

## OUR HOMES

**BABIES CRY FOR WATER** and are crammed to repletion with milk instead, and cry the more, for which they get paregoric, nauseous oil, etcetera. They need water as much as older people, both physiologically and feelingly, and should be regularly supplied with all they will drink.

**A SAND BAG IN ILLNESS** is said to be even better than the hot water rubber bag, since it retains the heat longer, and is more easily adjusted to different parts of the body. It is made of flannel, about eight inches square, filled with sand, carefully sewed up, and inclosed in another bag of cotton or linen. It is heated in an oven, but not in contact with the iron; keeping a fresh one warming as the first begins to lose its heat.

**HOME INFLUENCE.**—Our home influence is not a passing but an abiding one, and all-powerful for good or evil, for peace or strife, for happiness or misery. Each separate home has been likened to a central sun around which revolves a happy and united band of warm, loving hearts, acting, thinking, rejoicing, and sorrowing together. Which member of the family group can say, "I have no influence?" What sorrow or what happiness lies in the power of each!

**HESITATION.**—Hesitation and vacillation are two qualities which count for a good deal in the histories of disappointment. A man who is not quite certain which way he means to go, and stands hesitating at the cross roads, makes no progress on his journey; and a woman who has a heap of odds and ends to attend to—household duties, letters to write, visits to pay, etc.—and sits down with her hands before her, trying to make up her mind what she will begin upon first, will never do anything so long as she sits there.

**THE best thing** is not to consider so much, "What shall my boy learn?" as to set to work to carefully watch and study all the little things your son performs in his boyish life, in which he is apt to display his natural longings and desires and to betray evidences of early talent and what he is best fitted for. By so doing you will gain the important knowledge of what your boy would learn with the most pleasure and quickness, and it will be very easy to start him on the road on which he will be able to make the most headway and progress.

**BE TRUE TO YOURSELF.**—Learn to be a man of your word. One of the most disheartening of all things is to be associated in an undertaking with a person whose word is not to be depended upon, and there are plenty of them in this wide world, people whose promise is as slender as a spider's web. Let your given word be as a hempen rope, a chain of wrought steel, that will bear the heaviest sort of strain. It will go far in making a man of you: and a real man is the noblest work of God; not a lump of moist putty moulded and shaped by the last influence met with that was calculated to make an impression, but a man of forceful, energized, self-reliant and reliable character, a positive quality that can be calculated upon.

**THE BATTLE OF LIFE.**—The young who have had to plod their way through life alone, and perhaps from years of infancy, without guidance of father or mother, and who have made a successful struggle, are men and women worthy of all praise. They have been exposed to every danger, and, above all, to danger of loss of faith. As orphans they had but few friends; and if lucky enough to find shelter in some asylum they were there only long enough to learn what was absolutely necessary to get along with. They, above all others, can tell what a battle life is, and how discouraging is the contest when carried on alone. But from the cradle to the grave every man's experience is valuable, especially when the useful lesson which it teaches is not thrown away or forgotten.

**LIFE.**—They who say that this is a miserable life say not well. It is a misanthropy or a diseased imagination only that says this. Life is liable to

misery, but misery is not its very being; it is not a miserable existence. Witness—I know not what things to say or how many. The eye is opened to a world of beauty, and to a heaven—all sublimity and loveliness. The ear heareth tones and voices that touch the heart with joy, with rapture. The great wide atmosphere breathes upon us, bathes us with softness and fragrance. Then look deeper. How many conditions are happy! Childhood is happy, and youth is prevailingly happy, and prosperity hath its joy, and wealth its satisfaction; and the warm blood that flows in the ruddy cheek and sinewy arm of honest poverty is a still better gift. No song is so hearty and cheering—none that steals forth from the windows of gay saloons—as the song of honest labour among the hills and mountains. Oh! to be a man, with the true energies and affections of a man; all men feel it to be good. To be a healthful, strong, true-hearted, and loving man, how much better is it than to be the minion or master of any condition, lord, landgrave, King or Cæsar! How many affections, too, are happy! Gratitude, generosity, pity, love, and consciousness of being loved. And to bow the heart in lowliness and adoration, before the infinite, all blessing, ever-blessing One, to see in the all-surrounding brightness and glory, not beauty and majesty only, but the all-beautiful, the all-majestic, all conscious *Mind* and *Spirit* of love; this is to be filled with more than created fulness—it is to be filled with all the fulness of God.—*Dewey*.

### GILMORE'S BAND.

Our fair Capital—very fair and sweet after the salutary showers of the past few weeks—assumed her gayest aspect on the occasion of the visit of Gilmore's band—the world renowned. During the clear, warm midsummer day the ordinary business of life was laid aside—in spirit, if not literally,—while the one topic of conversation was Gilmore's Band; the one object, possession of good seats for the great concert.

In this beautiful but ever unsatisfactory world, as a rule almost universal, the pleasure of anticipation, in great things and small, exceeds that of realization. But the gay, expectant throngs gathered to do homage to Mr. Gilmore realized the repetition of history in an experience akin to that of the Queen of Sheba.

The wonderful culture of the voices of the soloists, the perfection of the instrumental selections, must have delighted the heart of the musician; but to all the rendition of Puermer's "Charge of the Light Brigade" and Charles Kunel's "Alpine Storm" were marvels of delight. In the former no vivid imagination was necessary to suggest the rain of bullets, the clashing of bayonets, the boom of cannon; the latter was most realistic. The salutations of shepherds at daybreak on their lutes mingle with the tingling of the sheep bells. Soon, rumbling of distant thunder precedes the swish of sudden rain, increasing to intensity, and accompanied by shrill whistling, as of wind among the pines, an effect so real that to the spectators in the heated hall seems wafted a breath of cool, moist air. Gradually the storm subsides, the shepherds' lutes again are heard, and (as the writer for one moment believed), nature, with singular opportuneness, provided the twittering of birds in the eaves of the building; but a glance at the programme revealed the fact that the birds were expected; so was the burst of golden sunshine concluding the "Storm," and preceding a perfect rapture of applause.

### SONNET.

Come Summer, come, bring me thy June once more,  
With all its tenderness of budding sweets,  
Filling the subtle summer air that beats  
With melody of birds. Come, I implore!  
My spirit craves thee as the lonely shore—  
All weary waiting for the sea—entreats  
It to return, which, dancing strandward, greets  
It lovingly, and clasps it o'er and o'er.  
Thus shalt thou clasp me, treasured month of June,—  
Holding me captive to thy throbbing heart,  
Breathing thy perfumes o'er me till I swoon  
With rapture—knowing soon that we must part;  
Knowing thou, too, wilt vanish like the sea,  
Leaving me lonely still to wait for thee!  
Windsor, N.S. HATTIE R. McLELLAN.

## Humorous

It was a woman who saw the first snake, but since the men have attended to that sort of thing.

THE self-closing door-spring is an awful aggravation to the man who is going out of your office mad and wants to slam the door.

A CERTAIN journal mentions James Clark and wife, who were "born, died and buried on the same day." He and his wife must have been awfully young.

HOUSEHOLDER: "See here, I could put a new pipe in for the price you charged me for mending that leak." Plumber (with an injured air): "Well, if you preferred a new pipe why didn't you say so?"

MRS. O. B. JOLLY: "I invited twenty people to the party and twenty have come. I have refreshments for only fifteen. What shall I do?" Mr. O. B. Jolly (after a moment's thought): "I have it. Let Maria sing for them just before supper."

IS HE A WOMAN-HATER?—The only chance we can see for unfortunate man is to fix a limit of age, say 30 or thereabouts, for women voters, and swear them to their age. An unmarried woman who would publicly own up to 30 might perhaps be safely entrusted with a vote.

NOT IN THE PICTURE.—Lady Thyra (reading catalogue)—Two dogs, after Landseer. Lady Myra: But where is Landseer? I don't see him. Lady Thyra: Why, surely, you don't suppose he would stay there with those two ferocious looking brutes after him. I know I shouldn't if I were in his place.

A LITTLE girl lately brought a volume to a Glasgow librarian, with the following message: "John sent me w' this book, and he wants the next one." "And who is John?" gruffly questioned the man of books. "Oh," answered the girl, innocently, "he's gettin' better. He'll sune be able to be out again."

PRESIDENT-ELECT HARRISON is having a lively time with his grandson Benjamin whose mother is in New York. The little fellow is quiet enough during the day, but is certain to awaken in the small hours of the morning, and it is gravely related that the only person who can comfort him is Grandpa Harrison, who is obliged to carry the boy about in his arms and hum a lullaby as he walks.

"Is this whaur the Hielan' boat frae *Dimerara* comes in?" was the startling question levelled at a friend of mine the other day while he pursued his work at a shipping box on the Broomielaw. For a moment he stared at the woman, while an amused smile crept over his rubicund countenance. "It'll be the Inveraray boat you mean, my woman," he said. "Weel, maybe that's it. I was sent for Jean's kist," the woman said.

A DANGEROUS EXPERIMENT.—Miss Antique (school teacher): "What does w-h-i-t-e spell?" Class: No answer. Miss Antique: "What is the colour of my skin?" Class (in chorus): "Yellow."

The longest day is in June, they say;  
The shortest in December.  
They did not come to me that way;  
The shortest I remember  
You came a day with me to stay,  
And filled my heart with laughter;  
The longest day—you were away—  
The very next day after.

THE way of the drunkard is hard. Dr. Carothers says he is the helpless victim of transmitted heredity; Dr. Keeley says he is a sufferer from disease and is to be treated accordingly; the prohibitionist says he is an anarchist and needs only the restraining hand of law; Dr. Crosby says he is a free moral agent and must be so held and dealt with; the high-license man says he is the victim of over indulgence and cheap liquor, and if his whiskey cost more he would drink less of it, and now the Minnesota Legislature classes him with the burglar and the robber and makes drunkenness a penal offence. The wine cup not only stingeth like an adder, but it biteth like a multiplication table in its diffusive treatments. After a while it will get to be so that a man will have to consult a lawyer before he dares take a drink, and then he won't have enough money to get drunk on. All these things, therefore, tend to ultimate prohibition.

THE Albany *Journal* states that a dirty, foul-mouthed tramp called at the house of a Bethlehem widow, living alone, about 7 o'clock in the morning, and offered to saw wood in return for a breakfast. The woman eyed him suspiciously. "Are ye hungry?" she asked. "Yessum, hungrier nor a bear." "Well, ye can have yer feed first, I guess." He was given a bountiful meal. At the conclusion the tramp rose and took up an ugly-looking bludgeon. "I'll keep my eyes wide open tight," he said, grinning, and if I see a man as wants ter saw yer wood fer his breakfast I'll give him yer address." Then he opened the door and slouched out. He had gone but a few steps when he heard the widow's sharp voice calling a halt. He turned with an oath and saw a gun pointed squarely at him. The widow ordered him to come right back. He came back and sawed, not one, but two cords of wood, killed and plucked two chickens, whitewashed the hen house, and cleaned out the cow stable.