

A Lesson in Butter.

A LITTLE maid in the morning sun
Stood merrily singing and churning—
"Oh! how I wish this butter was done,
Then off to the fields I'd be turning!"
So she hurried the dasher up and down,
Till the farmer called with half-made frown—
"Churn slowly!"

"Don't ply the churn so fast, my dear,
It is not good for the butter,
And will make your arms ache, too, I fear,
And put you all in a flutter;
For this is a rule wherever we turn,
Don't be in a haste whenever you churn—
Churn slowly!"

"If you want your butter both nice and sweet,
Don't churn with nervous jerking,
But ply the dasher slowly and neat,
You hardly know that your working;
And when the butter has come you'll say,
'Yes, surely this is the better way'—
Churn slowly!"

Now, all you folks, do you think that you
A lesson can find in butter?
Don't be in haste, whatever you do,
Or get yourself in a flutter;
And when you stand at life's great churn
Let the farmer's words to you return—
"Churn slowly!"

An Odd Hint or Two.

BY SUSAN TEALL PERRY.

"Tom isn't as tired, after all, as I thought he would be," said the anxious mother, as she stood in the doorway waiting to call her son to supper. "He is whistling, and when he whistles he is all right. I am so glad to hear you whistling, Tom," she continued, as her large, manly boy of sixteen came into the house with a pail brimming full of new milk.

It had been a long day and a hard day on the farm. From five o'clock in the morning until seven o'clock at night were too many hours to be on duty; but the season was backward, and the farm-work had come on all at once, and the planting and sowing must be done as soon as possible. But, notwithstanding all this, Tom whistled.

Tom probably thought the whistling of little moment, but it carried great weight with it as it fell upon the mother's ear. It lifted a load from off her heart. She had expected her boy to come in irritable and depressed from the overstrain of the day's arduous labour. Sometimes he did come in from his work in such a mood, and that made the mother feel burdened.

I am sure if Tom had known what a delight it was to his mother to have him come in from his day's work whistling, that he would always have come in that cheerful, whistling manner. It was only a little thing, but it spoke of a good, happy heart; and found its echo in the heart of the one who, of all others in the world, loved him the best. It is just such little things as Tom's whistling that makes the home-life happy. We are apt to give our best manners and care-takers to the outsiders, and think it does not make much difference if we do give our results of ill moods and disappointments to our own family.

We should be just as polite and thoughtful in our own family circle as in the parlours of our friends and neighbours. Nowhere is good breeding so absolutely needed as in the home-life. When people live together all the time, it is very hard to keep the atmosphere pure and sunny. The art of living together without running against the sharp points in each other's character is a wonderful art, only to be acquired by a strict observance of the Golden Rule which our Saviour gave us.

The rights of the members of our households should be observed as carefully as the rights of our neighbours. When Margaret—who is disorderly and negligent—goes to her sister Emma's orderly bureau-drawer, and turns it topsy-turvy, to find a ribbon for her hair, when she is in a hurry to go somewhere and has misplaced her own, she is trespassing upon her sister's premises. It is not strange that Emma feels aggrieved when she goes to the bureau-drawer an hour later and finds it in a disorderly condition, and finds the pretty ribbon—which Margaret has knotted carelessly, and, perhaps, stained with soiled fingers—has evermore depreciated in its value to her. If Margaret chooses to be disorderly and thoughtless, and leaves her things around carelessly, where she cannot find them when they are needed, it is an outrage for her to appropriate her sister's carefully folded-away articles of dress to take the place of her own ill-used and misplaced ones. The rights of property and place should be sacredly kept by each member of the household.

Jealousy is one of the little, mean characteristics that will creep into the family circle sometimes, and make a very unhappy state of things. Jealousy and injustice generally go hand in hand. If one brother or sister has done something worthy of special mention, how often some one in the family circle disparages the act, and brings sorrow to the heart of the one who has tried his or her best to accomplish something worthy of mention, and has succeeded!

Always be willing to give credit where it is deserved, if it does seem to throw your own achievements for the time being in the shade. If Robert's essay or declamation was better than yours, say so. Be honest. If Sarah's first attempt at cake-making was better than her eldest sister's, how beautiful for that sister to say, "Sarah, your cake is much better than mine—but I will try again," instead of trying to make an unpleasantness because of a little petty twinge of jealousy. "In honour preferring one another," is a text that should be learned and practised in every family. "Each seeking another's, and not his own," is a sweet way of living in the home, and will surely bring the kingdom of heaven within the four square walls where the loved ones of the household meet in daily life.

Nowhere can Christ-like living be of more influence than in our own homes. Many of you young people have just started on your Christian life. You have "joined the Church." "Joining the Church" to your brothers and sisters and other members of your household means a great deal. You can go to your "Young People's Meetings," and the "King's Daughters'" gathering, and sew for the poor, and in your life outside do what becometh a follower of the meek and lowly Jesus without so much watching and self-sacrifice; but at home it may not be so easy, for you have been long accustomed to act out yourself there, but that is the very place that you are to show that you really have been with Jesus, and learned of him. It is the little things that carry great influences with them—kind, patient ways, well-chosen words, acts of self-sacrifice, and thoughtfulness. When outside duties and home duties conflict, then home duties are the ones to do. Mother won't speak of her headache or her tired arms and weary feet if she thinks you want to go anywhere. That is the way mothers are, and you must be on the lookout to see that her needs are attended to first.

These mothers are so anxious for their children to have a pleasant time, that they overdo themselves oftentimes in bringing it about. No danger but your life outside will be as it ought to be if you

see to it that your Christian character is like a "bright and shining light" in your own home.

Example is better than precept. The daily life well lived tells the story of Christ in the heart better than words or song.

My Position.

I AM a little temp'rance man,
Cold water only drinking;
And now I am going to tell you what
I have of late been thinking:

I'm totally opposed to beer;
I hate both wine and brandy;
And shun the danger lurking in
All kinds of wine-filled candy.

I am opposed to all saloons;
I look with detestation
On every one, no matter where—
They curse the entire nation.

If alcohol will make strong,
I'd like at once to know it;
Both time and platform I'll divide
With any who can show it.

I think it's best to totally
Abstain from gin and whiskey;
To drink at all of such vile stuff
Is dangerous and risky.

I think if we are only firm
In this our one endeavour,
We'll live to see the drunkard's drink
Cast out, and that forever.

The harvest soon we hope to reap;
And in its full fruition,
We'll raise in thanks our voices high,
For Total Prohibition.

—Union Signal.

A Thief Discovered.

THE following story, describing the unique plan by which a rogue was discovered among the native troops of British India, is told by a veteran English officer:—

Shortly after he had assumed command of the Fourteenth Native Bengal Infantry, a complaint was brought to him of a theft which had just been committed in the barracks, to the perpetrator of which there was not the slightest clue. The next morning—on parade—the colonel passed along the line, giving to each man a thin strip of bamboo; and when all were supplied he said, with solemn emphasis:—

"My men, there's a thief among you! Brahma has revealed to me how I may detect him. Come forward, one by one, and give me your bamboo chips, and the guilty man—let him do what he may—will have the longest."

The soldiers, not a little startled at this mysterious threat, obeyed without a word; but before the first dozen had filed past, the colonel suddenly seized one of them by the throat, and shouted:

"You are the man!"

The Hindu fell upon his knees, and whined out a confession of the theft, while his terrified companions saluted to the ground before the dreaded "sahib," to whom Brahma had given such a terrible power.

When they had dispersed, the senior major—who had been looking on in silent amazement—came up and said:

"I wish you would teach me that trick, colonel."

"It is a very simple one, my dear fellow," he answered, with a smile. "You see, these bits of bamboo were all the same length; but the thief, fearing to get the longest piece, bit off the end of his, just as I expected he would, and that was how I knew him."—*Christian at Work.*