

HAPPY HOMES.

Rev. Edward Everett Hale lately preached upon the subject of "happy homes." Of a hundred novels, said the speaker, tracing the fortunes of a young life, 99 end in the establishment of a happy home. Hunted up and down, through a thousand dangers, a young happy husband and his young happy wife look their last on the reader as they open the door which is to admit them into the untold blessings of a happy home. Thus precisely does the novel show what is the chief and central work and duty of life—the creation of a happy home. Erskine's definition was: "They will tell you of this or that detail, but at bottom, the reason men form government, and the object for which government is to be sustained, is that men may live in happy homes." The prodigal son after his wanderings returns home. We should find place for more thorough study as to the duty of making homes and maintaining them, so that we may show the kingdom of God on earth most distinctly and most often. While you spend years of a boy's life in teaching him a smattering of the dead languages, might you not occupy his mind with thoughts and his life with habits which would tend to make for him a happy home when he shall be a man? Persons who spend their time to show that women ought not to have the suffrage, say that it is woman's business to make home happy. So it is. But it just as much man's business. To both it is by far the most important business they have in hand. Special political duties, special duties as church members, their success in their shops or at the bench, is as nothing compared with the duty and success in making home bright and happy as the very kingdom of the living God.

There are many tendencies of modern life which turn persons away from their duties in regard to home. One is the tendency to do things on a large scale. Our public school system, because it is large, is asked to accept and discharge duties which belong at home. Public school teachers are expected to train children in good manners, but the home is disgraced which has sent unmannerly children to school. Industrial schools are formed to teach boys duties which they learned at home 100 years ago. Colleges are proposed for women, in which they should be taught how to make bread, how to broil a steak, and even how to amuse a child and how to set a table. As if there were any place where a girl could learn any such thing nearly as well as she could, if she chose, under the humblest roof in America. For substantial amusement as well as for fundamental education there is no place like home. In the Swiss system of watchmaking the workman does his part at home, and the parts made in different homes are brought to the shop and fitted. In the American system the workman and the workwoman come to the shop to work, leaving their children to the chances of the district school. The American system may prove the best for watches, but the Swiss system is the best for children. It is said that in old Paris the artisans were scattered throughout the city, living near their shops; but that Napoleon's avenues and boulevards drove them from such homes and forced them to huddle together, and to such crowding was due the excesses of the Commune. From such facts, wherever found, such a result must follow. I have no doubt that the greatest political question of all will be decided by reference direct to the home.

Our American experiment in conceding the suffrage to every man over 21 has not been a remarkably successful one. I do not believe the suffrage is to be doled out by property as it used to be in England. The suffrage belongs to those who have a vital interest in the preservation of the social or organic life of the State. It belongs to people who have established homes, and it is my belief that to a homestead suffrage the free nations of the world will

ultimately recur. Children should be so trained that at 15 they will love home better than any other place. Our amusements should be such as not to separate father from mother or children from parents. Children should find in their parents their best companions, from whom they have no secrets. Fathers and mothers should make home glad, cheerful and beautiful. The original trinity is the sacred trinity of the father, the mother and the child. In the last interview of the Saviour with the twelve, at the moment when he drew furthest the veil which separates this world from the other, he did so by saying, "In my Father's house are many homes. Heaven, when we pass from earth, will be a life of homes. We need not wait till we die to enter that Heaven. The Kingdom of Heaven is at hand; wherever faith and hope and love combine is Heaven.

VERY innocently an Irish newspaper concludes its account of an imposing ceremony: "The procession was very fine, being nearly two miles long, as was also the prayer of the Rev. Mr. McFadden.

APPEAL TO MOTHERS.—If you are ever to accomplish something in life, it is because you are accomplishing something now. So many women say, after my house and grounds are in perfect order, after my wardrobe is made exactly to suit me, after we have become rich, after I have secured perfect health, then I intend to give more time to my husband and children, to society and philanthropy, and life rounds itself into an inglorious aftermath. It is as suicidal to postpone happiness and usefulness as it is for mother to leave her children to a nurse through all their early years, and expect to win their deepest love afterward. The present days, the present hour is rich with glorious opportunity for women to render royal service to the home, the State, and nation. There is "blessed work to be done, blessed work, with blessed wages," and it is pitiful to see women of education, of experience, women who believe in "immortality," bending all their energies to shopping excursions and the matching of ribbons, and saying to all the vast interests that vitally affect the happiness of millions, "bide your time, wait. I know children are starving and the hearts of women are breaking, fathers and mothers wail in agony over dishonored sons and daughters; red-handed 'crime' and 'slander' endanger alike the innocent and guilty. The world needs help, number me among the helpers. I will go to work soon, but then, you know, I have not decided upon the shade and shape of my fall bonnet."—Mrs. Herbert, in *Inter-Ocean*.

DISAGREEABLE PEOPLE.—We should bear with disagreeable people better—and generally find them more agreeable, probably—if we were accustomed to look on their mental infirmities with more of the pity with which we regard their physical deformities. We have only commiseration for the man who is born with club feet, or cross eyes, or St. Vitus' dance. We do not blame and berate him that his efforts are crippled by such disadvantages. But the man is just as deserving of pity who comes into life afflicted with a club-footed sense of propriety, or a cross-eyed judgment, or an epileptic temper. At least the reflection that we might not do near as well as he, were we in his place, should temper our criticism and dislike. "You are pale," said one soldier to another, as they were waiting for the enemy's attack, in a tone that implied some question of his courage. "If you were as afraid as I am you would run away," was the pat reply.—*Good Company*.

"I MAKE it a rule," said a wiseacre to his friend, "to tell my wife everything that happens. In this way we manage to avoid misunderstandings." Not to be outdone in generosity, the friend replied: "Well, sir, you are not so open and frank as I am, for I tell my wife a great many things that never happen."

Brown—"Can you break me a \$5 bill?" Jones—"I should like to break it, but unfortunately I'm broke myself."

LABOR, PHYSICAL AND MENTAL.

The power of labor is visible everywhere—we need only look at improvements around us to see it. It is limited only by the skill of the laborer. A good, well-cultivated brain is vastly more essential to the power of labor than good muscle, though the latter is very necessary as far as it goes; but all the physical force of men and animals could alone effect comparatively little. Look at our great cities and see what an immense amount of labor it required to build them; but the labor itself is small compared with the skill required to manage and apply that labor to advantage. A horse may pull a wagon, but he cannot make one; a man who is a skillful mechanic can both make and pull a wagon. The bootblack and the house-painter may apply the brush as vigorously and with much more physical labor than an artist, yet never be able to produce as great results. A man may be a giant physically; if he has no skill or mental power of applying his labor properly, he is no better than a horse. If the power of labor did not extend beyond mere physical strength, we should have no splendid buildings, fine monuments, great railroads, steamboats, and public improvements; our domestic machinery and conveniences would be sadly deficient. The great Niagara has a power in its own way that challenges the wonder and the admiration of the world; but what is it after all? A great, noisy, turbulent bully of a river that makes the very earth tremble with its power and fills the air with the mist of its breath, threatening to destroy everything that comes in its reach; while those quiet, unassuming little streams that pass through our meadows and valleys, are turning the grist mill, saw mill, woolen mill, iron factory, and carrying heavy burdens of freight; these small streams do this, while the blustering Niagara does nothing but make a monotonous display of power. The little streams are adapted to the mental power of man, by which their power of usefulness is limited only by the age of men and the world; while Niagara is a mere thing of power without the utility, reminding us of a great many men and boys in the world. They have physical or brute force—great, ignorant, noisy, conceited, of no earthly use beyond a natural curiosity. Labor is powerful only when accompanied by the necessary skill to direct it. The savage has all the physical power of labor for constructing railroads, steamships, machinery, but he lacks the skill; consequently his labor has no constructive or real power. Labor has great power when backed with good brains, but mere physical labor, without skill, is comparatively a weak thing.—*Cultivator*.

A SENTIMENTAL FLAME.—The Charlotte, N. C., *Observer* tells of a citizen of that county, who, having married in 1843, lighted a fire on his hearthstone as soon as he carried his bride to his new home, and has kept it burning ever since. The citizen being questioned about the matter, says the fire through all these 36 years has never been allowed to go out. In reply to a question, he said that in summer weather, when it was necessary for comfort's sake to keep the fire burning very low, he had to get up frequently at night to replenish it slightly, but that he counted this as nothing when he contemplated that fire going out. He had evidently formed for it a strong attachment, and yet one would not take him for a sentimental man. But this fire is to him a constant reminder of the day when he first brought home his bride. Around it his children have grown up into manhood and womanhood, and their children have gazed into its light. It was the last light that fell upon the eyes of his wife, and he hopes that it will be the last that will fall upon his. Viewed thus, his sentiments in the matter can be understood, and so strong is this sentiment that with the old man it amounts almost to a passion.