

formed them out of nothing, and hung them in the sky. How vast they are! What little insects we are in comparison; and yet *God cares for us!*

I have been talking only of the planets, and have said nothing about the stars. The stars that we see by thousands every night above us—how little we know of those that we can see, or think of the millions beyond our view. I have only room to say it is supposed that they are like our Sun, and that each has its family of planets. But how wonderfully distant are they placed in space!

On the plain we have imagined, we have travelled a little more than six miles to the place of the farthest of the planets. If we would go on to the region of the stars, we have by the same proportion of the little inch that represents our world, a long journey, indeed, before us for it reaches to hundreds of thousands of miles! We cannot imagine this distance. The idea is too vast for our feeble minds. We can only bow with deepest reverence before the great Builder of the Universe, while St. John's devout language in the Revelation rises to our lips, "Great and marvellous are Thy works, Lord God Almighty."

DONALD'S LUCK.

A SCOTCH STORY.

The heather was purpling the braes in the sunshine, and blue forget-me-nots were in bloom in spots glistening with the wash of the swift little stream below. Above was a clear blue summer sky with little floats of white clouds, "like ships," Donald said. But Jessie thought they were more like soft white cushions, and she longed to lie on one and be floated far over that clear blue sea.

For these children, who lived in the humblest sort of a cot, had fancies of their own which they had learned from sky and heather, and mountain loch. Donald, especially had his own dreams.

"One of these days I shall be a dominie," he said. "I like to tell people their duty. But I shall not pound the pulpit cushions as hard as Dominie Graham, and I will never, never have more than 'sixthly' in my sermons."

"But mother can never gie ye an education," cried Jessie. "An education is a grand thing, and takes muckle siller."

"Yes, I know," answered Donald, looking far up into the tender blue of the sky; "but my luck's coming. Didn't old Gibbie Sanders tell my fortune? And she said I'd live to preach in my native town, yet."

"Oh, well, Gibbie had been feasting on mother's hot scones, and wanted to please her," said shrewd little Jessie. "Besides, it's nae luck at a', but just Providence, settles things for us."

At this moment there came a faint sound to their ears—a sound that no Highland child can mistake—the low, plaintive bleat of a young lamb. Donald hurried in the direction of the sound, and saw a puny little creature huddled up under a thorn-bush, shivering, although the spring air was warm and balmy.

"My luck!" cried Donald; what did I say? I never found anything in my life before," and he raised the little thing in his arms, tenderly.

"But it belongs to some one," said blue-eyed Jessie, wistfully eyeing the little thing which she would have been glad to have had for a pet.

"It must have belonged to the great herds which were driven through yesterday," cried Donald. They'll never come back for a sickly thing like this. It's mine, and I'll call it 'My Luck.'"

So the lamb was carried home and tended carefully. It proved to have come of a fine breed, for its wool was white and wavy and shining as silk. When shearing time came the children scarcely liked to have its beautiful coat taken off; but then the money brought Donald a coat for himself, and that was something.

So the time went on, and Donald kept his dreams, and bought an old Latin grammar with some of the "Luck" money, as he called it, and studied at odd moments. But one afternoon Luck was missing, and the boy grew very anxious.

"Perhaps he has gone to that flock in Birkenhead Brae," said Jessie. "Poor Luck, he must have been very lonesome without even one lamb to

play with. You know we are not just the same, because he cannot say a word to us that we'd understand."

Donald hurried out to look for his lamb, fearful of the worst. No, it had not been seen at Birkenhead Brae. Then he took a narrow path along the steep, rocky sides of a precipice. Only to look down made him giddy; yet he knew that sheep can often climb where human feet dare not follow. And indeed, as he peered down, he thought he discerned a white spot among the dark rocks. A sick feeling came over him as he looked. Could it be that his Luck was gone? If so, he must try to save it. But how?

He dared not take a step down the slippery way. He looked about in despair. In another moment his Luck might be dashed to its death on the rocks. Just then a friendly shepherd came by with a coil of rope in his hand. Donald cried out to him for help.

The man looked down somewhat stolidly. "Such a bother about one lamb!" he said.

"But it's all—it's my Luck!" cried Donald, frantically; and at last the man was wrought upon by the boy's earnestness. The rope was placed in Donald's hand, and by its help he climbed carefully down. His brain reeled as he hung over the abyss. For a moment it seemed as if he must drop into it. The next, a faint bleat came to him. Surely that was Luck's voice, for Donald imagined that his lamb had a peculiar bleat. Yes, it was indeed Luck; and the boy seized him with delight, and with some difficulty threw him over his shoulder. Then he began to climb rather painfully up again, but his heart beat with triumph.

"Surely he ought to bring ye luck, my boy," said the shepherd, as Donald gained the top, his face flushed and every vein standing out with the great strain.

There was some one else coming near as the boy gained the height, and he saw in a moment that it was no other than Dominie Graham.

"What, my boy,—seeking the lost sheep? (Does it know your voice? You remember what Jesus says: 'My sheep know My voice?' I hope you know the voice of that blessed Shepherd, Donald; I hope you are not a wandering sheep who does not love the fold. What's this I hear of your studying the Latin Grammar?"

So Donald in the excitement of the moment, told the good old man of his plans and hopes, and the Dominie took a fancy to him on the spot, and from that moment helped him on with his education.

So Donald persisted in saying that the lamb was well named "Luck," but in his own heart he thanked God for His goodness. And the day came when he stood up in the pulpit in his native town and preached to other wandering sheep.

HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

GERMAN TOAST.—To one egg, beaten well, add one cup of sweet milk or cream; season with a little salt and pepper. Cut stale bread in slices, dip in the milk to moisten, and fry in butter on a griddle. This is a nice dish for breakfast.

BREAST OF MUTTON.—Boil a breast of mutton; when nearly done, take it out, lay it on a dish or between two plates, put a heavy weight on it, let it remain to get cold; the next day cover it with bread and egg crumbs, and put it down to roast, or put it in the oven. This is a delicious dish for a small family.

TO REMOVE PAINT.—A lady writes: I have directions for taking the paint off old woodwork, which was used in my house about twelve years ago, the woodwork underneath slightly stained and varnished, and it is as good now as it was when new, never blisters like paint, and suits any paper; if well washed, it looks as if it had been fresh varnished. The recipe was given to me by the men who did it; but I have not tried it myself. Recipe for removing paint: One third potash, two thirds soda, with a small lump of quicklime, and a little sal-volatile; leave on one day, and wash off with hot water.

SEDATIVE WATER.—An excellent sedative water for external application for bruises or aches of any kind is composed of ammonia, two ounces; tincture of camphor, two and a half drachms; common salt, two ounces; and water, two pints. Mix and dissolve without heat. This is largely used in France, and is sold under a patent medicine name. When strengthened by the addition of ten drachms more of ammonia it is an excellent liniment for cattle.

FOR HOUSE PLANTS.—Put ten drops of carbolic acid in a pint of water, and water the pots with this solution; it will kill the worms, and the plants will begin to thrive at once.

FOR CLEANING BRASS.—The following are very good recipes: Rottenstone, two ounces; oxalic acid, one half ounce; sweet oil, three-fourths of an ounce; turpentine, enough to make a paste. Apply it with a little water. Another mode: finely powdered sal ammoniac; water to moisten, or rock-alum, one part; water, sixteen parts; mix. Warm the articles to be cleaned, then rub with either of the above mixtures, and finish with tripoli. This process will give them the brilliancy of gold.

STARCH POLISH.—To make starch polish, take two ounces of spermaceti, two of white wax, and melt them together with gentle heat; add one teaspoonful to one pint of starch.

TO RESTORE COLOR.—When color on a fabric has been destroyed, sponge it with acid ammonia, after which an application of chloroform will restore the original color.

SCALLOPED ONIONS.—Slice six large onions, pour boiling water over them and cook a short time. Change the water and boil fifteen minutes more, then pour off the water. Butter a pudding dish, and place in it first a layer of bread crumbs, then a layer of the onions, and season well with salt and pepper and bits of butter; then another layer of crumbs and one of onions, and lastly a light layer of crumbs, seasoning all well. Pour over this sweet milk, all the dish will hold, and bake an hour and a half in a moderate oven. This is a very acceptable dish, and those who object to onions cooked in other ways consider this quite palatable.

DO NOT LET KNIVES be dropped into hot water. It is a good plan to have a large tin pot to wash them in, just high enough to wash the blades without wetting the handles.

NEW IRON should be gradually heated at first. After it has become used to the heat it is not likely to crack.

DO NOT let a man reproach thee for being proud or ill-natured, envious or conceited, ignorant or destructive, consider with thyself whether his reproaches be true. If they are not, consider that thou art not the person whom he reproaches, but that he reviles an imaginary being, and perhaps loves what thou really art, although he hates what thou appearest to be. If his reproaches are true, if thou art the envious, ill-natured man he takes thee for, give thyself another turn, become mild, affable and obliging, and his reproaches of thee naturally cease. His reproaches may indeed continue, but thou art no longer the person he reproaches.—*Epictetus*.

I HAVE heard it asked why we speak of the dead with unqualified praise: of the living, always with certain reservations. It may be answered, because we have nothing to fear from the former, while the latter may stand in our way: so impure is our boasted solicitude for the memory of the dead. If it were the sacred and earnest feeling we pretend, it would strengthen and animate our intercourse with the living.—*Goethe*.

—Satan always rocks the cradle when we sleep our devotions. If we would prevail with God, we must first wrestle first with our own dullness.