

(which, by the way, was perfumed water) of course, and the doctor departed to do some more spouting, after arranging with Aggy to attend her to a Cardinal at the Link, as she expressed it, next week; and Mahala, having devoured enough breakfast for three, set out on a self-constituted agency on behalf of the *Rejuvenatus de Immortalitas!*"

GLOW-WORM.

LIFE.

Life is a rose, brier burdened, yet sweet—
Blooming a day,
Flinging its perfume like perfume to meet—
Wind blown away.
Leaf after leaf spreads its blush to the air,
Kissed by the sun,
Deeper-tinted growing as joy makes it fair—
Love's garden won.
Leaf after leaf shrinks up from the heart
Leaving it bare;
Color and fragrance and joy all depart—
None left to care.
Nay, the Divine in it lingers there still;
God's care in all.
Rose-leaves but drop at the beck of His will—
Fetters which thrall.
Up from its trammels the freed spirit wings,
Higher to soar;
Attar immortal, a pure essence flings—
Sweet evermore!

Don't be Ashamed of It.

Judging by the trouble taken by a certain class of people to hide from their friends the fact that they are poor, one might suppose that, to be short of funds, was something far worse than a crime. Now, this trying to keep up appearances and do as others do, whether it can be afforded or not, has become the bane of society, and, like what is called mimicry among insects, produces a nondescript race very difficult to define or assign to its proper place in the order to which it evidently belongs. Of course, we are not advocating the exposure of a man's business affairs to everybody with whom he comes into business or friendly relations; but we do hold that he has no right to pretend to be any better off in worldly goods than he is in fact, for to do so is a deception which is but another name for dishonesty. To be sure, it is hard to deny one's self the luxuries of life, and resolutely turn from all expensive pleasures. But it must be done if wealth is to be gained. There is a pleasure in self-denial that a majority of our people never experienced, and it comes in most gloriously, and is extremely satisfactory to the one practising it when he can say, "I owe no man," and at the same time he has a hundred pounds in his pocket, but wanting some article costing two, he refuses to purchase until, through self-denial, the other hundred is obtained. It requires some courage to adopt such a system of living and dealing, but it has this as a recommendation—it is perfectly safe and honorable.

HOUSE PLANTS.—Over-watering kills more plants than dryness. Pots in the house, especially the handsome glazed ones, should be provided with abundant drainage—broken pots, cinfers, oyster-shells, anything to make open layer at the bottom; then a layer of moss, to keep the earth from washing down, and then a soil made so open by sand that it will always allow the water to pass through. With these precautions there is no danger, but where the surface of the soil is muddy an hour after watering, there is something wrong, and plants will not thrive.

THE TORCH offers some special inducements to subscribers and canvassers. It is a lively and spicy sheet. See our advertising columns. —*Fredricton Reporter.*

Golden Rules.

The person who first sent these rules to be printed says truly if any boy or girl thinks "it would be hard work to keep so many of them in mind all the time, just think what a happy place it would make home if you only could!"

1. Shut every door after you, and without slamming it.
2. Never shout, jump, or run in the house.
3. Never call to persons upstairs, or in the next room; if you want to speak to them, go quietly where they are.
4. Always speak kindly and politely to servants, if you would have them do the same to you.
5. When told to do, or not to do a thing by either parent, never ask why you should or should not do it.
6. Tell of your faults and misdoings, not of those of your brothers and sisters.
7. Carefully clean the mud or snow off your boots before entering the house.
8. Be prompt at every meal hour.
9. Never sit down at the table, or in the parlor, with dirty hands or tumbled hair.
10. Never interrupt any conversation, but wait patiently your turn to speak.
11. Never preserve your good manners for company, but be equally polite at home and abroad.
12. Let your first, last, and best friend be your mother.

The To-Go's Corner.

"I wonder are editors aware of how much importance is their poet's corner! I wonder if they knew that the most inveterate pursuer of brooms and gridirons that ever kept a man's house tidy, likes a bit of sentiment in that shape in the family paper. When the day's work is done, she takes the scissors from the long pocket at her side, clips the precious verses from the paper, and hides them in her bosom. They have touched her heart; and many times when she is alone, she will read them over; and as long as they hold together will keep them in her needle-case or work-box, to read when 'things go wrong,' or when the treadmill of everyday duties has been faithfully performed.

"So, gentlemen editors, don't crowd out the poetry, or think it of small consequence. Take the affidavit of one who has seen the clipped verses from your paper hid away in pocket-books, speared on pin-cushions, or tucked away in boxes.

"Always have a bit of poetry in your columns for her who has a potent voice in the choice of a family newspaper."

The Human Register.

Is there not something of rest, of calm, in the thought of gently and gradually fading out of human remembrance? What page of ours that does not betray some weakness we would fain have left unrecorded?

I should like to see any man's biography with corrections and emendations by his ghost. We don't know each other's secrets quite as well as we flatter ourselves we do. Who knows whether the best of men be known, or whether the best be not more remarkable persons forgot, than any who stand remembered in the account of time?

Fame is, after all, a kind of rude handling. O, sweet, tranquil refuge of oblivion, so far as earth is concerned, for us poor blundering, stammering, misbehaving creatures, who cannot turn over a leaf of life's diary without feeling thankful that its failures can no longer stare us in the face!

A father lately induced a croupy little boy to make a healthy little meal of buckwheat cakes and molasses, but the latter proved to be syrup of squills. The boy said he thought something aided the molasses the very minute his father told him to eat all he wanted.

LOVE IS NEVER LOST.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

What was the song we sang together,
You and I in the long lost June?
Something to-day in the dreary weather
Brought back a strain of the tune;
And it carried me back to a moon-lit even,
Roses, music, beautiful eyes;
You seemed an angel out of Heaven,
And I was in Paradise.

I think it was something that night we were
singing
About the sea—but I cannot say,
For only a strain of the song came ringing
Into my life to-day.
Our bark on the sea of life have drifted
Widely asunder since that June night,
And clouds have gathered, and clouds have
lifted,
And days have been dark and bright.
But I think the love that brightened our May
time,
Though lost and forgotten in Time's swift
flow,
Has been with us always in night time or day
time—
I think it is always so;
Love is never outlived completely—
Is never wasted or thrown away;
Some part of it lives and comes back to us
sweetly,
Like the strain of that song to-day.

Words we forget, but a strain of the measure
Floats back to us ever, now and then,
In days of labor, or hours of pleasure,
As we move about with men,
And our steps keep time to it, beating, beating
Into our lives the measured time;
So ever and ever we go on repeating
The song of our youth's glad prime.

AN OLD RELIC

Mrs. F. N. Oxley of Ashland has in her possession an old Bible, which was brought over in the Mayflower, or soon after. It is in a good state of preservation, with the exception of a few chapters of the Old Testament. The New Testament bears on its title page the following: "The New Testament of our Lord Jesus Christ. Translated out of Greek into English by Theodor Beza: with brief summaries and explications upon the hard places by the said Authour, Ioan. Camer and P. Lofeller, Villerius. Engliſhed by L. Thomson. Together with annotations of Fr. Iunius upon the Revelations of St. John. Imprinted at London by the Deputies of Christopher Barker, Printed in the Queenes Moſt Excellent Majestie, 1599." There are a large number of names on the family record, but the only one that can be made out is that of Thomas Sanford, Bos., April 27, 1633. The book is substantially bound in calf. Upon the inside of the cover are pasted these lines:

Skeptic! spare this book;
Touch not a single leaf,
Nor on its pages look
With eyes of unbelief;
'Twas my forefathers' stay
In hour of agony;
Skeptic! go thy way,
And let this book be.

This good old book of life
For centuries off has stood
Unharm'd amid the strife,
When earth was drunk with blood;
And wouldst thou harm it now,
And have its truth forgot?
Skeptic! forbear thy blow;
Thy hand shall harm it not.

"After the Shower" is the name of a new brocade silk. It probably bears the colors of the rainbow seen after a shower; but we don't believe it will have a long reign.—*Norristown Herald.*

Isn't it a watered silk?