The Family.

No Time Like the Present.

BY PHŒBE CARY.

If you are told to do a thing,
And mean to do it really,
Never let it be by halves:
Do it fully, freely!

Do not make a poor excuse,
Waiting, weak, unsteady;
All obedience worth the name
Must be prompt and ready.

When father calls, though pleasant be
The play you are pursuing,
Do not say, "I'll come when I
Have finished what I'm doing."

When 'tis said, "You've eat enough,"
Don't reply, "O mother,
Let me have just one cake more,
I wont ask another!"

If you're told to learn a task,
And you should begin it,
Do no tell your teacher, "Yes,
I'm coming in a minute!"

Something waits, and you should now
Begin and go right through it;
Don't think, if put off a day,
You'll not mind to do it.

Waste not moments, nor your words,
In telling what you could do
Some other time; the present is
For doing what you should do.

Don't do right unwillingly,
And stop to plan and measure;
'Tis working with the heart and soul
That makes our duty pleasure.

Freddie's Triumph.

Everybody knows how easy a thing it sometimes is to lose the control of one's temper, and how hard a thing it generally is not to be angry or irritated when others treat us unkindly. The Bible tells us that "he that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city," and the wise man that wrote these words knew full well how much more difficult a matter is this same ruling of the spirit than is the braving of toil, and suffering and danger to the soldier who goes forth fearlessly to meet the foe. But we all have some hard lessons to learn in this world; and one which every man, woman, and child needs to learn is this lesson of guarding temper and tongue although in the face of provocation, and of bearing calmly and patiently whatever of sorrow it may please our Father who is in heaven to send upon us, even when the trouble comes from the hands of sinners like ourselves. And to learn this we need look to no earthly teacher. If we do we shall fail to obtain that which we seek. It is written of Moses that he was very meek, above all the men upon the face of the earth; yet, when at Meribah, the people murmured for water, after having received many proofs of God's care for them, even Moses for once grew angry, for once forgot his meekness, and because of that one sin he could not enter the promised land. And if we fail to find in him a perfect example of this "fruit of the Spirit," to whom else can we look for it but unto Him who says to every one that is weary of struggling with sin: "Learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart?" He has help for the humblest and feeblest. All who trust in Him shall be made conquerers.

"Good afternoon, Fred. Be sure you're at school early to-morrow morning. We'll have rare fun,"

"O yes! I wouldn't miss it for anything. Good afternoon."

The first speaker, Nat Taylor, was a tall, manly boy of about fifteen years of age. Perfect health betrayed itself in every movement of his frame, and good humor and intelligence shone out from his sparkling eyes. Only, as we shall see hereafter, his love of mirth sometimes led him to be rude, even at the expense of his friends. The other boy, Freddie, though of the same age, was much smaller in size; so much smaller that a stranger would have supposed him to be several years younger than his companion. He was not thinking of it then—no emotion but that of gladness lighted up his countenance as he anticipated the sport of helping to complete the snow palace which his comrades and himself had begun in the school-house yard—but the one great trouble of his life had been, and was, that while he had seen his playmates, one by one, grew to be first a little taller than himself, and then continue rising higher, until he had to look up to them, almost as much, it seemed to him, as he did to his father, his own height still remained the same; he was always "Little Freddie." Not for the world would he have revealed to his companions the annoyance which this fact occasioned him, yet they could not have failed to notice how his face became grave at any allusion, even the faintest, to his small, childish form, and how it brightened if one happened to express the opinion that "Fred was growing taller." And his mother knew full well how great was the effort which it cost her child when he said to her, in a confidential twilight talk, "I am willing to be small if it is better for me to be so, but I do wish that no one would speak of it before me."

"I know it is unpleasant, Freddie," she replied, "but if any one is thoughtless enough to ridicule your misfortune, remember these words, which you will find in the thirteenth chapter of the first epistle to the Corinthians: 'Charity (you know that means love) is not easily provoked.' And try to think of the example of Him who 'when he was reviled, reviled not again.' If you ask him he will help you to overcome your angry passions, which, if uncontrolled, will injure you more than a few thoughtless words ever can or will."

Freddie had need of all the assistance which this advice could render him on the morning of which we are speaking. He was just in the act of strapping up his books preparatory to leaving home about an hour before school-time, when his grandmother said to him:

"Freddie, your mother purchased the yarn for your socks yesterday. If you will hold it for me before you go to school, I will be able to knit considerable to-day."

Freddie knew that it would be undutiful, as well as ungrateful, to refuse so small an act of kindness to his grandmother, so he drew off his cap, laid down his books reluctantly, and said:

"Well, grandma," as cheerful as could have been expected under such circumstances. It seemed to him as though that particular pair of socks was destined to contain more wool than any other pair which fingers and knitting-kneedles had ever fashioned, and as though each skein of the yarn had lengthened out its slow length, until the completion of the work, instead of being nearer, appeared farther and farther off as the winding proceeded. He persevered, in his martyrdom without disclosing impatience, and finally there came an end to the task, as there does, sooner or later, to all earthly things. It did not require many minutes for Freddie to snatch up his cap and books, and be off to the school-house. But what was his disappointment to find, upon reaching the spot, that instead of being able, as he had hoped, to participate in the sport of building, he was just in time to witness the completion of the highest turret. Nat Taylor, who was the tallest boy in the school, was standing on tip-toe, vainly trying to "finish off" the tower in an artistic fashion. The top was just a little too high for his reach, and the small "brick" of snow which he was endeavouring to place in a particular position, would persist in slipping down again and again, to the great merriment of the surrounding crowd of boys. He was just turning about in despair when he saw Fred approaching, all out of breath in his eagerness to reach the scene of interest.

"Hallos," shouted Nat, "here comes a regular Goliath. He can reach the top, if I can't. Come on, Fred, you're the tallest boy here; come and finish this turret."

The other boys were foolish enough to laugh at this very amusing piece of pleasantry, and the laugh only added to the sting which Nat's carelessness words brought to Freddie's heart. Was it not too unkind in Nat thus to expose him to the ridicule of the assembled school? Had he not already that morning wrestled sufficiently with his temper, without having it so sorely tried just at that time when he expected nothing but delight? It was really too bad! he would make Nat repent for that speech; and Freddie hastily began to form a small, compact ball of snow. If he had not the stature of Goliath, he had something of the skill of David; not a boy in Montville could aim straighter than he, and had not David killed Goliath? At first, these thoughts, as they came rushing into his mind in rapid succession, stimulated him to madness. But the last one brought him to himself again. Yes, David had killed Goliath with only a few pebbles, and he might—but he could not bear to think of it—he would not injure Nat for anything in the world. What had become now of that meekness of which his mother had spoken? What of that charity which is not easily provoked? Freddie's anger was all gone. Instead of it had come the desire to prove to Nat that he was really not offended by the thoughtless ridicule. Dropping the ball which he had till then held firmly clutched in his hand, he replied in tones which betrayed nothing but the utmost good humor:

"No, Nat, I'm not so tall as you are, but perhaps it will be just as well for the turret that I am not. If you will let me stand on your shoulders, I can do the work in a moment."

Nat, surprised and ashamed, accepted Freddie's offer, and when this novel effort had been crowned with success, the boys shouted without a single dissenting voice: "Hurrah for Fred! He shall be a king in our palace."

Freddie's royalty lasted only until the melting of the snow, but we know that they shall reign as kings for ever and ever who, like him, overcome in the struggle with self and sin. "The fruit of the Spirit is meekness."—*Christian Intelligencer.*

Temperance.

A Plea for the Little Ones.

The current history of our country, as delineated in our daily press, is heaping evidence upon evidence that STRONG DRINK and CRIME are inseparable. Prison statistics and magisterial experience have satisfied the mind of society that strong drink is the cause, crime the effect, in ninety-nine of every hundred cases brought before the bar of justice. Moreover, the fact is hourly becoming more evident that our yearly list of enormities are increasing. And what makes the matter still more melancholy, juvenile depravity is assuming an appalling phase in the criminal condition of the nation. And this, too, is to be traced to the baneful action of intoxicating liquors. Drink, drinking-shops, robberies, murders, suicides, starvation, and a thousand nameless miseries, are part and parcel of one abhorrent whole; and never, until the making and selling of the drunkard's drink be restrained, can we expect the land to be freed from poverty, wretchedness, ruffianism; burglaries, street banditti and open assassination. Our noble Union is harrassed with misery and crime, from centre to circumference. Drink is the main cause of it; and drink is continually perpetrating the evil, by rearing up from childhood fresh legions of drinkers, criminals, and paupers.

Look at the following facts.

In visiting prisons, I gather statistics that are scarce credible. In one, of fourteen converts under fourteen years of age, I found that thirteen of them had been at Sunday-school, and ten out of the thirteen acknowledged that drink had brought them there. Of seventy-eight prisoners tried and convicted at one session, a teacher writes me that sixty-two of them had been connected with Sabbath-schools. Of these fifty-nine admitted that drinking and drinking-saloon associations had not only led them to leave school, but led them also to violate the laws of their country. A Sabbath-school superintendent affirms, in one of his reports from a country district, that out of twenty teachers who were at one time in one school, THIRTEEN of them in after life became drunkards! While at home, out of the way of strong temptation to drink they were probably safe enough; but when they came in contact with the alluring life of our great cities, comparatively defenceless without the pledge, and their minds unimbued with temperance principles and precepts, first their sobriety gaves way before the "little drops" of friendly sociality, and then their religious sentiments lay around them, shattered into hopeless ruins. They were lost; lost for life and for eternity! Their Christianity was sapped by the undermining influence of "tasting" and then "tippling" the liquid ensnarer, and the light of their youth was quenched forever in the drunkard's grave!

Oh! that our fathers and mothers would think of this danger, and try anxiously to remove it while their children are yet with them! In the country, among their summer happiness, and the comforts of the fireside amid winter storms, there may be little to dread; for the sweet scenes of childhood are a wonderful protection. But when they leave home to battle with the world for a living, evil influences gather thick about them, and it is only those who are mailed in the panoply of "*taste not, touch not,*" that can be held thoroughly secure among the bacchanalian companionship of city life.

How important, then, to instil early into the young heart the true value of abstinence! and how necessary, to do this effectually, is the formation of juvenile temperance associations in our villages and rural districts, as well as large cities. Let ministers begin the work where it is at yet wanting, under the eaves of the church and side by side with the Sabbath-school. Let them raise a juvenile society in every hamlet, and the deed will be its own reward. The moral defence around childhood can not be too numerous or too strongly constructad, so long as they are not made repugnant to the mind of youth. Experience tells us that, in early years, all the care we can bestow is needed to lay up a groundwork of stability for the future life to stand upon; and the sooner juvenile societies are started, the better for the children themselves—the surer will be the happiness of the parent, and the greater the advantage to the world at large.

A small amount of trouble would suffice. The schools are there. Wherever there is a temperance teacher, there also is the power. And thus it is, friends of the young, friends of temperance, we admonish you to erect in the heart of every Sabbbath-school a juvenile temperance society. And in after years, it will be a consolation to you to think that, ere the young souls had left your fostering care, you had done your full duty in preparing and enabling them to maintain inviolate that religious faith and purity of manners so essential to a Christian being. Lend us your aid, then, teachers of the young. Fathers and mothers, most earnestly we call upon you to come and help us. Let all the machinery and batteries, and modes and means of warfare that have been directed against the huge monster, *strong drink*, be kept in full action; ply your energies and strive against him unceasingly; invent new weapons; increase your armies; procure fresh levies; and recruit your energies with every aid, human and divine.

But while you are doing this, neglect not the little ones. Let juvenile societies be formed everywhere. Up and be doing! Work! Let us all work, and they will speedily shower around us a rich harvest of more than golden fruitage.—*Nat. Tem. Advocate.*

Agriculture.

The Garden.

Few farmers, and in fact but few who own gardens, make them as profitable as they could, or as they ought. A well tended garden helps wonderfully to supply the wants of the kitchen and of course to keep the house-wife good-natured. Many a man who does not intend to do his wife injustice really treats her very harshly by his thoughtless neglect. He is almost as exacting as Pharaoh, who gave the Israelites no straw to make brick, but required to "lay upon them the tale of the bricks which they did make heretofore." He expects three hundred and sixty-five dinners to be prepared during the year, to say nothing of the breakfasts and suppers with a due amount of variety. He may provide abundantly the flour and meat necessary, but where are the vegetables? He likes to have his table furnished with all the luxuries of the season, but fails to make due preparation to supply them. He comes to his meals sour and cross, and complains because his dinners are no better. Why are they no better? Because he has not done his duty. His wife did all in her power, but she could not create. Let him make his garden what it ought to be, and see how it will bring the sunshine to his wife's face as she prepares his food.

Many gardens can be greatly improved by trenching. Most vegetables would be greatly benefited by having the soil loosened to the depth of one and one half or two feet. Make the soil very rich by spreading on a heavy coat of stable manure, and let it stand six months or a year till it has become well decomposed and mixed with the soil. Then dig a trench along one side of the ground, which is to be worked two feet in width and two deep, and of the length required. Then dig a second trench of the same width and depth by the side of the first, throwing the earth into the first, the top soil into the bottom of the trench, and that at the bottom upon the other. Proceed in the same manner until the whole piece has been trenched. Then bring the earth that was thrown out of the first ditch and with it fill up the last one, and the work is complete. The surface has been inverted to the depth of two feet. Enrich it to any desirable degree, and then sow your beets, your parsnips, your carrots, your radishes, and see if your labour has not been well bestowed. Strawberries planted on ground so prepared will hardly fail to give a crop every year. Often just as the fruit is maturing there is a spell of dry weather, and strawberries grow scarce. A row of currant bushes set where the ground has been trenched produce amazingly. Try a small piece and see the benefit. A piece of ground that has been trenched to the depth of two feet can hardly suffer from either wet weather or drouth. Try it.

How to Fumigate a House-Plant.

Bessie W. wishes to know how she can destroy the aphis, or plant-louse, upon her roses and geraniums. We have found tobacco smoke to answer the purpose. Coil up a newspaper, or other large paper, in the shape of a cone; pin it so that it will keep its shape, and invert it over the plant. Then if you happen to have some friend at hand who smokes, get him to light a little tobacco in the bottom of the bowl of a common pipe; and when this is well kindled, fill up the pipe with tobacco. Then introduce the bowl of the pipe under the edge of the paper cone, and blow through the stem. The fire being at the bottom, there will be copious clouds of smoke driven into the cone. If no smoking friend is at hand, you may manage it yourself—by putting a small, live coal at the bottom of the pipe bowl, place the tobacco upon it and proceed as before. Care should be taken not to drive the hot smoke from the pipe directly against the leaves. Let the plant remain ten or fifteen minutes in the smoke, and then lay lay it on its side in a sink, and give it a thorough drenching from a watering pot.—*American Agriculturist.*

Cutting Up Corn.

The most convenient implement for cutting up corn for shocking that we ever used—and and we have tried several—is the common field hoe. Take a good one and shorten the handle down to about twenty inches in length. Grind the hoe to a sharp edge, and it will clip off a hill of corn close to the ground with great neatness and dispatch. It is easily handled, and will not require the party using it to stoop in the operation of cutting. If the corn is to be shocked on the ground, one hill for the base of each shock should be left standing, and the cut portion placed around it till a bunch of suitable dimensions is accumulated. The uncut hill will give steadiness in forming the shock, and aid in holding it in position when completed. It will be found convenient to gather about five rows in a line of shocks, forming them on the fifth one—passing along with three rows on one side, and in returning cut the other two to complete the line.—*Rural New Yorker.*

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