

HOUSEHOLD.

A Mother's Love.

(Dr. M. Victor Staley, in 'Michigan Christian Advocate'.)

We see the infant on its mother's breast
Like a young bird within its cosy nest;
Naught knows he of life's rude alarms
While lying in her loving arms;
The troubled clouds of worldly care
Have not yet crossed his brow so fair.
We know not what his future here may be;
The pathway of his life we cannot see.
He may the ladder climb to fame;
The world may execrate his name;
But now he's only mother's boy,
Her brightest hope, her greatest joy.

We see him as he slowly plods to school.
He may become a wise man or a fool;
May shine within the halls of state;
A prison's cell may be his fate;
We cannot tell which it shall be,
For we must wait if we would see.
We see him, as he enters man's estate,
Select the one he takes to be his mate.
Though now a bearded man full-grown,
With wife and children of his own,
Yet he is still her darling boy,
Her greatest hope, her only joy.
Thus from the lowly cradle unto death,
She'll love and praise him with her latest
breath.

Though acts of his may cause her shame,
Yet still will she remain the same;
Though others turn him from the door,
She will but love him all the more,
And try, by love, and prayers, and tears,
To break the bond of misspent years,
And draw him onward up to God,
Ere she is laid beneath the sod;
For he is still her wayward boy,
Her one fond hope, her only joy.

Childless and Fatherless.

While we have much to teach, it may be we have something to learn, in those ancient regions which were the primitive homes of our race. Our missionaries, who carry the light of Christian education into the households of the far East, find among the domestic usages of the people some which deserve consideration for their good results. Among these is the custom of adoption. Childless parents are not merely allowed, but are in some countries required by their religious sentiments, to adopt children, who become in all respects as closely bound to them, in ties of duty and affection, as if they had been the offspring of the adopters.

English law knows nothing of this relation. Yet it may well be admitted that this is a serious deficiency. Much good has been done, we know, by benevolent societies and individuals, who have rescued orphan and deserted children from poverty and misery, and have found comfortable homes for them in Christian households. But a mere apprenticeship, or any other contact, is a poor substitute for that powerful affection which springs up when the natural feelings of parent and child are called forth. The apprentice, or bound servant, however kindly treated, remains a mere social waif, without kindred or home. The adopted child enters the family circle; and the holy and tender sentiments, which the ties of fatherhood, motherhood, and childhood awaken, envelop all within the circle, and make them all happier and better. In those instances which have fallen under our observation where, so far as our law will allow, children have been adopted, the best results have followed. We have one instance in mind of a respectable married couple who, after the loss of an only son, adopted two young orphan children, a boy and a girl, in no way related to them. They were not rich, but were able to give the children a good education, with the same tender care and thoughtful training which they would have given to their own lost child. In their declining years a reverse of fortune fell upon the adoptive parents, and they found a loving welcome and willing support from their children; one of whom was then an eminent clergyman, and the other a happy matron in a pleasant home replete with every comfort. It

would seem that while there are, and ever will be, so many childless homes, which would be made cheerful by the presence of children, and so many orphaned little ones, to whom these homes would bring present safety and future welfare, some method could be devised by which the system of adoption might be made far more general than it is.—'Christian Globe.'

It is Said.

That marble can be washed and cleaned nicely by rubbing with a clean cloth dipped in turpentine. Polish with a clean and perfectly dry cloth.

That when washing colored shirtwaists, etc., do not fail to rinse in salt water. This frequently obviates all 'running' of color. Turn inside out before hanging up to dry.

That the following plan is a good one to freshen stale bread: Dip the loaf, wrapped in a clean cloth, into boiling water and let it remain there for half a minute; then unroll the loaf and bake it in a slow oven for ten minutes.

That when doing plain sewing, if there is a little flour in a saucer and the fingers are dipped in it occasionally, the hands will be kept free from damp and the work be kept beautifully clean. This is really a summer hint, though naturally moist-handed girls may heed the advice at any time.

That hot water is a good thing to use when flowers are drooping in order to freshen them. The stems should be placed in a cup of boiling water and left until every leaf is smoothed out. Then the ends of the stems should be cut off and the flowers placed in lukewarm water.

That sponges cannot be kept perfectly clean unless they are wrung out in clean water as dry as possible after they have been used and then exposed to the air until they are dry. When they get dirty they should be left in strong borax and water or soda and water for some hours and then be squeezed as hard as possible occasionally.

That dish-cloths should be washed thoroughly every morning in hot water, to which a little ammonia or soda has been added, and then be rinsed and hung in the air to get perfectly dry. Two sets should be kept and used on alternate days. In addition to this it is well to rinse them each time after using, and to boil them once a week.—'Canadian Baptist.'

The Woman Who Wants Work.

To one who has been brought up to use hands as well as brain, and to believe in the dignity of honest labor, nothing is more surprising and discouraging than the attitude of the average woman seeking occupation. We all know her and heave a sigh when she comes knocking at our doors for advice and help. She usually wants to do something she doesn't know how to do or that nobody wants her to do. She frequently regards the work you suggest as too difficult or too 'menial.' Hundreds of women desire a position as companion, or helper; they would be willing 'to read aloud, dust, arrange flowers, even take ladies' pet dogs out to walk!' But any intelligent person who reads the advertisements in newspapers must see that where there are scores who desire 'a housekeeper's position in a small family where servants are kept,' there is one such position. The same is true of literary positions, which always seem so attractive to the outsider, and of private secretaryships, than which nothing is more exacting. And the worst of it is not the lack of common sense but the tendency to shirk, to get an easy place, or what seems an easy place, the unwillingness to give honest, hard labor for its equivalent in money. No one can really succeed in life who is 'afraid of work,' and the most important lesson a child can learn, next to faith in God, is that work is honorable and that 'no work is drudgery unless you drudge at it.'—'Congregationalist.'

Sample Copies.

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The Smiles.

If there were smiles for sale
At some market where
The rich, the poor, the low, the high,
Might hurry with their change to buy,
What crowds would gather there!

Yet there are smiles enough,
And each might have his share,
If every man would do or say
One—just one—kind thing every day
To lift some other's care.
—S. E. Kiser, in 'Ballads of Busy Days.'

How to Bring Sleep.

Assume an easy position, with the hands resting over the abdomen. Take a long, slow but easy and natural breath, in such a way as gradually and gently to lift the hands outward by the action of the abdomen. At the same time slowly and gradually open the eyes so that at the end of the inspiration they are wide open and directed upward. Let the breath come out easily and naturally, letting the hands fall inward as the outward pressure of the abdomen is withdrawn. At the same time let the eyes drop, and the eyelids naturally fall by their own weight, so that they are closed at the end of the expiration. Do all this quietly and naturally. Do not make too hard work of it.

Repeat the inspiration and expiration, with opening and lifting, dropping and closing of the eyes, ten times. Then take ten breaths in the same way, allowing the eyes to remain closed. Alternate ten breaths with opening and closing of the eyes, and breaths with closed eyes. When the eyelids begin to feel rather heavy, and you feel tired and sleepy, as you will very soon, go through the motions more easily and lazily, until you merely will the motions without making any effort, or hardly any effort, to execute them. At this stage, or more likely in one of the intervals of breathing without any motion of the eyes, you will fall asleep.

Nervous persons will have some difficulty at first in the gradual opening and closing of the eyes. They will tend to fly open, and then snap together. But, as putting salt on a dove's tail is a sure rule for catching the dove, so this gradual and easy opening and closing of the eyes in rhythm, with quiet, natural breathing, when once secured, is almost equivalent to dropping completely off to sleep. This rule induces the respiration that is characteristic of normal sleep. It tires the set of muscles the tiring of which is one of the favorite devices for producing hypnosis. It produces and calls attention to certain sensations in the eyes and eyelids which are the normal precursors of sleep. Finally, persons who have had difficulty in going to sleep, and staying asleep, report that this method puts them to sleep, and puts them back again when they wake up too soon.—'Outlook.'

Something Left Undone.

Longfellow has written some very expressive verses with this title, and truly they are verses which commend themselves especially to every mother and housekeeper in the land. For which of us is so favored as to see the sun set on any day of any year in which we can say that all our tasks are accomplished, all our duties performed, and that no spectre of 'something left undone' rises up to confront us?

How often we wake in the morning, calm, confident, capable, yet finding soon that our daily work will not be despatched as it should be, and as we meant it to be. Accidents, unforeseen interruptions, bodily or mental fatigue, the necessities of others—all these hindrances make us feel as the hours drag on that—

'Labor with what zeal we will,
Something yet remains undone,
Something uncompleted still
Waits the rising of the sun.'

What shall we do, then? Give up in despair? By no means, dear reader. Keep up your courage, do what you can, let no vision of the necessarily unfinished work affront you; but gather up hopefully the loose ends which would otherwise tangle, and remember that perfection and completeness are not to