

HOUSEHOLD.

Confidence With Mother.

(By Susan Tell Perry, in 'Zion's Herald'.)

He was a shy little fellow, quite undemonstrative in his nature. But he had a secret in his little heart—a secret which he wished to share with the dearly loved mother.

The mother was sitting by the window with her sewing basket at her side. She was darning a hole in the knee of the shy little fellow's stocking. The boy edged up to his mother with an important look on his face, as if he were to divulge something of great importance, as he whispered:

'Mamma, I wish to tell you a great secret, but I wish you to promise never to tell it—not even to papa, or Leslie, or Kate, will you?'

'Most certainly, my dear, I will promise never to tell my little boy's secret. What is it?'

The boy bent down lower and whispered in his mother's ear:

'Marjorie Greenough is my sweetheart. Now don't you ever tell!'

The boy's finger was held up as a sign of guarantee for his mother, and with his face covered with blushes that he had been so communicative, he looked up into his mother's face. A smile was on it as she said: 'Marjorie is a sweet little girl.'

The boy had confided to his mother what to him was a sacred secret; it was in her keeping. Mother would know, of course, and mother liked Marjorie. With a happy heart he went off to his play.

Two hours later he came back to his mother in tears, and in broken tones exclaimed:

'You told, mamma, you told, and you promised you would not! Kate has told Leslie and the boys and they have been laughing at me!'

'Why, what do you mean, my child? I did not tell Kate a word. I promised I would not.'

'No, but you told Aunt Helen when she came to see you this afternoon, and Kate was in the hall and heard you, and she said you and Aunt Helen laughed.' Oh, mamma, I did not think you would, after you promised! I will never tell you any of my secrets again!'

What could that mother say? To her the little fellow's secret was a trivial affair—a cause for a smile and a little merriment with Aunt Helen—but, nevertheless, her promise was sacredly given to the child.

Ah! it is often the case that children are kept from confidences with mother for just such reasons. A promise given to a child should be just as sacred as that given to grown persons. One may say that such affairs are not of much moment beside weightier ones that come up every day, but they are.

The little fellow's secret was one of great importance to him. The telling of it to mother required a long deciding, but mother would never make a promise and break it. The secret was safe with mother, and so he told her. There is nothing so helpful to children as confidence in their mothers. The knowledge that they can go to them with their troubles and joys and talk them over, getting wisdom and good counsel regarding them, has proved a safeguard to many a child. The mother spoken of above not only broke her promise, but exposed her child to ridicule, which, with his sensitive nature, was more than he could bear.

The wise mother encourages her children's confidences by not treating lightly the subjects which to them are matters of weight. It can hardly seem credible, but hearing with one's own ears establishes the proof of one mother's dishonorableness: A little girl had told her mother something in strict confidence. The mother not long afterwards entertained some guests at the table with what had been told her. The girl came in and heard her mother's last words on the matter. Her face showed the greatest astonishment at her mother's dishonorable action, and she exclaimed in an injured tone of voice: 'Why, mother what did you tell that for? You promised me sacredly you would not tell it, and you have broken your promise!' The weak mother made the matter still worse by trying to clear herself in saying, 'But I made a mental reservation!' What sort of principle was she inculcating in her child by such a remark as that?

There is no need for very careful thought on this subject.

Home life is peculiarly sensible to the influences within. The sensitiveness of the home-hearts makes it all the more important that the mother should be very careful what she does or says. Encourage the children with little confidential talks, for the time is not far distant when the boy and the girl will need a close, intimate counsellor in the wiser mother.

Such intimacies in mother and children are beautiful to see. The grown-up son and the grown-up daughter will not go wrong if they have been brought up to have close confidences with mother and have learned that trusts reposed in her are sacred ones.

A Mother of Boys.

A new family has moved into our neighborhood—father, mother and three boys. I called to-day, and of course Mrs. James and I talked of our children, and I told her how glad I am that mine are all girls. It seems to me that I wouldn't dare to try to bring up a boy in the city, and I often tell my husband that if ever one is born to us, he will have to buy a farm immediately.

Mrs. James laughed when I repeated that speech to her, and asked me to go upstairs with her. We passed the door of a room fitted up expressly for her boys' sitting-room, and there were three lads sewing carpet-rags—when they were not pelting one another with balls. My—how much noise they did make.

'It is easier to endure than it would be to hear them swear,' said the mother with a smile. 'I pay them for sewing carpet rags, and they are earning money with which to buy a new trapeze for their gymnasium in the barn.'

'Do you mean to say you are going to let them risk their lives on a trapeze?' I inquired in amazement.

'They would, were they away from home with other boys,' was the reply. 'If they get hurt here I can care for them immediately.'

'What will those rags amount to when they have finished their game?' I asked, as we returned past the door to the boys' room. 'Very little, I presume; but carpet rags are cheap toys, and they must have something with which to amuse themselves.'

'You would save money by buying the trapeze at once.'

'But my boys would lose thereby. My husband and I consider anything a paying investment which serves to keep them at home, happy and contented. Of course, I had rather they would not want a trapeze; but since they do, I am going to try not to worry about their safety.'

'How can you afford it? Pardon me, but I have been told—'

'That we are far from being rich? That is a fact, but we remember that there are many parents who economized so closely when their children were growing, that their boys sought their pleasures away from home. A few years later they spent all they had earned in trying to prevent their boys being publicly disgraced. It was poor economy, don't you think?'

Mrs. James certainly seems to understand boys. She realizes that it is natural for them to be noisy, that they must be kept busy about something that interests them, and that they will seek amusements in which there is an element of danger. In a word, she does not expect them to be effeminate, or wise beyond their years, and so she does not nag them unnecessarily. She knows that they will be, as she expresses it, veritable little animals, somewhere, and she prefers that it shall be at home where she can watch them. 'I want to know,' she said, 'just how bad they are, and so we are as chummy together as would be possible if I were a boy.'—Cora May Ward, in 'Country Gentleman.'

Over Eating.

Half the people I know have violent attacks of indigestion, because they will persist in eating hearty meals when in an exhausted condition. They seem never able or willing to realize that there are times when the system is in no fit state to grapple with a full meal. They come in tired and hungry, almost ravenous, not thinking that what may be a good deal of what they consider hunger is gastric ir-

ritation, then sit down to a table covered with the substantial of life, and deliberately go to work to overtax the already strained vital powers. No person should eat heartily when very tired. The wisest thing to do is to drink a cup of hot water with three tablespoonfuls of milk in it, sit down for five minutes, and then begin slowly to eat, masticating thoroughly. In a little while the vigor of the stomach will come back, and all will be well. If this course were followed, there would not be one case of dyspepsia where now there are a dozen. It seems to be the most difficult of all things properly to control the appetite. It seems to be the master. It requires will power to get it under control. When once mastered, something important has been accomplished in self-defence.—'Presbyterian Banner.'

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