

GOOD TEMPER.

There's not a cheeper thing on earth,
Nor yet one half so dear;
It's worth more than distinguished birth,
Or thousands of a year;
It lends the day a new delight,
'Tis virtue's firmest shield;
And adds more beauty to the night
Than all the stars can yield.

It maketh Poverty content.
To sorrow whispers peace;
It is a gift from heaven sent;
For mortals to increase,
It meets you with a smile at morn,
It lulls you to repose;
A flower for poor and peasant born,
An everlasting rose.

A charm to banish grief away—
To snatch the brow from care;
Turn tears to smiles, and banish away
Spreads gladness everywhere.
And yet 'tis sweet as summer dew
That gems the lily's breast;
A talisman for love as true
As ever man possessed.

What may this wondrous spirit be,
With power unheard before—
This charm, this bright amenity?
Good temper—nothing more.
Good temper—'tis the choicest gift
That heaven has ever sent;
And can the poorest peasant lift
To bliss unknown to kings.

—From Chatterbox for April.

THE HOME.

A Story for Wives.

Probably many women suffer, as needlessly as the one mentioned in the following incident, from being that they are not duly appreciated by their husbands:

A wife once retired for the night, worn-out and petulant because of her many cares, and her husband's absence when she thought he might have been at her side. After a time he came home, sat down to his desk, and worked long and hard at his accounts, while she lay looking out at him, and feeling angry that he seemed wholly unmindful of her. When he had laid away state and books she saw him take a drawer, and take from it a picture, which he gazed long and lovingly over, tenderly kissed, and then replaced. Her woman's curiosity was roused, and she determined to know more of the matter. So, while he was getting ready for bed, she feigned sleep. He soon slept soundly, and then she crept from her room, unlocked the door, took the keys, unlocked the desk and drawer, and found that her husband had been kissing a picture of herself, which was taken when they were first married. Then she was chagrined and mortified because she had not been a more loving wife, and went back to bed with new resolutions formed. In the morning she put on a wrapper that was clean and very becoming, a collar and bow, and carefully brushed her hair. When her husband came in to breakfast, he looked at her, gazed at her in his arms, and kissed her. Then he asked the children if the little mother didn't look pretty. She was wise enough not to forget the lesson.—*Christian Advocate.*

Confidence.

Not long ago, there came to our knowledge an instance of a young life blighted by want of confidence. A child should exist between mothers and daughters. Could this girl at whose character the poisoned arrow of suspicion had been unjustly aimed have found a confidant in her mother, the ranking wound she received might have been medicated and healed. As it was, the mother's silence over the sorrow she could not intrude on another, and under the pressure of her mental sufferings broke down both in mind and body and became an invalid for years. One plain, frank, kind talk with her mother might have saved her untold agony of mind and suffering of body.

There are children so open-hearted and outspoken and care free that there is little danger that "concealment, like a worm in the bud, will feed" upon their vitality. And there are reticent children, brooding children, children of the interior whose life is almost impossible to get a glimpse. What loving, tender, constant, wholesome sympathy such children need, but how often they are left to themselves to become morbid, unhealthy, cankered, and spoiled. If some gentle but firm hand—a mother's hand—would insist on opening the closed doors of their hearts, on letting the warmth of sympathy and the sunshine of free communion into the hidden recesses of their souls, the darkness of their thoughts would vanish, perplexing questions would be solved, the specters of doubt and discouragement that haunt them would be laid.

That girl who finds a confidant in her mother is safe. That boy whose heart is an open book to his mother is safe. The wise and skillful mother will learn how to possess herself of such a way to the heart of her child that the secret recesses of that heart will be opened to her. And it is infinitely more important to the child that his best friend should have a pass-key to every inmost apartment of his spiritual nature than that the body should be nurtured ever so carefully.

Children should be encouraged to express themselves freely to their parents; to tell their dreams even, both waking and sleeping; to talk about their religious views and thoughts; to ask God aloud for what they need with as little hesitation and shamefacedness as they ask their parents for bread or clothes or toys. Young hearts that thus lie open to the sunshine of sympathy and of appreciation will not be corroded by fretting cares or griefs, and will readily recover from those wounds and bruises which none subject to mortal ills can escape.

THE FARM.

PREVENTIVE OF MILDEW.—Take three pounds each of flowers of sulphur and quicklime. Slack the lime and boil with the sulphur in six gallons of water until reduced to two gallons. Allow this to settle, then pour off the clear liquid, and bottle it for use. A gill of this liquid, mixed with five gallons of water, is an excellent preventive and cure for mildew upon plants. It should be used as soon as the mildew appears.—*American Agriculturist for June.*

Improving the Orchard.

The *American Cultivator* gives these hints to improve an orchard where the trees are large: It will not be best to run a plough very near them; but if the trees are from two to three rods apart, a strip may be ploughed between each row, and planted to some hardy crop, which should be heavily dressed with compost, made largely of good stable manure.

The space immediately around the trees not touched by the plough, should be usually top-dressed with well rotted manure and unleached wood ashes. There is probably nothing better for orchards of any kind of fruit than hard wood ashes. They should be spread broadcast beneath the trees over a space extending several feet from the trunk of the tree, instead of placing them directly around the base, as is sometimes done. If it is not desirable or convenient to cultivate any portion of the orchard, it can be renovated by a liberal top dressing of well-rotted stable manure. A mulch of refuse hay placed around the bodies of the trees will be found beneficial, provided they are so large, and the bark so thick, that mice will not girdle them. Pasturing orchards with hogs is an excellent method of improving their fertility. There is another advantage in pasturing with hogs, as in addition to enriching the soil, they pick up the windfalls and destroy the worms, which cause a great loss of fruit every year.

FERTILIZERS FOR PLANTS IN POTS.

N. W. Lee, McLean Co., Pa., writes that he wants to use nitrate of soda and superphosphate on general stock of greenhouse plants, and asks: "How shall I use it to get quick results, and how often?" Put a tablespoonful of superphosphate in a gallon of water, stir it up, and give each four-inch pot half a pint, or for a six-inch pot a pint. The superphosphate will not all dissolve in the water, and it cannot be applied with a hose. Neither is it desirable to do so, as a strong solution might injure delicate leaves. Nitrate of soda is entirely soluble in water. Put a teaspoonful to a gallon of water. Give each plant from half a pint to a pint of the solution. In bright, sunny weather repeat the application in two or three days, and then wait a week and give more. With such a weak solution there is no sort of danger. Outdoor plants may be watered in the same way, but they will stand larger but not stronger applications.

TEMPERANCE.

Jack Middleton, Junior.

By ARTHUR E. ABEL.

"Two hundred men thrown out of work at the Iron Foundry!"

Such was the sad news that passed from mouth to mouth in the streets of Warbury, one bright spring morning. Who shall describe the scenes that followed this announcement? Men were seen rushing from the Foundry to break the tidings to their wives and children; others were hastening toward the gates to ascertain for themselves whether the report were true.

The angry voices of men, mingling with the cries of distracted women, were heard issuing from the open doors of the workmen's cottages. Excited gangs stood at almost every street corner, wildly discussing the situation; and even the children forgot their play, and formed themselves into whispering groups.

Of course the public houses were full. Beer is supposed to drown sorrow and stimulate discussion; and many a foolish man that morning spent his last hard-earned shilling on drink, instead of taking it home to his weeping wife.

In the tap-room of the "Green Dragon," above the roar of voices and the clatter of pots, could be heard the coarse oaths of Jack Middleton. In the eyes of the majority of his mates Jack was the hero of Warbury. For size and physical strength he had no equal in the town; and not a man could be found for miles who would dare to meet him in a fair, stand-up fight. If any dispute arose with the managers at the works, Jack was always put forward as spokesman, to champion the cause of the men. If ever the preaching of Mr. Williams, the evangelist, was interrupted and the congregation put to flight, Jack was usually the ring-leader of the attacking party; and again was the silent night disturbed by a drunken brawl in the streets but the huge form and harsh voice of Jack were speedily recognized.

On the morning of the closing of the Foundry, poor Mrs. Middleton was weeping bitterly over the three-week-old baby that was sleeping so peacefully upon her lap. Her lot indeed was a sad one. Life for her was a long, lonely struggle with poverty. Her husband, when in work, earned good wages; but little enough found its way into their hands. The bare floor, the empty cupboard, and the scanty furniture, told the old story of the tyranny of drink. What a home into which to be born! And what a contrast to the well-furnished sitting-room of Sam Barlow, the landlord of the "Green Dragon." Surely there was some excuse for the angry thoughts that disturbed Mrs. Middleton's mind every time Sam's wife, dressed like a fine lady, smiled blandly upon her and wished her "good day!" Was the poor woman so very wrong when she argued that Mrs. Barlow was upon her knees, dined off her joints, and wore her dresses? All she knew was that if things were what they ought to be, and if Jack was what he once promised to be, her life would be a vast deal brighter than it was at present. And now the Foundry was closed, and her husband out of work!

While this cruel fact was hammering itself into the mind of Mrs. Middleton, Jack staggered into the room and gave the final blow. Drink had stupefied him, or he would have been terrible in his rage. As it was, he stood for a few seconds with a dark scowl upon his face, and presently said—

"Wife, I'm off. We're all discharged. Let me be weeks before there's a chance of any more work in this place. You must do your best—and I'll do the same."

He was gone. No comfort, and then no kind farewell, no parting kiss. Oh! how unlike the Jack of a few months ago! Drink had done his brutalizing work; and thought, conscience, and feeling seemed gone for ever. Another paroxysm of grief shook the weak frame of the heart-broken woman, and then, for the space of fully an hour, she succeeded sob. Through all this little Jack

—for this was to be his name—slept peacefully on.

A month passed. Mrs. Middleton had only once heard any tidings of her husband. A neighbor's son had seen him, some thirty miles away, breaking stones upon the roadside. Jack told him that he had heard from a likehood of the Foundry being opened again, and that he intended hastening home as soon as the report was confirmed. In his absence his wife had received sympathy and help from the family of Mr. Williams, the preacher at the Mission room, which stood a few yards down the street.

It was about seven o'clock in the evening. Mrs. Middleton had put her child to sleep, and had hastened around the corner to buy a few necessities at the neighboring chandler's shop. She had only left the house a few seconds when the latch of the door opened, and Jack, seated himself upon an old chair by the fire. He was tired and dusty. Nothing had passed his lips since the early morning; and he was consequently in a much more sober condition than when he started forth in quest of employment a month ago. He had only sat a minute or two when a slight noise from the corner of the room made him aware that he was not alone. Jack Middleton, junior, was awake.

"Hullo!" exclaimed Middleton, senior, "the young 'un! Come out, you rascal, and let your dad have a look at you."

And lifting the child carefully from the old clothes-basket, Jack placed him upon his knee. Now was the critical moment. Would the baby cry at the strange, gruff voice? He did not so. Jack felt that he would not have the pleasure of relating this story; for it is highly probable that he would have been hastily dropped into the basket, and the "Green Dragon" would again have welcomed its old customer. Would you believe it, reader? The Middleton, junior, looked with his bright blue eyes into the bearded face of Middleton, senior, and actually laughed—as much as to say, "Dad, old boy, what a satisfactory thing it is that you and I understand one another so well!"

A faint smile—the first for many a day—stole across the features of the wretched man. Still looking into the tiny face of his boy, Jack began to think. Could it be possible, he asked himself, that he, too, was once a pure babe like this little one? He had been so, and enough, it must have been so, and his thoughts wandered back to his childhood; back to his native village; back to the old thatched cottage; back to his mother's prayers; back to that mother's death-bed. Presently a tear escaped unbidden from his eye, and he stole, as if afraid, down his rough, hairy cheek. It was followed by another, and yet another. Jack Middleton, junior, opened his blue eyes and stared with blank astonishment. But his father said nothing—heard nothing.

This had not long taken this serious turn before Mrs. Middleton returned, out of breath, to her home. Imagine her surprise at the strange scene that met her view. Jack home again! the baby on his knee! and the man of a hundred fights crying like a schoolboy! Her amazement obliged her to speak, and as an angel of God, she announced her presence to her weeping husband by a kiss upon his forehead.

"Wife, lass," said Jack, with a voice quivering with emotion, "I've come back."

"So I see, Jack," she replied.

"Wife, lass," continued the man, "I've been a fool and a brute."

Mrs. Middleton, not being in a position to truthfully contradict this piece of information, said nothing. She simply gazed at her husband, kissed him, and at the same time took Middleton, junior, by her arms, and began to prepare his bath in the clothes-basket.

Quite three minutes elapsed before another word was spoken. Jack was steadily gazing into the few embers that glowed upon the hearth.

"I want to see Williams, the Bible-man," he presently muttered.

I need not relate all that passed on that eventful evening within that poverty-stricken cottage. When the missionary, whispered, "Good-night! God bless you!" to Mrs. Middleton, the man in heaven were rejoicing over another repentant sinner. Jack had given his heart to Jesus; had signed the pledge; and had allowed his delighted wife to pin a piece of blue ribbon upon his coat.

It was Sunday afternoon. Two well-known figures were seen making their way towards the waste piece of ground that lay in front of the "Green Dragon." These were Mr. Williams and his new convert. What a contrast to the drunken bully of a month ago! The glow of pure joy flushed his cheek; the light of youth had returned to his eye; and the clean face and respectable dress were outward manifestations of the inward change.

A large crowd had already gathered; for the news of Jack's conversion had been the chief topic of interest for some days past; and it had been announced that on this occasion he was to say a few words to his old mates. A murmur ran through the multitude as Middleton, Bible in hand, stepped forward. There was no need to call for silence. Not a sound could be heard save the sobs of Mrs. Middleton, who stood behind the speaker with her baby in her arms.

"Lads," said Jack, in a clear though subdued voice, "hearken to me. You all know Jack Middleton. You know what I was—a poor, wretched, drunken, fighting, swearing fool. I've turned over a new leaf. I'm here to tell you that if you want me in future you'll find me at the Mission; and not at the 'Green Dragon.'"

And drawing up his huge form to its full height, and raising his voice to the utmost, he shouted, "Not another farthing of my money goes into the pocket of Sam Barlow! God helping me, my lass shall never have occasion to shed another tear on my account; and she's coming out next Sunday in a bonnet as good as Mrs. Barlow's best. That's straight! Mary, my girl, hand us up the young 'un!"

Mrs. Middleton placed the baby in his father's arms; and holding the child up before the crowd, Jack related in his own rough-and-ready way the story of his conversion. The impression made that day upon the hearts of many was deep and lasting; while the anger of Sam Barlow and his gaudily-dressed spouse knew no bounds.

Jack has stuck to his word. His home is now as bright and happy as once it was desolate and wretched. He has been promoted at the Foundry, and holds a very respectable position in the town. His wife is the happiest of women as she walks arm-in-arm with her husband every Sunday to the Mission Chapel. And Jack Middleton, junior, is now a chubby-faced little member of the infants' class in the Sunday-school.—*British Workman.*

The Little Seed.

A little seed lay in the carter's path;
A little shoot bowed in the strong wind's wrath;
A little shrub grew, by its roots held fast;
Then a stout tree braved all the winter's blast.

A little cloud started—'twas only light;
A little chill shivered the hours of night;
A little pain came and began to grow;
Then consumption laid all his brave strength low.

Be wise in time. Check the little cough, cure the little ailment, become the strong, unconquerable giant of disease. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, taken in time, is a remedy for these ills.

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Yours, etc., J. M. LOVITT, M. D.

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