

If Papa Were Only Ready.

BY P. F. BLISS.

I should like to die, said Willie, if my papa could die too;
But he says he isn't ready, 'cause he has so much to do;
And my little sister Nellie says that I must surely die,
And that she and mamma—then she stopped, because it made me cry.

But she told me, I remember, once, while sitting on her knee,
That the angels never weary watching over her and me,
And that if we're good—and mamma told me just the same before,
They will let us into heaven when they see us at the door.

There I know I shall be happy, and shall always want to stay;
I shall love to hear the singing, I shall love the endless day;
I shall love to be with Jesus, I shall love Him more and more;
And I'll gather water-lilies for the angel at the door.

There will be none but the holy, I shall know no more of sin;
I shall see mamma and Nellie, for I know they'll let them in,
But I'll have to tell the angel when I meet him at the door.
That he must excuse my papa, 'cause he couldn't leave the store.

Nellie says that very likely I shall soon be called away;
If papa were only ready, I should like to go to-day;
But if I should go before him to that world of light and joy,
I guess he'd want to come to heaven to see his little boy.

True Friendship Only in a True Heart.

There is, indeed, a great deal of ingratitude, and a great deal of injustice in the world, and yet love is a thing so discriminating, so free in its choice, so incapable of purchase, of bribe, or bondage, that I believe it is very rarely, if ever, permanently misplaced, of being finally withheld if really merited.

True affection as naturally flows towards the excellent and amiable, and as naturally avoids the mean, the selfish, and ill-natured, as water escaping from the harsh and rugged rock rests not till it reposes in the flowery bosom of the valley. We do, indeed, sometimes see ill-judging people lavishing their admiration on persons of superficial virtue and great professions; but in the sequel even these will be compelled to own their error, and acknowledge the superior worth of the modest, unpretending, consistent, benevolent character. If I was about to make a choice of a particular friend among a number of persons, I should not be guided by their conduct or professions to me, but by their behaviour to their own families, and among their own friends. A person who sustains one relation well, will not fail in another. I should be quite sure that a dutiful, attentive daughter, a kind, disinterested, and self-denying sister would make a good friend; on the contrary, no attentions or professions to myself could induce me to believe that an individual who failed in these relations was capable of disinterested and faithful friendship. I should fully expect that as soon as the

novelty of our intimacy wore off, the first time an interest or inconvenience happened to clash, I should experience the same want of kindness and generosity I had witnessed in the case of the others.—*Jane Taylor.*

A Cheap Bath Outfit.

As warm weather approaches the necessity of some arrangement for bathing becomes apparent. Nothing is more conducive to the health and comfort of laboring men in summer than a daily bath, and it is a matter of regret that there are so few conveniences for the purpose in most homes, especially those in the country. Farmers in particular need bathing facilities, and yet in most cases they are almost entirely destitute of them. For their benefit we will describe a little device of our own, which we have used for several years with great satisfaction, and can recommend to all who want a cheap, convenient and easily managed apparatus for sponge bathing in the bed-room.

The articles required are a piece of rubber cloth a yard and a quarter square; four slats, two inches wide and three feet long, notched at the ends so as to lock together in the form of a square, and a large sponge. The slats are placed on the floor and the oil cloth is spread over them,—there is no need of fastening it to the slats—forming a shallow, square vessel a yard wide. In this the bather stands and applies the water with a sponge from the basin or bowl on the stand placed conveniently near. There need be no danger of wetting the carpet, or soiling the furniture.

When the bath is finished, gather three corners of the rubber cloth in the left hand, take the fourth corner in the right in such a way as to form a spout when lifted and held over the slop-jar or bucket. The water is poured out in a moment, when the cloth should be spread over the back of a chair to dry and the slats unlocked and set away in a closet. This is much easier than to bring a tub up from the cellar and carry it back again, besides giving a much more roomy and satisfactory bath. The rubber cloth, however, may be used as a cape over the shoulders in a rain-storm, or as a protection for the knees in the buggy in stormy weather.

The whole cost of the rubber cloth, sponge and slats, is only about two dollars, and if carefully kept will last for years.—*Indiana Farmer.*

Rose Bugs.

It is said that Paris green applied to rose bushes and grape vines infested with rose bugs will kill the insects as surely as it does the potato bug, when used on potato plants. The application can be dry, mixed with flour, or land plaster, or in liquid form, mixed with water, and sprinkled on, in the same manner as for the potato bug.—[*Vick's Magazine* for June.

About the best way of solving the scrapbook question is to get a number of the long, flat boxes that spools of thread come in; into each of these put scraps relating to a certain subject, label the box in large, clear letters on the end, put these boxes on a shelf laid one upon another so that you can see at once what and where is the needed scrap. This is the simplest and best known plan, and is far more convenient than the scrap book proper, or the envelope, and the gain in time from its practice is wonderful.

Happy Home.

Puck tells us it is not always the costliest home that is the happiest. Now, take the Indian wigwam. It doesn't contain the luxuries of the bank-president's home. All the carpet is an odd robe or two; the luxurious arm-chair is the ground, and there is no bric-a-brac except a scalp or two. Yet the Indian is happy. There is not a shadow to dim the pure old-gold sunshine of his wild life. He sees the smoke curl softly upwards from under the kettle that contains his meal, and float away through the rustling of the pine.

This picture makes his happiness complete, as he lies on the ground smoking and watching his wife do all the work. It is no wonder the Indian likes home, because that is the place where he never has anything to do but sit around and sleep. When he comes in from the hunt he is never sent off to the village to have some cretonne matched, or told to sit and hold three or four hanks of yarn that are to be wound; he doesn't have to take care of the pappoose while his wife goes shopping; he doesn't have to stand on a barrel and build up the obstinate stovepipe, section by section, with the soot pouring down in his eyes. He isn't asked what every woman he met had on, and is consequently not blown up for not having noticed.

Think what a happy home the Indian has, when you come to consider that his wife doesn't wear silk dresses, or twenty-dollar bonnets, or care anything about the operas, or horses and carriages. Why, the squaw is perfect in a blouse and a pair of army trousers. The noble woman makes every sacrifice to render her husband happy. He never knows what it is to be kept awake half the night to be talked into making some frivolous and unnecessary purchase, or to learn that the squaw in the next wigwam possesses something that he does not. These are some of the things that tend to make the Indian's home happy.

Making Character.

Many people seem to forget that character grows, that it is not something to be put on ready-made with manhood or womanhood, but that, day by day, here a little and there a little, it grows with the growth and strengthens with the strength, until, good or bad, it becomes almost a coat of mail. Look at a man of business—prompt, reliable, conscientious, yet clear-headed and energetic. When do you suppose he developed all those admirable qualities? When he was a boy? Let us see the way in which a boy of ten gets up in the morning, works, plays, studies, and we will tell you just what kind of a man he will make. The boy that is late to breakfast, and late at school, stands a poor chance to be a prompt man. The boy who neglects his duties, be they ever so small, and then excuses himself by saying, "I forgot; I didn't think," will never be a reliable man. And the boy who finds pleasure in the sufferings of weaker things will never be a noble, generous, kindly man—a gentleman.

"Pashence is a good thing for a man to have," says Josh Billings, "but when he has got so much of it that he can fish all day over the side of a boat without any bait on his hook, laziness is what's the matter with him."