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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

A PRAYER.

I ask not wealth but power to take
And use the things I have aright.
Not years, but wisdom that shall make
My life a profit and delight.

I ask not that for me, the plan
Of good and ill be set aside;
But that the common lot of man
Be nobly borne and glorified.

I know I may not always keep
My steps in places green and sweet,
Nor find the pathway of the deep
A path of safety for my feet.

But pray, that when the tempest's breath
Shall fiercely sweep my way about,
I make not shipwreck of my faith
In the unbottomed sea of doubt;

And that though I be mine to know
How hard the stoniest pillow seems,
Good angels still may come and go,
About the places of my dreams.

I do not ask for love below,
That friends shall never be estranged;
But for the power of loving, so
My heart may keep its youth unchanged.

Youth, joy, wealth—Fate, I give thee these;
Leave faith and hope till life is past;
And leave my heart's best impulses
Fresh and unfailing to the last.

—Phæbe Cary.

HOLIDAY GREETINGS.

Before the next issue of the FARMER is in the hands of its readers we shall have observed the day which is at once the most ancient, the most generally observed, the happiest, tenderest, merriest, of all holidays. There is a heartbreak in Memorial Day for many, the chastened sorrow of long-abiding grief among its flags and flowers and music. We are glad when the Fourth of July, with its cannon and gasconade and brass bands and the constant fusillade of fire-crackers and stifling fumes of gunpowder, is over, and quiet reigns again. Thanksgiving has its pleasures; it is a day on which we should remember the poor that they may be thankful with us; but Christmas, with its wealth of associations, old customs, legends, and all its present pleasing excitement, its secrets and surprises, is dearest and best of all the days we celebrate, which are, after all, too few in number.

Christmas is the family holiday—everybody "goes home for Christmas." There is that in the air—it must be—that moves us to remembrance of friends, to unwonted generosity, to unselfish sacrifice. Cold indeed is that man or woman whose heart is not moved by the wish to make others happy at Christmas, and into whose home comes no Christmas cheer.

Christmas is the home holiday, it is true;

but there are always the solitary ones and the strangers among us, who are far from home, or have few to know or care for them. Should not the overflow from our holiday-making encircle them and help make them happy? We may not know what comfort our thought of them may bring, nor how pleasant it is to them to be remembered. Once a lonely woman in a great city, far from friends, with heart darkened by the shadow of an abiding grief, going from her work in the early Christmas Eve, looked through lace draperies into beautiful, brilliantly lighted rooms, with children dancing around the Christmas trees, fair pictures of home contentment and family happiness. Within, all was warmth and beauty and brightness; without, the starless night and the cold. "Why should these have everything and I—nothing?" she enviously queried as the hot tears burned in her eyes. "It is unjust! it is cruel!" But the dawn brought Christmas remembrances from absent friends, and a belated invitation saying "You must surely dine with us Christmas Day;" and all the burdens tumbled into the pit as did Christian's in the allegory, and the heartache was swallowed with the plum pudding. So let us not forget the sad and solitary, for though their presence or absence may matter little to us in the midst of our rejoicings, we cannot know how pleasant our remembrance may be to them.

Above all, make the children happy. It is their day. A child's happiness at Christmas is high tide in the year's pleasures, something to be remembered for months.

And once more the Editor of the HOUSEHOLD wishes for all her numerous family a MERRY CHRISTMAS and a HAPPY NEW YEAR.

A CHRISTMAS DINNER.

Certain articles of food have become associated with certain holidays, so that the housekeeper knows pretty nearly what the *piece du resistance* of her state dinner is to be. Thus we expect eggs at Easter; roast lamb, green peas and cherry pie on the Fourth of July, roast turkey with cranberry sauce and pumpkin pie on Thanksgiving; and for Christmas we should, according to all traditions, eat roast beef, plum pudding and mince. Our national fowl, the lordly turkey, is generally a feature of the American holiday menu, but the English, from whom we take many of our customs for the day, have roast beef and ale, and the plum pudding with its spray of holly and its blazing baptism of flame, "like hot

burnt wedding cake," as an irreverent youth styled it.

There are a good many things in this world better than roast turkey—allowing me to be the judge. Chicken pie discounts it, so does a shoulder of veal, stuffed, in my estimation. Besides, one likes to surprise her guests by something new and unexpected. The following seems to me to be a very good "spread" for a Christmas dinner: and the man or woman who does full justice to it will probably feel, when he comes to the toothpick course, that he wants nothing further here on earth—just at present.

| | | |
|--------------|------------------|---------------|
| Raw Oysters. | | |
| Celery Soup. | | |
| Chicken Pie. | | Roast Beef. |
| Potato snow. | Fried Parsnips. | Boiled Beets. |
| | Cranberry Jelly. | |
| Mince Pie. | | Plum Pudding. |
| Apples. | Nuts. | Raisins. |
| | Coffee. | |

Or, if the axe has been laid at the neck of the big gobbler, in honor of the occasion, try this:

| | | |
|------------------------------------|--------------|----------------|
| Escalloped Oysters. | Celery Soup. | Cabbage Salad. |
| Roast Turkey with Cranberry Sauce. | | |
| Mashed Potatoes. | | Boiled Beets. |
| Mince Pie. | | Plum Pudding. |
| Coffee. | Nuts. | Raisins. |

The housekeeper will see that a good beginning on her dinner can be made the day before the feast. The stock for the soup must be made the previous day, as it should stand over night to allow every particle of grease to be removed, and then requires only to be heated and seasoned. The dressing for the salad is as good the second day it is made if put where it will be cold but not freeze, and the cabbage may be chopped also. The mince pie and the plum pudding are out of the way, and the chicken pie can be baked and warmed over, though it will hardly be as nice as if eaten the day it is baked. Never make a chicken or meat pie without cutting a slit in the top crust for the steam to escape, especially if it is to be eaten next day. Cases of mysterious poisoning have been traced to this neglect, and we are told the gases from the fowl generated during the baking permeate and render noxious the crust of the pie.

Do not overload the table with pickles, jams, canned fruit, etc., giving the idea you have put on a sample of everything you have in reserve. Nothing spoils the appearance of the table so much as a crowded look. After the meats and vegetables have been discussed, remove the vegetable dishes, side dishes, and the like—in short, clear the table pretty thoroughly before the dessert is brought on. The daughter of the house can do this, if no help is kept, or the mistress herself may leave her place at the head of

the table if there is no one else to do it. No one—except those accustomed to faultless service—knows how much the pleasure of dining is enhanced by the way in which the meal is served. If you bake your chicken pie or your oysters in a tin pan or a basin, or even in granite ware, fold a napkin on the bias the width of the dish, and fold around it. This helps keep the pie warm and makes the dish more sightly. And "may digestion wait on appetite and health on both."

A CHRISTMAS TREE.

Last year, a few days before Christmas I said to Will, "If we had three or four children I would have a Christmas tree, but it won't pay just for one child." "Why," said he, "you might ask in the neighbors," and we did.

The tree was a medium sized pine fitted into a box for a base about twelve or fourteen inches square. It was placed in the bay window of the front parlor. The decorations consisted of pop corn strung on threads and hung from the branches, bright colored apples and apples covered with tin foil suspended by cord. The smaller gifts were hung from the branches, the larger ones placed around the base of the tree. Some relatives having children in the family were asked to come and bring their gifts for each other and the little ones; also a neighbor whose family consists of several children. We had it Christmas Eve. The children were kept from the room until all was finished. When filled with toys, books, candies (which were placed in bright colored mosquito-net bags), and the various assortment of handkerchiefs, gloves, mittens, knives, dolls and other things which go to make up the list of average Christmas gifts, the tree presented a very pretty appearance. After the gifts had been distributed and duly passed around for examination, a lunch of sandwiches, cake and coffee was served, after which the tired but happy little ones dispersed, and we older ones enjoyed it not one whit less than the children. That is the way it always is when we give pleasure to others, we are sure to receive pleasure in the giving.

I forget to say that not least amusing to the children was the appearance among the branches of the Christmas tree of gingerbread dogs, rabbits, men, etc., which I had cut out of the dough, as well shaped as I could, then baked and frosted. These were hung by cords to the branches. It elicited the following from our eight-year-old youngster:

"Oh! oh! I see a gingerbread man!
I'll eat him up as fast as I can."

I have been making some needle books and emery balls for Christmas gifts, and although rather late in the day it may be time for some one to make "just one in more" Christmas present. I took an old wedding card, one of those that fold in the center like a book. The dimensions are about three by four inches when closed. It is covered outside and in with blue tulle silk (of course satin, velvet or any such material would have been as well, but

I happened to have the silk). Two leaves of white flannel the size of the book are pinked around the edges, and fastened by the centers to the foundation. A cord of orange embroidery silk is put around the edge of the book, and, orange colored baby ribbon is fastened through the middle to hang it up by. Use plenty of ribbon; three yards is none too much for the set. The word "Needles" may be outlined on the outside.

The emery ball is made of a circular piece of the silk, five inches in diameter, raveled at the edges, drawn up with linen thread and filled with emery powder. Tie with the narrow ribbon, leaving ends long enough to suspend with the needle book. Added to these is a bag of silk for paper of needles or thimble. It is four inches long and two and a half inches wide, with a shirring about an inch from the top through which is passed the narrow ribbon to draw it up by. Have the ribbons of different length for each, with that for the needle book the longest. It makes a very pretty cluster to hang near the work basket. Other colors may be used according to taste.

ELLA R. WOOD.

FLINT.

CHRISTMAS HINTS.

Lest I be accused of forgetting the children I will tell how to make a few pretty articles suitable for their use. A glance into any of our fancy or toy stores will assure us that the children are amply provided for. Every purse can be accommodated also. Very nicely bound books are very cheap, toys and games too numerous to mention. Do not forget to renew your subscription for a good child's paper or magazine. There are many that will give a great deal of pleasure and profit as well.

Then the games for the long winter evenings should be selected with the view to gain as much information as possible. One of the grandest games I know of is called "The World's Educator," and is suitable for any child who can read readily. It consists of very heavy cardboard sheets upon which are printed questions and answers. Directions for playing the game come with each box. Grown people can engage in this game and feel when they are through that they have learned something, and that the time spent has not been wasted.

A very suitable gift for school children is a school-bag made of dark blue or green cloth. Make this double and large enough to hold books and slate. The shape is like a silk money purse. Embroider a spray of flowers upon one end and initials upon the other. Finish with two brass rings connected by a stout chain.

A skate-bag is made of dark green cloth and is very easily as well as showily decorated with tinsel cord. The initials on the flap should be outlined with the tinsel. For an ordinary pair of skates make the bag fifteen inches long and eight inches wide; the length of the flap must be allowed on the back. After the front is embroidered with chamolais on the inside of it and also on the back piece. Cut an extra piece of chamolais the same length

and width as the front for a partition; bind the top of it and also the flaps with dark green braid. Now lay the back, front and middle pieces together and stitch on the machine. Stitch two pieces of braid together on each edge for a strap by which to carry it; it should be long enough to go over the shoulder and reach to the waist. Use a button and buttonhole to close.

Another bag suitable for girls' skates is made in the same manner, only finished with a shirr at the top which is made of dark red braid. The bag is made of dark red cloth embroidered with gold tinsel. The design is a spray of golden rod.

A very pretty penwiper is made in the shape of a pond lily. The leaf is made of bronze green felt, the petals of white felt, the centre of yellow crewel and the stem of rubber tubing. The leaves on which the pen is wiped are under the leaf. This may be made of green and white plush and embroidery silk, but will be of more service if made of felt.

Another very pretty penwiper is made in the shape of a large pen. Mine is about five inches long and nearly two inches wide in the widest part. Cut two pieces of dark red leather of the size designated. Line each piece with flannel or felt of any preferred color. Fasten to the leather with mucilage. Cut two pieces of felt the same shape but of different colors. These are the leaves; or you can use chamolais instead. Catch the leaves to the flannel lining in about the middle of the pen so it will open both ways. Gild the point of the outside of pen for about three-fourths of an inch. Take gold colored ink and write the name on top of pen. Name to be written across the width. This makes a very neat little gift.

The latest fancy is for the use of leather to make ornamental articles. Rough grained and fine moroccos and colored leathers as well as chamolais and kid are used. The decorations of the morocco and colored leather are chiefly couching in gold thread associated with embroidery, such as Queen Anne weaving stitch or darning.

A useful little ornament to stand on the toilet table is a pin-tray, made by cutting four pieces of stout cardboard three inches deep and six and a half inches long at the top, sloped to five inches at the bottom; these are for the two sides. The ends are three and a half inches at the top and two at the bottom. Cover the outside with olive plush worked with an arabesque design. Line the inside with a piece of silk or satin of a pretty contrasting color, and sew the four pieces to a bottom piece lined and covered in the same way. Mount on four legs secured in place by three cross pieces, all covered with plush.

A pretty way to decorate a small almanac is to take a square piece of cardboard any desired size and cover with plush or velvet; paint or embroider a spray of flowers on the upper part, then take the almanac, open it and tack the covers to the cardboard below the embroidery, turn a leaf over and press it open at the beginning of each month; now take a ribbon to match the

plush to hang it up by, making a pretty bow at one corner.

A sunflower pincushion is very odd and pretty. The petals are of yellow satin, the calyx and stem of dark brown velvet and the leaves of green velvet. For the centre or foundation of the sunflower, cut two circles of thin cardboard two and a half inches in diameter. The circle for the upper side should first receive a layer of wadding. The velvet must be drawn over this and caught down on the under side. The piece for the under part is covered plainly, and the two circles are overhanded together with brown silk. The stem is made of a narrow pliable steel. This is covered with a narrow piece of brown velvet which is drawn tightly around it, and overhanded the length of the stem and neatly finished at each end. Turn over one end half an inch and sew the flattened part to the under sides of the circles, so placing it that the stem shall come directly from the centre. Cut four leaves of the cardboard, shaped like the small green leaves of the sunflower; cover each one with green velvet and overhand each pair together with green silk. These are to be sewed to the stem about half way down from the flower and a little below the other, and should be bent back or outward from it. The petals are of cardboard, and enough should be made to fit around the circle, nearly touching each other. Two are required for each petal, each covered with satin and overhanded together with silk the same shade. The base of each petal is square, and this part is sewed to the velvet circle, placing the petals so they nearly touch each other. The pins are stuck round the edge of the petals, allowing the heads to slightly project beyond the edge of the flower. These are exceedingly pretty.

To make a shell needlebook take two clam shells and hinge the shells together by means of a strip of cotton cloth which must be strongly gummed to the back, to hold the halves together. When perfectly dry gild the shells both inside and out with gold paint. Take several pieces of different colored flannel or felt, cut the same shape as the shell, pink the edges and sew to the cotton cloth which serves as a hinge. Place a bow of ribbon where the shells are joined. You can paint a dainty little picture on upper shell if you desire. Take this same shell prepared as above, cut the leaves of chamois and pink the edges and you have a pretty penwiper with very little variation.

For a pretty apron get the white goods that comes in small checks, and work with Scotch embroidery floss in a simple old-fashioned cross-stitch pattern. About twelve stitches deep will make quite a wide border. Turn up a hem at the bottom and fasten down with cross-stitch work. Work the strings in same manner, make them of ribbon to match embroidery floss.

If any of the "hints" here written are of any use I shall be much pleased.

"Merry Christmas" to all.

FOREST LODGE.

MILL MINNIE.

FROM THE PACIFIC COAST.

The door of the HOUSEHOLD is knocked at with fear and trembling, but at last I have plucked up courage and concluded to try my luck.

The HOUSEHOLD has come to us for nearly three years and we have enjoyed it very much. Last July our home was changed from the Michigan Agricultural College to Oregon Agricultural College, and being so far from our old friends the little paper seems even dearer than before.

The Oregon Agricultural College was in connection with the South Methodist school until last year, when the connection was severed and they built a twenty thousand dollar building which is now the main building. Their grounds are on the west side of Corvallis, which, as the name indicates, is in the heart of the Willamette Valley. The foot-hills of the Coast Range seem to be only a short distance from the grounds but are two or three miles away. This year a farm of one hundred and forty-five acres was added to the forty acres upon which they have put their buildings. A dormitory, mechanical building and barn have been built this year. The grounds lack the beautiful trees of which the Michigan grounds can boast, but this deficiency will be supplied in time.

Both boys and girls attend this school, and now there is an attendance of about one hundred and fifty. They have a lady to teach the young ladies cooking and sewing.

The boys dress in military suits of grey, while the girls have suits of navy blue flannel, plain full skirt, waist with wide belt and several rows of white braid on the belt, sleeves tucked with wide cuffs finished to match the belt. The girls make their own dresses under the instruction of Miss Snell, their teacher.

If I am allowed to enter perhaps I will try again and give you some idea of the Willamette Valley, climate, mountains, people, their peculiar phrases and so forth.
CORVALLIS, Oregon. C. M. F.

RAISING MONEY FOR CHURCH WORK.

It is only too true, I believe, that the words of Henry Ward Beecher quoted by E. L. Nye in the HOUSEHOLD of Oct. 19th are rapidly coming to pass; but this prediction is of more ancient as well as more honorable authority, for more than 1800 years ago St. Paul spoke of those perilous times which were to come when "men would be lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God." Those laws given by God to the Israelites I believe are no less binding upon us "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy," means something, although we of this nineteenth century may choose to interpret it very loosely, forgetting that His word says, "Woe to them that call evil good, and good evil."

I don't believe God has changed His mind in regard to these things; however we, his children, may let his laws "fade out" of our hearts and lives. Sin is sin,

and our feelings or wishes or thoughts cannot change sin one iota, and we read He cannot look upon sin with the least degree of allowance. "Puritanical notions" fading out? Why yes, what would the Christians of fifty or one hundred years ago have thought of the means now used to raise money to support the gospel? God required the Israelites to give one-tenth, and St. Paul commanded the Corinthians on the first day of the week to each lay by in store as the Lord had prospered him; but with comparatively few of His children is this now practiced.

We have the socials, the suppers and the fairs, where often four dollars are spent to get five; indeed I've often thought if the labor was counted of any worth it would be five spent to get four. I do believe if Christian people would give their money right out to the Lord's work it would be just as acceptable to Him and do just as good service as after it was consecrated in this manner.

Not long since I attended "an old-fashioned destrict skule" where men and women, dressed in the styles of the children of thirty years ago, acted the awkward schoolboy and the silly school-girl to perfection, one man taking the part of a stuttering boy and even taking the name of an old man who died in that vicinity less than a year ago, who was thus afflicted, and over \$40 was raised by this means for church work. Do you suppose God was well pleased with the management? I am wondering to what means God's people will resort five or six generations hence, to raise money to support the gospel. Then a few years ago His children didn't play cards or attend the theater, but now we hear of the "pillars" of the church being found in the playhouse. Well, well! perhaps those supports are getting weak, and down into the sands each building will surely fall which is not founded upon the rock.

FIDUS ACHATUS.

CHAT.

A true gentleman in my opinion is one who when he meets and addresses a lady does it in a quiet, unobtrusive way, whether it is in the lifting of the hat or in the friendly bow. I do not agree with Jessie that a gentleman can be told by the lifting of the hat any more than I believe a lady can be told by the fine clothes she has on. Some of the most gentlemanly men I ever knew never thought of lifting the hat. Jessie also says: "If country boys would cultivate their manners they would not complain about the girls admiring city boys." Now why is this so? Is it not because they care more for style and show than they do for true merit? Many a country girl has spurned the attentions of a true, manly country young man, and accepted those of the city bred chap, only to find too late that all is not gold that glitters.

UNCLE JOE.
MILFORD.

It was kind of Polly to answer me in so thoughtful a manner, although my best

friend says "she avoided the question." I hope a number of the ladies of the HOUSEHOLD will say something in regard to Mrs. Serena Stew's query, "Are we to be governed by dress?" It seems to me I should be more troubled at the prospect of a call from Simon's Wife (or such a person as she professes to be) than a cultured lady who would courteously make me feel at ease. One easy way to raise money at socials is to vote for the prettiest lady present. It makes considerable talk and fun. If you want your choice elected you can vote several times—if you pay for it.

ANNA.

WILL not Lilla Lee soften her expressions concerning people of middle age, who have not the rounded rosy cheeks, the ruby lips and fair complexions of the young and who seem to be so repulsive to her? Our faces in middle age are covered with hair, but God gave us this to cover the furrows in our cheeks that care and time have worn. When in youth, attending on the "pet stock in the parlor," we had no need of them, but the great shaggy whiskers so repulsive in the average man of middle age are a necessity, if not of beauty, then of health. When were husbands "too dull" to appreciate the self sacrifice of their gentle, obedient wives? It must have been in the Garden of Eden, when Adam was never sufficiently grateful to Eve for saving him trouble about picking apples. I have a great admiration for the beautiful; however, tastes differ; the bud or blossom never held the power over me that a good apple does. Lilla wants a general awakening of husbands and fathers, and so-called heads of families. Dear me, I wonder if a franchise for women would change the habiliments of the "heads" from coats to crinoline!

R. A. B.

CRANKS.

This is a queer old world. Queer people in it. "Ah, yes," says some hair-splitter, "but you know the world is the people, and the queerness is caused largely by the fact that they, individually, want the earth, and by the motives by which they are moved and the measures they adopt in their efforts to secure a warrant deed of the progressive little planet."

Now, this is all very correct, indeed we see the point and stand corrected. That is, we are somewhat corrected. Corrected up to the argumentative point, which is about as far as some sorts of minds ever can be corrected. I don't say that these are the most delightful people in the world to live with, especially they are not delightful to those who delight in having it all their own way, but to those who like some variety they afford what passes for entertainment. Then, too, they not unfrequently develop into hobby riders; and deary them as you may, say what you please against them in scorn, derision or disgust, the hobby riders are the world's best benefactors. I respect, honor, reverence them more and more. They are made of material that repels the attacks of ridicule and doubt as Gibraltar repels an assault of musketry. Queer people—these so called "cranks," and as a rule

they do not want the earth, but seem to have been "foreordained"—yes, I believe in that, too, foreordination—and fully equipped for working out, under Providence, some law or some principle involved in a law of science either social, domestic, religious or ethical. Rebuff only makes them more resolute. They "get fighting mad," make enemies amongst the conservatives, lose caste among their townsmen, are dubbed disagreeable, one-ideal, old nuisances, whom nine out of ten "hate to see coming," and yet through it all they persistently persist in publishing by word of mouth or printed document their pet doctrines, theories, plans, inventions or revelations, scattering whether the world will or not, seed that is bound to find root, to grow and bear fruit—fruit that in time the wayward world consumes with the keenest relish, crying "O, luscious and fair, sustenance of my very soul art thou!"

Queer again, isn't it? The deadly poison of yesterday is the health potion of to-day! When I contemplate the wonderful works of Wizard Edison, I often seem to see, it may be in the near, it may be in the far future, the secret chambers that conceal the fountain of life and its mighty mystery ransacked, ravished, robbed of all the charm of uncertainty that lies about "whence cometh our life?" and the darkness that fills all space beyond the door of death lighted with some ghostly glare which will make wooden spectacles necessary to peace of mind among men. Now no one would for one moment be so base as to assert that Edison wants the earth. But whew! isn't he getting it though? Well, I hope he'll make good use of it, and not keep it all in the family. I've just been reading a new magazine, yes, *new*, for on the title page is Vol. 2, No. 1, and 'twas published only a few days ago in a metropolis of Uncle Sam's. It is superfine in make up materially, paper, type, illustrations, etc. At a cursory glance it is "good." On a studious tour of investigation it is published in the interests of a family that want the earth. A family that evidently have drank so deeply of the cup of public flattery—duly seasoned at the outset with honest praise and heartfelt sympathy—that they seem finally to have fully concluded in their own minds that they constitute the centre of the system round which the earth travels in its orbit. Heroes and heroines, noble men and noble women, gem the history and the hearthstones of our nation as thickly as the stars gem the firmament, but when any one of them puts the trumpet of the press to his or her own lips, shouting through it round and round the world, "Behold in me and in my posterity the grandest, the brightest, the noblest and best of human kind!" we simply say "rats! bah!" and turn away in disgust.

Now, people of this stripe are queer, not because they were foreordained thus to be, but because by whipping out on some side track, short cut or materializing ethereal dodge, they are figuring to come in on the home stretch way ahead of the good old unbustable boilered engine, Foreordination. Well, let 'em blow and puff and crowd on steam. Crack of doom-day will be sure to find their trumpet worse for wear, their wind uncertain as to points of compass and their

engine in the predicament of Holmes "One Hoss Shay" on its hundredth birthday. And now if I have not demonstrated the truth of the assertion with which I set out, show wherein I have failed, for this is a queer world; queer people are in it; also the world is the people and the people are the world. Taken altogether it is a queer compound. A compound which only a wise philosopher can take as a daily tonic for forty or fifty years without occasional gripes, grumbings and good-fellowships.

DETROIT.

E. L. NYH.

* CHURCH AND STATE.

I also am interested in the Sabbath question, and with Mrs. Sexton would say "it is fraught with terrible issues;" terrible if the church shall so far lose its hold on God as to place its vital interests in the hands of earthly governments. Let this be done, and the church will (as in the days of Constantine) be filled with office seekers who know nothing of true religion, and only join the church to be in favor with the people; and thus the standard of true religion will be lowered to the dust.

God has established civic governments for the rule of nations, but *never* for the rule of the church. The spirit and the word of God is the only government the church needs.

Our children must be taught at home reverence for God's holy day, and all His holy precepts. "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." No amount of religious legislation will make Christians of our children; our faithful training must do this work. Men reared under that influence will go forth to bless the world. Let us labor to christianize the homes, and let our constitution remain as our fathers founded it, with free religious rights to all men. Our civil rights are already amply protected, and our religious assemblies are by law protected from disturbance. Our homes are in our own hands.

AUNT ANNE.

A PHYSICIAN cautions against night-dresses which are too tight-fitting, or which button too closely about the throat, saying the constriction caused by certain unconscious movements of the head during sleep is very apt to result in mechanical constriction of the brain, productive of sudden cries, sleeplessness, etc., in children.

THE HOUSEHOLD cannot give space to a discussion respecting which day of the week, the first or the seventh, should be observed as the day of rest, or the Christian holy day. The subject is not within the province of our little paper. This will explain to "Winkle" why his letter is not published. We have had about enough of the Sunday question, too, and will consider the subject "barred" hereafter. Farmers, and especially that class who take the MICHIGAN FARMER, do not, as a rule, number irreverence or disrespect for the Sabbath among their sins.

Contributed Recipes.

ENGLISH PLUM PUDDING.—One pound bread soaked in milk; two pounds sugar; one pound each of raisins, currants and suet; half pound flour; quarter pound citron; half pint molasses; quarter pint wine; five eggs; spices. HOPKINS.

ANNA.