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FOURTH COMMUNION APRIL 11th 1897

L. E. WORTMAN, N. B. Principal.

THIS PAPER

may be found on the 4th of July, 1897.

NEW YORK

THE HOME. I Worship Only Thee.

BY ROBERT WHITAKER.

O love divine, unbanded, Unfathom'd and unknown, O light of lights, surrounded, With brightness for thy crown.

Life of all life, and Being Of all that ever shall be, Of all-knowing and All-seeing, I worship only Thee.

To thee the High and Holy, Incarnate Life and Love, The Lofty and the Lowly, Forever thro' thy story.

When pain and grief affliction, I bow on bended knee; Thou who art All-Perfect, I worship only Thee.

O Saviour bruised and dying To save us from our sins, A cross in death we bring, Thy world condemn'd and lost;

Thy love beyond all measure, Hath wak'd love in me; O thou my hope and treasure, I worship only Thee.

Home Comforts.

The pleasant impression that any house or home can give, or that any individual can give, is that of being diffused with or diffusing a sense of comfort.

There are people, who without any particular charm of person, are charming because they impress us with the feeling that they are comfortable to live with.

There are homes of wealth and luxury where there is an entire absence of an air of comfort and repose.

Fortunately for the great majority of home-makers, comfort depends but little upon the possession of large means.

Very large and costly houses often have a homelike air, which gives the impression of the reverse of comfort.

Great parlors filled with costly furniture and curtains and upholstery that one always fears to use, deserted for by the most part of the family, chilly and forbidding, are the most unwholesome of homes.

The ideal in such a home will generally find the real comfort-centre of the house to be some room with plain furniture and well-worn carpets devoted to the use of the children, or to some department of household work.

On the other hand, the genuine comfort-maker, with a homelike air, which gives the impression of the reverse of comfort.

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THE FARM.

Preparing Window Plants for Winter.

BY GEO. E. WALSH.

To have a successful window garden during the winter, it requires considerable forethought during the summer.

Now is the time to begin to prepare the plants for their winter flowering, and if a healthy, vigorous growth is obtained before it is time to take them up in pots, the chances are that satisfactory results will be had throughout the winter.

It is a mistake to suppose, however, that the flowers that have been blooming so beautifully in the garden all summer will flower as luxuriantly when taken up in pots, and placed in the window garden.

Free blooming in the proper season is a sure sign of strength and health in the plants; but it should be remembered that every flower produced exhausts a certain amount of vitality from the main stalk.

At the close of each flowering season, the plants are in a weakened condition and ought to be staked and heavy manure applied.

Nature has ordained that they should have a resting spell after their summer's labor; when it is intended that they should bloom through the winter the rest must be taken in summer.

In fact, unless the flowers are pinched back, and prevented from blooming during the summer, very few and poor flowers will be had in winter.

The roses are probably the most delicate plants to handle for winter window gardens, so that their foliage will be kept in a healthy condition, and their buds strong and full.

It is not wise to transplant rose bushes for winter blooming in the fall, and hence it is advisable to grow the plants in pots through summer.

As soon as the flower buds appear, they should be pinched off, and the bushes well watered and manured regularly.

This will send all the vitality of the plant to the buds and roots, which will become well ripened before fall.

An occasional syringing is necessary to keep the foliage clean and free from all destructive insects, and all sudden changes in the atmosphere must be avoided.

If the pots are taken from the house to the open air, they should be shaded for the work. If the roots and foliage are both kept in a strong, vigorous condition, and the vitality of the bushes are not sapped away by the flowers, the plants ought to bloom all winter.

Plants should be treated in almost the same way as the roses for winter blooming. They should be kept in pots during the summer, and placed in a shady position with an abundance of water.

The flowers should be pinched off as fast as they appear, until late in the fall, when the air is becoming cool, and the pots should be shaded.

These flowers make beautiful ornaments in the window, for they are one mass of blossoms throughout the cold season, when properly handled.

TEMPERANCE.

Temper and Temper.

"Well, uncle, you have been anxious about me ever since I was born."

"It may be so, Clem,—indeed, I hope it is; but you and I have cause to dread this drink. Avoid it altogether, boy—that's the only safe course."

"I don't know about that. I don't see why, just because my father drank, I should become a drunkard," said the boy, sullenly.

"Clem," replied the old man, "don't stand up to it. It is a very narrow plank across a wide stream of sin."

"That was only one among many conversations that Clem had with his uncle during his stay with him. And before his visit ended he began to see the force of the arguments he used and agreed to become a pledged total abstainer."

Now Clem was one of those boys who are full of good intentions, but often, from a want of firmness, fail to carry them out.

Not that Clem had many such invitations. And it did seem as if they grew fewer after that. Perhaps it was because his uncle, though separated from him by many miles constantly remembered how he was under a solemn promise, and prayed that the temptations might be few.

One day the bookseller to whom he was apprenticed sent him a two miles' walk to ask for an explanation about some orders received a few days before.

"It is very, very warm," she said, with a plying glance at his straining face.

"What's that for?" asked her father, who was lying on the sofa, in a querulous tone of voice.

"Why, papa, Mr. Dent's apprentice has walked all the way from C—, and he is so dreadful hot, he really needs something to refresh him. So I thought I would offer him a glass of sherry; it is only kind," said the girl, stepping back toward the hall, the glass in her hand.

"No, thank you," replied Clem, when she offered it to him. But he was very weary, and wished at that moment that he had not taken his uncle's advice, and become a total abstainer.

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THE TEACHER'S REST

MUSIC BOOKS.

At this season of the year, it should not be forgotten that many of our teachers will be well to use in the next musical campaign.

Any book in which for terms I price.

Where had he seen that bright smile before? How was it that as he looked upon those features, although they were so winning, a feeling akin to hatred came flashing into his breast?

"You have ruined my life, and you ought to bear it."

Annie Condit stood spell-bound. Who could this stranger be? Surely he was some man who had escaped from an asylum.

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