

CHAT WITH THE CHILDREN.

Oh, what do you think the angels say? Said the children up in heaven... There's a dear little girl sitting home to-day...

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

There is a beautiful story told of Florence Nightingale, the famous nurse of the Crimean War, which shows that when she was a child she had the nursing instinct strongly developed.

The little girl went fearlessly up to where he lay, saying in a soft, caressing tone, "Poor Cap, poor Cap." It was enough. He looked up with his speaking brown eyes, now bloodshot and full of pain, into her face, and did not resent it when, kneeling down beside him, she stroked with her little unloved hand the large, intelligent head.

WITH MINT SAUCE.

Mary had a little lamb, And 'twas so very nice. She passed her plate again: "Please, ma'am, I'll take another slice."

MRS. BECHER-STOWE.

Of Mrs. Harriet Beecher-Stowe, the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," who died the other day it cannot be said that her literary gifts were precocious. Last year she herself recalled, in an article published for a charitable purpose, her first attempt at authorship.

Her fifteen years of childhood were uneventful, but spent in an exceptional environment of cultured society with lawyers, ministers, and professors, who were frequenters of her father's circle.

FARM AND GARDEN.

It is hardly wise to sow grass seeds, and certainly not clover, at this late time of the year. The winter will probably kill the young and insuflantly rooted plants, and the seed and labor will be lost.

Seed wheat may be safely covered three inches deep, the seed sprouts at that depth, and the spire reaching the surface throws out new roots there, from which the stools grow and cause the plant to thicken so that several stems will proceed from the same root.

The death of the current leaves is due to the presence in them of a small insect, which burrows in them under the surface thus eating away the inner part of the leaf and leaving it faded and withered.

Bones are very hard and tough, and need a strong milk, with heavy power to grind them small enough to be used on the land. But there is a simple process of softening them, in this way. Put them in a pit, mixed with alternate layers of unbleached wool ashes, and quicklime.

The largest strawberry grown at the present time is that known as the Agriculturist. This was introduced twenty years ago, and under good culture is quite as good as at the first. The size of the fruit of this plant depends on the good culture of it more than on the variety, for without this the largest fruits will be small and mean, just as a starved animal will be.

For all sorts of vegetable enemies this other remedy is to be used. This is some acid substance by which the delicate tissues of the fungi (they all belong to this tribe of almost invisible plants) are destroyed. The most approved and effective preparation for this use is the French preparation known as the Bordeaux solution.

Apples are treated for the leaf rust and fruit scab. All other plants are treated for any kind of rust or blight by which the foliage is attacked. Potatoes are saved from the early and the late blight, in short, every plant whose leaves are browned and curled by the numerous fungoid parasites may be saved from harm by the spraying on the leaves or fruits of this solution.

COLIC AND KIDNEY DIFFICULTY.—Mr. J. Wilder, J. P., Lafarville, N. Y., writes: "I am subject to severe attacks of Colic and Kidney Difficulty, and find Parmelee's Pills afford me great relief, which all other remedies have failed. They are the best medicine I have ever used."

FREE TO MEN. Any man who is weak or run down can write to me in perfect confidence and receive free of charge, in a sealed letter, valuable advice and information how to obtain a cure. Address, with stamp, F. G. Smith, P. O. Box 388, London, Ont.

FIRESIDE FUN.

Wit is the power to say what every body would have said if he had thought of it.

The tombstone is about the only thing that can stand upright, and at the same time lie on its face.

What are the most unsovable things in the world? Milestones, for you never see two of them together.

During the winter the hen may be dilatory, but she generally comes to the scratch when the garden is planted.

One of the hardest things in all public functions is to keep the brass band from mistaking itself for the entire procession.

Higbee: "There goes a man who takes things as he finds them." Robbins: "A philosopher?" Higbee: "No, a rhapsodist."

What makes you think he is flighty?" "Because he has a scheme in his head for navigating the air."

Fontyles: "Why don't you try to write an original drama?" Senator: "How can I? I don't know a single foreign language."

"What are you doing now?" asked one Yale man of another. "I am writing for a living." "What do you write?" "Letters to the governor."

Young Duff: "I never talk about things that I do not understand." Old Ruf: "Really? You must be the most reticent young man in the city."

Jinkbobs: "You complain of the expense of a typewriter—why don't you have your wife to do it?" Henpeck: "I can't dictate to my wife."

Mrs. Musieus: "Did you have much trouble in learning to sing so beautifully?" Miss Frankly: "Yes; especially with the neighbours."

"The doctor says I am not to be worried," squeaked the rat to the terrier. "You're to be well shaken before taken," growled the terrier, seizing it.

Mr. Elwell: "Isn't it strange, but true, nevertheless, that the biggest fools always marry the prettiest girls?" Mrs. Elwell: "Oh, now, go on your flatterer."

It always bothers a Frenchman who is learning English to read one day that a murder has been committed, and the next day that the murderer has been committed.

Dick: "You know that feller workin' in shaft 17 who was always kickin' for a raise?" Mick: "Yes." Dick: "Well, he kicked over a can of dynamite to-day, and got it."

"I've got one advantage over you still," said the carriage horse, looking at the bicyclist in the next stall. "When I'm worn out I can be worked up into glue and canned beef, and you can't."

He: "It must be exceedingly gratifying to Gladstone to be called the 'Grand Old Man.'" She (prominent woman suffragist): "Yes; but I'd like to see anybody call me the 'Grand Old Woman.'" "

First Thespian: "So you brought out your new tragedy during Lent. I suppose the audience gave you a reception meet for the occasion?" Second Thespian: "No, Being Lent, they gave me eggs."

French Waiter (in London restaurant to Yabsley, who has been trying to make himself understood in bill of fare French): "If ze gentleman will talk ze language vot he was born in, I vill very mooch better understand."

"I will follow you to the utmost ends of the earth!" hissed the villain. "No you won't," said the heroine, calmly. "Why won't I?" queried the villain, aghast at her coolness. "Because I'm not going there," she replied.

"Hypnotism is a great thing. I can hypnotize anyone, and what I desire the subject to do he does." "See here, professor," said the little tailor, "I'll give you 10 per cent. on all the money you can hypnotize out of my customers."

Mrs. Sdarler: "Oh, James, I've lost my dear little pug! I'm going to advertise, and offer a reward for its recovery, but I don't know how to describe its darling features." Mr. Sdarler: "Better give a description of your own."

In an English graveyard in China there is a stone to a well known hotel-keeper, the epitaph on which, after giving the name, age, etc., winds up with: "Erected by the guests staying at the hotel, as a tribute of respect. They will be done."

Taper: "I should like two weeks' absence to attend the wedding of a very dear friend." Mr. Gingham: "It must be a very dear friend indeed, to make you want that much time. Who is it?" Taper: "Well, sir, after the ceremony she will be my wife."

"I took a tramp through the mountains last summer," said Miss Gaswell, who—er—didn't you take me instead?" asked the young man. "Take you instead?" asked the girl, bewildered. "Yess—instead of the tramp, doncher know. I think he'd be but a poor companion."

DOMESTIC READING.

Need of charity teaches charity's value. Even the honest man has use for a knowledge of dishonesty.

Why was our life given us, if not that we should manfully give it?

Every noble crowd is, and on earth will for ever be, a crown of thorns.

There is no more dangerous disease than wanting to get rich in a hurry.

Man's sin is like fire—the usefulness of all servants, if the frightfulness of all masters.

Calumny and Detraction are sparks, which, if you do not blow them, will go out of themselves.

Dr. Hailley used to say: "close study prolonged a man's life, by keeping him out of harm's way."

If we will take the good we find, asking no questions, we shall have heaping measures.—R. W. Emerson.

False-speaking is a vice of character which draws to itself as allies and confederates all the other weaknesses of man.

Never part without loving words to think of during absence. It may be that you will not meet again in life.—Richter.

Al! there is no telling, but perhaps we might not sow quite so recklessly if we would only bear the reaping-time in mind.—Christian Reid.

Wickedness can be seen through the thickest fog, but virtue has to have an electric light to be seen in the world.

The great world revolutions send in their billows to the remotest creak, and the overthrow of thrones more slowly overturns also the households of the lowly.

The commonest things, such as lie within everybody's grasp, are more valuable than the riches which so many mortals sigh and struggle after.—Hawthorne.

The true greatness of man consists not in the extent of his wealth, nor in the beauty of his person, but in the majesty of his intellect and the purity of his moral nature.

The soul is the breath of God, the beauty of man, the wonder of angels, and the envy of devils. The soul is a greater miracle in a man than all the miracles wrought among men.

Ambition indulged in abstinently is a source of power; used immoderately, it is a source of unreasoning intoxication and loss of that honor which smooths the rugged path of existence.

To the heart there are no insignificant covets; it magnifies all things; it puts in the same balance the fall of an empire and the fall of a woman's glove, and oftentimes the glove outweighs the empire.

The value of self-control as a hygienic agent is very great. It prevents waste of vitality in feeling, emotion and passion. It helps to give one a mastery over pain and distress, rather than it a mastery over us.

Were it conceivable that the angels in Heaven could envy us, it would certainly be because we mortals are capable of suffering for God, and through our suffering showing our love for Him.—Emmy Giehl.

We are never more disappointed with others than when we are disappointed with ourselves. The consciousness of wrong-doing makes us irritable, and our heart, in its cunning, quarrels with what is outside it in order that it may deafen the clamor within.

How often, when smarting under some unforeseen misfortune or disappointment, does a person call to mind some proverb or common saying, familiar to him all his life, the meaning of which, if he had ever before felt it as he now does, would have saved him from the calamity.

The world is for ever lowering the heavenly life of the Church. If there ever was an age in which this was true, it is the present. One of the most frightening features of our condition is that we are so little frightened of the world. The world itself has brought this about.—Father Faber.

The best things in the world do not come to us ready-made. Truth must be searched for with patient toil. Beauty must be wrought out with painstaking devotion. Food and raiment must be wrested from the furrow and woven in the loom. And all our social and political institutions must be fought for on the field of battle, defended in the forum, and vindicated in the courts.—William De Witt Hyde.

And as the Aurora came before the sun and follows the sun whenever he shineth, inseparable from his rays as from his first, so the Virgin Mother, in her pure human light, will follow in the angelic light of Him Who "enlighteneth every man who cometh into the world." Oh, fair light, as thou wert the beautiful dawn of Christ in this world, be the dawn of the day of thy children's blessed eternity.—Father Abram J. Ryan.

No family living in a bilious country should be without Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. A few doses taken now and then will keep the Liver active, cleanse the stomach and bowels from all bilious matter and prevent Ague. Mr. J. L. Price, Shoals, Martin Co., Ind., writes: "I have tried a box of Parmelee's Pills and find them the best medicine for Fever and Ague I have ever used."

THE VIOLIN'S STORY.

It had such a curious way of telling its story, this old Italian violin! At first, when it began to speak, the listener could only hear vague sounds which trembled and moaned indistinctly; but ever and again there arose a whole wave of harmonies, which formed themselves into words which were comprehended by some, but not by all, for the high and most beautiful things in the world need translation before they can be understood by the commonplace. It is only the nightingales that understand what it is that the nightingales sing.

But at last he heard one word—Cremona—and, as they heard it, they caught a glimmering of what Cremona must have been in the by-gone, long-distant days, even before this violin had taken form. Cremona! city of music—city of love—of impassioned strains and long-drawn sighs—city of workers and toilers for the perfecting of instruments with which to make perfect music! That one word told of the soul these men had put into their art—yea, of the love they bore it. It was as if every string strung in the city of music vibrated with the sound of that one word—Cremona.

I was born at Cremona (said the violin). I would you could have seen our workshop. For centuries it had been the birthplace of the world-famed, world-admired violins. I myself am but a latter-day descendant of the old race, possessing none of the qualities of my ancestors save the accumulated knowledge that each true artist brings to the perfecting of his craft. Knowledge is the world's great inheritance—a patrimony that each son of the earth may enjoy.

But to return to the house where our workshop was: it was tall, many-storied, with high gables and narrow windows that overlooked a courtyard, in the centre of which stood a fountain, or rather a well: before the noontide heats and after the sun had gone down, the women used to come with their high arched pitchers and gossip and sing, awaiting their turn to fill: and the songs they sang floated in to us on the warm, perfumed air.

The violins learned then so that they knew music even before they were made. I tell you every particle of a violin must feel music within it, if the violin is to make it. It was such a pretty sight, this courtyard with its white, uneven flagstones, and its pot of oleanders and orange-trees, and the great vine crawling up the house-side like a sorried troop of lusty soldiers up a mountain-steeple. But women were needed to make the picture complete, and there were mostly women there, for besides those who came to fetch water, there were some who lived in the houses that formed three sides of the square courtyard, which had but one narrow egress.

These women were mostly washerwomen by profession, and their variegated clothes, hung out to dry in the wind, made a stir of life in the sleepy courtyard. Besides these, there was one other woman, the keeper of the fruit stall, and her fruits made a fine patch of color in the most shadowy corner.

Here it was that the apprentices, who were not always as eager to work as Messer Antonio, came to quench their thirst with the ripe luscious fruit, so temptingly displayed. I knew many of them, for it takes a long time for a violin to become matured, and it is of one of the apprentices I will tell the story.

It was in the beginning of June; the strong sun was shining as brightly as if it had not been shining ever since the world began. Messer Antonio, with his sleeves well tucked up, was putting a touch of varnish on a violin. He was so sunburnt that the golden varnish almost seemed to be of the same color as his long arms and his great hands that touched the violins so lightly and tenderly. A woman was crossing the courtyard, tall and stately, with a dignified walk that seemed to give the lie to the peasant's dress she wore. A little child, hardly able to walk, was clinging to the shapely yet labor-marked hand. The little fingers closed so firmly round the mother's that it seemed that the child knew by the contract alone how great was the support the mother could give.

The woman looked up at our house, as if in bygone days she had known it well, scanning it narrowly as if to discover if it were indeed unaltered. She seemed irresolute and strangely timid. She hesitated a long time before she took courage to enter.

It was the hour of noontide rest, and the apprentices had all dispersed. Messer Antonio alone remained working. He always loved to apply these cunning touches of his when he was quiet by himself: the idle chatter of his workmen, when they were young and giddy, disturbed him. He, having so great a reverence for his art, loved to practice while in the silence and alone, and I, for one, could not wonder at it.

I heard the woman's step on the stairs. I think she must have been carrying the little one, for I heard only one footfall; but at the threshold she paused, and I heard a sound as if the little one had been placed on his feet. Then the door opened and I felt a tremulous excitement creep over me; but Messer Antonio seemed to hear nothing, but worked on steadily, evidently much satisfied with his results, for there was a contented smile upon his face that meant, "It is well done."

The woman entered holding her child to her closely. She was pale under the sunburn of her cheeks, but she advanced quite steadily, and came within a yard of Messer Antonio. He looked up sulkily and gave a great start; the ruddy color forsook his face; he lost all his dearly loved violin with a clatter, and he gave a hoarse cry of "Maddalena!" but there was nothing soft, nothing pitiful in the cry: rather one would have said a curse than a cry.

She fell down on her knees, as the peasant woman do before the image of our Blessed Lady that stands at the corner of the courtyard, and stretched out her hands in supplication; but he neither spoke nor moved.

"Then—" "Father!" she cried appealingly.

He looked at her angrily and the great veins of his forehead stood out like cords, and the hot, passionate blood mounted to his face, and he cried, roughly, "What do you do here?"

"Then she answered almost softly, "I crave forgiveness and mercy, father."

"I do not know them," he answered coldly and would have turned from her; but she took hold of her little one and pushed it towards him.

"Forgiveness for me, and mercy for my child," she said; but the little one, seeing its mother on her knees, plucked at her gown and looked defiantly at the man who was frightening her.

Messer Antonio turned an angry look upon the child, but in some wonderful fashion a little softening smile crept into the hard lines of his mouth.

"What do you do here?" he asked again, but a little less roughly. "Did I not bid you go with your accused husband, since you elected to wed him? I told you I would never look upon your face again. Is he dead, then, that you have come back to me?"

He said this so brutally, one would not have recognized Messer Antonio. "He is dead," she answered quietly, but with a great despair in her voice that made every word she uttered seem like a knife thrust.

"Dead to me—has left me!" "Left you?" "There was a fiendish gleam on Messer Antonio's face. "Left you—and you have come to me!"

"Listen," she said breathlessly, and rose from her knees and confronted her father. "Let me speak! I will confess at once that you were right and I was wrong. You told me he was a ne'er-do-well, a scoundrel, a beggar who married me because I was a rich man's daughter—and I, who loved him told you that you were right. He was all you said and more. He was so bad, so cowardly, so cruel, that my sole remaining desire is to be revenged on him!" (She stamped her foot, as if she could not express her anger sufficiently in any other way, and the great, passionate tears rained from her eyes.) "But I can do nothing! I am a helpless woman with a little child. Therefore I come to you: not on account of the love you have ceased to bear me, but for revenge. You were always revengeful, and I bring you Filippo. I give him to you! He is my darling; the apple of my eye; the very all of me; and I bring him to you to make of him my avenger. Do what you will with him. Here he is—but avenge me!"

She spoke in short, sharp breaths, panting with anger; but at the end she was exhausted herself. She would have fallen prone to the ground but that Messer Antonio caught her and laid her, not ungently, on the wooden bench which the apprentices used. He was silent for a moment, and stood with bent head, pondering over her words.

"I do not think it was emotion that subdued him, but a little wonder at the suddenness of the whole thing."

"If this is the reason of your coming, Maddalena, you are welcome," he said at last.

"This is how Filippo, a little curly-haired child came amongst us. But as for Maddalena, she would not stay."

"I do not come as a beggar," she answered Messer Antonio, when he spoke some words of protest at her departure, and she spoke with the self-reliant air that I knew so well in Messer Antonio. "I can work—I do work. I could not come back here and eat your bread when you had cursed me and bidden me begone from your presence; and"—with a sudden snarl of feeling that melted the rigid lines in her face—"I could not return here and live here, where I dreamt my childish, fond dreams of happiness with him! The very stones in the courtyard would seem to jeer at me! A thousand stinging memories would crowd in upon me to madden me. No I could not live here, but I will leave Filippo to you, if you like. Bring him up in ignorance of me. Swear to me you will make of him an instrument to avenge me!"

"And now she turned to go.

"Good-bye, father," she said, and a great tremor shook her sonorous voice; she stooped and lifted little Filippo in her arms, and clasped him to her breast with hungry ferocity, and