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Marjorie.

"Oh, dear," said Farmer Brown one day.
"I never saw such weather!
The rain will spoil my meadow hay,
And all my crops together."
His little daughter climbed his knee;
"I guess the sun will shine," said she.

"But if the sun," said Farmer Brown,
"Should bring a dry September,
With vines and stalks all wilted down,
And fields scorched to an ember!"
"Why then, 'twill rain," said Marjorie,
The little one upon his knee.

"Ah, me!" sighed Farmer Brown, that fall;
"Now what's the use of living?
No plan of mine succeeds at all—
"Why, next month comes Thanksgiving.
And then, of course," said Marjorie,
"We're all as happy as can be."

"Well, what should I be thankful for?"
Asked Farmer Brown. "My trouble
This summer has grown more and more,
My losses have been double!
I've nothing left—" "Why, you've got me!"
Said Marjorie upon his knee.

Sowing Little Seeds.

Little Bessie had got a present of a new book, and she eagerly opened it to look at the first picture. It was the picture of a boy sitting by the side of a stream, and throwing seeds into the water.

"I wonder what this picture is about," said she; "why does the boy throw seeds into the water?"
"Oh, I know," said her brother Edward, who had been looking at the book, "he is sowing the seeds of water-lilies."

"But how small the seeds look," said Bessie. "It seems strange to think that large plants should grow from such little things."

"You are sowing just such tiny seeds every day, Bessie; and they will come up large strong plants after awhile," said her father.

"Oh no, father; I have not planted any seeds for a long time."

"I have seen my daughter sow a number of seeds to-day."

Bessie looked puzzled, and her father smiled, and said, "Yes, I have watched you planting flowers, and trees, and weeds, to-day."

"Now I know that you are joking, for I would not plant ugly weeds."

"I shall have to tell you what I mean. When you laid aside that interesting book, and attended to what your brother wished done, you were sowing seeds of kindness and love. When you broke the dish that you knew your mother valued, and came instantly and told her, you were sowing seeds of truth. When you took the cup of cold water to the poor woman at the gate, you were sowing seeds of mercy. These are all beautiful flowers, Bessie, and will grow up brightly and sweetly, if you water them well by a constant repetition of these acts. But more than all, I hope that my little girl has been planting the great tree of 'love to God,' and that she will tend and watch it, and allow it to grow and spread, until its branches reach the skies, and meet before His throne."

"And the weeds, father?"
"When you were impatient while baby was cross, you sowed the seeds of ill-temper. When you spoke crossly to Robert, you planted anger. When you waited some time after your mother called you, you sowed disobedience and selfishness. These are all noxious weeds. Pull them up by the root, my child. Do not suffer them to grow in your garden, or they will completely overrun it."

What the Little Shoes Said.

I saw two dusty little shoes
A-standing by the bed;
They suddenly began to talk,
And this is what they said:

"We're just as tired as we can be;
We've been most every where;
And now our little master rests—
It really is not fair.

"He's had his bath, and sweetly sleeps
'Twill be both cool and clean.
While we are left to stand outside;
Now don't you think it mean?"

"We carried him from morn till night;
He's quite forgot, that's plain;
While here we watch, and wait and wait
Till morning comes again.

"And then he'll tramp and tramp and tramp
The livelong summer day.
Now this is what we'd like to do:
Just carry him away—"

"Where he could never go to bed,
But stay up all the night.
Unwashed and covered o'er with dust;
Indeed, 'twould serve him right."

THE QUIET HOUR.

Life's Mirror.

There are loyal hearts, there are spirits brave,
There are souls that are pure and true;
Then give to the world the best you have,
And the best will come back to you.

Give love, and love to your life will flow,
A strength in your utmost need;
Have faith, and a score of hearts will show
Their faith in your word and deed.

Give truth, and your gifts will be paid in kind,
And honor will honor meet;
And a smile that is sweet will surely find
A smile that is just as sweet.

Give pity and sorrow to those who mourn;
You will gather, in flowers again,
The scattered seeds from your thought outborne,
Though the sowing seemed but vain.

For life is the mirror of king and slave—
'Tis just what we are and do.
Then give to the world the best you have,
And the best will come back to you.

—M. S. Bridges.

Sowing and Reaping.

The old saying, "As you make your bed, so you must lie on it," is certainly true; and yet we constantly find people sowing "wild oats" in youth and expecting to reap a harvest of good grain in later life.

This is a wonderful world, filled with magical powers of reproduction. Look at your gardens and fields, and learn a lesson of wisdom. If you take no trouble at all about them, they will not be empty. No, thistles and other weeds will increase with marvellous rapidity. If you want good and useful plants, you must take a little trouble. So it is with all other things in life. If you are content to drift along, leaving your character to grow as it will, the weeds of selfishness, indolence, vanity, or even worse vices, will quickly fill up the vacant soil. You farmers know how hard it is to get rid of some troublesome weeds, when they have once been allowed to gain a foothold; and certainly these character-weeds will not be uprooted without a great deal of trouble and pain. Be careful in time, and don't let the seeds be sown at all. Fill up your ground with better plants, and cultivate them carefully and scientifically. Study the laws of cause and effect, and apply them. If you find that people are cold and unfriendly towards you, do not waste time and energy in blaming them. Look to the cause. If unfriendliness is shown you, it generally springs from the seeds of selfishness which you have yourself sown. If the spring days are wasted in vanity and self-seeking, it is folly to expect a harvest of strength, courage and endurance. On the other hand, if we persistently "scatter seeds of kindness" day after day, though they may seem to fall almost unheeded, they will germinate and bring forth fruit sooner or later. Never be weary in well-doing: "for in due season we shall reap if we faint not." We shall reap! Is not that an inspiring thought? The good seed sown in the fields may, without fault of ours, be destroyed by drought or blight. The good seed sown in our souls may, indeed, be choked by the cares or pleasures of this life; it may spring up quickly and in time of temptation wither away; but when this happens it is always *our own fault*.

Some seeds spring up quickly—weeds generally do—others may be so slow that we grow hopeless about them. But, never fear! No loving prayer for others is ever unheeded by our Heavenly Father. No loving act or word is ever wasted.

On the other hand, no sinful thoughts or actions can fall to the ground dead and harmless. They are living seeds; and sorrow and pain, both for ourselves and others, are the natural growth and outcome of such black seeds of sin. Happily for mankind, "The way of transgressors is hard." Thorns and sharp stones tear the sensitive soul, until, in desperation, it is driven to leave the dangerous road and choose a safer and pleasanter path. Satan deludes his victims into thinking that the path of sin is the path of happiness. He may deceive you into fancying it is so in your case, but look at other cases around you, or listen to the warning voice of history. Has sin ever brought satisfying or lasting happiness since Adam and Eve bartered peace and gladness for the short pleasure of tasting the forbidden fruit? Has not great wickedness, like that of Herod or Nero, *always* brought misery in its train? Sin may give *pleasure*, though it is very fleeting in its character, but *gladness* and *joy* shrink from it, and the sorrow which follows more than makes up for the momentary enjoyment. Again, I say, be careful about the seeds you sow. Little seeds of underhand dealing, no matter how small they may be, are capable of growing into strong and vigorous plants of dishonesty. Little seeds of exaggeration and untruthfulness may increase until the habit of lying becomes second nature. Little seeds of indolent selfishness have a wonderful power of growing, unobserved, until the soul is enervated and incapable of generosity and self-sacrifice.

"God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

"We scatter seeds with careless hand,
And dream we ne'er shall see them more.
But for a thou-and years
Their fruit appears
In weeds that mar the land, or healthful store."

Careless words are seeds which, like thistledown, are light as air: but, once scattered, it is impossible to gather them up again.

How often friends are parted for life, how often deadly quarrels are started, just because a few words were carelessly uttered and thoughtlessly repeated. Cast one thistle seed to the wind, and can you foresee how much mischief it may do in the years that are coming? Words may also do unthought-of harm or unimagined good. Choose the best quality of word-seeds to sow, and plant them carefully in the best soil, for though the tongue is a little member, it "boasteth great things. Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth." Throw a lighted match into your barn and see! It will probably do less real and lasting mischief than many careless scandalous remarks, which seem at the moment to be comparatively harmless. It is better to be careless with *fire* than with *words*. A man's reputation is worth more than his property.

HOPE.

Our Library Table.

"A MINISTER OF THE WORLD"—Caroline A. Mason. "THE PEOPLE OF OUR NEIGHBORHOOD"—Mary E. Wilkins. "THE SPIRIT OF SWEETWATER"—Hamlin Garland.—Three more delightful little volumes than the above would be difficult to find. In "A Minister of the World," Mrs. Mason has brought out into bold relief the various characters. The subtle insight into the fine nature of Stephen Castle (his wavering, and final steadfastness, after many spiritual conflicts)—the young minister—commands our chief attention. The interest, which never flags, is scarcely less in Emily Merle, Stephanie Loring, Mrs. Castle (Stephen's mother), and other characters which go to make up the attractive whole—a charming story containing a pure and beautiful lesson. "The People of Our Neighborhood" is written in Miss Wilkins' well-known style, which is unsurpassed in New England descriptions. This is a series of nine short stories, the humor and pathos of which make them delightful reading. Mr. Hamlin Garland has indeed given us a *gem* story in his "Spirit of Sweetwater." Its charm is from start to finish. The mixture of strength and humility in the hero—Richard Clement, the millionaire Western miner—is finely drawn. His noble "restitution," as he chooses to consider it, excites our admiration, although we cannot help doubting the wisdom of giving such a fortune to two ignorant, though well-meaning, people, who would hardly use it to the best advantage. Still, this act shows the man—*ultra* honest perhaps (if one may use such a term) because of his reverence and love for sweet Ellice Ross. The whole story is powerfully told, and added to the intense character interest is the grandeur of nature, and you literally feel the breeze of the mountains and live where the story lies—so graphic is this author's descriptions. Each volume is beautifully bound and printed, and finely illustrated. Published by the Curtis Publishing Co., Philadelphia, at \$1.00 the three volume, or 50 cents each; paper editions, 25 cents.

Recipes.

PAN BROILED CHICKEN.

Singe, split down the back, clean, spread with soft butter, dredge with salt and flour and lay it skin side down in buttered pan. Bake in hot oven twenty to thirty minutes. Turn over after ten minutes, baste with butter and very little water, sprinkle with fine buttered crumbs and baste frequently with butter. Bake till tender.

PEACH CANAPES.

Round slices of bread an inch thick, hollow out the center on one side. Dip in beaten egg diluted with half cup of milk and brown in hot butter. Place half a peach in the hollow, fill the peach cavity with thick whipped and sweetened cream and surround the bread with a thick fruit sauce made from peach syrup.

TO CAN TOMATOES.

Select nice firm tomatoes, scald in boiling water, and peel. Then cook in a porcelain-lined kettle, and when they are cooked sufficiently to pierce with a fork at the core, take off and put in new jars, or at any rate new rubbers, and you will have no difficulty in them keeping well all winter.

MUSTARD PICKLE.

Two gals. white wine vinegar (English), 4 oz. bruised ginger, 2 oz. alspice, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. cullies, 2 oz. tumeric, 1 oz. pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. shallots, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. cloves, 1 lb. coarse salt, 1 lb. best mustard; mix the mustard and tumeric with a little vinegar first, and then add all the rest and boil gently fifteen minutes. When cold, just put in all your vegetables as you bring them in from the garden, and they will be ready in two weeks for use.

We would call our readers' attention to the prospectus of that excellent publication, the Canadian Home Journal, Toronto. The proprietors are now forming it into a company, by which everyone can become a shareholder at one dollar a share. Canadian enterprise should be encouraged, and we predict that a large number will be interested and help to support the scheme, which should be successful, as every effort is being made to improve every department of the journal.