

make them happy at home, than it is to charm strangers or amuse friends. A silent house is a dull place for young people, a place from which they will escape if they can. They will talk of being "shut up" there; and the youth who does not love home is in danger.

The true mother loves to see her son come home to her. He may be almost as big as her house; a whiskerando, with as much hair on his face as would stuff her arm chair, and she may be a mere shred of a woman; but he's "her boy;" and if he grew twice as big he'd be "her boy" still; aye, and if he take unto himself a wife, he's her boy still, for all that. She does not believe a word of the old rhyme—

"Your son is your son till he gets him a wife;
But your daughter's your daughter all the days of her life."

And what will bring our boys back to our homesteads, but our making those homesteads pleasant to them in their youth. Let us train a few roses on the humble wall, and their scent and beauty will be long remembered; and many a lad, instead of going to a spree, will turn to his old bed, and return to his work again, strengthened, invigorated and refreshed, instead of battered, weakened, and, perhaps, disgraced.

Fathers, mothers, remember this: and if you would not have your children lost to you in after-life—if you would have your married daughters not forget their old home in the new one—if you would have your sons lend a hand to keep you in the old rose-covered cottage, instead of letting you go to the naked walls of a workhouse—make home happy to them when they are young. Send them out into the world in the full belief "that there is no place like home," aye, "be it ever so homely." And even if the old home should, in the course of time, be pulled down, or be lost to your children, it will still live in their memories. The kind looks, and kind words, and thoughtful love of those who once inhabited it, will not pass away. Your home will be like the poet's vase—

"You may break, you may ruin, the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will cling to it still."

Music is an accomplishment usually valuable as a home enjoyment. Parents should not fail to consider the great value of home music. Buy a good instrument and teach your family to sing and play, then they can produce sufficient amusement at home themselves so the sons will not think of looking elsewhere for it, and thus often be led into dens of vice and immorality. The reason that so many become dissipated, and run to every place of amusement, no matter what its character, making every effort possible to get away from home at night, is the lack of entertainment at home.—*Selected.*

To the tribunal of this simple test we bring every amusement. If it recruits my physical and moral nature, it is right. But if it stimulates any fleshly lust, if it weakens conscience, if it unfits me for the service of my God, and defaces my spiritual nature, then it is a forbidden amusement. I cannot take my Master with me into it, or ask His blessing upon it. Wherever a Christian cannot take Christ with him he has no right to go.—*Cuyler.*