

A MOTHER'S CARE.

I do not think that I could bear My daily weight of woman's care, If it were not for this: That Jesus seemeth always near, Unseen, but whispering in my ear Some tender word of love and cheer, To fill my soul with bliss.

There are so many trivial cares That no one knows, and no one shares, Too small for me to tell. And this thought brings me peace, Nor his dear love uplift from me, Each hour's unnam'd perplexity That mothers know so well:

The failure of some household scheme, The ending of some pleasant dream, Deep hidden in my breast: The weariness of children's noise, The yearning for that subtle poise That turneth duty into joys, And giveth inner rest.

These secret things, however small, Are known to Jesus, each and all, And this thought brings me peace. I do not need to say one word; He knows what thought my heart hath stirred, And by divine throbbings, my Lord Makes all its throbbings cease.

And then upon His loving breast, My weary head is laid at rest, In speechless ecstasy. Until it seemeth all in vain That care, fatigue, or mortal pain Should hope to drive me forth again From such felicity! —Presbyterian.

THE HOME.

Mrs. Palmer's Old Cloak.

By KATH SUMNER GATES. "Somehow I don't feel satisfied. I should like to once to really and truly give something myself, John. I keep thinking of that verse: 'Neither will I offer to the Lord that which cost me nothing.' That is just exactly what I do when I give you money."

"All right, little woman," said Mr. Palmer, "do as you please and think best. What is mine is yours fully and freely, but if you aren't contented or quite satisfied to give that, why, as I say, do as you like best. And now here is the money for the new cloak. \$25. I think you said it would be; and I must be off. Good by, dear heart."

There was a loving kiss, and Mrs. John was left to herself. "I think I'll go down town to-day, and get my cloak," she said to herself. "It seems too good to be true, though, that I am really going to have it. I have wanted it so long. Oh, there! while I am out I must go round by Mrs. Hetzel's, and see if she can come and sew for me next week. I'll go there first, so as to make sure of it."

It was a little narrow street where the dressmaker lived; the houses were as close together as possible, and looked uninviting and poverty-stricken. "I should not like to live here," thought Mrs. Palmer, as she picked her way daintily. "I don't wonder the people have such woe-begone faces. I should, I know, if I were in their places. Oh, dear me! it makes me more than ashamed to think how I have complained sometimes. Why, I'm rich as Croesus, comparatively speaking! There, believe that is Mrs. Hetzel's. I hope she is at home."

It was the lady herself who answered Mrs. Palmer's knock, and cordially invited her in, but the visitor's kind heart was touched by the unmistakable signs of distress in her hostess' face. She did her errand, and then lingered hesitatingly. "Pardon me, Mrs. Hetzel," she said kindly; "don't think me inquisitive, but are you not in trouble? Could I help you in any way? I should be so glad if I could."

"Oh, no, but thank you for your sympathy," replied Mrs. Hetzel, the tears filling her eyes. "Roddie, my only child, is crippled, and suffers terribly sometimes. The doctor told me yesterday that if I could send him to the hospital for treatment, he thought he could be cured, but it would cost one hundred dollars any way, and it is utterly impossible for me to raise so much money. I suppose it is all for the best, but it comes pretty hard."

The poor little mother broke down completely, and Mrs. Palmer's eyes were full. All words of sympathy seemed empty and useless, and presently she took her departure. It was not until she was out on the street that she thought of the money in her pocket. One hundred and twenty-five dollars! What a godsend it would be to poor Mrs. Hetzel! And then all at once Mrs. Palmer stopped just where she was.

"Oh, dear!" she exclaimed softly, in dismay. "Oh, dear! Why, I couldn't—but I might. It would be an offering that really cost me something, though, and John would be willing, I know; but, oh, I'm so wicked! I do want the cloak so badly!"

That was what Mrs. Palmer, in a rather incoherent fashion thought as she stood there; but one could easily surmise what idea had suggested itself to her. In a moment she started again, but now she went slowly, and was evidently deep in thought.

"Perhaps he wouldn't be cured after all," she argued. "But then his mother would always have the satisfaction of knowing that the attempt had been made. My old cloak isn't really bad at all, only the new plush would be so nice. Oh, dear! I had an idea I was so selfish and bad! I don't see how I can hesitate for an instant, and I won't any more, if John is willing."

A little later Mrs. Palmer presented herself at her husband's office. Her face was flushed, and her eyes very bright. "What do you think of this?" she said to her husband. "Couldn't you find what you wanted, or does it cost more than you thought? I guess we can manage it if it isn't too much. You know we're going to be 'perfectly happy' when we have this wonderful cloak, so we can afford to put ourselves out a little."

"Oh, John," said Mrs. Palmer earnestly, "would you mind, should you be ashamed of me, if I wore my old cloak after all? And could I have the money for my very own to do as I please with it?" "Most certainly you may have it; and I cannot conceive of myself as ashamed of you, Annie, under any circumstances. But what is it? Is my little wife going

to offer unto the Lord that which costeth her much?" "It's Roddie Hetzel. He's a cripple, and his mother wants to send him to the hospital for treatment, but she can't afford it; and, oh, John, I was dreadfully selfish at first, and I'm so ashamed of myself. If you're willing, I do want to give it to them now."

I cannot tell you anything about Mrs. Hetzel's joy; and Roddie was cured. As for Mrs. Palmer, I think she was even happier than Mrs. Hetzel. And when, a year later, she laid a worn and threadbare cloak aside, she touched it almost tenderly. "I am so sorry to give it up," she said to her husband. "I never took so much comfort in any garment in all my life as I have in that cloak."

If there are in our homes those who have been less favored than ourselves, let us remember that he who is faithful over a few things has the promise of being ruler over many, and if, in the varied and often trying duties given to our "hired helpers," to perform, they are trustworthy, they may exceed us in authority when the final adjustments are made.—L. H. Journal.

Save the small paper bags carefully which groceries come in; they are useful in many ways. Slip the hand in one when you block the stove, and you will not soil it. When flies are about slip them over the clean lamp chimneys during the day. After fruit is canned draw them over the can, and label them plainly; the action of the light causes more fruit to spoil than any other thing.—Rural Life.

THE FARM.

I find not a few who believe firmly some foolish statement picked out of the newspaper—such as that tomatoes cause cancer—who could never be made to believe that to live in a low, damp spot, closely surrounded by trees is to court consumption; or that a slop-hole at the back door is a nest for typhoid and diphtheria to breed in.—Northwestern Agriculturalist.

I believe the same birds return season after season to the same place. A pair of bluebirds occupied an old willow stump for three years, and were there again this spring. It isn't, therefore, a haphazard proceeding with birds, this annual coming and going. They know the roads through "the trackless fields of air," and are never lost, day or night.—Practical Farmer.

Owing to circumstances which rendered it necessary to adopt some unusual method of bringing up five lambs, Messrs. Garlick, of Hytham, put them along with a heifer which had recently calved, and the lambs took to their new "mother" in the most natural manner possible. She was blindfolded by wires in the were first taken to her, but when allowed to see again at once adopted her companions as her own, and they seem quite a happy family.—London Dairyman.

Hard milks may, in a few cases, be cured by careful feeding to increase the flow of milk, frequent milking and fermentation, or dry rubbing the udder. By these means almost all hard milks may be improved, if taken in hand while young. Milking tubes may be used with good effect to relieve certain cases of temporary stoppage in teats, or while the teat is healing from a wound. The habitual use is not to be recommended.—Jersey Bulletin.

On rising in the morning, instead of taking a chew of tobacco, I rinsed out my mouth with fresh water two or three times, and then retained a mouthful as long as convenient. After that I fasted, repeated the process, and as often as the desire would return during the day. The hanker for tobacco gradually grew less, and in two weeks it was not only gone, but I had a perfect disgust for the filthy stuff, and never have had any desire for it since, and I am now thirty years have elapsed. There must not be any tobacco taken into the mouth while the remedy is being applied.—N. Y. Witness.

The eighteenth century dairyman, knowing nothing of "butter fats," far less having considered the cisterns and sinuses of the udder, was yet as fully aware as the nineteenth century writer that quick milking produced best results, and "that a slow, dribbling style of milking very soon lowers the milk yield and puts the cow dry." Slow milking, continued two or three seasons, will spoil a cow altogether; she will become so stiff in her quarters as to make it impossible to draw the milk at all; the ducts will all but close up, and if not seen to in time the evil will go on till past remedy. So we were this understood in the good old days of exact methods and commonsense conclusions that in engaging a dairymaid the first thing the knowing one asked was "Does she froth the pail?" and if she did she was A1.—London Agricultural Gazette.

FARM MUSIC.

To the farmer, or to any one interested in all that pertains to progressive agriculture, how cheering, even delightful, are the scenes and sounds on a farm where many kinds of domestic animals have place, enjoy life and are factors of importance in the prosperity of the farmer. There is welcome and music in the neigh of a horse as he thrushes his head out of the stable window and brings his ears forward, indicating curiosity or anticipation. The pigeons are cooing and strutting on the roof of the barn, while others are sailing round and round, their plumage gleaming like burnished silver, gold and bronze in the sun as they turn and wheel, flying so low that the "whirr" of their pinions is heard, and comes like a strain of music from an invisible source.

There is music in the poultry-yard, music everywhere to those who have appreciative ears. The crimson-crested crower pitches his "lay" on a high note and ends diminuendo, pianissimo, on a lower one. He merely announces, in his own language, set to music, "Here I am! Look at me!" Between his high and forte notes, is heard the soft clucking of the brooder and the sweet melody of her family of singing chicks. The layer's "lay" bursts into a refrain to all songs. The orchestra, a file of geese coming up from the meadow, now performs on a single, shrill treble-string, and now changes to the bass with a "Honk, honk, honk!" The drum accompaniment is

found in the vocalization of the turkey-cock; and he is certainly the drum-major of this, our poultry band, the daintily dressed guinea are so shy or aristocratic that they must be considered the soloists. Their "Jo Clark! Jo Clark!" is now in unison, and now rises above all other strains.

The ducks are such poor singers, especially the drake, always trying, but never succeeding, and their quacking is so flat, continuous and unrythmic that there is a suspicion that they are in collusion with the singers, and act merely as flangers. Deeper and broader sounds, sub-bass of good quality comes from the brassy cow, re-manifesting at her restraint in the stable; and her cry is answered by a sympathetic lowing in the pasture. And in all and through all, filling in the gaps, like small apples in a barrel, are the best, the melodious tones of the birds, making a delightful symphony in itself.

The cries of all animals are musical. All may not appear so, but if they be studied, caught and held long enough to study, and to blend, every vibration will be found to have a musical quality. If these sounds do not always come to the ear in perfect harmony, the ear must correct and re-arrange.

Listen at a chicken-coop at dusk as the hen and her brood are disposing of themselves for the night, the town, canaries ever sing sweetly? Go to the poultry-house in the dark and whistle softly. There may be heard the note of warning, a cautious, inquiring trill that passes from rooster to rooster like a pass-word, or, perhaps, a word of assurance from the roosting cock, and may be contrasted to "Fear not! I am here!" Whatever the language or sound may be, it is musical, and has a cheerful jingle that is delightful to hear. No man has so much good music—sings, choruses, symphonies—to help as the farmer with his barn-yard and poultry-yard of wind instruments.—Farm and Fieldist.

A Stable Luxury.

A stable luxury to the cow is a light fly-blanket, to be used while milking. In some of the European countries, especially where women do the milking, the cows are always blanketed while being milked, summer and winter. It is a luxury we may well copy in this country. We blanket our horses to protect them from flies while standing in their stalls, and why not our cows while we are milking them? Every farmer has old sacking in which fertilizer or wheat bran has been bought, and which may be easily torn together in suitable size and shape for a blanket to cover a cow. There should be one for each milker. Three sacks sewed together without ripping them open will usually make a blanket large enough to cover a large cow, and which, if torn, may be easily repaired. The blanket should be made to reach their bills through. Most of the annoyance from cows' tails being switched about one's face and ears while milking, may be avoided by using such a blanket. Many cows learn the trick of holding their tails around upon their backs and sides while milking, and the flies, and not a little is thus wasted under their feet. It is well, during fly-time, to keep a stable pretty dark at milking time, and all the time if cows are put up through the day. A cow that is contented and comfortable will give much less milk than she would if kept constantly uncomfortable. It pays to treat our animals kindly, and to keep them happy and contented.—Ex.

Shading the Bees.

Bees should be in the sun till June—perhaps the middle of June—early in the season bees cannot be too warm; indeed, the warmer they are the more rapid is the increase, not because the bees hatch quicker in warm weather, but because the queen lays more eggs if they are coming in. If no shade trees are afforded, let an annual shade of plants be made. Near the hives fix in the ground treble ten or twelve feet high, untrimmed, just as they come from the wood, and across on or off. Around these trees plant flowering plants that make not only shade, but also a delightful picture in the landscape. If the apary be permanent, or the land be occupied continuously, grape vines for shade and fruit make a profitable investment.

Serving the King of Glory.

BY DAISY BATHORN. "Boys," said Miss Richter, "I want you to learn your responsive readings. It is much better than to read them hurriedly and forget them afterward." "Yes, we'll try," said little Jamie Ried, whose bare feet were blue with the cold autumn air, in spite of the warm atmosphere of the class room he had just entered.

"It's not hard, but very beautiful for next week. Tommy, will you try to remember about it? It commences 'Lift up your heads, oh, ye gates, and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors.'" "Oh, yes, I'll try; but I allers do twist things like sixty!"

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"Who is the King of Glory?" Miss Richter found her pupils to be. They were all boys who had gathered in from the "by-ways and hedges." What could she do but take them when the superintendent asked her? Were they not his lambs, without a shepherd, and had he not said "I love them Me?" Yes, and she had answered from her heart, "Ye Lord, Thou knowest that I love Thee." Then came the answer soft and low as to Peter of old, "Feed my lambs." She had taken up the work with great earnestness, and she kept steadily on her feet, until the light of the day had faded in the reach of the lambs. It was discouraging work at times. The boys were restless and some of them a trifle hard to make comprehend the lesson she wished to impress upon their hearts; but she kept steadily on her feet, until the light of the day had faded in the reach of the lambs. It was discouraging work at times. The boys were restless and some of them a trifle hard to make comprehend the lesson she wished to impress upon their hearts; but she kept steadily on her feet, until the light of the day had faded in the reach of the lambs.

The Sunday following the above conversation came in due time. Five pairs of bright eyes looked into Miss Richter's as she said: "Please read as distinctly as possible, boys." Then the young voices said, "Lift up your heads, oh, ye gates, and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of Glory shall come in."

"Who is the King of Glory?" said Miss Richter. Then came the chorus of boyish voices "The Lord of Hosts, He is the King of Glory." "Boys," said Miss Richter, "would it not be grand to serve this King of Glory?" The least act of kindness we do for one of His subjects will please, greatly please, this Lord of Hosts, this King of ours.

"If a feller 'd let another kid have the place to sell papers, or help a little chap over a rough place, do you 'spose that 'd be counted in?" said little Jamie Ried. "Yes, surely Jamie, if you did it as unto the Lord. Let us each try this week to do some little acts for this King of Glory."

Days passed by. It was on Saturday morning; a chilly, frosty morning, when something happened, which I must tell you. The pavements were very slippery and people were choosing their steps very carefully as they hurried to and fro. An old lady, who kept an apple stall at a corner near the center of the town, came trudging along with her basket. Every now and then she slipped and came near falling. There was an uncommonly great rush of teams and she stood trembling on the cross streets with her basket on one arm and her cane in the other, looking around her helplessly.

"See here, gran, shall I help you over with your basket?" The voice came from a little urchin with a bundle of papers under his arm, who had come up unnoticed, by the old woman. "Well, sonny, if you could I'd be monstrous glad, my head is that queer this mornin' everything goes spinnin'." "For—for it was—gathered up the basket and said gaily: "All right, can you follow right close?" The basket was quite heavy for so small a mite, and in looking back to see if the old lady was coming safely, he did not notice the drayteam that came suddenly round the corner. "Oh, sonny! sonny!" cried the old lady frantically, but it was too late. The driver drew up his team a moment too late. It was useless then, except to show his good intention.

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The crowd which had gathered about him, when he had lain amid his daily papers and the contents of the old woman's basket, dispersed. The teams came and went as usual. It was only one case out of hundreds that were happening all the time. Jamie was forgotten, save probably by the gray-haired old woman who sat behind her stall just around the corner.

By and by, when the boy opened his blue eyes, he looked about him in surprise at the little white beds, row after row, and the patient, suffering little faces they contained. "Where be I, anyway?" he said feebly.

The soft voiced nurse bent over him and said tenderly, "This is the children's hospital, dear. You are hurt; would you like to send for mother or any one?" "I haven't no mother," he said feebly, "but I sh'd like if Miss Richter 'd come."

By and by the nurse found out who Miss Richter was and sent for her. She came in one morning when the sunshine was streaming in at all the windows of the great room where Jamie lay. The little ones stretched out their thin hands eagerly to catch the bright rays. Now Jamie's hand became tangled in Jamie's bright curls and danced about them merrily.

Slowly Miss Richter passed along the line of little beds, smiling here and there to their little occupants, till she came to Jamie's cot. The great blue eyes opened as she pressed a loving kiss on the white face.

"Oh, Miss Richter, I'm glad you've come," he said faintly. "I wuz afraid you'd think I staid away from school purpose."

"Dear Jamie, I have heard how your accident happened. My brave little boy!" "The King. He'll be pleased, you know," said Jamie. "He's mighty good to have 'em bring me here where the sunshin' comes streamin' in all the time. It's sorter like His glory, ain't it? The brightness of His glory, you read about one day. You'll tell the boys as how I wuz a tryin' to please the King."

Miss Richter bent over him, and smoothed back the golden ringlets as she said: "Yes, little Jamie; but you mustn't talk much now, you are very weak. Are you ready to meet the King of Glory, Jamie dear?" "Oh, yes, I'm glad to start an' sorter work for Him; but I'm glad to meet the King of Glory if He'll come for such as me."

He lay perfectly quiet for some time, his hand tightly clasping Miss Richter's. Presently his blue eyes opened wide as he said in joyous tones: "Oh, Miss Richter, He's comin', He's comin'!" The King of Glory? "Who is the King of Glory?" Miss Richter said softly, while the tears rolled down her cheeks.

"The Lord of Hosts." He answered feebly, "He is the—King of Glory." "Then faintly, more slowly he continued: "Lift up—lift up your heads—the King—o' Glory—shall come in." The little form lay still and cold. Tears, great hot tears fell thick and fast from Miss Richter's eyes as she kissed the pale, dead face. They folded the small white hands over the boyish breast. The gates had opened and the little lamb had been gathered into the bosom of the Lord of Hosts.—Zion's Advocate.

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