

"But there is worse news than this I have to tell your majesty."

"What is it?" asked the king, starting up, more and more alarmed.

"It is that your majesty will have to be hanged; for you declared that whosoever first said in your hearing that your horse was dead should certainly be hanged, and it was your majesty that said it to yourself."

TASTE IN THE HOUSEHOLD.

Taste is one thing; display is another. It is not pleasant to right-thinking people to have a man continually telling his neighbors how rich and lucky he is, either by his way of dressing his house, or himself, or his family. Those people who put everything they possess on show in their parlors, succeed in making those apartments look like shops, and the eye tires with the jumble of objects and confusion of tints. There should be restful spaces of comparative barrenness or subdued shadow in every room that is much occupied, for it is better that there should be too little decoration than too much. One would not wish to see his wife always attired in her most expensive and uncomfortable costume, and wearing all her jewels at once, yet there is a smiliar impression of unrelieved display in not a few domestic interiors. It is wiser for the householder to entrust a professional decorator with the task of beautifying his house than for him to undertake that work himself, when he has not the aptitude or training for it. Speaking to this point, Edmund Russell, the artist and lecturer, says:

"Don't emblazon your front door with armored knights and rampant lions, because they don't belong or grow there." Don't put your initial or your name on everything you possess, so that people who pick up a fork, or look at a pillow-sham, will read, 'John Smith, my property.' It's all right to mark things of use in some such way, but not things of beauty, and if you must so mark them, mark the letters small, and put them on the back of the object, not in front. The lady who wears her initials in diamonds on a brooch is vulgar. The man who prints his monogram on his china does a useless thing for nobody is going to run away with his dishes. Don't assert too much at the table. Don't be too showy and complex. Don't make your napkin rings too emphatic and obtrusive. Put flowers on the table, but place them loosely or in a glass, for if you put them in china or any other opaque substance you conceal half their beauty—namely, their stems. Don't entirely cover your wall with pictures, and when you have a picture, don't let the shopkeeper kill it with a big gold frame. Try bronze or something that will relate to the picture on the wall and not make it stand out like a big shiny spot of color and gilt gingerbread."

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

WASHING WINDOWS.—Choose a rainy day for the task. Fill a pail with warm water, add two table-spoonfuls ammonia water; apply this with a long-handled brush to the outside of the windows; dash clean water on them till they look clear. For washing the inside of the windows use a cloth or brush dipped in ammonia water, and wipe with a cloth wrung from clear water. By this method the outside of the window panes can be perfectly cleaned without hard rubbing, or without sitting half out of the window, which is a strain on the nerves, especially if the windows are far from the ground; and the use of so much water on a rainy day will not hurt the windows in the story below, or annoy the inhabitants behind the windows.

HOW TO CLEAN HOUSE.—U. C. A. writes: Have you cracks in the plastering of your house walls? Get a few cents' worth of best plaster of paris. Put a little at a time into a tea-saucer (say a tea-spoonful), and get a clean sponge or a piece of cloth, with which to wet the plaster along the crack. Let it soak in and wet it a second-time, and then put as much water in the saucer as will wet the plaster of paris and make it thin like cream, and with a table knife spread it a little at a time over the crack,

pressing it in and scraping off the surplus immediately after wetting the plaster the third time; then draw your wet sponge or cloth over it ere it dries, to wipe off the marks of repair and render it clean and keep out the cold, etc. Where the plaster is broken by the key in the door, fill it up and put a piece of wood with a screw or wire nail through it on the top of the carpet, so as to keep the door from opening so far as to touch the plaster and mar it.

YEAST.—Upon half a cup of hops pour a pint of boiling water, and boil half an hour. Meantime pare and grate two large white potatoes, add half a cup of sugar and one-third cup salt. Over this pour the hop-water and enough boiling water to make a quart, then stir thoroughly. When lukewarm add a cup of good yeast. Let it ferment and seal tightly in glass cans.

THE HOPE SET BEFORE US.

The eyes of faith do not look inward; but, like eyes of flesh, they look outward. In believing, we are not to look at ourselves, but at Jesus Christ. In fact, we are not required to believe this or that about ourselves. Least of all, are we told to believe that our sins are forgiven. The pardon of sin is something to be known, not merely believed. If our sins are forgiven, we know it through the witness of the Holy Spirit; if they are not forgiven, our believing that they are will not alter the fact. Instead of trying to believe that our sins are forgiven, we are to "believe on the Lord Jesus Christ" in order that they may be forgiven.

By whatever figure justifying faith is illustrated, this idea is uppermost: faith takes us out of ourselves, and takes off our thoughts from ourselves. The serpent-bitten Israelite was not healed by looking at himself. He was not told to bandage the wound, and watch it carefully, and try to persuade himself that the poison had been counteracted, and the bite would soon be healed. But he was told to look quite away from the wound to the brazen serpent; and in thus looking, he lived.

ALMSGIVING.

Can you fulfil this duty without imposing upon yourself certain restrictions, the definite surrender of certain indulgences, the money saved by which may be devoted to the relief of God's poor? I am sure, at all events, that this is the best method of securing the fulfilment of the duty, and I earnestly exhort you to adopt it. Fix upon some good object. Lay by a certain sum (the amount is immaterial, so long as the giving up of it is a decided self-denial,) every week, or every day; and at Easter bring it to church, to be laid up at the altar of God, with the devoted resolve in your hearts, "I will consecrate my gain unto the Lord, and my substance unto the Lord of the whole earth." Oh! if we all adopted this practice the offertory would not be such a form as it is at present, people just giving in such amanner as that, while they maintain respectability, they may not really feel the sacrifice. —*Deau Goulburn*

THE CARE OF WINDOW BOXES.

Window boxes are more often failures than successes. Why? Because they are not properly cared for. It must be borne in mind that a window box, from the exposed position in which it is placed, loses moisture very rapidly by evaporation. The wind and air gets at it from below as well as on the side, ends and top. Only that side next the building is sheltered. It will, therefore, be readily understood, if one stops to think about it, that a great deal more moisture must be taken from the soil in such a box, in a given time, than it would be possible to extract from the soil in a pot or box whose exposure is less. The secret of growing plants well in such boxes consists in giving not only a great amount of water, but giving it often. Enough should be applied every morning and evening to thoroughly saturate the soil, and the way to make sure that the soil is wet is to keep on applying water till it runs off at the bottom of the box. If it is given in small quantities, it will not be long

before the leaves turn yellow, and very soon you will have a sickly looking plant, and in a short time it will be dead; just because there was not enough water given to moisten and keep moist the roots below the surface.

One of the most satisfactory plants I have ever used in a window box is the common single Petunia. It will bloom profusely, is bright and fragrant, and soon covers the entire surface of the box, and droops over the sides until they are wholly concealed. The Madeira vine is pretty when planted about the edge and allowed to droop in festoons. The Heliotrope is a good flowering plant for such use, if care is taken to give water enough. It is fond of strong sunshine, but soon suffers if its roots are allowed to get dry. A scarlet Geranium will brighten up a window wonderfully, and a good plant to use with one, about the edges, is the Nasturtium, with its brilliant yellow and maroon flowers and pretty, pale green foliage, with which the box will soon be covered.—*American Agriculturist for June.*

HOW TO BE HAPPY.

The simplest receipt for happiness is to make some other person happy. This rarely fails. We are so eager to do some great thing that we are apt to overlook opportunities which occur every day for doing little kindnesses. A few flowers or a simple delicacy daintily served to one of the "shut-in;" the loan of books to hungry souls who count them a luxury they have no money to buy; a drive into the country for a poor woman whose days are spent in household drudgery; and full pay to the seamstress or washerwoman when her work is done; an unexpected interval of leisure to a faithful employee by now and then cutting short the prescribed hours of labor; a bright, cheerful good morning to a laboring man, with a kind word about his work and welfare—these are all trifles, take little time, cost little money, give little trouble, but they brighten the drudgery of a work-a-day life.

A SWEET CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

In the "confessions" of the great and good man, Augustus H. Franks, there is found the following beautiful and touching account of a true Christian experience—

"I acknowledge myself as a poor sinner, who has deserved the wrath of God. But Jesus Christ has reconciled me to the Father by his blood. By faith I am justified, and with love the Holy Ghost has filled my heart. Now I have found peace with God, and know certainly that I have passed from death unto life. It is not so that I am now justified, and then again not; but I am constantly on the favor of God, with which I joyfully comfort myself, and bear witness of my sonship in my heart through the Holy Spirit.

"I do not regard myself as being without faults and shortcomings, on the contrary, I know that I cannot count them all which God daily sets before my eyes, and I believe indeed that those which are hidden and unseen are yet many more. God bears with me in my weakness as a father does with his dear child. But he does not make me secure and careless, but daily awakens in me the desire to be renewed more and more in the spirit of my mind after his image.

"The God who works all good in us, suffers first a filial fear to dwell in my heart, yea, a real trembling in the presence of his Divine majesty, which preserves me from sinning against his mercy. He purgeth me as a branch in the vine, that I may constantly bear fruit. Such a continued renewal and sanctification is carried on in my soul, that I do not yield to sin, but contend against it and overcome it; but not in my own name or strength, but through the Holy Spirit, which abides with me and urges me on. In the faith of Jesus is my beginning, middle and end; thereby a new power is born in me, and I am conscious of a heavenly fire and light in my soul; destroying all coldness and darkness—I taste the sweet love of Jesus—the good tree puts forth blossoms abundantly and bears fruits that please God and man. God exalts the humble, for all the grace of the Spirit flows in the vale of humility; but the true humility has its ground and root in justification by faith."

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