

THE HOUSEHOLD.

ROCK OF AGES.

"'Wock o' Bages, keft for me,  
Mamma, sing it,—you know how,—  
Charlie's—dying,—mamma, darling,—  
Won't you—sing it—for—him—now?  
'Wock—o'—Bages,—keft—for—me,—  
'Et—me—hide—my—sof—in—thee.'"

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me!"  
'Tis a mother sings it now,  
Death has marked her precious baby,  
And the damp is on his brow.  
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me.  
Let me hide myself in thee."

"Let me hide myself in thee;—  
Thou who hast the wine-press trod;  
Spare me yet this agony,  
He is all we have, O God!  
Father, must we drink the cup?  
Must we give our darling up?"

"'Wock o' Bages;" and our baby  
Sung the rest to Christ alone,  
As the angels tenderly  
Bore him to the great white throne.  
"Wock o' Bages, keft for me!"  
And he hid himself in thee.

—Good Housekeeping.

"HOW GIRLS CAN HELP THEMSELVES."

There are hundreds of girls out of employment wishing for work, but as a bright friend of mine remarked the other day, "If you want one girl you can't find her."

I know of a lady who had been confined to her bed for two years. She has tried and in vain to find some willing, companionable girl, who would give the slight service she requires for a reasonable amount of money. She does not need more than two hours' care through the day, but needs some one within call. Her home is delightful, and she is a lovely Christian woman, considerate to all who care for her, and to one who would give the willing and efficient service, a good home and fair pay would be given. A friend of mine with abundant good health, and good sense, practical and discerning, has been nurse and companion for more than a year to an elderly lady, ill with an incurable disease. She has \$5.00 a week and does as well in that place as a trained nurse. Do we not all know of families where the mother, worn with cares, perhaps where sickness reigns, or where the sick ones are convalescent, who would be glad of the help of some willing girl—not as a servant, but as an equal; and how often we hear the expression, "We can't find any one for love or money."

I think I hear some girl say: "I would be glad of such an opportunity, but no one wants me, at least, they don't ask me." Perhaps "they" do not dream of your being willing to be this timely helper. Dear girls, do not wait to be asked; you who live in villages and country places know something of the needs of your neighbors. If you hear that Mrs. A. is sick, and that Mr. A. has been in every direction looking for a nurse, offer your services, prepared, if need be, with an explanation that you are anxious to find employment, and will follow the doctor's instructions faithfully. Be willing to work for small pay at first; the majority of beginners are not willing to do this. If you prove capable and trustworthy, you will not wait for engagements, and can soon command better pay. Every girl cannot care for a sick person. To many the confinement is irksome, and the work distasteful; but you must remember that all work has some drudgery about it. It is given to us to rise above the drudgery, if our heart is in our work. To my mind, there is no better, nobler calling than caring for the sick. A good way to get introduced would be to speak to the physicians of your acquaintance, asking them to speak in your behalf. Doctors are glad to do this for the sake of their patients, and to help those who try to help themselves. First of all, study yourselves. In almost every paper these days, we read of the qualities required in a nurse; read and profit by them.

There are many girls wishing for work who, for various reasons, cannot leave their homes. I know of one girl who, at her own home, has a good assortment of dolls and their wardrobes, which she makes and sells at moderate prices. During the

holidays they find a ready sale. Aprons of all styles and sizes might be made by an energetic girl, and other things might be added if success waited on the first efforts.

A girl with a genius for cooking could make a specialty of pie, or bread, or cake. Many a housekeeper who depends on the baker would be just as willing—she ought to be more willing—to buy of some girl loaves of home-made bread providing quality and price were satisfactory. I know of one woman who makes delicious bread and makes a given number of loaves each week, supplying a few families. If one has friends or relatives among grocers who would be willing to sell the loaves at a small percent, the demand might exceed the supply.

Whatever is undertaken, care and patience is needed. Eternal vigilance is the price of success as well as liberty. Throw all false pride to the winds; remember that all honest work is ennobling; confidence, independence and a love and pride in the work will make a success of it. These are practical suggestions; they have been tested and found remunerative. The old proverb, "Where there's a will, there's a way," will be found applicable here.—*Anne Borodel, in New York Observer.*

DOMESTIC MEDICATION.

The *Home-Maker* has much good material. Marion Harland is the editor, and where is there a better authority on home-making and home-keeping than she? Among other practical articles in this initial number is one on the uses and abuses of Domestic Medication. A passage here and there will be particularly appreciated by many of my readers:

"Every household has its medicine chest or cupboard, even as in the attics of our grandmothers hung the huge bundles of dried herbs ready for the many kinds of teas with which they used to conjure the fell demon Disease at his first onslaught. But we have departed from the simples used in those days, and now handle drugs themselves with a truly reckless fearlessness."

"The household is getting into the habit of dosing itself. Its appetite is never so good but what it can be improved by some tonic. Its digestion is never so good but what it can be bettered by some assistant."

Then comes a warning against the free use of coca wine, beef wine and iron, quinine, aconite, etc. The writer continues:

"In fact, there are few drugs which should be handled without the advice of a physician. Experience with certain attacks have rendered many familiar with powerful drugs which they had come to employ properly themselves, having been guided in so doing by the family physician; but when, as is often the case, they take it upon themselves to prescribe for whomever seems to them to have similar trouble they may, as in the case of passing on prescriptions, make great and perhaps perilous mistakes. Do not, dear members of the household, try too much wholesale prescribing for your neighbors, lest your generous act result far otherwise than you intend."

"What then, asks the writer," can be done in the way of domestic medication? This is the answer:

"1st. Do not regard every trifling ailment or attack of pain as requiring immediate and instantaneous attention. Turn your thoughts to something else, and it is not at all unlikely that you will be surprised after a time to remember even that you had a pain.

"2nd. Instead of medication try the efficacy of hot or cold applications, poultices, mustard pastes, for pains which can often be relieved in this way.

"3rd. Try simple remedies, if any, for the household ailments, such as peppermint, Jamaica ginger, aromatic ammonia.

"4th. Ask your family physician, who knows you and your idiosyncrasies as well as those of your household, to give you some plain directions as to what you shall do in cases of the ordinary emergencies which arise in your family, such as constipation, diarrhoea, headache, sleeplessness, attacks of pain and the like, and look to him rather than to books and newspaper prescriptions, and the recommendations of friends for advice for those occasions when

you are not quite sure that there is sufficient warrant for sending for him.

DEAL FAIRLY WITH THE CHILDREN.

Among our playmates in childhood was a family of children who used to show us, with much pride and pleasure, their store of pennies. They kept them in a little vase on the sitting room mantel.

One day when we went to see our little friends, we found them bewailing the loss of their pennies. Their parents told them that "the mice had carried them off," and the children seemed to believe the statement. The loss was a heavy one to them—one they would be likely to remember; and when they were old enough to understand that mice did not meddle with children's pennies, they must also have experienced a very unpleasant feeling toward the parents who could stoop to so mean an action as appropriating their little store, and afterward telling a lie about it. Parents would have themselves to thank for it, if children brought up in such an atmosphere, proved to be very apt scholars,—if they even went so far as to bring shame and sorrow into the family.

A boy, old enough to be a great help to his father in his farm work, got permission of a neighbor to cultivate a strip of land that would otherwise have run wild. Working mostly in hours that would have been his play hours, he managed to plough and put in and care for what proved to be a good crop. His father allowed him the use of his team occasionally. When the crop was harvested, who do you suppose received the proceeds? Not the boy who so faithfully earned it, but the father, who had allowed him to think it was to be all his own. It hardly seems as if a father could or would run the risk of doing such a thing; but this man did put into his own pocket every cent of the proceeds of that crop.

What did the poor boy do? When he found that entreaties availed nothing, he grew hard and rebellious and finally wicked, and all because his father had been so unfair with him. "Honor thy father and thy mother" is a great and good commandment, but side by side with it in memory should go the other injunction, "Fathers, provoke not your children to wrath."—*Housekeeper.*

DANGER IN THE DUSTPAN.

SOME OF THE SURPRISING EFFECTS OF EXPLOSIVE OATMEAL, FLOUR AND SUGAR.

"It's all nonsense," said Dr. Charles Perry, the pharmaceutical expert, "to say that the two explosions in Chicago this week were caused by dynamite or bursting boilers. They were caused by dust and only dust. The public doesn't seem to realize that the dust of any vegetable substance which will burn will explode when mixed with air, but every chemist knows it to his sorrow. If you blow your gas out and go away, you know that when you come back and strike a match there's going to be an explosion of the mixed gas and air. You also know that if you put a lighted match in an empty benzine or naphtha barrel, where a little of the original liquid is left, you are pretty sure to have the barrel disappear in small pieces and find yourself in the next lot. The same rule applies to any fine dust which can be burned, and which, by reason of its fineness, can be suspended in the atmosphere. Here is a large tin can. I throw into it a teaspoonful of poudre de riz and a pinch of lycopodium. I shake it until the can is full of dust-laden air, and touch a match to it. Off it goes, and, ouch! I burned my hand in showing the fact. With gas it takes about eight times as much air as gas to make a good blow-up. With dust the proportion is about the same. The last explosion in Chicago was occasioned by oatmeal, which is, I think, the first time that Scotland's gastronomic mainstay has behaved so badly. Flour has a much wickeder record. It blew a great mill in Minneapolis all to pieces; it made a first-class wreck of a building in Hamilton avenue, Brooklyn; it knocked out the Jewell's establishment at Fulton Ferry, in that city, and it has ruined I don't know how many other places.

"Flour isn't alone," continued Dr. Percy, "in this property. Powdered sugar cleaned out a huge store in Court-

land street only a few years since. Pulverized cocoanut shells came near burning up a seven-story building in West Broadway. Drug grinding mills are frequently the scenes of such explosions. Paint mills, which reduce lampblack and similar pigments to a dust, run a similar risk. Bakers are even within an ace of being blown into eternity by the dust of starch, flour and sugar. Fino sawdust is apt to indulge in the same pyrotechnic display. Wood turners and finishers are always on the alert for accidents of this sort. Even in cotton, linen and woollen mills, the fine lint which fills the air of every room is liable to ignite, and, if the proportion of air to lint is right, to explode with more or less force. Lady housekeepers, who do not clean their furniture, but allow the dust to accumulate, run the risk of an explosion, when, in a fit of reform, they vigorously sweep a close room in the night time with the gas lit.—*New York Sun.*

SUCH A BOTHER TO GET THEM READY.

"If they could only dress themselves, I should not mind; but what with getting the last of them fairly off, and picking up after they are gone, it seems to take away the best part of the day right off."

Exactly. But what if the shoes had been blacked the night before, and the bath-room had been made good use of Saturday, rather than Sunday? What if, when the clothes of the week were laid off, they had been placed carefully to one side, and the Sunday ones laid in their stead? What if the lesson-books had been hunted up and placed by the Sunday caps, ready the night before? What if cold meat had taken the place of breakfast chicken, and the time gained given to hair-brushing and necktie-tying, rather than attention to those things later?

"But they get themselves so dirty if dressed so early."

Teach them for one day in seven to keep out of the dirt.

"Their father don't like to have it all bustle and commotion Saturday night; it's all the day he has out of the week."

The Lord don't like all bustle and commotion Sunday, it's all the day he has out of the week.

"But if the children are to be dressed up all day, what are we to do with those who are too small to read for themselves?"

You are to read to them, talk to them. You are to set their little minds to think about the thousand and one things they have little inclination for when about their play. The blue sky above them and green fields near them, and God, in his great fatherhood, round and about them. You are to garnish this, the best day of the week, with the sweetest smiles you have, the kindest words and most loving acts, and to encourage such things in your children. More than any other day of the week, you are to make the Sabbath truly useful and peaceful and enjoyable, so that your children in after years shall look back upon the Sabbath of their childhood as travellers look back upon the green oases they have passed in the sandy desert. Keep that day as free as possible from the hurry and bustle which belong, by right, to the week; and then hardly noticeable will be the preparations needed in order that your children shall go forth prepared, both in mind and body, for the Sunday school.—*Christian at Work.*

PUZZLES—NO. 4.

ENIGMATICAL REBUS.

Partly Phonetic.

What we all wish to do who obey nature's laws,  
And if not then transpose me and find out the cause;  
I am reckoned a curse but transposed I'm no better,  
Though you'll send me to church if you drop the first letter;  
Change again, I'm a priest that once flourished in Shiloh,  
Mix again and you'll find me as false as Dillah,  
Behold and curtail and I stand all alone;  
So I'll bid you good-bye till the answer be shown.  
S. MOORE.

Quebec.

DIAMOND.

A vowel . . . . .  
A two legged animal . . . . .  
A fruit . . . . .  
A Prophet's name . . . . .  
A vowel . . . . .

DAISY POWLES.

A RIDDLE.

What goes round the house and round the house and stands in the corner.