A GRAND OLD POEM.

Who shall judge a man from manners?
  Who shall know him by his dress?
Paupers may be fit for princes,
  Princes fit for something less;
Crumpled shirt and dirty jacket,
  May beclothe the golden ore
Of the deepest thought and feeling—
  Satin vests could do no more.

There are springs of crystal nectar
  Ever welling out of stone;
There are purple buds and golden,
  Hidden, crushed and overgrown:
God, who counts by souls, not dresses,
  Loves and prospers you and me,
While he values thrones the highest
  But as pebbles in the sea.

Man, upraised above his fellows,
  Oft forgets his fellows then;
Masters, rulers, lords remember
  That your meanest minds are men;
Men by honor, men by feeling,
  Men by thought and men by fame,
Claiming equal rights to sunshine,
  In a man's ennobling name.

There are foam-embroidered oceans,
  There are little weed-clad rills;
There are feeble inch-high saplings,
  There are cedars on the hills;
God, who counts by souls, not station,
  Loves and prospers you and me;
For to him all famed distinctions
  Are as pebbles in the sea.

Toiling hands alone are builders
  Of a nation's wealth or fame;
Titled laziness is pensioned,
  Fed and fattened on the same:
By the sweat of other's foreheads,
  Living only to rejoice:
While poor man's outraged freedom
  Vainly lifteth up its voice.

Truth and justice are eternal,
  Born with loveliness and light;
Secret wrong shall never prosper
  While there is a sunny right:
God, whose word-heard voice is singing
  Boundless love to you and me,
Sinks oppression with its titles,
  As the pebbles in the sea.

THE WATER-BABIES:

A FAIRY TALE FOR A LAND-BABY.

BY REV. CHARLES KINGSLEY M. A.

CHAPTER III.—*Continued.*

But one day Tom had a new adventure. He was sitting on a water-lily leaf, he and his friend the dragon-fly, watching the gnats dance. The dragon-fly had eaten as many as he wanted, and was sitting quite still and sleepy, for it was very hot and bright. The gnats (who did not care the least for their poor brothers' death,) danced a foot over his head quite happily, and a large black fly settled within an inch of his nose, and began washing his own face and combing his hair with his paws: but the dragon-fly never stirred, and kept on chatting to Tom about the times when he lived under the water.

Suddenly, Tom heard the strangest noise up the stream; cooing, and grunting, and whining, and squeaking, as if you had put into a bag two stockdoves, nine mice, three guinea-pigs, and a blind puppy, and left them there to settle themselves and make music.

He looked up the water, and there he saw a sight as strange as the noise; a great ball rolling over and over down the stream, seeming one moment of soft brown fur, and the next of shining glass: and yet it was not a ball; for sometimes it broke up and streamed away in pieces, and then it joined again; and all the while the noise came out of it louder and louder.

Tom asked the dragon-fly what it could be: but, of course, with his short sight, he could not even see it, though it was not ten yards away. So he took the neatest little header into the water, and started off to see for himself; and, when he came near, the ball turned out to be four or five wonderful creatures, many times larger than Tom, who were swimming about, and rolling, and diving, and twisting, and wrestling, and cuddling, and kissing, and biting, and scratching, in the most charming fashion that ever was seen. They were otters at play.

But, when the biggest of them saw Tom, she darted out from the rest, and cried in the water-language sharply enough, "Quick children, here is something to eat, indeed!" and came at poor Tom, showing such a wicked pair of eyes, and such a set of sharp teeth in a grinning mouth, that Tom, who had thought her very handsome, said to himself, Handsome is that handsome does, and slipt in between the water-lily roots as fast as he could, and then turned round and made faces at her.

"Come out," said the wicked old otter, "or it will be worse for you."

But Tom looked at her from between two thick roots, and shook them with all his might, making horrible faces all the while, just as he used to grin through the railings at the old women, when he lived before. It was not quite well-bred, no doubt; but you know, Tom had not finished his education yet.

"Come away, children," said the otter in disgust, "it's not worth eating, after all. It is only a nasty eft, which nothing eats, not even those vulgar pike in the pond."

"I am not an eft!" said Tom; "efts have tails."

"You are an eft," said the otter, very positively; "I see your two hands quite plain, and I know you have a tail."

"I tell you I have not," said Tom. "Look here!" and he turned his pretty little self quite round; and, sure enough, he had no more tail than you.

The otter might have got out of it by saying that Tom was a frog: but, like a great many other people, when she had once said a thing, she stood to it, right or wrong; so she answered:

"I say you are an eft, and therefore you are, and not fit food for gentlefolk like me and my children. You may stay there till the salmon eat you (she knew the salmon would not, but she wanted to frighten poor Tom). Ha! ha! they will eat you, and we will eat them;" and the otter laughed such a wicked cruel laugh—as you may hear them do sometimes; and the first time that you hear it you will probably think it is bogies.

"What are salmon?" asked Tom.

"Fish, you eft, great fish, nice fish to eat. They are the lords of the fish, and we are lords of the salmon;" and she laughed again. "We hunt them up and down the pools, and drive them up into a corner, the silly things; they are so proud, and bully the little trout, and the minnows, till they see us coming, and then they are so meek all at once; and we catch them, but we disdain to eat them all; we just bite out their soft throats and suck their sweet juice—Oh, so good!"—(and she licked her wicked lips)—"and then throw them away, and go and catch another. They are coming soon, children, coming soon; I can smell the rain coming up off the sea, and then hurrah for a fresh, and salmon, and plenty of eating all day long."

And the otter grew so proud that she turned head over heels twice, and then stood upright half out of the water, grinning like a Cheshire cat.

"And where do they come from?" asked Tom, who kept himself very close, for he was considerably frightened.

"Out of the sea, eft, the great wide sea, where they might stay and be safe if they liked. But out of the sea the silly things come, into the great river down below, and we come up to watch for them; and when they go down again we go down and follow them. And there we fish for the bass and the pollock, and have jolly days along the shore, and toss and roll in the breakers, and sleep snug in the warm dry crags. Ah, that is a merry life too, children, if it were not for those horrid men."

"What are men?" asked Tom; but somehow he seemed to know before he asked.

"Two-legged things, eft: and, now I come to look at you, they are actually something like you, if you had not a tail" (she was determined that Tom should have a tail). "Only a great deal bigger, worse luck for us; and they catch the fish with hooks and lines, which get into our feet sometimes, and set pots along the rocks to catch lobsters. They speared my poor dear husband as he went out to find something for me to eat. I was laid up among the crags then, and we were very low in the world, for the sea was so rough that no fish would come in shore. But they speared him, poor fellow, and I saw them carrying him away upon a pole. Ah, he lost his life for your sakes, my children, poor dear obedient creature that he was."

And the otter grew so sentimental (for otters can be very sentimental when they choose, like a good many people who are both cruel and greedy, and no good to anybody at all), that she sailed solemnly away down the burn, and Tom saw her no more for that time. And lucky it was for her that she did so; for no sooner was she gone, than down the bank came seven little rough terrier dogs, snuffing and yapping, and grubbing and splashing, in full cry after the otter. Tom hid among the water-lilies till they were gone; for he could not guess that they were the water-fairies come to help him.

But he could not help thinking of what the otter had said about the great river and the broad sea. And, as he thought, he longed to go and see them. He could not tell why; but the more he thought, the more he grew discontented with the narrow little stream in which he lived, and all his companions there; and wanted to get out into the wide wide world, and enjoy all the wonderful sights of which he was sure it was full.

And once he set off to go down the stream. But the stream was very low; and when he came to the shallows he could not keep under water, for there was no water left to keep under. So the sun burnt his back and made him sick; and he went back again and lay quiet in the pool for a whole week more.

"Down to the sea?" said Tom; "everything is going to the sea, and I will go too.

And when the daylight came, Tom found himself out in the salmon river.

Tom thought nothing about what the river was like. All his fancy was, to get down to the wide wide sea.

And after a while he came to a place where the river spread out into broad still shallow reaches, so wide that little Tom, as he put his head out of the water, could hardly see across.

And there he stopped. He got a little frightened. "This must be the sea," he thought. "What a wide place it is. If I go on into it I shall surely lose my way, or some strange thing will bite me. I will stop here and look out for the otter, or the eels, or some one to tell me where I shall go."

So he went back a little way, and crept into a crack of the rock, just where the river opened out into the wide shallows, and watched for some one to tell him his way: but the otter and the eels were gone on miles and miles down the stream.

There he waited, and slept too, for he was quite tired with his night's journey; and, when he woke, the stream was clearing to a beautiful amber hue, though it was still very high. And after a while he saw a sight which made him jump up; for he knew in a moment it was one of the things which he had come to look for.

Such a fish! ten times as big as the biggest trout, and a hundred times as big as Tom, sculling up the stream past him, as easily as Tom had sculled down.

Such a fish! shining silver from head to tail, and here and there a crimson dot; with a grand hooked nose, and grand curling lip, and a grand bright eye, looking round him as proudly as a king, and surveying the water right and left as if all belonged to him. Surely he must be the salmon, the king of all the fish.

Tom was so frightened that he longed to creep into a hole; but he need not have been; for salmon are all true gentlemen, and, like true gentlemen, they look noble and proud enough, and yet, like true gentlemen, they never harm or quarrel with any one, but go about their own business, and leave rude fellows to themselves.

The salmon looked at him full in the face, and then went on without minding him, with a swish or two of his tail which made the stream boil again. And in a few minutes came another, and then four or five, and so on; and all passed Tom, rushing and plunging up the cataract with strong strokes of their silver tails, now and then leaping clean out of water and up over a rock, shining gloriously for a moment in the bright sun; while Tom was so delighted that he could have watched them all day long.

And at last one came up bigger than all the rest; but he came slowly, and stopped, and looked back, and seemed very anxious and busy. And Tom saw that he was helping another salmon, an especially handsome one, who had not a single spot upon it, but was clothed in pure silver from nose to tail.

"My dear," said the great fish to his companion, "you really look dreadfully tired, and you must not over-exert yourself at first. Do rest yourself behind this rock;" and he shoved her gently with his nose, to the rock where Tom sat.

You must know that this was the salmon's wife. For salmon, like other true gentlemen, always choose their lady, and love her, and are true to her, and take care of her, and work for her, and fight for her, as every true gentleman ought; and are not like vulgar chub and roach and pike, who have no high feelings, and take no care of their wives.

Then he saw Tom, and looked at him very fiercely one moment, as if he was going to bite him.

"What do you want here?" he said, very fiercely.

"Oh, don't hurt me!" cried Tom. "I only want to look at you; you are so handsome."

"Ah?" said the salmon, very stately but very civilly. "I really beg your pardon; I see what you are, my little dear. I have met one or two creatures like you before, and found them very agreeable and well-behaved. Indeed, one of them showed me a great kindness lately, which I hope to be able to repay. I hope we shall not be in your way here. As soon as this lady is rested, we shall proceed on our journey."

What a well-bred old salmon he was!

"So you have seen things like me before?" asked Tom.

"Several times, my dear. Indeed, it was only last night that one at the river's mouth came and warned me and my wife of some new stake-nets which had got into the stream, I cannot tell how, since last winter, and showed us the way round them, in the most charmingly obliging way."

"So there are babies in the sea?" cried Tom, and clapped his little hands. "Then I shall have some one to play with there? How delightful!"

"Were there no babies up this stream?" asked the lady salmon.

"No; and I grow so lonely. I thought I saw three last night: but they were gone in an instant, down to the sea. So I went too; for I had nothing to play with but caddises and dragon-flies and trout."

"Ugh!" cried the lady, "what low company!"

"My dear, if he has been in low company, he has certainly not learnt their low manners," said the salmon.

"No, indeed, poor little dear: but how sad for him to live among such people as caddises, who have actually six legs, the nasty things; and dragon-flies, too! why they are not even good to eat; for I tried them once, and they are all hard and empty; and, as for trout, every one knows what they are." Whereon she curled up her lip, and looked dreadfully scornful, while her husband curled up his too, till he looked as proud as Alcibiades.

"Why do you dislike the trout so?" asked Tom.

"My dear, we do not even mention them, if we can help it; for I am sorry to say they are relations of ours who do us no credit. A great many years ago they were just like us; but they were so lazy, and cowardly, and greedy, that instead of going down to the sea every year to see the world and grow strong and fat, they chose to stay and poke about in the little streams and eat worms and grubs: and they are very properly punished for it; for they have grown ugly and brown and spotted and small; and are actually so degraded in their tastes, that they will eat our children."

"And then they pretend to scrape acquaintance with us again," said the lady. "Why, I have actually known one of them propose to a lady salmon, the impudent little creature."

"I should hope," said the gentleman, "that there are very few ladies of our race who would degrade themselves by listening to such a creature for an instant. If I saw such a thing happen, I should consider it my duty to put them both to death upon the spot." So the old salmon said, like an old blue-blooded hidalgo of Spain; and what is more, he would have done it too. For you must know, no enemies are so bitter against each other as those who are of the same race; and a salmon looks on a trout, as some great folks look on some little folks, as something just too much like himself to be tolerated.

[*To be continued.*]

THE HANGED MAN OF PIROCHE:

A TALE OF OLD BRITTANY.

LA PIROCHE is a village of Brittany, situated upon the coast of that province. Upon a certain day in June, in the year 1418, two men, mounted upon farm-horses and journeying from the neighboring hamlet of La Poterie, were approaching this village. These men were peasants, and were father and son.

"Will we reach La Piroche in time?" said the son, continuing the conversation between them.

"Yes," replied the father. "The execution is fixed for two o'clock, and by the appearance of the sun it should be not more than a quarter past twelve."

"I am curious to witness this hanging."

"I do not doubt it."

"And so he will be hanged in the suit of armor that he stole?"

"Yes."

"What idea could have possessed him to steal a suit of armor?"

"That is the mystery."

"Was the armor valuable?"

"Magnificent, it is said—all mounted with gold."

"And he was captured while carrying it off?"

"Of course. But he caused a great alarm in the chateau. The servants did not believe, when they first saw him, that they had to deal with a thief."

"With whom then?"

"With a ghost. The unhappy thief—a vigorous fellow, mind you—carried the armor in front of him at the same time that he held his head at the height of the middle of it. This caused him to assume gigantic proportions, as he passed through the ill-lighted corridor. Add to this a hard grating noise produced by the rattle of the iron, and you will understand the terror of the valets. Unfortunately for him, however, the servants ran and awakened the Seigneur de la Piroche, who, not having fear of either live men or ghosts, with his own hands seized him, and he has ordered him to be executed according to his own idea of justice."

"And the sentence is——?"

"That he shall be hanged in the very suit of armor that he attempted to steal."

"That is a singular clause in the sentence; why did the Seigneur de la Piroche insert it?"

"Do you not know that that object which has touched a man who has been hanged becomes a talisman for any one who may possess it? The seigneur has therefore ordered that the criminal shall be clothed in his armor, so that after the latter's death he may wear it in the approaching war."

"Let us hasten, father. I confess I am anxious to witness this strange spectacle."

"We have plenty of time. Do not let us fatigue our animals. We will not remain at La Piroche, as we must go one league beyond it, and then return to La Poterie."

"Yes, but our horses will have plenty of time for repose, since we will only return to La Poterie at night."

Still conversing upon the subject of the coming execution, the father and son continued their journey, and in the course of half an hour reached La Piroche.

They found a great concourse of people assembled at the public square fronting the chateau, where the gibbet was erected.

The two companions rode as close as possible to the gibbet, in order to lose nothing of what was about to take place.

They did not wait long for the appearance of the criminal. In a few minutes the gate of the chateau opened, and the condemned man emerged through it, preceded by the guards of the chateau and followed by the executioner.

The thief was attired in the armor, and was mounted upon a donkey. The vizor of his casque was down and his hands were tied behind his back. The executioner having made his preparations—which consisted in placing a ladder against the arm of the gibbet—the unhappy culprit was assisted from the animal, and the question was put to him:

"What request have you to make?"

"I have to request my pardon," answered the unfortunate.

The Seigneur de la Piroche shrugged his shoulders, and with a grim smile ordered the execution to proceed.

When the seigneur had thus indicated his desire, the criminal was made to ascend the ladder, the executioner following immediately behind him. When he had reached the fourth round, the executioner adroitly passed the running noose around his neck. Then descending, he suddenly withdrew the ladder from under the feet of the culprit, who in the next instant was swaying heavily to and fro in the air.

For two or three minutes the hanged man dangled at the end of the rope, twisting about; and then his motions ceased and he remained stiff and motionless. The crowd for a while looked on at the spectacle of the gilded armor glistening in the sunlight, and then the spectators, breaking into groups, slowly dispersed, seeking their homes, and conversing of the strange event that they had just witnessed.

Among the rest, the two peasants made their way from the place of execution, and as they reached a piece of high land just beyond La Piroche, they turned to take a last look at the figure of the hanged man, hanging like a silhouette against the background of the houses. Twenty minutes afterward they entered La Poterie, where they were to receive a certain sum of money, and from which they purposed to take their departure in the evening, in order to reach their home on the same night.

* * * * * *

Upon the next morning, two guards issued from the great gate of the château to take down the body of the hanged man and remove from it the suit of armor, but to their consternation they found the body gone, and the rope in the same condition as it had been before it had been tied around the criminal's neck.

Their first surprise over, the guards hastened to apprise the seigneur of this strange occurrence. He refused to believe them, and went himself to examine into the truth of their story.

Everybody asked everybody else what had become of the dead man—for no one doubted that he was dead, since they had all seen him hanged on the evening previous. Could it be, people said, that during the night another thief had stolen the armor that covered the body? Perhaps so; but in taking the armor, he would have left the corpse, which would have been of no use to him. Was it possible, on the other hand, that the relatives or friends of the hanged man had removed the body? There was nothing impossible in this; but then they would hardly have removed the armor likewise.

The Seigneur de la Piroche was in despair. He grieved over the loss of his armor, and proclaimed a reward of ten golden pieces to any one who would deliver to him the felon clothed as he was when he died.

The neighboring houses were ransacked, and nothing was found. Nobody came forward in response to the offer of a reward. The most learned man of the time was sent for from the city of Rennes to give some suitable explanation of the extraordinary disappearance of the criminal and the armor; but he could do no more than shake his head and declare his inability to suggest any suitable explanation.

A month passed in fruitless endeavours to solve the mystery. The gallows still remained there, looking as it had done on the day when it received its victim. But to the ceaseless exertions of the Seigneur de La Piroche to recover his lost armor, only failure succeeded failure.

* * * * * *

One morning, as the Seigneur de La Piroche awoke from sleep, he heard a great noise proceeding from the place where the thief had been hanged. He was about to inquire into the cause of this disturbance, when his chaplain entered the chamber.

"My lord!" he exclaimed, "do you know what has happened?"

"No; but I was about to ask."

"I can tell you what it is."

"Well, what is it?"

"A miracle, my lord!"

"Truly!"

"The man that was hanged——"

"Well, well?"

"He is there!"

"Where?"

"At the gibbet!"

"Hanged?"

"Yes, my lord."

"With his armor on?"

"With your armor on, my lord."

"True, since the armor belongs to me. And is he dead?"

"Perfectly dead, my lord. Only——"

"Only what?"

"When he was hanged did he have spurs on?"

"No."

"Well, my lord, he wears them now, and instead of having his casque on his head, he has carefully laid it at the foot of the gallows, and is suspended bareheaded."

"Come, Sir Chaplain, let us go and look at this marvel."

The Seigneur de La Piroche ran to the gibbet, which was surrounded by curious gazers. The neck of the hanged man was encircled by the running noose, and the armor was all on the body. Everybody cried out that a miracle had been performed. As to the Seigneur de La Piroche, he satisfied himself with the assurance that the thief was in reality dead, and with the recovery of his armor.

The corpse was detached from the rope and was divested of its iron habiliments; then it again was strung up, and was left to the mercy of the crows, which in a few days left only a grinning skeleton hanging to the cross-tree.

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But what had this hanged man been doing during his two months of absence? How was it that, having been hanged, he had saved his life, and that, having saved his life, he had been hanged over again?

Three versions of this singular result were given. One of these was connected with sorcery, another with theology, and the third had reference to our two peasants, who, with the others, had witnessed the hanging.

It was told how these peasants, father and son, returning home from La Poterie, passed that night through La Piroche, and near the scene of the morning's execution. They were startled, when close to the gibbet, by hearing moans and ejaculations, and something like a prayer. Crossing themselves, they asked why were these complainings. No answer was given, but the sounds continuing, they comprehended that the confused utterances proceeded from the corpse which was hanging just above their heads. Thereupon they took the ladder, which the executioner had left at the foot of the gallows, placed it against the arm of the gibbet, and the son ascended it.

"Is it you, my poor man, who is complaining?" he said to the hanged man.

Calling all his strength to his aid, the condemned replied, "Yes."

"You are still living?"

"Yes, still living."

"Do you repent your crime?"

"Yes."

"Then I will succor you, and as the Bible tells us to befriend those who suffer, I will assist you who suffer, and aid you to repentance."

The father and son released the dying man from his perilous position, and soon discovered how it was that he was still living. The rope, instead of pressing the nock of the thief, encircled the lower portion of the casque, so that the victim, although hanged, was not strangled; he had also so turned his head in the casque that he had managed to find a support for it, which enabled him to breathe and to retain his consciousness up to the moment when the two peasants made their appearance.

The father and son, placing the unfortunate upon the horse of one of them, carried him to their house, where he was confided to the charge of the mother and the daughter of the family.

But he who has stolen once will steal again.

There were only two things that might have been stolen in the house, for the money that the peasant had received did not belong to him. These two articles were his horse and his daughter, a fair maiden of sixteen years. The ex-hanged man resolved to steal both, as he had need of the horse and he had fallen in love with the girl. One night, therefore, he saddled the horse, put on a pair of spurs in order to make better speed, and, while the young girl was sleeping, seized her with the purpose of abducting her. But the young girl awoke, and cried out for her father.

The father and son hurried to the spot on hearing the alarm. The robber attempted to escape, but he was too late. The young girl narrated the attempt that he had made; and her father and brother, perceiving that it was useless to hope for the repentance of such a man, resolved to take justice in their own hands, but with more certainty than the Seigneur de la Piroche had done. They tied the robber to the horse which he had himself saddled, carried him to the place of execution at La Piroche, and hanged him where he had before been hanged, first, however, assuring themselves that he would not escape a second time from the ropes by removing his escape and placing it on the ground. Having just done justice on the double criminal, they returned to their home.

As to the Seigneur de La Piroche—so ends the chronicle—possessing the talismanic armor, he joyfully took his departure for the war, and was the first man killed.

HOUSEHOLD ITEMS.

CUCUMBERS make a nice relish if sliced the long way, and fried as you do squash or egg-plant.

HARD GINGERBREAD. One cup butter, two cups sugar, one egg, half cup sweet milk, one tea-spoonful soda; flour to roll: rose-water.

CABBAGE.—Cabbages, to boil, should be cut into pieces about as large as a very small tea cup (the flavor is much finer than when boiled whole, and they do not take so long to cook when cut up); cut again before dishing, and add a small piece of butter and salt.

MIXED PRESERVES.—Take equal quantities of peaches, apples, pears, and quinces, that have been pared, cored, and quartered, or, what is better, cut fine. To every six pounds of fruit allow one pint of water. Let them cook thoroughly, but not burn. Take out and mash well together. Clean the kettle, and put them back with half or three-quarters their weight in sugar, and let them cook very slowly two hours.

TO JUDGE THE AGE OF TURKEYS.—An old hen turkey has rough scales on the legs, subsistes on the soles of the feet, and long strong claws; a young one the reverse of all those marks. When the feathers on the old turkey cock has a long tuft of beard, a young one but a sprouting one; and when they are off, the smooth scales on the leg denote the point, besides the difference in size of the wattles of the neck and in the elastic shoot upon the nose.

CHANEY'S TEA BISCUITS, OR NOTIONS.—Take one pint of flour and make into dough, as soft as can be rolled, with sweet milk, a salt-spoonful of salt, two ounces of butter, and two ounces of lard. Roll out with the bread-pin into round cakes nine inches in diameter, and of water-like thinness. Stick well with a fork. In baking, do not allow them to brown, but remove from the oven while they retain their whiteness, yet are crisp, and will melt in the mouth.

GOOD SAUSAGE MEAT.—Take two thirds ham and one-third fat pork; season well with nine tea-spoonfuls of pepper, the same of salt, three powdered sage, and one of thyme or summer-savory to every pound of meat, and heaping tea-spoonfuls remember; warm the meat enough so that you can mix it well with the hands; then pack in jars. When needed, make up in small cakes and fry in a little butter, or simply alone. But they must not be covered over, or they will fall to pieces. Some like a little cinnamon added. Keep where it is cool, but not damp.

CHOCOLATE CAKE.—Cream together one cup of white sugar and half a cup of butter; stir in slowly half a cup of sweet milk, in which half a tea-spoonful of carbonate of soda has been dissolved; mix one tea-spoonful of cream of tartar into one and a half cups of flour and beaten whites of two eggs; bake in one loaf, and, when cold, with a sharp, very broad-bladed knife, cut horizontally into four layers; each layer should be about three-quarters of an inch in thickness; then spread on top of each layer, except the *top one*, the icing, which is made thus: beat with the whites of two eggs until stiff about six tea-spoonfuls of flour sugar; add a little lemon, and slowly stir in one cake of grated German sweet chocolate. The icing should be stiff enough not to run, but if much thicker than this add a little water.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

MEN are frequently like tea. The real strength and goodness are not properly drawn out of them until they have been for a short time in hot water.

WHAT we do for ourselves, will soon be forgotten; what we do for others, may be the vision to cheer the soul when the eye can no longer behold the loved ones.

ONE good mother is worth a hundred schoolmasters. In the home she is "loadstone to all hearts, and loadstar to all eyes." Imitation of her is constant imitation, which Bacon likens to "a globe of precepts." But example is far more than precept. It is instruction in action.

KIND words cost but little. Any one but a confirmed cynic ought to be able to dispense them at pleasure. They make nobody the poorer. Like the widow's cruse, the stock need not be exhausted even by the constant using; yes, better than the widow's cruse, the stock increases the more it is drawn from the fountain.

TEACHING.—When a father takes up a child to show him pictures, ten to one he holds the book at such an angle as to suit his own vision, and not that of the little one. Yet the little one's sight is the one to be favoured. How true it is that the preachers and teachers of religious truth too often hold that up where they can best see it, and not where those of whom they have charge can best see it.

PARENTS may do all that they can to develop an upright and virtuous character in their children, and apparently in vain. It seems like bread cast upon the waters and lost. And yet sometimes it happens that long after the parents have gone to their rest—it may be twenty years or more—the good precept, the good example set before their sons and daughters in childhood spring up and bear fruit.

LAYE friends, once cherished and loved, grown distant and cold? Do they seem to forget their former kindness and friendship? It is a thought full of comfort and happiness that God does not forget. He never neglects his children. "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee," are His words sure, and true. Others may cease to regard, but His love is ever abiding.

HOW TO OBTAIN ANGELS' SMILES.—Be loyal to the nature you bear; consecrate your lives to every good and noble work, faithfully labour for the elevation and perfection of our common humanity, and the angel will sweetly smile upon you, and you will be happy, both in this life and that which is beyond the grave. If you will be happy, you must do all within your power to bless others. By making others happy, you fill your own lives with sunshine and happiness.

THE SUN'S BLESSINGS.—Sleepless people should court the sun. The very worst soporific is laudanum, and the very best sunshine. Poor sleepers should pass as many hours in the sunshine, and as few as possible in the shade. Many women are martyrs, and yet do not know it. They shut the sunshine out of their houses and hearts, they wear veils, they carry parasols, and they do all possible to keep off the subtlest, and yet most potent influence which is to give them strength, beauty, and cheerfulness.

PARSON'S PURGATIVE PILLS.—*Best family physic; Sheridan's Cavalry Condition Powders, for horses.*