

THE HOUSEHOLD.

MAKE YOUR CHILDREN RELIABLE BY TRUSTING THEM.

BY MRS. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Those parents who most keenly feel their responsibilities are in danger of watching their children too closely. It is surprising how early in a child's life this surveillance becomes a source of annoyance and irritation, through the first instinctive emotion of self-respect, and how soon the little ones learn to be sly and deceive, hoping in that way to escape this watchfulness if possible. They conceal their childish sayings and doings if they are led to feel that they are suspected of something wrong. If they are unable to understand what it is, they at least realize that their parents do not trust their honor. They may not be quite able to put their annoyances from this cause into words; but let this idea creep into a young child's mind, and his perceptions grow old fast. Nothing so soon develops the evil most feared as this overwatchfulness.

Teach a child while yet little that father and mother are inclined to commit some small matters to its care, and without the least show of doubt or fear that the little one will fail; and those parents who perhaps have forgotten in some degree the spirit of their own baby days will scarcely be able to realize the happiness this has bestowed. The importance of the trust will, of course, be gauged by the age of the child. Begin this teaching early. Take care that the small pupil is not taxed beyond its capacity, but let it distinctly understand that the parent is in earnest, and fully believes that the commission will not be neglected. None can estimate how this event in a child's life will be fixed in the young mind—the first time it feels that its parents have turned to it with loving confidence for the performance of some little duties, and that they have trusted to its honor. Nothing so clearly awakens self-respect as the feeling of responsibility which comes with the knowledge that they are trusted; and the care and faithfulness which even the youngest understands will be necessary to execute the work to the parents' satisfaction are good seed sown, which in later years will bear good fruit, and amply repay all the trouble it may have cost to prepare the soil for its reception.

That such teaching is not the easiest of all maternal duties every mother knows full well, and all would much rather do the work than be subject to the tediousness and annoyance of drilling a child. But this is the mother's mission, not wisely delegated to another.

First show a child precisely how to do certain things. Perhaps the lesson must be often repeated before it is done well; but after some trials begin by leaving those little chores for it to do alone when the mother is not near. The more trivial the better at first. For instance, say to the little two-year-old: "Mamma must go out a few minutes, but she does not like to leave the nursery in such disorder. Will not my little man pick up all the blocks and the playthings he is not using, and put them away just as mamma likes to see them? And Jennie also will, I know, fold her doll's clothes just as I have shown her, and lay them neatly in the drawer when her play is over. I am sure this room will look very nice when mamma returns."

If the training is begun early, it soon becomes easy for little folks to do many things well. How proud and happy these miniature men and women feel when they have this token of their mother's confidence in their ability to care for such things as she intrusts to them! and of course it will be often necessary to be a little short-sighted, and to pass over a few items that will bear improvement; but don't point them out at once. Let the mistakes or defects wait. Appear pleased with the first effort. It will be time enough when the next trial is made to say, "I think I would fold this little dress so," or, "I would put these books here just so." But give as much sweet approval and praise as is judicious to gladden and encourage them in every effort. Gentle hints may be interspersed with all the approval consistent with truth, and it will not be long before the mother will find her little prattlers quite competent to take a large share in keeping their playroom and bedrooms in creditable order. But if these lessons are not begun early and made pleasant, children will have acquired the habit of

being waited upon, and will learn to prefer it to helping themselves.

Each year, as a child can bear it, the importance of the trust and responsibility may be increased. If the labor is accepted as a love-offering, to save "mother's" time and strength, there will soon be found willing hands and happy hearts, ready at all hours to lighten the labor and save many weary steps, while at the same time the young are learning a lesson that will do them good all through life. To prevent these little duties from becoming wearisome as the child matures, vary the lessons by changing often the nature of the trust. Try some small thing that will tax the taste or judgment a little. Send the child out to buy something of no great importance, so that if any mistake is made no harm will follow, yet still important enough for the child to feel the necessity of care and thought in selecting. This will soon teach them to exercise discrimination and judgment in small things, and prepare the way to exercise these gifts in larger matters.

An expedition of this kind rises before me as one of the brightest of childhood memories. It was a time of much sickness both at home and in the neighborhood. Mother was ill, the elder children either on the sick-list or absent. It was necessary to have "supplies" from the "shire town," twelve miles distant, where most of the important shopping in former days was done, and foreign groceries purchased. The chaise was at the door, and father, ready to start on the journey, was making out the list of items by mother's bedside, when he was summoned in great haste to see a patient.

Here was a dilemma! The purchases must be made; the patient must be cared for. What was to be done? In the south hall door I was playing with the baby, so near the sick-room I could not fail to hear the consultation between father and mother. He must go to his patient, but who could be sent for the articles so much needed?

The "tailoress" would be on hand in the morning, and the cloth must be ready for her work. A tailoress was an important character in those days. If we lost our turn there would be weeks to wait before we could secure her again. That would never do. "The boys" must have their clothes ready to return to college, and there could be no delay about them, anyhow. I heard the hurried talk in a kind of dreamy wonder as to how they could settle the troublesome question, but, as one who had no personal interest in the matter, went on with my frolic with the baby, when mother said, "Make out a list, give full directions, and send by E."

What a bound my heart gave! I nearly dropped the baby. I, not twelve years old, and mother thought I could be trusted with such a big thing. I felt half a head taller, only to think that my mother—bless her!—thought I might be trusted. Whether it was decided that I should go or not was just then a secondary consideration. Yet I was wide awake to catch father's reply.

"Send that child! What does she know of buying anything? And, Lucy, this is a very important errand."

"Ah, then my heart collapsed. I didn't quite want to go—the work seemed so great—but I did want father to think me as trustworthy and capable as mother did."

"Yes, if you think it safe for her to drive so far alone, I think you may trust her to do the errand well. The merchants and grocers are old friends, and will not take advantage of the child."

"Well, it's the only way left for us," said father, with an anxious, dissatisfied tone, and the great responsibility was committed to my care.

It is vain to try to give the thoughts that surged through my young brain in that long ride to town, or how anxious I was on the return ride lest I had forgotten something, or made some ill-advised purchase. But under all the anxiety and excitement was a dull pain, remembering as I did that father was not quite ready to trust me. This pain didn't leave me until, safe at home, all the purchases laid out and examined, he drew me to his knee, close by mother's sick-bed, and kissing me, said, "Well done, my brave girl! Hasn't she done well, mother?"

How much good that day's work, with the confidence given, did me in after-years, giving me all needed courage when duties seemed too hard for me, I can never estimate; but the most precious of all was the thought of my mother's trust and father's approbation.

It is only by such trust and teaching that

children can be taught to find pleasure in labor, or in important cares. Exact labor of children as a duty, sternly command, watch with constant fault-finding and suspicion, and labor becomes drudgery, and care of any kind a terror to the young. The child either becomes stubborn, or if timid and loving is so nervously afraid of being blamed, that this very fear leads to prevarication and deceit.

Ah! if young mothers knew how many hours of self-reproach their mothers pass as they look back to the time when they had their little ones about them, recalling how many mistakes they made by overstrictness and lack of confidence, it might save the young mothers much after-regret, and their children from yielding to many temptations. —Harper's Bazaar.

KILLING THEMSELVES WITH WORK

Many a husband has said, "Do not ask my wife to do anything for the church, or the missionary society, or the temperance cause; she has enough to do at home—she is killing herself with work as it is," and he tells the truth.

But if the husband would look a little closer into matters, he would find that his wife was killing herself with over-work that was ruining his children, cursing the world and blighting the church; that she was sacrificing all to fashion and show.

Month after month, and year after year, the worldly women of the church toil on for the personal adornment of themselves and their children, till heart and flesh fail, and an untimely grave covers them out of our sight. "Martyrs to fashion," would be the most truthful and fitting epitaph that could be put upon their tombstones.

Many a professedly Christian mother has wrapped her enfeebled infant in embroidered muslin and flannels, into which her child's life-blood has been stitched.

In many a professedly Christian home, the first lesson a child learns is how to dress in the prevailing style. It leaves its cradle admiring its fine clothes, and suffers hours of torture with curling-papers and crimping-pins, before it has learned to say, "Now I lay me down to sleep."

It is not surprising that the tender twig, bent worldward from the very first, should turn from the church to the opera, the theatre and the ball room.

When we look about, we are grieved to find that so few of the young men and women reared in the church are loving, working Christians. —Mother's Magazine.

A MINIATURE OAK.

Winter gardening, or the idea of having living, growing plants around us during the dreary months, seems a happy one. The means are simple and easy of practice to almost every one. Children as well as older people can find delight in thus making home pleasant. Here is a way of having within our own doors an oak tree, which, though in miniature, well preserves the marks of its parentage.

To do so, we must have a wide-mouthed bottle and a large, round acorn. The acorn must have a string run through cross-ways, not lengthwise, and be placed apex downward about in the middle of the bottle. Water should now be poured in to submerge the point of the acorn about an eighth of an inch. The reason the acorn is hung point downward is that it has been found in practice that if the base is submerged it will soon begin to decay and the germ perish. Whatever loss of water there is by evaporation may be replenished, so that it shall stand all the time at the same height. The string holding the acorn should be tied at opposite sides of the bottle, and when the germ appears, one end should be loosened, so that the sprout may raise itself erect. A radicle or long root will soon appear, which will grow downward into the water and settle at the bottom of the bottle. A card with a hole in the centre of it can be fitted into the mouth of the bottle, through which the stem of the plant will pass. Thus may be reared in a moderately warm room a family tree, which, though not large enough to shield a whole generation, may still serve to delight the children and interest the older ones as well. —Cor. Vick's Magazine.

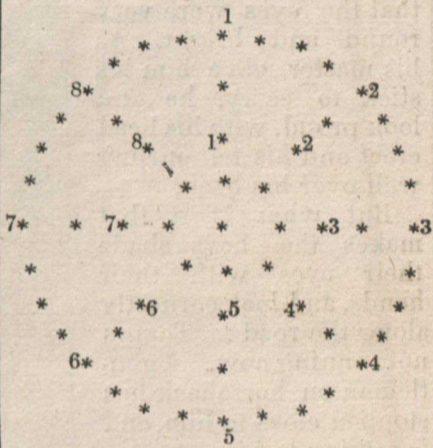
OATMEAL.—Give the children oatmeal at least once a day. It is genuine bone and muscle food, and they must thrive. Could our girls make the morning and night meals on real nourishment, not pastry, take more

to nourish the brain and nerves, we should have less of the neuralgia among our women. Indeed this oatmeal mush would afford ample food for the last meal, which should ordinarily be the lightest, simple and easy of digestion, securing good sleep, while it may well form a part of the morning meal. Its extensive use would do much to promote health among us. —Exchange.

GARGLE FOR SCARLATINA SORE THROAT.—One of the best gargles for the sore throat which often occurs in scarlatina is ice water. More than twenty-five years' experience of a hydropathic physician in its use confirms this opinion. If the child is too young to gargle the throat itself, then take, instead of ice water, lime water and spray the throat with an ordinary instrument used for this purpose, and an ice cold cloth over the throat high up under the chin instead. —Herald of Health.

PUZZLES.

WHEEL PUZZLE.



The circumference is formed of eight words of five letters each: 1. Rust. 2. To clean. 3. To weaken. 4. A garment. 5. A pain. 6. Slices of meat. 7. A bundle. 8. Released.

There are eight spokes: 1. (From circumference to centre) A fluid. 2. To make known. 3. cold. 4. To judge. 5. A sound. 6. A stop. 7. Meat. 8. A garment.

CHARADE.

From the East the wise men came,
In that time so long ago,
Guided to their journey's end
By first so high, with light so low.

My second is a word
That joins my first and third.
Place of blessed sanctity,
Place of blessed peace;
Here was born the Saviour
Whose power will never cease,
The light of my whole for ages
Has spread o'er all the world,
Its darts are everlasting,
'Gainst evil they are hurled.

WORD SQUARE.

1. The mother of a wild race.
2. A nephew of David.
3. A grandson of Esau.
4. One of the Nethinim, or temple servants who returned to Jerusalem with Zerubbabel. Mentioned in the Apocrypha.—1. Esdras.
5. Samuel's birth and burial-place.

NINE NOTED MOUNTAIN PEAKS.

Your friend Tom had his foot near a rat-trap and sprung it. The company were horrified at the sound; he looked as if he had committed a great sin. Ai asked him if he wore No. nine boots? Our new help is G—a high-flier, truly. Has been at the seashore; but, like Tom, O'Riah does not like quiet life. More of Gottleb anon—though I may say he is fond of music; arm, elbow and foot movement show that fact.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN JAN. 15.

Ten Writers of Fiction:—Scott, Dickens, Bulwer, Hawthorne, Bronte, Cooper, Goldsmith, Sterne, Trollope, Edgeworth.

Underground Rivers.—1, Ohio. 2, Indus. 3, Saco. 4, Severn. 5, Albany. 6, Orange. 7, Lena. 8, Seine.

Charade.—Hasten.

Word Change.—Orange, range, organ, groan, roan, arno, oran, nora, ora.

Decapitations.—Fox, s-hark, s-leek, c-ape, j-ay.

Charade.—Mandate.