

HOUSEHOLD.

Maternal Piety.

In the fascinating life of the Rev. Samuel Robins Brown, by William Elliot Griffis, there is more than a suggestion that this great and good man, fitly styled 'A Maker of the New Orient,' owned the deep spirituality of his nature to his pious and gifted mother. Doctor Brown's memory is precious in the Reformed Church, as it is precious in missionary annals, especially in the annals of Japan. His mother was Phebe Hinsdale Brown, whose hymn, 'I love to steal awhile away from every cumbering care,' has been sung by thousands in the closet and in the worshipping assembly. Limited means, hard work, rural life with few social opportunities and the exceeding simplicity of her surroundings did not prevent this New England mother in the early part of the century from offering her continual sacrifices of prayer, praise and self-denial to God. Out of her poverty she sent constant contributions to the cause of foreign missions, and as she went about among her friends and neighbors she talked of the Lord's kingdom and enlisted their interest. In 1806 in the shelter of a never-to-be-forgotten haystack, a group of students in Williams College held a prayer meeting which grew into the American Board of Commissioners of Foreign Missions. 'Samuel R. Brown was thirteen days old when the American Board was formed. When Mrs. Brown heard the news she took her baby in her arms and in a thrill of rapture dedicated him to God to bear his good news of love to distant lands.'

The rich fruitage of that dedicated life is in the Orient to-day. The story of that life is as eloquent as many a missionary sermon. Hundreds and thousands of those whom Doctor Brown, an incomparable teacher, led to Christ and enlightened with treasures of his knowledge, call him blessed here, and will thank him in the bright hereafter. How much of the success, of the nobility, of the consecration of that grand life of God's servant may we not trace to the mother who bore him, and who nurtured him in the admonition of the Lord.

From time to time we hear regrets that fewer men than of old devote themselves to the Christian ministry. Household religion is, we are told, at a lower ebb than once. The Sabbath is less scrupulously observed than in former days. Young men and women, from the homes of professing Christians, go to college, and have not the ability to pass even a superficial examination in the Scriptures. We are informed in certain quarters that the Bible has already lost its hold on this generation.

We are far from admitting that these accusations are wholly true, or from acknowledging that family religion is on the wane. Yet were it so the burden of blame would of necessity lie at parental doors, and since the mother watches over life in the earlier years with a closer guardianship, than is the privilege of the father, the mother could not evade a portion of the responsibility. Maternal piety, sincere, absorbing, sacrificial, cannot but elevate the children under its blessed influence. A man may wander from the old paths, may refuse to honor his father's God, may daily with temptation and plunge into sin, but he can never entirely get away from his mother's teachings, his mother's example and his mother's prayers. In the background of his life, his mother stands, moulding him with or against his will, and shaping the issues which affect his character.

We need pious mothers, who go by themselves to pray for their children, and who live Christ before their children. The mother may not be clever or brilliant or liberally educated; she may have had few opportunities for seeing much of the great world, but if she belong to that band who evermore like Mary sit at the Master's feet, if the very stuff and fibre of her soul be fragrant with love to her Lord, her sons and daughters will

inevitably belong to him; not only in the pulpit, but in the pew as well are those found whose good works and serene faith testify to the lasting influence of maternal piety.—The Christian Intelligencer.

The New Neighbor.

(Mrs. Charles A. S. Dwight, in the New York 'Observer.')

Who is one's neighbor? In the city the neighbor is the person who lives 'next door.' We know him and his very well by sight at least, because we see him go out and in. His children play on the sidewalk, or in the back yard, and we soon learn their names, as they call one to another and their mother speaks to them from the window. We grow to know the mother, too, as she is met formally, in her parlor when we call—or perhaps we speak first over the garden fence, about the weather or the flowers, when she is out in the back yard, and we are in ours.

Possibly one of the children has been taken with some sudden illness, and an answer to a ring at the door bell, late at night, shows a white face outside, and the new neighbor, with many apologies, for disturbing our slumbers, asks if we have 'any mustard.' They must put a plaster on Johnny, and there seems to be 'not a particle' in the house. We bring the mustard gladly, and the next morning run in to inquire as to Johnny's condition. We are welcomed with the words 'Much better, thanks. It was so fortunate you had the mustard and supplied it so kindly!' Presently we learn to know the neighbors right well. They are so near by that it is no great effort to speak and be pleasant, and to make them feel a little at home in a strange city.

In the country, however, it is somewhat different. People must there 'go out of their way' to be pleasant, literally as well as figuratively. It is often quite a little effort this making time to go and see our own friends. Yet this is one of the most important duties, if we would be an influence for good in the neighborhood in which we dwell. There is no small attention more appreciated than a pleasant, friendly call in the country, on a family of newcomers. Usually they are tired and lonely and homesick. They have been transplanted as it were into cold soil, and have not yet taken root. A pleasant smile, an interested manner and a kindly welcome to the neighborhood, will, in nine cases out of ten, be hailed with delight.

How often this comparatively simple duty is neglected! A young man remarked in our hearing that his family had moved into a country neighborhood, several years ago, and that for two years not a soul called upon them—not even a single person from the church which they attended! Let us hope things are different in the neighborhood where you live who may read these words.

A family, consisting of a husband, wife and several children, after living a number of years abroad, returned to this country and rented a pretty farm just out of a small village where it would be inexpensive to live and be healthy for the children. To their surprise they were practically let alone. They were not invited to any of the general sociabilities of the place, and were moreover dubbed 'the foreigners,' no one taking the trouble to find out whether they were really foreign or not.

Such treatment is neither polite nor Christian. Is it simply impossible for you to drop in and visit the strangers? You may at least ask a friend to do so, bearing a message of kindness from you, lest they think you indifferent. Such attentions are highly appreciated, and they cost absolutely nothing save a little time and thought.

But if you can go, and visit the stranger in person, do so now. Do not drive or walk by and let that strange face look reproachfully at you from the window. Ask these neighbors to go to your church with you next Sunday, if they have no other church connection. Take them to the sociable. Let the little boy and girl go on that nutting excursion you are planning. They will be glad to go, and their parents will be pleased to have them noticed. We can all stand a little petting with a good grace. Moreover, when you tell them the village gossip, do not 'set them against' anybody. Talk kindly and cheerfully and draw out the best there is in them. Do this, and you will be glad you went!

Women Should Have Money to Spend.

Having the bills paid is all very well. It's much better than not having them paid. But women like the handling of money as well as do men. They like to pay for their own purchases and open their own parcels. If you men cannot sympathize with this eccentricity, consider how well you like to open your own mail. Consider how well you'd have liked going through college with all your bills paid, but not a cent in your pocket. Consider, while you are considering, how you would like being asked to a banquet and having somebody else eat for you. I have known women whose fathers were millionaires and whose bills were paid without question, who were compelled to wait for the carriage, whatever their errand or its distance, because they never had carfare. Invariably these women were reckless in extravagance. They rarely asked the price of things ordered, as it was a matter of no concern to them. Yet with the rare and precious cash dollars that came their way they were economical to the verge of stinginess. The moral whereof is plain.

If you would have your womenfolk economical, let them handle money and learn to respect its value.

When a father gives his son an allowance, he should do the same for his daughter; not as a matter of material favor—for the daughter's bills might double the son's allowance—but as a matter of discipline, of financial experience and education. The girls who dress and keep themselves within the limits of a stipulated allowance are usually the best dressed; yet their bills are invariably much smaller. It is to their interest to get all they can for their money and their dollars go twice as far as the girls whose bills are paid. And these are the girls whose training is fitting them to be good wives and help-mates of men, provided the men they marry have sufficient shrewdness to share their confidences and their incomes, and to trust their wives to aid in making the family fortunes solid. In the humbler walks of life, where the husband's earnings are so scant it is incredible that they can cover the mean necessities of life, those households are uniformly more thrifty where the husband turns over his entire earnings to the wife. Somehow she always manages to supply the wants and to keep the bills paid; and somewhere, though he cannot see just how she does it, there's a nest-egg growing by hard-saved dimes and dollars for the inevitable 'rainy day.'—Susan Hubbard Martin, in the 'Northwestern Christian Advocate.'

Selected Recipes.

'Romona' sand ices are named from Helen Hunt Jackson's pretty Indian story, and are well worth the trouble of making. Chop about equal quantities of figs, dates, raisins, citron or any candied fruits and a very little candied peel. Place lightly in a square mold, and pour over it melted jelly. If the jelly is not firm add a little gelatine when melting it. Move a fork gently through the mass to be sure the jelly settles all around the fruit. Set the mold in a cold place until cold and firm; then turn out and cut off the jelly in thin slices. Serve on thin bits of brown bread very lightly buttered.

Potatoes au Gratin.—Cut cold boiled potatoes into slices a quarter of an inch thick; put two tablespoonfuls of butter into a saucepan, when melted, add one tablespoonful of flour half a pint of milk, and stir until boiling; take from the fire; add the yolks of four eggs and four tablespoonfuls of grated cheese, half a teaspoonful of salt and a dash of pepper. Put a layer of this in the bottom of a baking-dish, then a layer of the cold potatoes sliced or chopped, then a layer of the sauce, and so continue until the dish is filled. Sprinkle over the top fine breadcrumbs, and brown in a quick oven.—'Ladies' Home Journal.'

Easy Winners.

Probably none of our readers thought that the first week's prizes would be won on such small subscription remittances—and many will be more inclined to try now that they see how easy it is to win a prize. These commissions and prizes are offered each week for nine weeks more.