

AD THALIARCHUM.

HORACE, BOOK I., ODE IX. (1-17).

Behold how whitened high with snow
Sonnets stand, and now no more
The labouring woods their burdens show,
Stiffened by frost the rivers flow.

Stand firm; O Thaliarchus now
Dispel the cold, and on the hearth
Lay the wood plentiful high and low
And the more generous wine bring forth.

Wine four years old from Sabine far,
And to the gods the rest confide.
Who, when they once have stilled the war
Of winds with fervid ocean tide,

Cypress nor ancient ash is stirred,
Nor what the morrow's fate may be
Seek thou to know, but jealous guard
As gain each day now granted thee.

By Fortune, nor whilst heavy age
Still spares thy blooming youth, disdain
In pleasant dances to engage,
And Love's dominion still maintain.

Arthur's Ashby, Feb. 21, 1878.

SAXON.

HEARTH AND HOME.

SIX SIMPLE RULES OF HEALTH.—The quantity of most things is always more hurtful than the quality. Take your meals at regular hours, always; the human frame is capable of being changed from sickness to perfect health by a well-regulated system of diet. Avoid everything, however agreeable to the palate—that from experience you find to disagree with you. Abstain from dram-drinking and too much tea and coffee. Where water does not disagree, value the privilege, and continue it. Take plenty of bodily exercise out-of-doors, and have a "hobby."

DESTINY.—It is when men have nothing higher than themselves to believe genuinely in that they attach the most importance to such odds-and-ends of circumstance as the flight of a bird, or the falling of a leaf, or the blaze of a meteor, or the emphasis with which a particular word is accidentally spoken in their ears, and call such things the indication of destiny, whereas, if there be destiny at all, it must be through command of a Being who is able to see and determine the end from the beginning, and to help us much better through the heart than through the eyes.

RIGHT OR WRONG?—It is not necessary that you should ask whether a thing is right for other people. It is more important that you should ask whether it is right for you. The thing which is right for you is that which makes you more a man; and, though other things make other men more men, if to you they are hindrances and not helps then to you they are wrong. There are some pleasures which some men may take innocently and beneficially, but which their next-door neighbour cannot take without guilt and positive injury. Things are to be judged as right or wrong by their effect on the moral character and destiny of a person. If observation teaches that a given line of conduct hurts any individual, no matter how many natural laws say it is right, it is wrong for him.

PARENTAL SELF-DENIAL.—To deprive themselves of necessary adornment for the sake of over-dressing their children appears to some parents laudible self-denial. They do not consider that they are fostering their own pride, and developing in their children a spirit vain, selfish, and disrespectful. And if but a part of the time and money spent by young ladies upon their own toilettes were devoted to their parents, a decided improvement would immediately be seen in the dress of both parties. Girls sometimes think that a companion in poor and ill-fitting raiment is a good background for their own tasteful outfit, being apparently blind to the fact that many and many are the mothers whose patient self-denial is strongly brought out by the vanity and selfishness of their daughters. It may be claimed that young folks go out oftener than their parents, are noticed more, and generally expected to be better dressed; but we believe that modesty and propriety in dress are a necessity to old people, for which the vivacity and coloring of youth fully make amends.

COMPANY.—What a ceremonious affair we make of entertaining company! Too many of us lose all sense of being at home the moment a stranger crosses our threshold; and he instantly feels himself to be a mere visitor—nothing more—and acts accordingly. The man who knows how to "drop in" of an evening, draw up his chair to your hearth as if it were his own, and fall into the usual evening routine of the household as if he were a member of it—how welcome he always is! The man who comes to stay under your roof for a season, and who, without being obtrusive or familiar, makes you feel that he is "at home" with you, and is content in his usual fashion of occupation—how delightful a guest he is! And the house—ah, how few of them!—into which one can go for a day or a week and feel sure that the family routine is in no wise altered, the family comfort is in no wise lessened, but, on the contrary, increased by one's presence—what joy it is to cross their threshold! What harbours of refuge they are to the weary wanderers! What sweet reminiscences they bring to the lonely and homeless!

UNMARRIED.—Why so many women unmarried? Let us point to the extravagant modes of

living—extravagance in dress, extravagance in house-furnishing, extravagance in nearly everything—that has conspicuously gained ground among the middle classes within the past forty years, and in the face of which marriage becomes a much more serious affair for men to encounter than it ought to be. There, plainly enough, lies the basis of innumerable mischiefs. For such a state of things both sexes must bear the blame. Fathers of families are seen expending all their means, and leaving daughters unprovided for, but with tastes and habits which are incompatible with their position, the result being that they are reluctantly obliged to swell the already over-swollen ranks of governesses. On the other hand, the lofty expectations erroneously entertained by many young women drive away suitors who have still to make their way in the world. Hence, for various preventable causes, the vast numbers of young unmarried women crowding public places of resort.

KEEP COOL.—Air sleeping-rooms thoroughly every morning, and, if possible, let in the sun to shine on the beds and bedclothes. Often at night, when the heat is well-nigh unbearable, a wet cloth hung in the window over the blind will cool the room as if a shower had fallen, and everyone knows how water poured on the pavement in front of the door will refresh the hot, dry air. This principle of the reduction of temperature by evaporation is capable of much practical application. In India and other tropical countries, where ice is almost unknown, the natives cool their drinking-water by suspending earthen jars filled with it in a brisk current of air, which process is said to cool it thoroughly and rapidly. So, also, when ice is unobtainable, butter may be kept firm and sweet by setting the bowl containing it in a shallow vessel of water and covering it with a napkin, the ends of which are well immersed in the water in the bottom dish. A wet handkerchief or sponge worn in the hat when exposed to the sun, as in the harvest-field, will prevent sun-stroke under the most intense heat known to our climate, and will often relieve headache arising from heat and exhaustion combined.

LOVEABLE GIRLS.—Girls without any undesirable love of liberty and craze for individualism, girls who will let themselves be guided, girls who have the filial sentiment well developed and who feel the love of a daughter for the woman who acts as their mother, girls who know that every day and all day long cannot be devoted to holiday-making without the intervention of duties more or less irksome, girls who when they can gather them accept their roses with frank and girlish sincerity of pleasure, and when they are denied submit without repining to the inevitable harshness of circumstances—these are the girls whose companionship gladdens and does not oppress or distract the old, whose sweetness and ready submission to the reasonable control of authority make life so pleasant and their charge so light to those in whose care they are; these are the girls who become good wives in the future, and, in their turn, wise and understanding mothers, and who have to choose out of many where others are sought of none. The heaven of them keeps society sweet and pure; for if all Canadian girls were as peacemakers as some are, men might bid adieu to the woman and the home according to the ideal hitherto cherished.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

PARISIAN lady of fashion to the family physician: "Doctor, I want my husband to take me to Italy for the spring. Now what is the matter with me?"

WHEN a celebrated Parliamentary "wag" married a well-to-do lady, a friend of his said, "You must have been very deeply in love." "I was very deeply in debt," he replied.

Two women can talk to each other the whole length of a pew without being heard by any man right behind or right in front of them, and yet clearly understand each other—so wonderfully expressive is a woman's mouth.

"There is no truth in men," said a lady in company: "they are like muffled instruments, which sound a variety of tones."—"In other words, madam," said a wit, who chanced to be present, "you believe that all men are liars."

"Excuse me, why didn't you wake me up as I asked you? How I am miles beyond my station!"—"Conductor," "I did try, but all I could get out of you was, 'All right, Maria; get the children their breakfast, and I'll be down in a minute.'"

LADY JONES.—"And so you went to Venice? Saw all the sights—St. Mark's and the lions?" Mrs. Crummer—"Oh, yes, the dear old lions! We were most fortunate the day we were there. Arrived just in time to see the noble creature fed!"

As Iowa justice refused to fine a man charged with the offence of kissing a pretty girl without her consent, "Nothing," he said, "but the dignity of its office prevents the court from committing the same offence. The temptation to an ordinary person would be irresistible."

A YANKEE was dining at a London friend's, where they had "Matrimony Pudding" with a very fine wine sauce for dinner. He seemed to enjoy the sauce, when the host kindly inquired, "Will you have some more of the pudding?" "No, thank'ee," was the reply; "but I will thank you for a little more of the 'intment.'"

The five-year-old daughter of an Eighth street family, the other day, stood watching her baby-brother, who was making a great fuss over having his face washed. The little miss at length lost her patience, and, stamping her tiny foot, said: "You think you have lots of trouble, but you don't know anything about it. Wait till you're big enough to get a lickin' and then you'll see—won't he, mamma?"

A LITTLE five-year-old could not quite understand why the stars did not shine one night when the rain was pouring down in torrents. She stood at the window pondering on the subject with as much gravity as Galileo when he looked at the swinging lamp in the cathedral of Pisa, and with equal success; for all at once her countenance lighted up, and she said, "Mother, I know why the stars don't shine. Heaven has pulled them all up so as to let water come through the holes."

At the dinner of the Romsey Agricultural Society a clergyman who was present told a good tale of the old tithe system. He said that the records of Romsey Abbey showed that his predecessors in the livings of St. Leonard and St. Lawrence received in the north aisle their tithes in kind. They received every tenth cow, calf, and pig; but how they managed to deal with them he did not know. A rather pompous, tight-laced clergyman was one day called upon to christen a child, but on asking its name the woman who brought it said, "I don't know, sir; it's your child, sir!"—"My child!" exclaimed he. "Yes, sir, it's the tenth child, sir," replied the woman.

SHE was searching over the golden leaves which the frosts of October had detached from the stiffened twigs. Her autumn air took on the glint of gold as the bright sun streamed down over chimney and roof and tree-top, and the tender lines around her mouth deepened as she whispered, "O golden leaves! your life is typical of—". At that moment her mother came down to the gate, sleeves rolled up, and her big red hands hiding the view of the back-yard. "Pawing over them leaves again, are ye?" she exclaimed, as she caught sight of the sentimental maiden. "Well, now, you trot in here, and wash out the rest of them coloured clothes, or I'll paw you, I will!"—"Yes, mother dear, but those golden—". "Trot, I say! Good bar soap is the goldenest thing in the market, and a washboard costs more money than all the yaller leaves on the street." And the gentle maiden trotted.

BURLESQUE.

GORING AND GORANG.—There was an interesting case before Police Judge Wilson the other day. A man bearing the singular name of Goring was charged with committing an assault and at the same time battering an individual answering to the remarkable patronymic, Gorang. The names having such a striking similarity the Judge had some difficulty in establishing which was which, and a stupid witness in the case added considerably to the confusion.

"Now, tell me," said the Judge, "who was the aggressor in this case?"
Witness: "Who's he?"
Judge: "Who's who?"
Witness: "A. Gessor?"
Judge: "I mean the man who struck the first blow?"

Witness: "Gobing. He hit him, Gobang!"
Judge: "Did Gobang hit back?"
Witness: "No, he didn't hit him in the back."

Judge: "How did he hit him?"
Witness: "He hit him, Gobang!" (another histic pantomime.)

Judge: "Well, was that all?"
Witness: "All of Gobing!"
Judge: "No, all of the fight!"
Witness: "With Gobang!"

Judge: "I'll Gobang you if you don't answer my questions properly. Now commence and tell what you know about this fight, or an officer'll Gobang you down stairs and lock you up."

Witness: "Well, your honour, I stood talking with one of the men—"

Judge: "With Gobing?"
Witness: "No, with Gobang; and the other fellow came up and hit—"

Judge: "Gobang?"
Witness: "No, this was Gobing that came up and then it was Gobing! (disto smite together) and Gobang! (another smite) first one and then the other, and then they clinched and went down, he on top."

Judge: "Gobang?"
Witness: "No, Gobing. Then the police came up, and, your honour, that is all I know about it."

Judge: "And a very remarkable story it is, too. Cases dismissed, Gobing and Gobang engaged."

Witness: "And where shall I go, your honour?"
Judge: "Gobang!"

BILL JOHNSON'S SKATE.—Young Bill Johnson was sent by his daddy to the mill for grist. Bill put his skates under the wagon seat when the old man's back was turned, and when he reached the mill and caught a glimpse of the ice, he hopped around with a reckless delight which knew no bounds. It didn't take a boy long to tie a pair of horses when an ice rink glitters before his eyes, and Bill was only occupied twenty seconds in securing the team and reaching the frozen pond. Strapping on his skates he shouted to the millers to look sharp and they would see him out a fantastic double

X right away. But you cannot always tell of the strength of the ice from its seductive surface, and when the millers told him to go a little slow and that a boy was drowned in that pond once, Bill only laughed, and the next moment he struck out like the arms and things of the big Centennial engine. It might have been a minute, or may be it was only half one, before a boy's ears were sticking out of the ice like kitchen mops, and two dusty millers were running with a rail to help the rest of the body out of the hole indicated by the ears. It was after young Bill was toted in by the mill stove that he allowed he didn't care to skate that morning, after all, and said he guessed he would go home and tell his mother that he must have had a night sweat, his clothes were so damp.

HOW TO DISCOURAGE A MINISTER.—1.—Hear him "now and then." Drop in a little late. Do not sing; do not find the text in your Bibles. If you talk a little during the sermon so much the better.

2. Notice carefully any slip he may make while you are awake; point out the dull portions to your children and friends; quote what is in bad taste; mark all neglects of your advice; find all the fault you can; it will come round to him.

3. Censure his efforts at usefulness; deplore his want of good sense; let him know that you won't help him, because A. B. does, because you were not first consulted, or because you did not start the plan yourself.

4. Let him know the folly and sins of his hearers. Show him how much he over-ates them, and tell him their adverse criticisms on himself.

5. Tell him when he calls what a stranger he is; how his predecessors used to drop in for an hour's chat, and how much you liked them.

6. Never attend the prayer meetings; frequent no special service. Why should you be righteous overmuch?

7. Occasionally get up a little gaiety for the young folks. This will be very effectual about the communion season. "There is time to dance."

8. Require him to swell the pomp of every important occasion, unless, however, there are prudential reasons for passing him over.

9. If he is always in the pulpit, clamour for strangers; if he has public duties, and sometimes goes abroad, complain that he is never at home.

10. Keep down his income. Easy means are a sore temptation, and fullness of bread is bad for every one but the laity.

11. As he will find it hard to be always at home to receive callers, and always running among the people, and always well prepared for pulpit and platform, you will be sure to have just cause for complaint one way or the other. Tell it to every one, and then lament there is so general dissatisfaction with him.

Patient continuance in courses like these, modified according to circumstance, has been known not only to discourage, but to ruin the usefulness, and break the spirit of ministers; to send them off to other charges, and even to their graves.

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