

THE HOUSEHOLD.

HINTS TO MOTHERS.

In the first place, try to be as far as possible what you wish your children to be. Your ideal should be so high that you yourself can probably never attain it; but where you fail you can help your children. To reach this, you will need to practise close communion with God. You must not only pray much, but wait quietly and patiently for light from him. When one is watching for it, it is wonderful how it comes. Sometimes in reading the Bible, or some book or paper, or in conversation with a friend, or often in the quietness and stillness of your own heart, a new thought darts in that suddenly illumines all your darkness.

Next, be patient and loving, and make your home, your surroundings, yourself, as pretty and pleasing as possible. A single flower gives a festive appearance to your dress—a carnation saved for your boy's buttonhole makes him happy; a wood fire lit on the hearth just before the children come in from school gives them a welcome; a pleasant story saved for them, an article in the paper on some subject they are interested in, or that you want them to be interested in, pointed out to them, gives you something to talk of together.

Do not let life be dull for them. Let the mother bring objects of interest to them. She can do it by looking about a little at home or abroad.

Make your room so cozy and pleasant that they will love to come and sit there, and be always ready to receive and sympathize with them in their confidences.

Never send the children away when they want a good talk, no matter how much you had rather sit and talk or read with your husband, or your friends who are visiting you.

When you have the confidence of your children you are all right; but you must take as great pains to win it as you do that of your friend.

Of course from the first a mother must require implicit obedience; but as the children grow older she must do it in such a way that they understand why she demands it, and if they cannot understand it she must ask it as a favor. Very often the child will come afterwards and say: "Mamma, you were right; I see it now, but at the time I could not bear to do what you wanted." Now is the time for mutual congratulations.

Let your children also share in your troubles and anxieties, in your economies, in the bills that still remain the first of March unpaid, in your efforts to have no more bills, in your cares for each other's health and habits, in your love for the father and your desire to help him and, and in so far as possible your religious life. And here do not expect too much from the young who have not yet learned to feel their need of help from a Higher Power. For a little while you stand to them as God does to you; give to them what he gives to you, and gradually lead them to lean on him also.

Bring pleasant people to your home; let the children hear their conversation and join with them modestly. The best minds always like to talk with young people, and if they have been made the companions of their parents they will not be shy with older people.

As for reading, and keeping abreast with the children, in these days of magazines, reviews, philosophical novels, condensed histories, and sciences, it is hard not to read too much and too generally, but whatever you read and enjoy let the children share it with you.

There is one time in a young person's life when every mother must have great patience, and wisdom, and love. She goes through it with each child when it is from twelve to sixteen or seventeen years old. In those years the child is going through a great change, mental, moral, and physical. It is no longer a petted little creature, confiding in its parents and believing them to be all wise and good. Its eyes are opening; it sees great faults, alas! in its mother. It is disappointed and wretched; it wants its own way; it cannot have it, and it rebels and grumbles and broods over its wrong, and makes itself intensely disagreeable. It has not learned to go to God; it thinks its own companions are its best guides, and that it knows more than its mother, but it is not happy. Then is the time for a wise

letting alone, for great patience and love, for increased cheerfulness and trust, and, if an opportunity occurs, for a little explanation of the trouble, for encouragement and hope in the future.

Sometimes this state of things lasts for years, and the mother many a night goes to bed in tears, in despair, and can only pray to God to guard her child, and do for him what she cannot. At such a time do not send the child away from home to be influenced by strangers who do not love it, and cannot bear with it as you do. Govern yourself then at that time more than her, and do not despair.

Let the child see your hope and love, and gradually it will emerge into a loving, sensible, grateful man or woman, and you will have your reward.—*Christian Union.*

THE TWO MILK-MEN.

A TRUE STORY BY MRS. MARY JOHNSON.

A milk-man, who had a large dairy and a long list of customers, carried on his business for several years without the slightest complaint or dissatisfaction by those who dealt with him. He kept his cows well fed and sheltered; was gentle and quiet himself, and never allowed rough handling, harsh tones, or fast driving to and from pasture.

After a while he sold out his business and stock. He was mistaken in the character of the man who bought them. The new owner was intemperate, and ill-tempered, and often scolded and beat the poor animals. Soon there were complaints of the milk. Little children were made sick by it. One case after another occurred among infants, of very serious, almost fatal, sickness; and even adults suffered from it.

Most mothers at this day who use a nursing-bottle, are aware of the great importance of obtaining pure milk. The food of the cow, it is known, exercises great influence upon the quality of the milk, and is hardly second in importance to the animal's soundness. It is just as true, though not so generally known, that the milk of cows which are frightened or roughly handled, scantily fed, or whipped and fast driven, often produces disease, and with young children, tends to convulsions.

In the case of the milk-man referred to, the details of the story would be of little interest; but the dissatisfaction increased, and resulted in utter loss of custom. After the business passed into other hands, no further complaint was made of the milk from these very cows. A man who was employed on the farm where they were, during the whole time that the business was thus changing hands, asserted that the milk was never adulterated, and was managed in precisely the same way throughout, giving certainty to the inference that the excitement and fear of the cows from their cruel treatment caused the change in the milk.

It seems strange, indeed, that any human being can be so savage as to ill-treat these gentle, harmless creatures—indispensable to our comfort, and even our children's lives.

But we know the fact, and when we have the opportunity to speak a good word for the patient cow let us not think it a matter of little consequence. Certain is it that the all-merciful Creator has in countless ways linked retribution and suffering with cruelty to the creatures of His hand—*Our Dumb Animals.*

ONLY BOB.

Some years ago, in one of our New England states, was a good and worthy physician. He had worked his own way up from a boy, supported a widowed mother, educated himself, and made himself a name and honorable place in his profession; loved, trusted and almost revered by the simple country people for miles around. Now the people of the state have given him the greatest honor in their power. He is going up to the capital to enter upon his duties as governor. Riding on the front seat of the stage coach with a friend, they are speaking of the opportunities in life, when the doctor remarked: "Upon how seemingly small a matter may hinge one's choice for life! When I was a boy in my teens I had a well beloved and inseparable companion nearly my own age. All our plans for the present and future were identical. There came to our little village home for a brief sojourn a man from the city. Boy-like we were carried away with his plausible stories of the golden opportunities and easy success to be found in the city. I do not think he

meant to deceive us. No doubt it looked so to him. He offered to take us home with him and give us the benefit of his influence and experience. 'Give us a start in life,' as he said. We agreed to meet him in a little grove just outside the village for our final talk and decision. On one side of us, towards the attractive city, stood two noble maples, with a foot-path between them. 'Let this be your answer, boys. If you decide to go with me, pass between these two maples. If not, turn your faces towards home.' We agreed to the signal, and rose to our feet. I was decided to take the coveted path between the maples as the first steps, as it seemed to me, towards the realization of my most ambitious hopes. But as I looked down, I saw upon my coat sleeve a gray hair. Immediately my decision was changed. I turned without so much as a word or a look, and retraced my lonely steps to my home; pledged to live for my mother whose only support and comfort I was, and whose one gray hair on my sleeve influenced me for life. It was the one supreme moment of my life, when the right way was plainly shown me, and strength given me to walk therein. My companion passed between the signal maples, to try the success of city life, and our paths have never again met. I have never had occasion to regret my decision. I have worked hard, have had drawbacks, but I have had as fair a degree of success as I ought to expect; the respect and confidence which success in my profession has brought, the love of my aged mother, the comforts and delights of a home, wife and children, and now this testimonial from the people, and, best of all, a conscience void of offence toward God and man; a life not without mistakes, 'tis true, but a life squared by the rules of right, by the help of God."

"How did your friend prosper?" inquired his companion.

"Well, Robert did well for a while. He got a good place as clerk, with a good prospect of working up, but he fell in with a set of fast fellows and his love of pleasure proved his ruin. The last I heard of him he was bar-tender in a low groggery, but that was many years ago. No doubt he has been swallowed up in the vortex of city dissipation long ere this. I kept hold of him for a while, but he soon got beyond my influence. I could only write, as I was so busy with my own necessary work and so I lost him long ago." He sighed, and a silence fell between them.

As the coach soon after rolled up to the steps of the hotel, a man raised himself on his elbow, from the top of the stage, among the baggage, where he had been stowed by the driver to work off the effects of his last drink. He watched the manly, healthy, well-dressed form of the doctor, as he walked away and said:

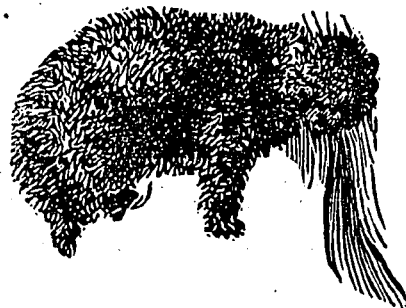
"I'm Robert, or used to be, I'm only 'Bob' now. I tell ye, it makes a sight of difference which chance a feller takes, and then how he uses it. I was ahead of him on chances, but he has beaten me on results! Don't let 'im see me!" and he climbed down over the wheel and made off down the street, a sad commentary upon lost opportunities.—*The Household.*

LEMON PIE.—One large lemon, take only the juice, two-thirds cup of sugar, one cup of cold water, the yolks of four and the whites of two eggs; beat lemon, sugar and eggs together until light before adding water. Fill a deep plate with nice crust, turn in the mixture, grate a little nutmeg on top, and bake in a moderate oven. Beat the whites of two eggs to a stiff froth with two tablespoonfuls of white sugar and when the pie is done spread over the top and return to the oven and brown. Let the frosting cook thoroughly and be well browned, or it will cling when the pie is cut. If one wishes a cheaper lemon pie, omit two eggs, and use only the yolks of these, and substitute a cup of boiling water, for the cold, and add a tablespoonful of corn starch, then add the frosting as with the other.

HAM CAKES.—Take cold bits of ham, chop fine, and to one teacup of chopped ham add two teacups of bread crumbs, two eggs, pepper, salt, and enough milk to moisten quite wet. Put them in small spoonfuls in a spider. When cooked on one side turn over. Don't let them bake too long. They should be moist when done, not dry and hard.

PUZZLES.

THE PUSSY PUZZLE.



Add 65 to this Pussy-cat,  
And see what you can make of that.

AN ANCIENT RIDDLE.

Adam, God made out of dust,  
But thought it best to make me first;  
So I was made before the man,  
To answer His most holy plan.

My body, He did make complete,  
But without arms, or legs or feet;  
My ways and acts he did control,  
But to my body gave no soul.

A living being I became,  
And Adam gave to me a name;  
I from his presence then withdrew,  
And more of Adam never knew.

I did my Maker's law obey,  
Nor from it ever went astray;  
Thousands of miles I go in fear,  
But seldom on the earth appear.

For purpose wise which God did see,  
He put a living soul in me;  
A soul from me my God did claim,  
And took from me that soul again.

For when, from me that soul had fled,  
I was the same as when first made;  
And without hands or feet or soul,  
I travel on from pole to pole.

I labor hard by day and night,  
To fallen men I give great light;  
Thousands of people, young and old,  
Do by my death great light behold.

No right or wrong can I conceive,  
The Scriptures I cannot believe;  
Although my name therein is found,  
They are to me but empty sound.

No fear of death doth trouble me,  
Real happiness I ne'er shall see;  
To heaven I shall never go  
Nor to the grave, nor hell below.

Now when these lines you closely read,  
Go search your Bible with all speed;  
For that my name's recorded there,  
I honestly to you declare.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

AUTHOR.

R Re-vamp P  
O Oport O  
B Barrel L  
E Emanuel L  
R Rocco O  
T Thwack K

BEHEADINGS.—1. Peel, eel. 2. Share, hare. 3. Revoke, evoke. 4. Splash, plash, lash, ash. 5. Brush, rush. 6. Bleach, leach, each. 7. Dangle, angle.

WORD SQUARE.

CORN  
O B O E  
R O P E  
N E E D

ODD HOUR-GLASS.

Scrapes  
Grape  
rap  
a  
raw  
Crawl  
Sprawls

CHICKEN SHORT-CAKE.—Cut the meat from the largest pieces of cold stewed chicken and remove the bones; the wish-bone and other small pieces may be left whole. Heat, adding more gravy if necessary, and when hot pour on a short-cake made as follows: Mix two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder with one pint of flour. Rub into it a small half-cupful of butter, and then add one cupful of sweet milk. Bake in a quick oven, in a thin sheet.—*From Mrs. Gilpin's Frugalities.*

LAMB SCALLOP.—One cupful of cold lamb chopped fine, one cupful of stewed tomato, one cupful of fine bread-crumbs. Arrange all in layers in a buttered dish, having the crumbs at the top; season with salt and pepper; put bits of butter on top and bake.