

Chats with the Children.

A GOOD NIGHT PRAYER.
My Father, hear my prayer,
Before I go to rest,
It is Thy little child
Who cometh to be blest.

Forgive me all my sin,
That I may sleep this night
In safety and in peace
Until the morning light.
Lord, help me every day
To love Thee more and more,
To strive to do Thy will,
To worship and adore.

Then look upon me, Lord,
Ere I lie down to rest;
It is Thy little child
Who cometh to be blest.

MYTH OF THE TERM EL DORADO.

El Dorado is the term now heard on every side in connection with the placer mines of Canada. Its derivation is of interest. In the fifteenth century it was rumored that there existed in the northern part of South America a city of great wealth called Manoa, whose king, by name El Dorado, was periodically smeared with gold dust and then bathed in a sacred lake in which he afterwards bathed. Beginning in 1538 the Spaniards sent many large expeditions to search for this phantom city, and most of them ended disastrously, hundreds of lives being lost. One explorer, Orellana, averred that he found El Dorado in his voyage down the Amazon in 1540. This was disproved, but the search was continued down to the eighteenth century. Some of the results were the conquest and settlement of New Granada, the making known to the world of the mountain region of Venezuela, the discovery of the noble rivers, the Orinoco and the Amazon, and the exploration of the vast forests west of the Andes. About the end of the sixteenth century an English expedition, either sent out by or under the personal leadership of Raleigh, penetrated into Guiana, thereby obtaining a claim on that country which has resulted in the acquisition of the modern British colony of that name.

It has been supposed that the origin of this fable arose from the yearly celebration of Indians near Bogota, whose chief was on these occasions gilded with gold dust, but this ceremony was never witnessed by the Spaniards, and the story may simply be another version of the El Dorado myth.

The name El Dorado was commonly used to describe the city or country which was the object of the search, but a later usage of the term has been its figurative application to any region of more than common richness. El Dorado county, in California, was the scene of the famous gold finds of '49, and since then the expression has been used to describe many gold camps.

THEY BROUGHT THEIR FLOWERS TO THE ALTAR.
Blossoms of white and red;
Lilies and violets and roses
The sweetest of perfume shed;
And none of the rich and mighty
Who lavished their wealth that day,
Took heed of a child among them
Who timidly pressed her way.

She crept up close to the altar,
And there 'neath lily's crown,
With tender, reverent fingers
She laid her offering down.
And said to a curious question,
As the flower dropped from her hand,
"It only a little day;
But God will understand."

Sweet, childish faith! Oh, teach us
Our little best to give,
Though the world be richer and greater
Than the humble life we live;
And to offer our grateful service
Forever with loving hand,
Safe in the blessed assurance
That God will understand.

A RECIPE FOR SOAP-BUBBLES.
No one has yet been able to make a soap-bubble that will not burst, but by care we can make one that lasts for some time. Its length of life will depend largely upon the mixture used in blowing it, and the care we take in protecting it from drafts. Perhaps some of you do not know how to make a good soap-bubble mixture, so I will give you directions for preparing one.

Put into a pint bottle two ounces of best white Castile soap, cut into thin shavings, and fill the bottle with cold water which has been first boiled and left to cool. Shake well together, and allow the bottle to stand until the upper part of the solution is clear. Decant now of this clear solution two parts, and add one part of glycerin, and you will have a soap-bubble mixture very much like one suggested by Prof. J. P. Cook of Harvard College.

Some of you may wonder why bubbles cannot be blown from water alone. It is because the particles do not possess sufficient attraction for one another to form a film. Mysteriously, the soap increases this attraction, even if the quantity be as small as one hundredth part of the solution. We add the glycerin to make the film more gorgeous by bringing about a greater play of colors. Bear in mind that a carefully prepared mixture will save you much disappointment.

The solution now being at hand, we use the ordinary clay tobacco-pipe in blowing. Always use a new one, for one in which tobacco has been smoked is poisoned. With a little practice, and a moderate amount of patience, bubbles measuring eight or ten inches in diameter may be produced, and even larger ones if the lungs be filled. The pipe, of course, should be held steadily, and the breath forced into the bubble evenly. In order to watch a bubble carefully, we may wish to support it in some way. A common table goblet will make a good stand if its edge is first dipped into melted paraffin, or well soaped, which prevents it from cutting into the film.—St. Nicholas.

MUD-PIES.
Here comes little Patter-foot,
But her tongue has wet red eyes,
Patter-foot has wet red eyes,
Crying over spilt mud-pies;
Too long standing in the sun,
Her mud-pies were over-done.

Clouds are coming up the skies;
Clouds bring rain, and rain mud-pies.
Patter-foot will take her nap,
Putting on her dressing cap—
Really it is pety scene!
We can't follow her in dreams!

Waking, after all the rain,
Patter-foot may try again:
Full her mouth is putting-dish—
Mud as much as heart can wish.
All that troubles Patter-foot,
Mud-pies are not good to eat!

TWO BEASTS THAT HAD SLAVE ELEPHANTS.

It was our good fortune to be present at an important meeting of the "Kheddah," at Ohia, on the banks of the Ganges, where the Nepalese Government had sent down their magnificent troop of tame elephants, for the chase of the wild ones. They were about two hundred and fifty in number—magnificent, noble creatures!

The two finest among them were the "kings" of the troop, and were called "Bijli Prasad" and "Narain Gaj Prasad." Bijli Prasad, which means "Lord of Lightning," was such a grand fellow! The width of his brow was so great that he could not put his head through our hall-door; and he kept to the smallest point what a mighty creature he is. He and his companion, Narain Gaj Prasad, which means "The Fearless Lord," are provided with two slave elephants, and the only duty of the latter is to fetch and provide fodder for Bijli and Narain Gaj. They do their duty right well. At early dawn their mahouts, or drivers, drive them into their jungles, and they work like real slaves. They collect the sweet sugar-canes, tearing them up by their roots, the young succulent grasses and tender leaves, and heap them up in masses which weigh about three hundred pounds each. These loads are put on their backs, and twice a day they gladly carry in their burdens and lay them at the feet of their lords.

We went out by moonlight to see the latter feed, and any child would enjoy the strange sight. First of all the mahout makes a great big camp fire of twigs and brush-wood, and on it he places a large flat iron dish, supported on two bricks. Then he takes wheat flour and kneads it with water into great round flat cakes about an inch thick and twice the circumference of a camp-plate. These cakes he bakes on the iron dish.

We were anxious to taste them, and we found them very good. We punched out with our fingers all the nice brown spots, and ate them, piping hot. And to make up to Bijli and Narain for taking part of their supper, we had prepared a treat, of which they are particularly fond. From the bazaar we had brought great balls of sugarcane juice boiled down and made solid, called "goor" in that country. Each ball was twice the size of a tennis-ball, and in each wheat-cake or "chapati" we rolled a lump of this molasses. You should have seen how the big beasts enjoyed their food—how their great trunks rested down on our shoulders, always upturned for the forthcoming delicacy!

THE LAPP'S SNOWSHOES.
For many months in the year in the north of Scandinavia the snow lies deep and frozen over the surface of the earth. Ordinary walking is not possible, as with every step the weight of the body would cause one to sink deep down into the treacherous snow, and the fatigue would not only be terrible, but the risk to life would be enormous. The Lapps, the young Lapps, have to learn as soon as possible the art of walking on snowshoes, a much more difficult matter than you may be inclined to suppose.

The Lapp snowshoes are made of fir wood, pointed and slightly upturned at either end. They are a third of an inch thick in the centre, which is the thickest part, four or five inches wide and vary in length from seven to fourteen feet. In the centre is a loop through which the foot is passed, and the wearer is furnished with two wooden staves with iron spikes at the ends, which he holds one in each hand, and by which he can help to push himself forward. The feet have to be lightly raised one after the other, and the motion is gliding and swift. Lapps can easily travel from ten to 15 miles an hour when the snow is crisp and in good condition.

The greatest difficulty is found in ascending and descending steep hills. The ascent is made in zigzag, and is very hard work to those who are not used to it. In the descent the feet have to be kept quite still and close together and the body bent forward, while the traveller guides his course into the snow now on one side and now on the other. The speed is very great, and no one could thus come down a mountain side who had not been in the habit of wearing snowshoes from his childhood upward. Any one who has not been used to do so has to ride in a staff, leaning heavily upon it, so as to decrease the speed, and keeping the feet quite close together. Even this is not at all easy, and the traveller will suddenly lose his balance, and rise to see his snowshoes far below him at the bottom of the mountain side.

The Lapps, however, have great skill in the use of snowshoes, and it is surprising to see how much at home even young children are upon them, leaping and guiding themselves among the great boulder stones on the hill sides and lake shores.

Before putting on snowshoes the feet are wrapped round with a thick layer of "shoe grass," an herb which has the rare quality of preserving heat. The reindeer boot is put on the top of this, and, slipping his foot into the band of his snowshoe, the Lapp is then ready for his journey or hunting expedition, as the case may be, for so rapidly can he move on these shoes that he can pursue and capture the wolf, the glutton, or any other beast of prey which may threaten his herds.

His short, vigorous legs are well fitted for all such exercises, and there is not a freer, happier creature in the world than the Lapp, speeding along through the clear frosty air of his northern land upon his swift trusty snowshoes.

Misuse of the Flag.

It was reported the other day in Toronto that a party of the American Grand Army of the Republic, visiting the city, had broken the by-law by marching through the streets without a British flag, and had been stopped by a policeman. It happily turned out that the report was baseless, the Americans having provided themselves, as quickly as possible, after landing, with the requisite Union Jack. The by-law which is believed to have its counter-parts on the other side of the line, is, wherever it exists, a piece of asinine jingoism and municipal bannalism. Does the Toronto City Council suppose that when a Boston corps visited England the other day it was compelled to carry a British flag through the streets of London? The incident, however, once more warns us of the danger of allowing the symbol of national honor to become the sport of irresponsible passions and folly. Suppose a visiting corps of Americans, ignorant of the by-law, had paraded without the British flag and been stopped by force, an affair with serious international consequences might have ensued. The flag ought to be considered national and capable of being the medium of international insult only when it is on a public building, a fort or ship, and all regulations respecting its use ought to be national. It is too much that a mere piece of bunting upon which any idiot may lay his hands should have the power of involving two nations in a quarrel, which, if their tempers happen to be otherwise excited at the time, it may be difficult for responsible statesmen to compose.

C. M. B. A.

STAFFORD, Sept. 9th, 1897.—At a regular meeting of Branch No. 13, C. M. B. A. of Stafford, held Sept. 8th, 1897, the following resolution was unanimously adopted: "That whereas it has pleased Almighty God to remove by death the mother of our respected Brothers, Gertrude, Michael and John O'Brien; resolved that we, the members of Branch No. 13, hereby express our heartfelt sorrow for the loss sustained by them and extend to them our most sincere sympathy and condolence in their sad affliction; also resolved that a copy of this resolution be inserted in the minutes of this meeting, and sent to them and also published in the official organ, James O'Leary, President; E. J. Kaneil, Secretary.

Laid to Rest.

At St. Michael's cemetery, this city, on Tuesday 7th the interment took place of the remains of Miss Alicia Chioptes, of Buenos Ayres, South America, who died recently in Chicago at a Reformatory hospital, where she had been undergoing treatment for consumption. The remains were brought to Toronto in order that they might lie in the same grave with those of her sister, Miss Mathilde Chioptes, who died in Toronto more than two years ago. The greatest sympathy is felt. The family is related to Halley's, formerly of Poseny, and is well-known in Elora and Guelph.

THEY NEVER FAIL.—Mr. S. M. Boughner, Laughton, writes: "For about two years I was troubled with Icterus, but by using Paruelco's Pills, I was completely cured, although four years have elapsed since then they have not returned." Paruelco's Pills are anti-bilious and a specific for the cure of Liver and Kidney Complaints, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Headache, Bilious, etc., and will break up the secretions and remove all bilious matter.

FARM AND GARDEN.

"The Drover's Journal," of Chicago, in referring to the difference in the price of Canadian and American bacon in England, says:

"Canadian bacon manufacturers are making the most of the excellent reputation they have won for their products, and are having no difficulty in selling them in competition with United States bacon in England at prices that justify them in paying \$2 per 100 pounds more for hogs, live weight, in Toronto than our producers pay for our best bacon hogs at Chicago. On Friday, August 6, a report of the Toronto Bacon and Hog Market was as follows: 'A few extra choice bacon hogs sold at best as \$6.00, but ruling price for best was \$5.80 to \$5.85.' On the same day some fancy light bacon hogs sold here at \$9.25, with \$8.85 to \$9.30 being the price for selected 100 to 180 lb. hogs. A comparison of results looks very unfavorable to the American hog grower, but when everything is considered he probably makes more money out of his hogs than the Canadian farmers who can get \$2 per 100 lbs. more for what they grow. The Canadian farmer engages in mixed husbandry, and while he grows a little of everything, he does nothing on a large scale. He raises perhaps one litter of pigs, and having perhaps no coarse grain feeds them on milk, peas, roots and grass, and his expense account is much larger than that of the United States hog grower, who can feed cheap corn to his cattle and fatten his hogs on what the cattle do not assimilate. There is doubtless more money to the grower in \$4 hogs at Chicago than in the \$6 hogs at Toronto, but the fact remains that our people ought to mend their ways and grow more choice lean bacon hogs. Corn, while being the cheapest feed, is too fattening to make good bacon, and as long as it is used exclusively American bacon will not be able to compete with Canadian bacon in the English markets."

In commenting on this confession as to the filthy manner of Western hog producers, The Farmers' Advocate, of London, says:

"The secret of the more favorable comparison is put in such a delicate way that those unfamiliar with Western methods of feeding may fail to recognize the point which it is said the United States hog grower can feed cheap corn to his cattle and fatten his hogs on what the cattle do not assimilate. This will be quite intelligible to the dweller in Hogland who knows that there the signal to meals for the porker is the elevation of the switch of a steer, and the Western hog knows as well as if he had human sense that 'the proof of the pudding is in the eating of it,' and our neighbors need not wonder if in these days of easy communication the English people have 'got on to the racket' and decline to regale themselves on bacon evolved from previously unassimilated matter, however cheaply produced."

"The filthy wholesale methods pursued by Western States farmers, whose big herds of steers consuming whole lots, are followed closely in the feed lot by hogs, are not wanted in the least. No later than our June 1st issue of the present year, when the result of a careful investigation by The Farmers' Advocate into the Essex county swine disease was published, we took occasion to warn the farmers against the adoption of the Western system. The truth of the matter is that Canadian bacon has attained its present pre-eminent position because of the intelligent attention paid for 20 years back to breeding the proper type of hog, managing and feeding it according to cleanly and rational methods."

The Weekly Sun:—"Hold your honey!"

That, in effect, was the advice of R. F. Holtzman, the big authority on bees, in conversation with The Sun a few days ago.

"Owing to the cold and wet," he said, "the crop in eastern and northern Ontario and in Quebec is very light. More than that, apples, which come more directly into competition with our product than any other fruit, are a very short crop. This being so, prices of honey are certain to advance up later on. They will be firmer now were it not that Western dealers, who have had a large crop for two seasons, do not realize the value of their product and are keeping prices down by crowding their commodity into the market."

"How about Canada's capacity to produce honey?" Mr. Holtzman was asked.

"We have not even begun to reach the limit in Ontario as yet," was the reply; "and even Manitoba will shortly become a large producer. Does do well in the West, but Manitoba," continued Mr. Holtzman, "cannot compete with Ontario in quality. The thistle, basswood and clover are our great sources of supply here. These all produce a light honey, and the blossom on them is so abundant in Ontario that bees naturally seek these sources, and our product is as a consequence light in color. In Manitoba it is different. There a greater variety of flowers is found and a lot of dark honey is produced which has not so high a marketable value as ours."

DOMESTIC READING.

Musie, with its subtle suggestions and perfect harmony, is a part of that unseen world where every ideal is real. If a man looks after the faults of others, and is always inclined to take offence, his own passions will grow, and he is far from the destruction of passions.

As long as we set up our own will and our own wisdom against God's we make a wall between us and His love. But as soon as we lay ourselves entirely at His feet, we have enough light given us to guide our own steps; as the foot-soldier who hears nothing of the councils that determine the course of the great battle he is in hears plainly enough the word of command which he must himself obey.

We want a guide who knows us, whether we be self-willed and over-confident, or worldly and aspiring. We want a guide who knows our frame and pitios us, is not vexed with our ignorance or mistakes, but is tender towards us and patient. We want a guide who values character and knows how to train while he guides; who guides for the purpose of training, sometimes into very hard paths, but profitable for the soul.

He is already half false who speculates on truth, and does not do so. Truth is given not to be contemplated, but to be done. Life is an action, not a thought; and the penalty paid by him who speculates on truth is, that by degrees the very truth he holds becomes to him a falsehood. There is no truthfulness, therefore, except in the witness borne to God by doing His will—to live the truths we hold, or else they will be no truths at all. It was thus that He witnessed the truth. He lived it.

The centre of felicity is not in the brain, it is in the vital nervous system and in the cavities of the body itself, near the stomach or heart. Felicity is favored by sufficiency of rest and sleep. Whatever prevents physical exhaustion and sustains physical strength sustains felicity. The one million rich shut up our twenty-five millions under bad conditions, and wonder why they know nothing of felicity, why they are peevish, melancholy, sometimes drunken. Wonder! The wonder is how human nature can bear such a famine of felicity and live—as if it only lived to die.

If one should give me a dish of sand, and tell me there were particles of iron in it, I might look for them with my eyes, and search for them with my clumsy fingers, and be unable to detect them; but let me take a magnet and sweep through it, and how would it draw to itself the most invisible particles by the mere power of attraction! The human heart, like my finger in the sand, discovers no morsels; but let the thankful heart sweep through the day, as the magnet finds the iron, so it will find in every hour some heavenly blessing; only the iron it. God's sand is gold.

Being is the great universal essence. From the most minute, indivisible atom that enters into the constitution of the earth to the mightiest orb in the firmament, from the lowest microscopic insect to the highest celestial spirit, from space to space, from star to star, the chain of being universally extends. It is the most ubiquitous, the most multitudinous thing in existence, the supreme foundation, the boundary of creation. In its absolute and universal sense Being is the one great production of the Deity in which all the particular and infinitely gradative forms into which Being may be divided are comprehended. It is the one great effect flowing from the one great cause, in which all other effects are virtually contained. Properly speaking, there are only two things in existence, Uncreated Being and Its faint and imperfect similitude, created Being; Universal Cause and any one effect; Being from Itself and Being from another. On the principle that every agent produces something similar to itself, Being is the only form in which Divine creative action could manifest itself. As man produces man, so God produces Being.—James Doyle.

"Coad Millo Fallite."

Under the above heading Punch, of August 21, had a splendid cartoon representing Miss Erin welcoming the Duke and Duchess of York to Ireland, as follows:

"It is welcome ye are, your Royal Highness; arrah, now, y'll be takin' a house of yer own here soon."

Mr. Punch also publishes some capital verses over this happy event. The following are very good:

Away with the hatred of ages;
Come in—everything is your own—
Sure, I'll bow to ye, friends of old Ireland,
As I could not for King on his throne.

Come in with a "Coad millo fallite!"
Sit down, share our sorrows and joys;
To know that with love they may crown ye
Will gladden the hearts of the boys.

THOUSANDS LIKE HIM.—"Tom MacLeod, former Ridge, writes: 'I was a debt of gratitude to Dr. Thomas' Eclair, who for curing me of a severe cold that troubled me nearly all winter. In order to give a testimonial to a hacking cough, two or three of Dr. Thomas' Eclair's Cough Cure, or, if you will, if you could supply me with it, I would be very glad to do so.'"

FIRESIDE FUN.

"Does your poetry pay?" "Well, it just keeps the wolf from the door." "I suppose you read it to him?"

"New York people were disgusted with that earthquake." "Why?" "It moved from east to west."

There are some people who should be accompanied with directions for taking it, as some as a bottle of medicine.

"How many foreign languages can your wife speak?" "Three—French, German, and the other one she talks to the baby."

"I notice you never try to shine in conversation." "Well, no. The fact is, I am kept busy all the time trying to conceal my ignorance."

"Madge is always out of money." "How does that happen?" "She can't resist buying every new kind of pocket-book she sees."

"The style of Queen Victoria's bonnet hasn't been changed for twenty-five years." "Well, that's what she gets for living under a monarchy."

"Gracious, Jack, what immense shirt studs you wear!" "Well, you know how button-holes act. I'm going to keep up with them if it takes a dinner's time."

"Have you heard about the Bars?" "You know, he is a biogology fiend and she is daff over music." "Well?" "And the poor lady has to suffer for it. They have named him Handel."

"I've bought a bulldog," said Paraffin to his friend Lessup, "and I want a motto to put over his kennel. Can you think of something?" "Why not use a dentist's sign: 'Tooth inserted here?'" suggested Lessup.

Watts: "Don't you think that the man who knows when to stop talking is about as wise as they can get?" Potts: "About, but not quite. The greatest brain is in the possession of the man who knows when not to begin."

How little can we know of the mighty future and what it holds for us! When, years ago, as modest little ladies, we sat at the scarred desks in the country school, how little did we guess that we should grow up and fail to become famous!

"Go away and let me alone," said the giant beetle which the entomologist had pinned to the wall. "I will, I don't think," retorted the snail. "This is too good a chance. If there is anything I hate it is a stuck-up big creature."

Here's an account of a Colorado girl who climbed to the top of Mount Popocatepetl and sang "The Star-Spangled Banner." "She had some sense, hadn't she? It's too bad some other girls are not so thoughtful when they want to sing."

Customer: "What do you mean by selling me that stuff you call hair restorer, and telling me it would restore my head to its original condition?" Chemist: "Didn't you like it?" Customer: "No, I didn't. If I had got on much longer I should have been entirely bald. Original condition, indeed!" Chemist: "Most people are born bald, sir. This is the original condition."

The caution of the Abandonian in giving an answer to a direct question was well illustrated the other day, when I asked an eastern friend of mine whose family were not noted for very active habits, and one evening drawing one hand from his pocket, and pulling down his beard, the interrogator once cautiously replied: "Ay, it was once sudden for him. I ne'er kent o' ma feyther bein' in a hurry before."

Handel had great natural wit and good-humor, which were constantly proving the most good-heartedness of the man. When the "Messiah" was being performed in Dublin, Mr. Dubourg led the band, and one evening had a close to make. Following the fashion, the violinist took his cadenza through various keys, and continued the improvisation until Handel began to wonder when he would really come to the "shake" which was to terminate the part and bring in the other instruments. Eventually Dubourg finished the cadenza with a grand flourish; whereupon Handel, to the meriment of the audience, exclaimed loudly enough to be heard, "Velcome, welcome home, Mr. Dubourg." On one occasion a perturbed singer had some warm words with Handel, and wound up the wrangle by threatening to jump upon the harpsichord which he played. "Oh," replied Handel, "let me know when you will do that, and I will advise it, for more people will come to see you jump than to hear you sing."

Spain and the United States.

New York, September 7.—A Havana dispatch says that Premier Azcaraga of Spain means to defy the United States. In a letter indicating his course, sent to Cuban supporters, the Spanish Premier refers to the report that the American Minister, Mr. Woodford, will make representations to obtain Cuban independence or autonomy and the cessation of the war, and adds: "We are resolved before yielding to go to all extremes, even to war if necessary, in order to defend our sacred rights in Cuba."