

HOUSEHOLD.

Mother's Wish.

(By Mrs. Amy D'Arcy Wetmore, in 'N. Y. Observer'.)

'If I could only have everything I want, mamma, I would be so good, 'deed and 'deed I would.'

'My pet, that would not make you good. Goodness, you know, does not consist in self-indulgence, but rather the reverse.'

'Oh, but, mamma, I do want things so badly. I want a bicycle, and a tennis court, and I would like some pretty frocks, and a new hat and ice cream every day for dinner, and I—'

'And you don't know what. Now suppose I tell you what I want, and see if I am any nearer being gratified in my desires than you are?'

'Do, mamma, please tell me. Come here, Freddie, mamma is going to tell us what she wishes for most.'

'Jolly fun,' cried Freddie, dropping the boat he was making; 'and, mamma, may I tell you what I wish? I heard all the lot of things Sis wanted,' added Freddie, with a small boy's scorn of girls' desires.

'Certainly, my dear, you may give us your views first.'

'Well,' said Freddie seriously, 'I want a bicycle too, a real good one, and I would like a setter pup, and a new box of tools, and a gun and, oh, crowds of nice sensible things, not silly hats and frocks, like Nelly asks for.'

'I suppose not,' answered the mother, 'only your box of tools and gun may seem quite as foolish to Nelly as her wants are to you. But now listen, for several of my wishes you children can grant me.'

'Mamma, what we can give you I am sure we will, if we can, won't we, Freddie?'

'You bet,' replied Freddie, slangily. Their mother smiled. 'I wonder if you will. I want first of all that my dear children may keep well and strong and good, and I want them to be happy and contented, and to give up wishing for impossibilities or teasing papa and me for things this summer, that they know we are too poor to afford. I want them not to talk over their unfulfilled longings before poor papa, who is worried about business matters. And I want too to see in my children a generous, kind, loving spirit to others, and to have them think of the things that they have, instead of those that they have not. Now, can any of mamma's wishes be realized?'

Nelly looked first at Freddie and then threw her arms around her mother's neck and exclaimed:

'Indeed, mamma, I will try,' and Freddie, though he was a big boy joined in the hugging match, kissing his mother affectionately, and giving Nelly a loving little peck, said:

'Truly, mamma, I will see that you have a contented boy for a change, and so we will both try to give you your wish.'

Why Some Children are Timid

How many children have been terrified by stories of the 'Bogie man,' of 'the wolf that will come and eat them,' of 'the policeman who will put them in the lockup,' till their fear of the dark amounts to positive agony. Bedtime should be an hour inseparably asso-

ciated with the prayer at the mother's knee, followed by a quiet talk, after which the little one settles down to a restful sleep. But instead how often does it happen that the child is tucked in bed with the admonition, 'Now, go right to sleep, like a good boy, for if you don't there's a big dog over in the corner that'll come and bite you!' Go to sleep! Sheer nervous terror keeps the child awake. How can he be expected to grow up anything but timid?—Arthur W. Yale, M.D., in 'Woman's Home Companion.'

Where's Mother?

Bursting in from school or play,
That is what the children say;
Trooping, crowding, big and small,
On the threshold, in the hall—
Joining in the constant cry,
Ever as the days go by,
'Where's mother?'

From the weary bed of pain
This same question comes again;
From the boy with sparkling eyes
Bearing home his earliest prize;
From the bronzed and bearded son,
Perils past and honors won—
'Where's mother?'

Burdened with a lonely task,
One day we may vainly ask
For the comfort of her face,
For the rest of her embrace.
Let us love her while we may;
Well for us that we can say:
'Where's mother?'

—'London Mail.'

Selected Recipes.

Suet Pudding.—Take one cupful of suet, chopped fine, one cupful each of raw potato and raw carrot, grated, one cupful raisins or English currants, one cupful molasses, a little salt and a pinch of soda. Mix this well together, let it steam for three hours, and serve hot with sauce. It is delicious.

Jam Cake.—Cream together 1 cup sugar and 1 cup butter, add 3 beaten eggs, 3 tablespoons sour milk in which 1 teaspoon soda has been dissolved, ½ teaspoon each of ground cloves, ground cinnamon, ground allspice and grated nutmeg, 1 cup any kind

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of jam and 2 cups of flour, to be baked in a loaf. Raisins chopped may be substituted for the jam if desired.

'Messenger' Mail Bag

St. John, N.B.,

June 23, 1902.

Dear Sirs,—I am an English girl, travelling in America. Yesterday I went to the Congregational Church and Sunday-school in this city. At the school I received a copy of the 'Northern Messenger,' and it is because I am so pleased with it that I am writing to you. I enclose 25 cents in stamps, and should be so glad if you would send that money's worth of the 'Northern Messenger' to the Superintendent of the Sunday-school in which I am a teacher. Thanking you in anticipation, believe me, yours sincerely,
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