

posture, put a scarf or long shawl behind the pillow and let two persons each take an end and gently draw up the patient.

No medicine is so beneficial to the sick as fresh air. It is the most reviving of all cordials if administered with prudence. Doors and windows should not be thrown open suddenly or at random. Fresh air should be let into the room gradually, and, if possible, by opening the windows of an adjoining apartment. If the windows of the patient's room cannot be opened, a good plan is to swing the door quickly backwards and forwards.

Muslin rags soaked in aromatic vinegar, and suspended near the door, so as to be agitated by the draught, will prevent unpleasant smells and purify the air. Rags dipped in chloride of lime, and suspended across the room on a cord are a disinfectant in cases of fever.

There are books of instruction for nurses, but as they may not be within the reach of every young girl, it will be well for her to remember the practical hints herein given.

FRANK H. STAUFFER.

The Fashionable Girl's Vocabulary.

In her speech a fashionable young lady has her vocabulary as she has her code. Latterly she has permitted herself the use of a good many English expressions. She says "suppose," and she never says "guess;" she says "chemist" for "druggist," "stop attome" for "stay at home," and she "tubs" oftener than she takes "a morning bath." "Function" with her means any sort of social gathering, and a very gay ball becomes a "rout." "Smart" expresses a considerable degree of excellence which she applies equally to a wedding or a bonnet; "an awfully fetching frock or gown" is very English for an especially pretty dress. She likes the word "clever," too. When she sees a fine painting she says: "That's a clever bit of canvas." She thinks Marshall Wilder is an "awfully clever fellow," and if you ask her does she bowl, she replies, modestly: "Yes, but I am not at all clever with the balls." Some phrases she leans rather heavily upon, notably "such a blow," when a rain postpones a visit or a friend dies, and "such a pleasure" alike to hear Patti and spend a tiresome evening at the house of some acquaintance. She has, too, an index expurgatorius which she is very careful to respect. There are no more "stores" for her, they have become "shops;" "servants" also have ceased to exist as such; they are "men-servants" and "maids," although she permits herself to designate as laundress, housemaid or butler; "gentlemen" she avoids; "a man I know," she says, referring to a male acquaintance; or, "there were lots of delightful men out last night," she confides to some sister belle who missed the opera; "all right" she never says, making "very well" do much better service, nor does she add "party" to dinner, speaking of such an entertainment; her home no longer has a "parlor," pure and simple, but a "blue room," a "red room," a "Japanese room," or possibly an "East parlor."

I never knew a man in my life who could not bear another's misfortunes perfectly like a Christian.—[Pope.]

Silence never shows itself to so great an advantage as when it is made the reply to calumny and defamation.—[Addison.]

No matter what his rank or position may be, the lover of books is the richest and the happiest of the children of men.—[Langford.]

Uncle Tom's Department.

The Red Breast of the Robin.

AN IRISH LEGEND.

Of all the merry little birds that live upon the tree,
And carol from the sycamore and chestnut,
The prettiest little gentlemen that dearest is to me
Is the one in the coat of brown, and scarlet
waistcoat.

It's cockit little robin!
And his head he keeps a-bobbin'.
Of all the other pretty fowls I'd choose him;
For he sings so sweetly still,
Through his tiny slender bill,
With a little patch of red upon his bosom.

When the frost is in the air, and the snow upon the
ground,
To other little birdies so bewilderin',
Picking up the crumbs near the window he is
found,

Singing Christmas stories to the children:
Of how two tender babes
Were left in woodland glades
By a cruel man who took 'em there to lose 'em;
But Bobby saw the crime,
(He was watching all the time!)
And he blushed a perfect crimson on his bosom.

When the changing leaves of autumn around us
thickly fall,
And everything seems sorrowful and sadening,
Robin may be heard on the corner of a wall
Singing what is soiling and gladdening.
And sure, from what I've heard,
He's God's own little bird,
And sings to those in grief just to amuse 'em:
But once he sat forlorn
On a cruel Crown of Thorn,
And the blood it stained his pretty little bosom.
—Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

MY DEAR NIECES AND NEPHEWS:—

June roses, June days, and the freshness of June beauty, what is their to compare with them? Nothing, do you say? Yes; the boys and girls of the farm, with their bright eyes, red cheeks, lightsome step and merry voices, are above and beyond even these.

There are some people who, though they do not always wear blue spectacles, seem to see everything blue. They will tell you the rose-bushes have worms on them, that June days are tiresome and long, and that the beauty—if they ever see it—will soon be dried up with heat or covered with dust. If you ask such a one about the boys and girls, he is almost certain to know their bad qualities, but of their good ones he knows very little. You almost wonder if he ever was a boy, or if he missed that great pleasure, and it made him surly all the rest of his life. Such a man is called a pessimist. Uncle Tom answers to no such roll-call, although he, too, has noticed that every plant now-a-days seems to have its enemy, and after all the careful digging, raking and sowing, if nothing more is done, the currant bushes will be worm-eaten, the potatoes bug-eaten, the grape vines insect-eaten, and so on it goes, each year seeming to bring with its leaves and fruit its quota of enemies to devour them. While my young friends have been watching the hawks from the chickens and the crows from the corn, using Paris green and hebeore for vine, or tree, or shrub, have they not sometimes thought of enemies of their own? It is a good thing to have some; they let us know what our friends never would of our besetting sins, and thus help us to guard against them, for knowing of a failing is often half way to overcoming it. Another thing, we may expect enemies.

"He who surpasses or subdues mankind
Must look down on the hate of those below."

The wind may blow its worst blast around the oak and it only serves to root it the more firmly in the ground. Men who have been brought up on "flowering beds of ease" have never developed the muscle or the brain of the man who, against every difficulty, wrestled his way through

to fame, fortune or position. You have all been reading of Stanley—that name which at present stands out before the world like a brilliant orb, and that other whom Stanley brought to light from a voluntary living burial in Uganda. The light was thrown upon the man, but it has now no power save to tell of what has been for "from his ashes may be made the violet of his native land." Mackay, of Uganda, has gone to his reward. He rests from his labors and his works do follow him.

But, about our enemies. Yes, the whole list of great men down have had them; some men have lived who had not any, of whom it was said, as may be said of some one of your school-mates, "Oh, everybody likes him," or "her," as the case may be. Goody, goody kind of people; if they do no harm in the world do little good, who would never stand up for you if you were maligned, who would never correct a bad habit in another, who would—well, who is just a cipher in this busy work-a-day life of struggle, trial and temptation. Give Uncle Tom rather the impulsive, if sometimes wayward, child, who has some character as a motive power, who would fight for you if necessary, who would stand alone against a whole school to defend the weak or the poor. That is true courage—true nobility! That little boy who, to save another from being expelled from school, offered to bear the punishment, and day after day took the imposed number of lashes without a murmur, was a true hero. He gave his teacher a new idea of bravery, and saved a boy for life. A June picture is before me, and with it I close. The early morning dew has decked each blade of grass, each frond of moss and fern with diamonds. From the hill-top all is calm, and the blue haze on the distant horizon serves only to show the soul-stirring beauty of the nearer view. The sun has not yet risen, but his roseate messengers of cloud have dispelled the darkness, and the whole world of birds is alive with song. The lake is calm and glassy, and the wooded shores on the other side, and the little emerald isles dotting its calm waters, show not that white man's foot has trodden there. The lake lights up as the sun peers over, and has become a sea of glory. We stand and gaze, and, like William Tell calling to his native mountains: "Ye crags and peaks I'm with you once again," we would

"That any tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me."

The old indescribable longing of other days come back again, and the freshness and beauty of J. Fennimore Cooper's—that Scott of America—writings are recalled, and the last brave of the Mohicans walks forth, and the path-finder, and the deer-slayer and bee-hunter come by, till the lake is peopled with the dusky warriors, painted and feathered as of yore. When in our boyish haunts, each nook and glade was filled with fancy. Boys and girls, "preserve the ideals of your youth." Let not that unsatisfied and undescribable longing for books pass away. Oh the vanished, vanished dreams of the pure, holy child—days that never return, yet whose ideals have ever had an upward tendency.

Your loving

UNCLE TOM.

A woman's lot is made for her by the love she accepts.—[George Eliot.]

It is necessary to love one's friends as true amateurs love pictures; they fix their eyes upon the good points and see nothing else.