.  
My 33, 30, 13 is to give leave or power.  
My whole is a good motto.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.—NUMBER 7.  
GOOD ADVICE IN PL.—

If a task is once begun,  
Never leave it till it's done;  
Be the labor great or small,  
Do it well, or not at all.

BEHEADINGS AND CURTAILMENT.—1. S-hoe-s.  
2. P-ri-ce-s. 3. H-a-i-r. 4. M-o-d-e-l. 5. H-a-u-n-t-s.  
6. R-i-n-k.

## HOURGLASS.

C O N T R I V A N C E  
I M M E N S I T Y  
M A R T I A L  
S H I E N  
I R E  
M  
A I R  
F A N C Y  
A D V A N C E  
I M P E T U O U S  
I N S U P E R A B L E