

### How She Settled It.

"And where is the glory of brush or of pen,  
Like the glory of mothers and molders of men,  
The home keeping women of earth?"

"Crowned since the great solar system had birth,  
They reign unsurpassed in their beautiful sphere;  
They are queens who can look in God's face without  
fear,  
The home-keeping women of earth."

"Dear Me!" exclaimed Mrs. Herbert, looking from the window. "how much it looks like snow and how cold it is! Now, which place to visit this afternoon? Mrs. Welch's at home is to really be a high tea which I understand is to be sufficiently hearty to serve as quite a meal. Unfortunately it is the day when our chapter of Daughters of the Revolution meets. And it seems imperative that I should be present at the 'Ladies' Thursday Club,' if I conclude to join as I have been urged to do. I've told Norah what to have for dinner, cold lamb, vegetables and apple pie, so if I am late, as I undoubtedly shall be from force of circumstances, Jack and Fred can keep their father company. Boo! how cold and gray it looks outside! I must tell Norah to go down and see if the furnace fire is all right. I remember how glum and dissatisfied I found Ralph when I got home late night before last. I think Ralph is changing of late. I used to think I had the pleasantest husband in the world, but nowadays—well, I don't know how to account for it, but he seems so absent minded and absorbed and worst of all, he shows so much peevishness when I attempt talking about my various engagements. Sometimes I wonder if—"

The lady knit her brow, and presently sank into an easy chair. At first the thoughts that pressed must have been unwelcome, for she showed impatience, said "Oh, pshaw!" and "Fudge!" and evidently preferred to drive them away. Then a better expression came into her face, and finally she arose, and again going to the window, began another season of soliloquy.

"Perhaps I'm making a great mistake without realizing it or meaning to. I'm sure I love Ralph with all my heart; he's one of the most intelligent of husbands, and as to my dear boys—" an almost holy look was stealing over Mrs. Herbert's comely face. But she was again musing audibly:

"I've a great mind to go right down into the kitchen and make one of those Irish stews that Ralph and the boys are so crazy over, instead of having the cold meat served this stinging night. Oh, yes! and how they all would gloat over hot gingerbread with raisins in it, to be eaten with butter for dessert! I could make both, and then get into my pretty tea gown before dinner time. And then it would be cozy to make sure myself that the house was sufficiently warm this tingling disagreeable night, as is surely going to be. Yes, that is what I'll do. Come to think of it, I've left things almost too much to Norah during the past few weeks. And I'm really surprised to find how many times I have been away until dinner was partly through, quite through, in fact, before I could get my wraps off and some change made in my dress. I thought Ralph was rather ungracious this morning when I asked him to please send me a little bunch of violets for a breast knot. I concluded that he was annoyed at being asked to stop and leave the order; but I'm not sure, come to think of it, but he was thinking of another half solitary meal. There's another chilly blast; now for my 'wash gown' and the kitchen range, heigh ho!"

At six o'clock: "Oh, bless me, wife, how warm the house feels, and how sweet you look, to be sure in your pretty gown! I knew! What's that I smell! There seems to be a delightful mixture of familiar odors fine enough to drive a hungry man wild. Its colder than Greenland outside, and as cheerless a night as one would ask to see. My! how lovely those violets look and the lights are so cheerful. What is Norah fixing up that smells so blissfully?"

"Oh, that is none of Norah's 'fixing up,' Ralph; it was so cold and forbidding outside that between not knowing whether to go to Mrs. Welch's 'tea,' or

to our 'Daughters of the Revolution,' or to see about joining a new club, I decided to stay at home and make a nice Irish stew for dinner, a good hot gingerbread for dessert, and make myself charming before my best beloved in house gown and violets."

"Bravo!"—in the voice of a boy—"Jack! Fred! come see what mamma's got for our dinner! hurry up! I guess you won't loiter long after you once get a sniff of it. There's the gong. Get your overcoats off quick, you boys, mamma's been cooking for us herself, bless her dear heart, and see the beauty she looks in her smart tea gown with ornaments of violets!"

"Oh, now isn't this something like!" explained Jack, nearly scalding his tongue with the delightful highly flavored stew. "Jolly! mamma, you never did better missionary work in your life than when you stayed at home and fixed up this savory mess for us half frozen, hungry chaps."

Fred managed to say he was too seriously engaged to be disturbed. When the steaming gingerbread came on, the enthusiastic Jack explained: "Oh, I say! What a place home is any time, but especially on a cold, bleak, wintry night!"

"Yes; but what is home without a mother?" Fred had taken time to peep up slyly at the gratified dame who presided.

And so she had settled it, to wisely stay at home that night with her own dear family, and after the warm, bright, pleasant evening she said to her husband in a tone of exceeding gentleness:

"I've settled it not to join the Ladies' Thursday Club. And I'm going away from my own blessed home less and less instead of more in the future. Any women makes a great mistake, Ralph, who fails to consider the comfort of her family first, every time, when she is considering her outside engagements."

### Light and Love.

If light should strife through every darkened place,

How many a deed of darkness and of shame

Would cease, arrested by its gentle grace,

And striving virtue rise, unscathed by blame!

The prisoner in his cell new hopes would frame,

The miner catch the metal's lurking trace.

The sage would grasp the metal's lurking trace.

And unknown heroes leap to sudden fame.

If love but one short hour had perfect sway,

How many a rankling sore its touch would heal,

How many a misconception pass away,

And hearts long hardened learn at last to feel;

What sympathies would wake, what feuds decay,

If perfect love might reign but one short day!

—The Academy.

### Eagles in Scotland.

The County Council of Rossire complains that so many lambs are taken off by eagles that they can protect the birds no longer, and a lamb when newly born weighs ten pounds. Golden eagles habitually carry weights of six pounds high in the air. Mr. C. Collier, who has for some years been sporting tenant of the island of Rassay, one of the Hebrides, informs me that he has seen an eagle flying with a mountain hare in its claws and holding it while carrion crows were mobbing it. In order that they may fly at all, the muscular strength of birds relatively to their size is enormous. In the case of the eagle the main object of these muscles is to give a margin of power for suspending its weight in the air. Brown hares are the common prey of eagles wherever the two species are found together, and have been such since the days of Æschylus, who notes this in the "Agamemnon." A moderate-sized brown hare weighs 7½ lbs. and a large one 8½ lbs. If an eagle can carry this to its nest, it could certainly carry an infant a few hundred yards or so across a chasm. It seems probable that eight pounds is about the limit of weight which a golden eagle can easily carry in the air, because in Spain it was noticed that the smaller species, the imperial eagle, generally pulled a hare in two, or tore off the head before flying with it to the nest, as if the whole carcass was too heavy for it. —Cornhill Magazine.

### What is a Protestant?

By the time that the next century gets well started on its way we may expect to see the Islington Clerical Meeting affiliated to the E.C.U. For we note in its proceedings of Tuesday last a startling advance upon the antiquated ideas held till recently. Most remarkable of all was Dr. Ryle's treatment of the title "Protestant." Now in former years we should have been told that a Protestant is a person who holds the Protestant faith and practices the Protestant religion. Not so Dr. Ryle. With him Protestantism does not consist in "noisy abuse of the Pope and the Roman priests," nor in denunciation of the "use of some of the richest blessings vouchsafed by Almighty God to the human race, on the ground of what seemed to be their misuse in the services of the Roman Catholic Communion and of its imitations." The Protestant character of the church is, he continued, "determined by at least three distinctive principles. The first is that Holy Scripture is the one absolute standard of Christian doctrine and conduct. The second is that complete liberty of conscience and the right of private judgment are the prerogatives of the believer in Christ. The third is that the National Church is independent of all foreign control."—Church Times.

### A Transvaal Pet.

In India the charming and inquisitive little ichneumon, which is very easily tamed, serves to utterly rid the most snake-infested compound of these reptiles. Its perkiness and lack of fear are utterly outdone by the meekness of the Transvaal and Natal, which is found everywhere, both in open veldt, about the yards and compounds of the farms, and even in the farm-houses themselves. A man may be asleep beside his camp fire on the veldt, when a little furry nose, with two bright and inquisitive eyes, is thrust into his face, and if not driven away, the little meerkat (for the intruder is no other) will immediately curl up and go to sleep under the warm blanket! This is as well, for no other rock or other snake (with which the Transvaal is infested) will dare approach; for the meerkat is quite as keen for their destruction as his cousin the ichneumon of India and Egypt, if not more so. In addition, this attractive little animal makes a charming pet.

### Dog Talks Through a Telephone.

Among the passengers who alighted at Redhill Station, in England, the other day, says a French paper, was a young lady who at once sought out the station master and complained with tears in her eyes, that she had lost her poodle at Reigate station. The station master telephoned his colleague at Reigate, who replied that there was, in fact, at that moment in his office a dog which answered to the description given of the missing poodle, and which was found wandering about the station. The lady requested to have the ear of the dog placed to the telephone receiver and proceeded to call him by name. The animal immediately recognized the voice or its mistress, began to bark and ended by jumping up on the instrument, at the other end of which its mistress was speaking to her favorite, which was soon restored to her.

### No Century Begins on Sunday.

There are some curious facts about our calendar. No century can begin on Wednesday, Friday or Sunday. The same calendars can be used every twenty years. October always begins on the same day of the week as January, April or July; September, as December, February, March and November begin on the same days. May, June and August always begin on different days from each other and every other month in the year. The first and last days of the year are always the same. These rules do not apply to leap year, when comparison is made between days before and after February 29th.