

HOUSEHOLD.

A Spoiled Boy.

'Boys must make a noise or they will burst.' So said Joffny's father, as the little boy rushed into the parlor with a succession of war cries, whoops and yells.

Aunt Myra, who had lately arrived at Johnny's house, demurred at this doctrine. She had brought up three boys, giving them large liberty, winking at many childish escapades, sympathizing in their boyish pranks, trying always to be the friend and comrade as well as the provider and guide. But while wishing them to be free and happy citizens in the little republic of home, she insisted on the rights of their fellow-citizens.

'If,' she said, 'my boys are not trained from their babyhood to be gentlemen they will never reach that high estate.' So morning, noon and night Aunt Myra's boys were reminded that there were other persons in the world besides themselves, and by many a little easily comprehended lesson of denials and rewards they were taught to ask themselves: If I do thus and so will it hurt anybody's feelings? Will it disturb anybody? Will it cause anxiety or alarm? Thus, little by little, to think of the comfort of others became a second nature to them.

When Aunt Myra came to stay a while at her brother's she was daily astonished, outraged, dismayed, at the doings of Johnny. Instead of the cozy meals that the lady had been accustomed to, with pleasant conversation and bright sallies of wit, followed by the laugh that aids digestion, there was—Johnny. Johnny burst into effusive talk at the most inopportune times: Johnny wanted something that was not included in the menu; and, with loud raking of chair-legs, left the table. Johnny didn't like his meat, or he wanted more pudding—in short, he succeeded in making himself the family centre from the beginning of the meal to the end. Aunt Myra protested for a while, but finally gave up to 'Johnny,' like all the grown-up people who at any time became a part of the household.

'What do you propose to do with Johnny when he gets a few years older?' asked Aunt Myra of her brother one day.

'Oh, he will behave when he comes to the years of understanding,' said the gentleman. 'You mustn't expect too much of such a little fellow.'

Alas! the father did not live to see Johnny grow up. When the boy was fourteen Aunt Myra, full of sympathy for the desolation of the family, went to live with them for a while. Was Johnny the helper, the consoler of his widowed mother? Far from it. While not a bad boy, he was thoughtless, heedless, noisy, rasping, worrying, always drawing upon the patience and forbearance of the household.

'Aw! a fellow can't be expected to be on his good behavior all the time,' was one of his favorite expressions. Another was: 'What's a home for, anyway? You've got to be stiff and proper among folks, but home's the place to do as you want in.'

Alas for Johnny's home, and for Johnny's mother, and for Johnny himself!—The Congregationalist.

Effects of Pleasant Table Talk.

It used to be the custom in our house to talk over during meal time whatever disagreeable things had occurred at any time preceding. I don't know just how it came about, but we fell into the habit, and kept it up, as a great many people do such things, probably because it never entered our minds that we were doing a very foolish thing. One summer we had as a guest an old doctor of whom we were very fond. He was so entirely one of us that we never thought of changing our manners and methods, and so the usual discussion went on.

One morning something specially irritating had happened, and the whole family was in a state of ferment. The breakfast had been a very uncomfortable meal, and one or two members of the household had left the table with scarcely a mouthful of food. An hour or two afterwards the doctor took occasion to give me a bit of a lecture. He explained in the simplest possible fashion the effect of agitation on the digestion and questioned the wisdom of ever permitting un-

pleasant topics to be discussed at meals. He told me to observe particularly what my own sensations were if anything startling occurred just after I had taken food. We had been a family of dyspeptics—nothing serious, but always with what we called weak stomachs. 'Our meals didn't set well,' as we expressed it, and almost everything seemed to upset us.

On the doctor's advice we made a hard and fast rule that under no circumstances should anything unpleasant be brought up at table. Nothing short of a cyclone or a fatal accident to man or beast was sufficient excuse for breaking this rule. In place of unpleasant topics we all by a sort of private understanding tried to have something funny or interesting to say when we came to table. If we failed to find anything worthy of comment, which occurred on several occasions, the ludicrousness of the situation struck us so forcibly that we gave way to outbursts of mirth, and a number of times we found ourselves giggling in what would have seemed to an outsider extremely silly things. Sometimes we laughed simply because there was nothing to say, and the effort to think of something increased our merriment.

Within a few weeks there was a notable improvement in the health of the family. This was particularly observable in one of the children, an exceedingly nervous, sensitive and timid youngster, who was pale, thin and irritable, and had given the family no end of uneasiness lest she were going in to a decline. She ate literally nothing at table, but seemed possessed of a mania to fly into the kitchen and pick up whatever she could find there.

The doctor's talk set me to thinking and without exciting her suspicions I got her to speak of her appetite and why she liked things better when she picked them up between meals. She said they didn't taste good at the table; that they made a lump in her throat every time she tried to eat; but that when she took them in her hands and ran out of doors to eat them she felt better, for she was hungry almost all the time.

This was a text for a most valuable lesson and is one that every parent and nurse or care-taker of children ought to understand. I have asked a number of little ones since that time why they enjoyed eating between meals, and if I could get at the truth it was that they were so continually reprov'd at the table that their pleasure in eating was spoiled, or that everybody was so cross that they really couldn't eat with any comfort, and almost without exception they spoke of their food choking them. Without knowing the reason why, their nerves were so upset that they had the lump in their throats, a condition which makes eating almost impossible. The best medicine in the world for that lump is a good, hearty laugh; and high spirits and plenty of fun at table are better dyspepsia cures than all the doctor's stuff in creation.—New York 'Ledger.'

How to Have Happy Children.

Froebel long ago discovered that occupation was the keynote to a child's happiness. Bearing this in mind, a mother may help herself almost unlimitedly in the care of her children, particularly on a journey, which restless children often make a serious trial to their guardians. A pencil and a pad of paper have proved the best sort of nurse-maid to one mother on many an otherwise difficult railway trip with her little son.

In a Hudson River train the other day, another mother was noticed converting the restless fatigue of her young pair, a boy and girl, into contented and happy occupation with the aid only of a time-table map. It was a sufficiently large affair when opened to show a dozen states, and the ingenious woman improvised a game which completely absorbed her charges. Each in turn selected a city, the other endeavoring to discover its whereabouts, the mother letting the child who had not chosen guide her pencil as a pointer over the map, the other child following its course with the significant words 'hot' or 'cold,' as the location of the place selected was approached or receded from. For an hour and a half the game was kept up with unabated interest on the part of the children. Peals of laughter and exclamations of eager excitement greeted the halting progress of the improvised pointer. It is safe to say that the mother will see that a time-table map is in her travelling bag every time she sets out on a journey with her active youngsters. The same principles

may be profited by for rainy days in the summer outing. Some simple, easily carried games or devices for children's entertainment will be found invaluable.—New York 'Evening Post.'

Sensitiveness.

(By Alice Hamilton Rich.)

How often we hear the expression, 'I am so sensitive,' when, if the truth were told, it would be, 'I am so selfish.' By sensitiveness is usually meant more than usual refinement. This may be true if we substitute refinement of selfishness, or inordinate self-consciousness. More often it is the woman, still oftener the young girl, who prides herself on her sensitiveness. If it is the little child, the foolish mother speaks of this quality as something of which to be proud, and because of which her child at home, in school, in society ought to receive special consideration. This is either given or not given as teacher or friends see fit. If it is given the child grows more selfish. Friends still politely call it sensitiveness as years are added to the young life. If mothers could but realize what obstacles to success and happiness they are themselves placing before their children, they would help their children to be sensible and unselfish, the two qualities which will, if planted early and closely to the sensitive plant, choke out the weed, for it is a weed. While selfishness is at the root of sensitiveness, self-consciousness is often the immediate cause. The one who most fully forgets self is least likely to see reasons to be sensitive. It is really an inordinate appreciation of self which makes one live in the lookout-tower and invite the shafts of the enemy and bare his bosom to the smiter. If a woman busies herself in home, church philanthropic work, if a man, when not occupied with business duties, interests himself in his own children and becomes absorbed in some recreative study, there will be little time to give thought to unpleasant criticisms, still less for the imaginary slights of neighbors and friends.—'Congregationalist.'

Selected Recipes.

Chocolate Bavarian Cream.—Soak half a box of gelatine in cold water for half an hour; boil one pint of milk, add the gelatine, two ounces of grated chocolate and stir until dissolved, then add half a cupful of sugar and a teaspoonful of vanilla; pour into an earthen bowl until it thickens, then add a pint of whipped cream. Pour in a mould and let it stand on ice over night; serve with cream.

Breakfast Cakes.—One pint of flour, one pint of water and two eggs. Take half the water and stir in part of the flour to prevent lumping, then as it thickens add the rest of the water and flour. Beat the eggs thoroughly and add last with a small pinch of salt. The pans must be very hot and the oven quick.

Hominy Croquettes.—Boil the hominy and set away to cool. When thoroughly cold and stiff, mix with one egg, a little salt and juice of half a lemon. Mould into shape, roll in beaten egg then in cracker-crumbs and fry in hot lard. Serve with currant jelly.

NORTHERN MESSENGER.

One yearly subscription, 30c.

Three or more to different addresses, 25c each.

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Sample package supplied free on application.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Publishers, Montreal.

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, of Montreal.

All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son,' and all letters to the editor should be addressed 'The Northern Messenger.'