THE SHADOW AND THE LIGHT.

Meek and sweet in the sun He stands,
Drinking the cool of His Syrian skies;
Lifting to heaven toil-wearied hands,
Seeing His Father with those pure eyes.

Gazing from trestle and bench and saw
To the Kingdom kept for His rule above;
Oh, Jesus, Lord! we see with awe!
Oh, Mary's Son, we look with love!

We know what message that even-tide
Bore, when it painted the Roman cross,
And the purple of nightfall, prophesied
The hyssop to Him, and to us the loss.

The crown which the Magi brought to her
It made a vision of brows that bleed;
And the censer, with spikenard and balm and myrrh,
It lay on the wall like the sponge and reed.

But now Thou art in the Shadowless Land,
Behind the light of the setting sun;
And the worst is forgotten which Evil planned,
And the best that Love's glory could win, is won!

Edwin Arnold, in The Light of the World.

THE HOME.

Power of a Child's Imagination.

An illustration of the legitimate use of a child's imagination for securing right conduct is given as follows in Bishop Vincent's book called Studies in Young Life. A parent who will avail himself of this faculty in the manner described, rather than resorting to coercive measures, is wise, indeed:

There was a restless youngster, many years ago now, who lived in the author's house. He had the best right in the world to be there. He seemed to understand that part of it himself—judging from the liberties of sundry sorts he was in the habit of taking with the so called "authorities" of the household. He was an active presence and could not sit still. He must always be "on the go." It puzzled us to account for this quality in the child. Perhaps it was inherited from some remote Huguenotic ancestor. Even at the table he wanted the fun of the playroom, and could eat better if surrounded by dolls and wagons, cars and blocks. The eating, however, was more likely to be hearty and abundant if cake and candy found a place in his *menus*. He would ask for cake to begin with, and if the reluctant restrictions of an indulgent mother had not been enforced he would have continued and ended with cake. "Toys and cake" at table were the alluring and almost irresistible temptations of the youngster. And we tried an experiment. We aimed to utilize the imagination in dispensing with both and yet keeping the boy contented.

One day when the clamour for toy-companionship and diet of cake began, we took a thin slice of bread and spread on it a very thin enamel of butter. We then cut it into thin strips to represent logs of wood, and with these built a small log-house on his plate. The device was a success. The log-house was gradually taken apart and consumed. "Roof gone," he said. "Logs gone. Please make me another house." That young destroyer would eat a village at a meal. Churches went down, and markets, courthouse, schoolhouse, railway station — "gone." A locomotive, which consisted of one small strip of lightly buttered bread with an upright bread smoke-stick, would slowly approach the "tunnel," and with puff and whistle, produced by the "tunnel" itself, would disappear between ivory casings—more beautiful than ever decorated tunnel before. And the trains went in and disappeared. What an amount of bread would be consumed in the course of a meal! And the "I don't want any cake at all this time," proved the wisdom of the policy that had employed the imagination in making a substantial meal palatable and in making toys and cake unnecessary. Great is the power of the imagination!

The Magic of Silence.

You have often heard, "it takes two to make a quarrel?" Do you believe it? I'll tell you how one of my little friends managed.

Dolly never came to see Marjorie without a quarrel. Marjorie tried to speak gently; but no matter how hard she tried, Dolly finally made her so angry that she would soon speak sharp words too.

"Oh, what shall I do?" cried poor little Marjorie.

"Suppose you try this plan," said her mamma. "The next time Dolly comes in, seat yourself in front of the fire and take the tongs in your hand. Whenever a sharp word comes from Dolly, gently snap the tongs, *without speaking a word*."

Soon afterward in marched Dolly to see her friend. It was not a quarter of an hour before Dolly's temper was ruffled and her voice was raised, and as usual she began to find fault and scold. Marjorie flew to the hearth and seized the tongs, snapping them gently. More angry words from Dolly. *Snap* went the tongs. More still. *Snap.*

"Why don't you speak?" screamed Dolly in fury. *Snap* went the tongs.

"Speak!" she said. *Snap* was the only answer.

"I'll never, never come again, never!" cried Dolly.

Away she went. Did she keep her promise? No, indeed! She came next day, but seeing Marjorie run for the tongs, she solemnly said, if she would let them alone, they would quarrel no more forever and ever.—*Christian Age.*

Everybody Likes Her.

There is a type of girl that everybody likes. Nobody can tell exactly why, but after you have met her you turn away to some other woman and say, "Don't you like Miss Grosvenor?" Now, the reason you like her is a subtle one; without knowing all about her, you feel just the sort of girl she is.

She is the girl who is not "too bright and good" to be able to find joy and pleasure all over the world.

She is the girl who appreciates the fact that she cannot always have the first choice of everything in the world.

She is the girl who is not aggressive, and does not find joy in inciting aggressive people.

She is the girl who has tact enough not to say the very thing that will cause the skeleton in her friend's closet to rattle his bones.

She is the girl who, whether it is warm or cold, clear or stormy, never finds fault with the weather.

She is the girl who, when you invite her to any place, compliments you by looking her best.

She is the girl who is sweet and womanly to look at and listen to, and who doesn't strike you as a poor imitation of a *demimondaine*.

She is the girl who makes this world a pleasant place because she is so pleasant herself.

And, by-and-bye, when you come to think of it, isn't she the girl who makes you feel she likes you, and, therefore, you like her?—*Boston Globe.*

Hints for the Housewife.

It is a poor rule that won't work both ways; nevertheless, both lending and borrowing are unprofitable.

New tins should be set over the fire with boiling water in them for several hours before food is put in them.

Nice table cloths and napkins should not be allowed to become so soiled that they will require vigorous rubbing with soap or hot water.

Paint stains that are dry and old may be removed from cotton and woollen goods with chloroform. First cover the spots with olive oil or butter.

Finger marks may be removed from varnished furniture by the use of a little sweet oil upon a rag. Patient rubbing with chloroform will remove paint from black silk or other material.

Dandy Jacks.—One cupful of white sugar, three eggs, one tablespoonful of butter, a little nutmeg, add sufficient flour to roll out, cut into fancy shapes and fry in boiling hot fat.

Boiled Leg of Lamb.—Allow one hour and a half for five pounds; soak in warm water for an hour, roll in a cloth and boil in salted water; serve with a border of turnips, carrots and cauliflower; serve a parsley sauce also.

Cream Cake.—Make batter by cup-cake recipe, or croton sponge. Bake in layers. Take rich cream, sweeten to taste, flavor with vanilla, whip to a stiff froth, and spread between the cakes. This is very delicate and nice.

Lemon Tarts.—Chop or grate a lemon; add one cupful of white sugar, one cupful of water, one well beaten egg, one tablespoonful of flour; line small patty-pans with paste; put a spoonful of the lemon mixture into each and bake.

Silver Pie.—Peel and grate one large white potato, add the juice and grated rind of one lemon, the beaten white of one egg, one cupful of fine white sugar, one cupful of cold water, bake in a nice paste. Beat the white of three eggs stiff, add half a cupful of sugar and flavor with lemon, spread on the pie and brown delicately. Just before taking it to table lay on small pieces of jelly or jam, to be eaten fresh.

Ginger Beer.—Buy the best ginger root at the druggist's and allow a pound of granulated sugar and a gallon of cold water to every four ounces of the ginger, which must be well pounded. Boil from half an hour to one hour, according to quantity. To clear it add at the last the white and shell of an egg to every two quarts. The juice and grated rind of a lemon should be allowed for every quart, but should be boiled in only five minutes before the beer is removed from the stove. Yeast must be stirred in before the liquid is quite cold. It is well to make the yeast of hops, but a cake of hop yeast to every gallon will answer. If a large quantity is made, it should be put into a cask at first and bottled in two or three weeks. If the quantity is small, let it work in a stone jar over night, and bottle in the morning.

To Kill Carpet Moths.—Saturate a large cloth with water strongly impregnated with ammonia. After wringing it as dry as possible, spread upon the carpet and iron until thoroughly dry. It is not advisable to press hard, as that flattens the nap of the carpet. Go over the entire carpet in this manner. The hot steam not only kills the little pests and destroys their eggs, but with the addition of the ammonia freshens and brightens the carpet also. To avoid carpet moths: if you find no appearance of them in your carpets, use an "ounce of prevention." In other words, after your carpet has been laid sponge thoroughly in a strong solution of salt and water. It is well, also, to sprinkle salt underneath the carpet, in dark corners, under bookcases, couches, etc., where the carpet is least used. Above all, keep your rooms sufficiently light, remembering that moths should be numbered among those wicked creatures who "prefer darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil."

THE FARM.

The Tent Caterpillar.

BY ANDREW S. FULLER.

Ninety-five years ago Professor Peck published a brief description of the now common American tent caterpillar (Clisiocampa americana). Half a century later Dr. Harris gave it its present scientific name, and warned farmers of the East of the danger of allowing this pest to increase in their orchards. Since then attention has been called to it annually in almost every paper and yet in the face of all the warnings and descriptions, accompanied by plain and simple directions, these caterpillars have steadily increased until they are more numerous this season than ever before. Reports from Connecticut assure us that tent caterpillars have nearly swept the state, almost destroying the apple crop for the season, if not killing many of the old trees, by stripping them of leaves and fruit. If these pests do not kill the trees they severely check their growth, from which they are not likely to recover for several years, even if not again attacked. In northern New Jersey, where I have lived twenty-five years, I have never known those caterpillars so numerous as they are this season; June 1 nine-tenths of the apple trees in my neighborhood were as bare of foliage as in midwinter, but all draped and smeared with the webs and tents of this great and widely distributed pest. To see such wholesale destruction of peach, pear, plum, apple and cherry trees does not impress one favorably as to the intelligence and character of their owners, for we might naturally suppose that a few good examples of cleanliness in a neighborhood would incite emulation in others, but it has utterly failed in my experience here, and the natural result is that a few farmers and owners of fine gardens are compelled to fight the pests which crowd in upon them from the grounds of those who will not lift a hand to check the increase of such insect enemies. There is certainly no justice or reason for permitting a few or many men in a community to shield and shelter insects that will soon swarm over the grounds of neighbors, but as nothing less than the severe lash of the law will reach the stolidly indifferent in such matters, we are forced to submit and fight these enemies as they invade our gardens and orchards.

If the tent-caterpillar were a new and unfamiliar insect, or one at all difficult to subdue, the case would be different; but it is old, common, and its habits well-known, or should be to every person who resides in the country and has ever read a newspaper. All that is needed to free our trees of this pest for a year is to pull down the little nests or tents sheltering the little caterpillars in spring, and crush them with the foot. It does not matter what kind of instrument is used, provided it draws out the nests from the forks of the branches and while the caterpillars are at home, early in the morning, late in the afternoon, and during rainy and cloudy weather. A slender pole, long enough to reach the highest nest in a tree, with two or three shingle-nails driven through the end, leaving the heads sticking out a half inch makes a very handy and efficient implement for dislodging the tents and caterpillars. By thrusting the end into the tent and then twisting it around two or three times, the tent will be rolled about the end and can be drawn forth with contents. To burn out the nests with kerosene or any other kind of a torch usually results in scorched or dead branches, while shooting with blank-cartridges may be amusement for boys, but scarcely to be recommended for men who only aim to get rid of the caterpillar. As soon as the caterpillars reach maturity they leave their tents and the trees and seek a convenient hiding place in which to spin their cocoons; by the middle of July the moths begin to appear, and a few weeks later the females deposit their eggs in oblong rings around the twigs of apple, cherry and other trees. Each of these rings usually contains from 200 to 300 eggs, all securely fastened to the twig and smeared over with a glue-like substance which protects them from rains, and cold of the winter months. The following spring each cluster of eggs produces a colony of caterpillars unless destroyed—an easy thing to do if a man will take the trouble to look over his fruit trees after the leaves have dropped in autumn.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Milk Should be Boiled.

An interesting discussion took place at a meeting of the French Academy of Medicine not long ago on the dangers attending the use of cows' milk. An eminent physician, M. Olivier, gave an account of a case he had been called to see, which was that of a young woman twenty years of age who was suffering with tubercular meningitis. On inquiry he learned that her parents were healthy in every respect, and that the patient herself had never before shown any signs of serious disease, nor was there anything in the hygienic conditions with which she was surrounded to account for her sickness. It was discovered, however, that she had been educated in a boarding school near Chartres, in which thirteen scholars had been stricken successively or stimultaneously with tuberculosis during the preceding four years, and this, the physicians in attendance agreed, was evidently where she had caught the disease.

On learning these facts, an investigation was made to ascertain, if possible, the cause of this succession of cases, and as it happened the information sought was obtained that very day at the slaughter-house at Chartres. On that day the veterinary inspector had had occasion to forbid the sale of the carcass of a cow nine or ten years old, which seemed to be in good condition, but which on being killed was found to be permeated through and through in all its viscera with tuberculosis. This cow, it seems, had been taken away every day to the convent school to be milked, and this milk the inmates had used.

Hygienists, said M. Olivier, can draw but one conclusion from these facts, and repeat it unceasingly. Milk must always be boiled; it is impossible to be sure that it does not contain bacilli, even when there is every reason for thinking that its quality is excellent.

During the discussion which followed M. Olivier's paper, M. Nocard remarked that at a previous session he had said, "All milk coming from an unknown source should be boiled before being used," but he would now change his formula and say that all milk must always be boiled, no matter where it comes from. In support of this change he gave the following statement of facts:

A well-known cattle raiser sent me a short time ago the lymphatic glands of a very fine calf which had seemed to be perfectly healthy. On examining them, however, they were found to be absolutely filled with tubercules. Now, this calf had had nothing to eat but its mother's milk, water and corn meal. I therefore decided that its mother must be infected. I wrote to request that at her death her udder should be sent to me. This was done, and I found it completely tuberculous.

The cow was a magnificent animal, raised on the premises, and of which the owners were very proud; she had gained several prizes at shows, and her health seemed irreproachable. If a friend of this man had come with his children to spend a few days at his place he would have given them this milk as the best he had, and not boiled—it would have been a massacre! It is quite possible that all of these children would have been affected with tuberculosis.

This may be thought an alarmist view of the subject, since the number of cases of tuberculosis which have been directly traced to tubercular cows is very small. But, on the other hand, tubercular disease is the most widespread and fatal of disorders at the present day, and as there is now no doubt of its transmissibility from cows to human beings through the medium of milk, it is probable that not a few cases of tubercular consumption are the result of drinking the milk of infected cows. The boiling of the milk is a simple preventive, and might well be adopted at least when the milk is to be fed to infants.

Hetty's Adventure.

BY FLORENCE B. HALLOWELL.

Hetty was only twelve years old, and small for her age; but she was so active and intelligent that she could be trusted to do all kinds of work, and was a great help to old Mrs. Finch, with whom she lived. Not that Mrs. Finch ever said so, or gave her a word of praise. Far from it. She was a cold, stern woman, who had peculiar ideas about bringing up children. She did not think praise or commendation good for them, and she was so much afraid of spoiling Hetty by kindness that she seldom spoke to her unless necessity compelled her to do so. She often sewed all day by the window of the little kitchen without even a glance at the small figure flitting so industriously from one task to another. She was a lonely, disappointed old woman, who had grown bitter and morose, and there was no love or tenderness in her heart for anybody. She made her living—a very scanty one—by sewing, and she sewed from Monday morning until Saturday night, without, probably, a misgiving that Hetty might be lonely and sad.

But she had to put away her sewing when the time came to make what Hetty called the "drill pies," and—wonderful to relate—she even remarked that if the pies sold well she would buy the child a new dress—a promise that made Hetty's cheeks flush with joy.

She certainly needed a new dress, for she had only two—a brown gingham, and a pink calico. She called the calico her best, but there was not much choice between the two, for the gingham had been darned and patched until there was very little left of the original material, and the pink calico was faded almost white, and was so short that, although the hem had been let down, the skirt barely reached to her knees.

Mrs. Finch owned the small house in which she lived, and the two acres of land surrounding it, and, though there was no orchard, there was a good-sized strawberry bed in the rear, which furnished berries so large and sweet that Hetty hunted the vines regularly every morning that not one might be lost.

It was her own idea to make the "drill pies," and Mrs. Finch had agreed that the strawberries might in this way be made profitable. The city, five miles distant, was full of soldiers who had gathered from all parts of the country for the military drill, and Hetty was sure they would readily buy the pies. It was only natural she should think so, for the pies presented such a tempting appearance as they came one after another from the oven, that she longed to try one herself, and, had she dared, would have suggested to Mrs. Finch to make a little turn over out of a small piece of pastry that was left. But she hadn't courage, and of course Mrs. Finch did not think of it, and the piece of pastry went into the flour sack to be used as the under-crust for a potato pudding the next day. Mrs. Finch made potato pudding very often, for it was, as she had once remarked, both cheap and "filling."

Hetty was in a quiver of excitement, as, having taken advantage of Mr. Bruce's offer to "give them a lift" to the city in his light wagon, she rode along the quiet country road with the pies in a basket beside her, carefully covered from the dust, and an old quilt over her knees to protect from either rain or dust the pink calico, which had been freshly "done up" for the occasion.

She could think of little except the prospective new dress, and wondered if Mrs. Finch would consult her at all in regard to the color and pattern. She wanted a dark blue with a tiny white figure, having heard old Mrs. Simonds say that dark blue calicoes seldom faded in washing, and "took starch" well—two very important considerations with Hetty.

The Bruces lived very near Mrs. Finch and little Matilda Bruce, the only daughter, had so many dresses that Hetty was quite bewildered whenever she tried to remember them all. And Matilda had often remarked that it must be "just dreadful" to have only two frocks, and she "wondered how Hetty could stand it." It would be very gratifying Hetty thought, to appear before Matilda in a brand new calico; and long before the city was reached, she had rehearsed in her imagination the conversation that would take place on the occasion between herself and her little neighbor.

Mrs. Finch wisely concluded that Hetty would make a better peddler than herself, so, when they neared the encampment she gave Hetty the big basket containing the pies, and sat down on the grass in a vacant lot to wait her return.

"They ought to sell for fifteen cents apiece, Hetty," she said. "But it looks as if a storm was comin' up, 'n' is it sets in to rain, sell 'em for anything you can get."

The sky was very dark, great storm clouds were gathering in the west, and there was a loud clap of thunder before Hetty reached the camp.

But she kept bravely on, eager to dispose of her wares, and was delighted when a soldier in the uniform of a Zouave accosted her and asked if the pies were for sale.

"I'll take one," he said, and then he called to half-a-dozen of his regiment, who were standing a short distance off, and told them to "come up lively if they wanted a chance at something good."

Hetty's heart beat fast with delight. She had had no idea her work would be made so easy, and she was watching with great eagerness the approach of the Zouaves when a hand fell on her shoulder, and, turning, she saw a policeman beside her.

"Got a license to peddle, little girl?" he asked.

"No, sir," answered Hetty very much frightened.

"Then you can't sell your pies around here. Take 'em to a restaurant: that's the best way to dispose of 'em.

Before Hetty could reply there was a terrific clap of thunder calculated to startle the strongest nerves, and down came the rain in torrents. The soldiers and the visitors to the camp rushed to the tents and the grand stand for shelter, while all was confusion. Poor Hetty stood motionless, not knowing which way to turn. Peal after peal of thunder resounded through the heavens, and the lightning flashed so vividly that she could not help screaming with terror. Her relief was great when a friendly Zouave rushed from the grand stand, and seizing her arm, hurried her under shelter.

The stand was crowded and every one seemed interested in Hetty, who was wet to the skin, but who did not think of herself at all, only of the basket of precious strawberry pies out in the drenching rain.

"It is too late now," she said with quivering lips and overflowing eyes, when one of the soldiers offered to go for the basket. "No one could eat the pies now. They are all spoiled and I cannot have my new frock. I will have to keep on wearing this one no matter *how* it looks."

"Were you going to buy a new frock with the money you expected to get from the sales of the pies?" asked a lady who had wrapped a warm shawl about the shivering child.

And then, little by little, encouraged by their sympathy Hetty told her new friends of the promise Mrs. Finch had made, and how impossible it would be now to have a new frock for "ever and ever so long."

"Poor little soul!" said a young man wearing the uniform of the Kentucky State Guards. "It's a shame. How much calico does it take to make a dress?"

"Four yards and a half," answered Hetty. "You see I am not very large for my age. But there's the buttons 'n linings 'n it comes to a good deal; so there's no use hoping for it now."

The guardsman whispered something to the soldier next him, who whispered it to the next and so on, until every one on the stand knew what had been said, and they all nodded and smiled as if well pleased.

Then a cap was handed around and every one put some money in it, until it was heavy with silver dimes and quarters and two or three big dollars.

And the moment the rain stopped the young guardsman obtained permission to leave camp, and told Hetty he wanted her to go with him to some big store to help him choose a present for his little sister.

Hetty's clothes were very wet, and her sunbonnet was a ruin, and though she wanted very much to go, she felt sure the young soldier would be ashamed to be seen with her. But he declared he wasn't, and even took hold of her hand to keep her close to his side.

After a doll had been chosen for the little girl Hetty had never seen and never would see, a great surprise came to her. She was told to pick out three dress patterns for herself, all of gingham, which some lady on the grand stand had told the young guardsman was more serviceable than calico.

Then came purchases of a new white sunbonnet, some pretty handkerchiefs, four pairs of nice stockings and a little cape. And Hetty's delight may be imagined when the big bundle was put into Mr. Bruce's wagon, and her kind friend pressed into her hand the remaining silver, which was enough to keep the little girl in gingham dresses for some time to come.

Mr. Bruce drove around until he found old Mrs. Finch, who had been very much worried about Hetty, though of course she did not say so; and who hardly credited at first the child's story of her adventure.

Hetty was proud as well as happy when Matilda called the next day and went into raptures over the pretty ginghams.

"But I guess you deserved to have 'em, Hetty," she said. "You're the kind of girl everybody likes. And you worked hard making those pies even if you didn't sell them."

"It was just the people who felt kind," said grateful Hetty. "I think this is a real nice world, don't you?"—*Selected.*

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