

MICHIGAN FARMER AND STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

DETROIT, DECEMBER 8, 1885.

THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

HIS CARE.

Among so many, can He care?
Can special love be everywhere?
A myriad homes, a myriad ways,
And God's eye over every place?

I asked, My soul bethought of this:
In just that very place of His
Where he hath put and keepeth you
God hath no other thing to do.

—Mrs. Whitney.

I know not where His islands lift
Their fringed palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.

—Whittier.

SOMETHING FOR NOTHING.

The desire to receive without returning an equivalent seems an inherent trait of human nature. Thousands get their living by trading on this well known frailty of humanity, which makes lotteries and gift enterprises, and all sorts of fraudulent schemes possible; and which furnishes the animus for pool-selling, betting and gambling in stocks. Though the lesson is told over and over again that in no legitimate business can we obtain anything without a fair return, the ranks of the victims are always full; and the swindler is certain that every new scheme coined by his ingenious brain which promises "something for nothing" will find its due proportion of dupes. The appeal to avarice, one of mankind's meanest passions, rarely fails to elicit a response; and many indeed are the schemes to bait the hook, and many the specious pleas to cover the intended swindle. Curiosity, credulity and avarice are skillfully excited, till the victim is carried away with the idea that he can "make something." The greenhorn sees the street fakir roll up a ten dollar bill in a cake of soap and foolishly fancies he will find it still there if he buys the soap. Sound sense ought to teach him that no man will give away ten dollar bills in that fashion in a legitimate business, but the idea of something for nothing excites him, his cupidity is aroused, and he finds himself not half so "cute" as he thought he was. The steady, reliable farmer who is offered a quantity of paint "cheap to introduce it," or who allows a lightning rod agent to "rod" his buildings for almost nothing, on account of the beneficent effect it is to have on the community, finds the "something for nothing" does not come as he had expected, when the innocent-looking "agreement" he signed turns up as a note, discounted at the vil-

lage bank, which he must pay. And so in every scheme which promises benefit without adequate return we will find somewhere that which makes us understand man's benevolence to his fellow man is not measured by such gifts, and that what we get for nothing is always worth just about what it cost.

I often meet a woman carrying home a basket of groceries and carefully protecting one of the pasteboard picture cards given away to purchasers of certain grades of goods by certain of our city dealers. She believes she has gained something worth having because it was given her as an inducement to purchase. She would have called it a foolish waste of money to buy it; and probably she does not think she paid roundly for it. Either in the weight or quality of the goods the dealer made himself good; and so, for a pasteboard figure, worth perhaps a fraction of a cent at wholesale, and which is of no earthly use to her, she paid car fare down town, and accepted an inferior grade of goods.

When the "picture card scheme" lost its novelty, new inducements were offered; now the craze is for the majolica mugs, pitchers and plates "given" to purchasers of tea and coffee. The crockery is well enough in its way, it has at least the merit of usefulness; the fallacy lies in the fact that it is not "given" but is paid for in weight, quality or adulteration of the goods bought. Next came the scheme of increasing sales by offering a prize to the greatest consumer; and for the sake of the painted tea-caddy, or the pine box covered with leather-finished paper to simulate a trunk, the foolish woman buys package after package of second or third rate goods, for which she pays the price of a higher grade; and after she has fed her family on a choice decoction of willow leaves flavored with tea, or an admixture of chicory and coffee, finds her neighbor has invested more liberally than she, and captures the coveted prize, which is only a nuisance after it is won.

I went into a grocery the other day to buy a five cent bar of soap. The grocer laid out several sorts for my inspection, one of which offered as a "come buy me" a rag yclept by courtesy a towel, and the other a chance to win a prize by saving the checks enclosed in the wrapper and buying a lot more. The fat and jolly Dutchman who served me frankly owned that a modest soap in a brick-colored paper, which had nothing but its reputation

for full weight and standard quality to recommend it, was "vort all 'em" (contemptuously); at the same time admitting that he made large sales to those who bought the towel and the chance of the gift, though the soap was inferior in quality and light in weight. An appeal to the "something for nothing" instinct again.

So strongly has this principle been impressed upon me, that in this selfish world none need expect to gain any good thing without due return, that I will not deal at stores which do business in that fashion, nor put any faith whatever in such schemes, however plausible and enticing. I am content to get my money's worth; and am grown so suspicious that no matter how excellent an article appears, I will not buy if its price is much below its actual value. I have learned there is something wrong, invariably, where the market is not the criterion of value. And I am excellently well suited with business conducted on this basis. My neighbor goes bargain-hunting, and prides herself on the "saving" effected. I never make a bargain; yet I dress better than she on less money. I find that cheap prices and cheap goods are intimately associated.

There is a moral aspect to the question, too. This "prize business" encourages in us some of humanity's meanest characteristics, such as avarice and cupidity, which lead to fraud and dishonesty. It fosters the impulse to over-reach a neighbor in a bargain, and beyond a shadow of doubt blunts the moral perceptions. The law realizes the demoralizing influences of lotteries, which are but intensifications of the prize-giving system, and to which the latter leads. Safety, moral and monetary, should lead us to avoid all "something for nothing" schemes.

BEATRIX.

DOMESTIC HELPS.

Rub a piece of Ivory soap lightly over shirt bosoms that have been starched in cold starch, and iron directly. You will be surprised at the ease with which the iron slips over them, and at the glossy appearance after ironing.

I cover my holders with old stocking tops; they are the nicest to handle and last longest.

Egg-shells dried and broken up clean bottles better than anything else.

A short time ago a lady told me to use no soap in washing my milk-pans; she said that the soap on the tin acted on the

milk and bleached the cream, making the butter white. She said to wash them through cold then hot water, and finally scald them, but use no soap.

I would endorse Mrs. J. G.'s cake recipe; baked in a large, shallow dish, frosted and cut in squares, the cake is very attractive.

I will give my way of freshening salt pork for frying: First slice off all you will need for the next day; then lay in a crock of buttermilk; when ready to cook it, take it out and lay in the frying pan with enough cold milk and water (equal parts) to cover it nicely; let it just come to a boil, turning once or twice; take it out, wipe the frying pan and fry.

BIG BEAVER.

LEONE.

KEEPING COMPANY.

A case has come to my knowledge recently, where a young miss of 13 years has been allowed by her parents to "keep company," as it is technically expressed, with a youth of similarly tender years, the license extending to the youthful pair being left to their own devices up to the wee sma' hours of Monday morning.

This may be, and I hope is, an exceptional case, but the fact of one such happening calls for a protest against the practice. There are plenty of opportunities afforded young people,—not mentioning children—to enjoy each other's society and become acquainted, without these long hours of midnight intimacy, which, however innocent, affords a wonderful possibility for intrigue and infamy.

It is a fashion that many young ladies protestingly follow, because it is the fashion, although their good sense condemns it. Yet they hardly know how to frame a refusal to the young man who finds favor in their eye, and to whom they are indebted for many varied courtesies and favors. They find his company pleasant, by his kind invitations they enjoy rides, parties, theatres and many other amusements, and naturally fear that to deny his request for evening calls, even if they are extended into the morning, may cause him to discontinue his attentions. In other words, he may construe their refusal to mean, "You are well enough as a beau, to be made useful as a party hack, but you are not good enough for special company;" and in deference to his wishes and in fear of misconstruction, the young lady ignores her ideas of propriety, and follows the prevailing style.

In the case first cited, the young miss's mamma should have "kept company" with the young people until a proper hour for retiring, and then kindly sent the boy home, and given her daughter such advice as would have prevented a recurrence of the affair. All mothers make a grievous mistake who do not in some way impress their daughters with the teaching that such practice is wrong, detrimental to their best interest, and not to be allowed in any case, until they are of an age to understand the responsibility they assume.

I do not wish to be understood as interdicting young ladies from receiving calls from young gentlemen at proper times, and under proper circumstances. I do not believe our girls need the surveillance enforced in continental Europe, but I do know that the too great freedom given to young and inexperienced girls works mischief and woe untold. When parents satisfy themselves that their daughter is old and wise enough to stand alone, and that the young man is an angel, they may if they please, withdraw their protecting care and let her gang her ain gate, but I would suggest that as we read of fallen angels, a morsel of common sense would impel thoughtful persons, when they give up the parlor to a pair of lovers, to have an understanding that the room is a part of mother's house, and as such subject to her personal entry at any time; that the daughter is mother's girl, and subject to her supervision; and that if the young man wishes to supercede her claims, there is a legal way of accomplishing the object.

The freedom of intercourse between young people in our country leaves no excuse for this foolish fashion, and common sense and prudence condemn it. If a gentleman thoughtlessly proposes such company-keeping to a young lady, let her, if his visit is prolonged beyond seemly and proper hours, candidly excuse herself and dismiss him. If he is a gentleman, he will admire her the more for womanly decision of character, and if not, she is well quit of a simpleton or a designing knave.

I do not hold to the opinion that in the intercourse of young people the lady confers all the honor and favor, that the gentleman in ministering to her comfort and pleasure deserves no recognition or acknowledgement, yet I do affirm that it is the lady's province to dictate terms and observances in social intercourse; and that a sense of propriety should govern her decision, rather than the pleasing her escort or company.

It may be very pleasing to a young man to sit in a pleasant parlor *tete a tete* with a pretty girl, and the witching opportunity tempts inclination, audacity wakens, seclusion lures propriety from her watch, and liberties are suggested that would never be possible under proper regulations.

Young lady, if a young man, no matter how highly respected, wishes to "keep company" with you, insure your own self respect and compel his, by dictating and adhering to terms of propriety, and observance of decorum.

A. L. L.

INGLESIDE.

THE BOYS' ROOM.

Generally speaking, the boys' room in the average home is not the "show" room of the establishment. It is too frequently an asylum for broken-backed chairs and other furniture in a state of chronic invalidism, if indeed it contains more than a bed, a chair or two, and a few pegs to hang clothing. The girls' room across the hall may be furnished with all the little refinements a tasteful

girl loves to gather about her, but the oldest carpet in the house is "good enough for the boys' room," and no attempt is made to beautify or make it pleasant. I have known some homes where the parlors and guest chambers were handsomely furnished, and the sons of the family slept in the smallest and most inconvenient room in the house, minus carpet and curtains, and so hot in summer by reason of the pipe from the kitchen stove that they often slept in the barn on the bay, rather than endure the stifling atmosphere. Apartments there were in plenty in their father's house, but it seemed they were too good for the family, and were to be kept sacred for the infrequent guest.

If I wanted a boy to become attached to his home, I should make it comfortable and pleasant for him. As one of the greatest aids to this laudable endeavor I should give him one of the best rooms in the house, and furnish it just as well as his sisters' room, with only the difference necessitated by difference in tastes of the sexes.

I should encourage him to keep his belongings there, and foster his pride in its possession by putting up shelves with pretty lambrequins for books and all the miscellaneous matter a boy collects. Nor would I scold over the "litter" if he brought thither queer stones, or any specimens which pleased him, no matter how worthless they appeared in my sight, nor murmur over marks on the paper if he tacked pictures of dogs and trotting horses on the walls. Any reasonable concession to keep him at home and contented there. His belongings should be respected; and he should be at liberty to take his boy friends to his room, rather than to meet them at the barn or down town.

It is a mistake to think boys do not appreciate such attention to their comfort, or that they do not note the difference between the pains taken to beautify their sisters' room and the neglect of their own. Believe me, it pays, in more senses than one, to encourage in a boy's heart the sense of ownership and privacy conveyed by giving him a room which he can call his with pride.

BEATRIX.

REPLY AND QUERIES.

Mrs. J. P. P. asks if I am satisfied as to quantity and quality of cream obtained by the creamery process. I suppose if a person obtains all there is they ought to be satisfied. I have frequently tested the milk from which the cream has been taken, by letting it stand in pans from twelve to twenty-four hours, and there is not enough of any consequence will rise, provided the right temperature has been kept while in the creamery. The quality of the butter, I think, is much better; there is no chance for any sour, or old cream taste, no white specks, but a uniform sweetness. The cream for table use is much to be preferred, being a smooth rich liquid, of even quality throughout.

I want to ask Beatrix how far it is safe to read novels or light reading for the

sake of cultivating a taste for something more substantial? Will it always do this, or will it go from "light" to that which is worse?

Perhaps every one's experience in reading Scott's novels is not like mine. I read "Ivanhoe" "once upon a time," for the story part, skipped the historical allusions and character descriptions, for I did not understand them; after reading Green's Short History of England, I read it, and the story was nothing to me; but the portrayal of those old Saxon and Norman characteristics and descriptions of those feudal castles, with their retinue of bondsmen, had a strange fascination. I had nearly the same experience in reading Charles Kingsley's "Hypatia," and George Eliot's "Romola."

"Ben Hur" came to me as I was finishing up the study of the Byzantium era, that time so full of the mixture and strife of Roman, Greek, Jew and Christian characters, and I read it with great eagerness.

So it remains a question with me whether historical novels can be read with profit without a knowledge of that "Somebody's History of Civilization;" then they can be taken as a diversion, or in connection with it as a further elucidation of the subject. C.

LITTLE PRAIRIE RONDE.

Our correspondent here touches upon a point in an often discussed but yet-to-be settled question—the influence of fiction upon our taste for more solid reading. I cannot assume to settle so vexed a question for any but myself, but as far as my own observation and experience goes, I can certainly aver that the historical novel develops in the mind a desire to know more of the characters delineated, and that history and biography follow as a matter of course. But that this must follow, invariably and inevitably, is by no means to be assumed. Young people, who are apt to read for the story's sake, unless guided and taught to find more in the story than its romance, might afford us an instance of "retrogressive development," ending possibly in "Peck's Bad Boy;" though all my life I have found, in myself and others, that the influence of good fiction is to keep out the bad; and that a mind which has known George Eliot, Hawthorne, Thackeray, Dickens, Scott, and kindred writers, turns in disgust from the silly, sentimental trash which floods the country, nor can endure the vapid platitudes of so-called "moral novelists" of the Mrs. Holmes school. Now, put the historical novel into the hands of boys and girls, and a majority will read for the story's sake. But let parents or teacher point out to them the reality of the characters, and weken interest in their personality, and they are ready to be directed to the history of contemporaneous events; thus the historical novel becomes an important factor in literary work. We have to fix the reading habit in young people, and direct and supervise what they read, just as we train them in other ways; though it really seems to me that many parents who exercise

very careful supervision over the food and clothing of their children seem to quite ignore the question of furnishing them literature, or indeed, taking any interest in what they do read. Yet it is axiomatic that one of the most valuable safeguards for the young is a taste for good reading.

But to return to the point more directly at issue: I advised those forming a reading circle to "begin with a novel" for this reason: In many communities where a reading circle would be most beneficial there is slight knowledge of literature, and the little taste that exists is uncultivated or cultivated in a wrong direction. Perhaps there are some who are prepared to take up earnest work and carry it forward; perhaps all are alike anxious for something better, but untrained in concentration of the mind upon serious study. The thing to do first, it seems to me, is to awaken an interest in books and literature; and all can meet on common ground in the historical novel, which one set will read at first perhaps only for the story's sake, and which the other can use as the stepping-stone to something better. If a work of more really instructive and beneficial character be chosen, those who need the education of the reading circle most are uninterested and discouraged. We must not, you know, take a convalescent from literary gruel to roast beef at one jump.

I am confirmed in my opinion by the following incident: Last winter a young lady friend wrote me very enthusiastically regarding the formation of a reading circle in the little village where she lived, and named with much pride the book they were reading. It was a very valuable work to the close student or thoughtful reader, in its fine analysis and philosophical research, but I could not help murmuring "strong meat for babes," when I read its title. Six months later my friend wrote me of the demise of the "circle," lamenting the want of literary interest among her companions, and quoted one of them as saying she was "tired of dead issues." I think I was justified in the conclusion that those who are accustomed to desultory, purposeless reading cannot be put upon full rations of more substantial mental pabulum immediately, but must be led up gradually to the literary heights. My advice in the HOUSEHOLD of November 10th was intended more particularly for the new beginners, and after this explanation, I hope "C." will regard it as justifiable; if not, I shall be happy, both as "Editor" and "Beatrix," to hear from her further on the subject. BEATRIX.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

Colored glass globes, in amber, pale pink, rose and blue, are in much favor at the moment. Where gas is not used, there are lovely tinted shades to use over kerosene lamps, and which shed a soft glow through the room. These shades are of glass or porcelain, but a very pretty effect can be produced by the tissue paper shades, made of the French paper, which

is much superior to the American for fancy work. Take a sheet of the French tissue paper, and fold it into a square, clipping the corners to make it into a circle, then fold it diagonally into a triangle and so, over and over, from the centre of the paper outward, till it can be folded no more; open it, and taking it at the centre, draw it through the closed hand like a handkerchief. Continue this some time, opening the paper frequently to prevent its always folding in the same lines. It will look like a piece of fine crinkled crape. Make a fringe for the shade by folding straight strips of tissue paper into horizontal folds, and crinkling as above, then fringe with the scissors, and gum to the circumference of the shade. Placed over a common porcelain shade, it gives a very soft, pretty light. Another style is made by taking a piece of pink tarleton about an eighth of a yard wide when doubled, gathering to fit over a shade, and sewing to the bottom a strip of oriental lace about a finger deep, slightly fulling it. Sew another strip round the top, to fall over the tarleton and the seam where the lower frill of lace is sewed to it, and over the seam where the lace is joined, put a few loose loops of narrow ribbon.

A correspondent of an exchange says: "Take any of the pretty colored laces that are now so much used, and run through the heading a bit of fine wire, making it the size of the lower edge of your lamp shade. Have the lace about three inches in width, and do not really full it; only sufficiently to have it hang easily. Then put on one side of the shade a large paper rose, and your ordinary lamp will become a thing of beauty. Have a ribbon pleating to cover the wire. Let the ribbon be about an inch and a half in width. Cut the corded edge of the ribbon off, and fringe out each edge, leaving a centre strip of about a half inch on which to sew it."

A little pail, to hold candies, pretty to help decorate a Christmas tree, is made of two pieces of cardboard, measuring three inches in height, three and three-quarters at the top and two and a quarter at the bottom. Cut the top in scallops. Sew or gum the two halves together, cover with fancy paper, after sewing in a circle cut to fit the bottom; ornament with fancy figures or scrap pictures; wind a bit of wire with embroidery silk and fasten to each side for a handle.

One of the prettiest whisk broom holders we have ever seen, was in shape like an artist's palette, only considerably larger, covered with wine colored plush. The "pocket," or piece which received the whisk was also of plush, embroidered with white daisies, and open at the bottom to allow the small pearl-handled whisk to be drawn out there, after being put in at the top. A bow of wine colored satin ribbon was placed at the thumbhole of the palette. The pocket conceals the whisk except the handle and the part immediately above it. This design can be duplicated in cheaper materials. A pretty variation could be made by using a bit of brocaded ribbon for the pocket;

or it might be made of satin and ornamented with a ribbon bow.

The fashionable substitute for the much abused tidy is the chair bolster, or head-rest, an oblong cushion hung to the chair by ribbons in such a position that it will fit the back of the neck comfortably. It is made of silk, satin, velvet or plush, plain or decorated to suit the fancy, and any one who has "gumption" enough to make a cushion can manage its manufacture. It is edged with silk cord and suspended by two bands of ribbon of two colors, intertwined, while a bow of the two colors is placed at one corner where the ribbons are attached, and another at the corner diagonally opposite.

A slipper pocket, handy to fasten to a closet door, is made of an oblong piece of canvas or heavy linen, on which is laid a narrower and longer strip, fastened to it at the proper intervals to admit a pair of slippers. The upper edge of the strip is bound with braid, and after it is secured to the back the back and front are then bound together around the edge with the braid. This pocket can be made of enameled cloth, and is a great convenience to keep slippers and rubbers from being "kicked round."

This seems the reign of bags; aside from the dainty confections—as the French would say—of lace and satin in which my lady keeps her handkerchief and her silk knitting, there are laundry and duster bags, made of heavy brown linen, oblong in shape, the laundry bag twice as deep as it is wide, provided with a flap like that of an envelope. They are ornamented with etchings in Kensington stitch or India ink; and a favorite design represents a girl hanging out clothes, with the basket near her.

If you can get hold of a pair of little Dutch shoes—wooden—about four inches long, you have "the very latest" in match holders, after you have gilded them and fastened them against a velvet covered circle of pasteboard ornamented with the inevitable bow. It may be well to say here that in decorating anything one cannot go amiss in using ribbons; in every conceivable color and all widths, they are used to ornament every conceivable article of furniture or fancy work.

Something else that is "new" is etching on wood with hot steel points. Take a whitewood frame or panel and lightly sketch on it any design you fancy. Take several crochet needles of various sizes, break off the hooks, and sharpen on a grindstone. Heat these points, and with them trace your design, burning it in. The finer points are used for the more delicate tracing.

"BONNIE SCOTLAND'S" SENTIMENTS.

Old School Teacher, please pardon me, for upon consulting your article of Oct. 13th, I find I have made a mistake in the term advise. However, it was not intentional, for I would not like to get into a dispute with those who are older and more experienced than myself. Now,

please don't infer from my article of Nov. 3d that I *ask for money*. Oh, no! I could not do that, having, like yourself, earned my own living before I was married. But, as I said before, we regard the purse as *ours*, and exercise our judgment in using the money. Now, I well know that "hope deferred maketh the heartsick." I realized that to the fullest extent three years ago when we lost our wheat crop; that, with other bad luck, has deferred our new house until some time in the future; but I will endeavor to not get heart-sick, remembering my duty to comfort another heart, the owner of which has to take the blunt of misfortune.

Neither is a new house the only motive that prompts me to save and economize. The other is a nobler and higher motive—that we may be able to give our sweet little boy a good education and a start in life when he reaches his majority.

The reason why I expected to be called a fogy, was because our own mode of living contrasted so strongly with the views expressed by some of our sister Householders; but I am convinced that if more would try it (keeping only one purse), there would be more unity between husband and wife; and more real, *pure love*.

BONNIE SCOTLAND.

MASON.

SCRAPS.

PEOPLE often speak of a country schoolhouse as the type of desolation and barrenness. Pray what do you call the average rural village church, with its weatherbeaten paint, its faded green blinds or curtainless windows, standing in a waste of weeds and tangled grass, its steep steps pointing a bleak and uncertain way to heaven? Its architecture is hideous; it is a barn provided with a steeple, big windows and a doorstep. Lightning frequently strikes it, as if it took umbrage at its ugliness. The religion taught therein may be beautiful, but the outward and visible sign—the building—is not. Why not invoke the aid of trees and vines to mitigate the nakedness, and make the house of the Lord beautiful and attractive! How charming the picture of rural churches in Great Britain, with the clinging ivy draping their towers in its green livery, and the great elms and yew trees whose planting has long ago been forgotten, standing sentinel in the church-yard! How much of the beauty is due to these simple accessories, which cost nothing but the planting! A happy reform in rural church architecture is beginning, and beauty of form and outline and color is given the new churches, even though of wood. But the old ones—what can we do with them! We have not the ivy of England, but we have our American substitute, the Virginia creeper, with its glorious autumnal foliage; let us plant it about these desolate buildings and make it charitably hide their architectural sins, and add groups of evergreens and maples. It is a pretty custom to plant memorial trees in the churchyard; trees set by friends of the dead in their memory. Few can give a stained glass window, an altar

service, or a baptismal font, but any of us might plant a tree. A little church I know of has beautiful evergreens lining the path from the street to its door, but unfortunately none were planted at the back or sides of the building, and the effect is somewhat that of a picture without a background, an error which should be avoided.

In some notes of travel given some time ago by A. L. L., she mentioned a village of one thousand inhabitants which had six churches. Almost immediately came the thought "How can so many churches be supported in so small a town?" If every man, woman and child in the village attended church, the average would be but about 167 to a church. But there is always a percentage in every community who neither attend church, nor contribute to its support. There are others whose limited means prevent them from being generous; others who have the means but not the disposition. Probably the delinquents in the village are more than made up by the farmers who would drive in on Sundays, though in many rural neighborhoods Sunday is literally a "day of rest." What a meagre support the six ministers in charge must have! It is a generous estimate to allow \$700 yearly for insurance, repairs, expenses of running the church, and salary. Out of the minister's share of this he must maintain his family, present a respectable appearance to the world, entertain his fellow clergymen, and all travelers who claim kinship of faith and his hospitality, buy books for study, and meet the demands upon his charity because he is a clergyman. Heaven is undoubtedly a very desirable place to get in, but from the salaries paid a good many ministers, one cannot help concluding that those traveling that road find it necessary to economize in the cost of a guide; while those who preach must find it good to dwell upon the wise Brahmin's saying: "Not if thy work be worth a date stone's skin shall it be overpast!" in their struggles to make two ends meet in this life. The altar in each church is to an universal God, all look for salvation through the same Redeemer, all read from the same Word; the fundamental doctrines of Christianity are everywhere the same, unchangeable, steadfast. Why not then take the bread of life from the big loaf instead of insisting that it shall be served in morsels from denominational plates? Why not fewer churches, better paid and consequently more efficient ministers, and stronger, more vigorous and influential organizations? B.

THE HOUSEHOLD Editor would be glad to receive for publication directions for making Christmas gifts, and useful recipes. The recipes furnished to the HOUSEHOLD have been highly commended by these who have tried them, and we will be glad to receive more.

Buy an oblong dishpan with a division through the centre, one part to wash dishes in, the other to drain them in. It is the handiest thing out; saves so much slop and dripping of water.