

HOUSEHOLD.

The Good-Bye.

(Alex. Ward, in the 'Day of Days.')

'George—George!'

'Well, what's wanting now?'

The young husband turned back from the door, and there was impatience in his tone, and annoyance on his brow, as he answered his wife's call.

'Nothing, only baby and I just want to kiss you good-bye.'

And the loving mother came up to him with her baby in her arms, and held up the small, soft face to his cheeks; and the little one crowed, and thrust up its dimpled hands, and clutched the short, thick locks triumphantly.

'Oh! baby, you rogue, you'd like to pull out a handful, wouldn't you now?' laughed the merchant in a tone so unlike his former one, that you would not have recognized it, and he leaned down, and kissed the little one over and over.

'Now it's my turn,' said the fond wife, smoothing away the ruffled hair, and kissing her husband's forehead, and as he went out of the house that morning the troubled look no longer rested upon his countenance.

That day it was appointed to George Anson to pass through a sharp and fearful temptation.

He was in the midst of a commercial crisis, and several of his heaviest debtors had failed that week, and now a heavy payment was due, and there seemed no possible way in which the sum could be raised, unless—

He held the pen irresolutely in his shaking hand, and the veins of his forehead were swollen. A few scrawls of that pen, a solitary name at the bottom, and the young merchant could secure the needed amount, and his business credit would so far be safe. There was no sort of doubt in his own mind but that he could raise the money in time to refund it, and thus secure himself from discovery. The circumstances of the case, too, were most exceptional.

So whispered the tempter to George Anson, softening down the word forgery into a false name, which totally changed to his perceptions the moral complexion of the deed he was about to commit.

The young merchant's eyes glared round his office, but there was no eye to see him; he dipped his pen with a kind of desperate eagerness into the inkstand, and he drew it along the paper—when suddenly his hand paused, struck by a thought—the memory of his wife's kiss that morning.

He saw her as he saw her last, standing at the door, the baby in her arms, her sweet face full of motherly tenderness and wifely trust. The voice of the tempter passed away before the rush of holier emotion; he dashed down the pen. 'Mary! Mary! you have saved your husband; sink or swim, I will not do this deed; I should blush for shame to meet your eyes and our baby's to-night, if I carried the burning consciousness in my soul, though no other man ever did or would know my guilt. Mary, my wife,

you won't know it, but that good-bye kiss of yours this morning has saved your husband from this great sin.'

George Anson did not sink. It was a hard struggle, but the storm passed by, and Mary, his wife, never knew that she had saved her husband from a sin which, in her eyes, would have been worse than death.

Oh! ye who pant for broader horizons and higher opportunities, be sure God has appointed you a work where you are. Every day lifts up its white chalice out of the night, and is held down to you through all its solemn, silent-footed hours, for those small labors of love whose true significance and relations we shall only understand in eternity. And in this small daily labor lies much of woman's work, and her sweet home influences fall like the sunshine and the evening dew upon the characters around her.

How Women Rest.

'How differently,' says a writer in the 'New England Farmer,' 'men and women indulge themselves in what is called a resting-spell! "I guess I'll sit down and mend these stockings and rest a while," says the wife, but her husband throws himself upon the easy lounge or sits back in his arm-chair, with hands at rest, and feet placed horizontally upon the other chair. The result is that his whole body gains full benefit of the half-hour he allows himself from work, and the wife only receives that indirect help which comes from change of occupation. A physician would tell her that taking even ten minutes' rest in a horizontal position, as a change from standing or sitting at work would prove more beneficial to her than any of her makeshifts at resting. Busy women have a habit of keeping on their feet just as long as they can, in spite of backaches and warning pains. As they grow older they see the folly of permitting such drafts upon their strength, and learn to take things easier, let what will happen. They say, "I used to think I must do this and so, but I've grown wiser and learned to slight things." The first years of housekeeping are truly the hardest, for untried and unfamiliar cares are almost daily thrust upon the mother and home-maker.'

Health by Change.

It is sensibly said that the thing which a woman needs most essentially to keep up her health and spirits is change. Not necessarily a constant variation of scene and occupation, but a brief relaxation once in a while from the humdrum of her routine existence.

That nothing thrives well that is not occasionally transplanted to some other spot, there to take new ideas, to acquire fresh thoughts, to store up something that will be food for reflection when once more the burden of regulation existence is shouldered.

That there is a most harmful idea existing among certain good housekeepers, and most excellent women, that if they were to leave home for one day everything would at once collapse into a state of utter ruin; and this is a species of false conceit that prevents

many a tired brain and body from obtaining the respite from grinding care that it is necessary for them to receive.

That husbands should take it upon themselves to provide certain little pleasant happenings to vary the monotony of domestic drudgery that is a wife's heritage. This does not necessitate undue outlay of money; for a change, bright, pleasant and inspiring, can frequently be obtained in many ways when not one cent is required to secure it.

That, if it is possible, a little trip taken once in a while is the best tonic ever prepared. Seeing new places and new faces stimulates the imagination, braces up those forces that have been exhausted in the ceaseless round of hum-drum doings at home, and thus helps to build up the body in the pleasantest manner possible; and some little change of this sort is possible to any one who will make an effort to obtain it.—Philadelphia 'Star.'

A Meat Pie.

(Hale Cook, in 'American Agriculturist.')

This might be called a poor man's pie, but it would be so only in name, yet it is in reach of any one who can afford a common soup bone. Take an ordinary-sized shank, the best one procurable, have it cut in short lengths, take the bone end and lay it aside for another day's soup. Fill a large berlin kettle a little more than half full with hot water; when it boils, put in the balance of the shank, bone and all, add a pinch of soda, cover tightly and let it boil slowly until the meat is so tender that it will come to pieces if picked with a fork.

If there is little or no fat about the meat, chop up a half pound of suet and cook with it. Just before the meat is done, season with salt, pepper and sage. Dip the meat carefully into a bake tin, make the liquor into a gravy and pour a part of it in the pan. Now make a rich gem dough and spread it over this, putting bits of butter on top. Gem mixture makes a softer crust and is much easier made. Set the tin in the oven over a smaller one partly filled with hot water, and let it cook till the crust is thoroughly done, which may be tested with a fork through the centre. If, when partly cooked, several holes are cut in the crust, it will cook more evenly. Serve this with the balance of the gravy and you will imagine you are eating a very good chicken pie, at least that is the way we thought once on a time, when a chicken was not to be had.

The shank, if a good one, will in this way make two meals for a family of seven or eight, the first day with the pie, the next with the soup. There will be a small mess of meat to go with the soup, too. If care is taken with the buying of meat, it can be served much oftener than one is apt to think, who has to cater for a large family from a lean purse.

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Found on the Street.

A Small Scrap of paper Picked up in a Colorado Town, and what it Lead to.

Mrs. S. Washburn Greeley, Col., sends a money order for five copies of the 'Northern Messenger' and adds the following interesting information: 'I accidentally found a piece of the 'Northern Messenger' in the street in Greeley and liked it so well that I went to the address on the attached label and asked if I could see copies of the publication. These I found to be even so much better than the piece that first attracted my attention that I have taken the liberty to send a few names for the 'Northern Messenger.'

If a small scrap of the 'Northern Messenger,' picked up on the street of a western American town, leads to the securing of five subscribers, how many subscribers should a whole copy of the 'Northern Messenger,' in the hands of an old friend, secure?—Editor.