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THE HOME

"Little Poems in a Mother's Life." The mother's life is full of prose. From early dawn to daylight's close; But oft, amid her household cares, Some little poem, unawares, Is written down within her heart, And of her life becomes a part.

Some loving words a child may say, A golden curl long put away, A half worn shoe upon the floor, An outgrown dress the baby wore, A broken toy, or faded flower, May touch the heartstrings any hour.

Then come thoughts none else may know, While unseen tears in silence flow, Teaching, amid the toil and strife, Which lifts the soul, so earthward bound, Where greater strength and faith are found. —Susan Teall Perry.

Heroic Lives at Home.

The heroism of private life, the slow, unchronicled martyrdoms of the heart, who shall remember? Greater than any knightly dragon slayer of old is the man who overcomes an unlovely passion, sets his foot upon it, and stands serene and strong in virtue. Greater than Zenobia is the woman who struggles with the love that would wrong another or degrade her own soul, and conquers. The young man, ardent and tender, who turns from the dear love of women, and buries deep in his heart the sweet instinct of maternity, to devote himself to the support of aged parents or an unfortunate sister, and whose life is a long sacrifice, in manly cheerfulness and a majestic spirit, is a hero of the purest type—the type of Charles Lamb. I have known but two such.

The young woman who resolutely stays with father and mother in the old home, while brothers and sisters go forth to happy homes of their own; who cheerfully lays on the altar of filial duty that costliest of human sacrifices, the joy of loving and being loved—she is a heroine. I have known many such. The husband who goes home from every day routine and the perplexing cares of business with a cheerful smile and a loving word to his invalid wife; who brings not against her the grievous sin of a long sickness, and reproaches her not for the cost and discomfort thereof; who sees in her languid eyes something dearer than girlish laughter, in the sad face and faded cheeks, that blossom into smiles and even blushes at his coming, something lovelier than the old-time spring roses—she is a hero. I think I know of no other.

The wife who bears her part in the burden of life—even though it may be the larger part—bravely, cheerfully, never dreaming that she is a heroine, much less a martyr; who bears with the faults of a husband not altogether congenial, with loving patience and a large charity, and with noble decision hiding them from the world; who makes no confidantes and asks no confidence; who refrains from brooding over shortcomings in sympathy and sentiment, and from seeking "affinities"; who does not build high towers of ivory, and who, in the event of an earthquake in every family jar; who sees her husband united with herself in dissolubly and eternally in their children—she is the wife in every truth, in the inward as in the outward, is a heroine, though of an un-fashionable type.—Grace Greenwood.

The Training of Children. "The best satisfaction for a father is to deserve and receive loyal and unflinching respect from his son."

"No, this is not quite the best, not quite the supreme satisfaction of paternity. Shall I reveal the secret that lies in silence at the very bottom of the hearts of all honorable and worthy fathers? Their profoundest happiness is to be able themselves to respect their sons."

It is in one of the Franconia books that the rule is laid down for family education, which really applies in all legislation and in all life. "If you grant, gratefully, if you refuse, refuse finally." This means that your children are to understand that you have not given your directions thoughtlessly, and that impertinence or what they would call "teasing" is not going to change the decision. As you watch the children at a hotel piazza in summer, in their intercourse with their mothers, you can tell in a minute whether the mothers live by this rule or not. One set of children will expect to carry their points by making fuss about them, while the other set will accept the inevitable at once, and make their arrangements accordingly. This latter set, it may be said in passing, are not only the better children of the two, but they are in fact the happier; they get a great deal more out of life.—Edward Everett Hale in The Chautauquan.

Recognition of Favours.

Gratitude is a grace by far too rarely found. The story of the leper in a book which reveals not only more of the Divine nature, but more of human nature, than any other, represents the usual sad disproportion of gratitude in the world. The lepers were peculiar in the misfortune of leprosy, but not peculiar in the other misfortune of ingratitude. Every feeling grows by expression; hence we should strive to increase our appreciation of favours by every possible acknowledgment of them. Yet a great many favours are habitually accepted by us as a matter of course, and are not entirely unacknowledged, or are only and indifferently received.

A domestic said once, in speaking of a deceased mistress with respect and affection, "It was a pleasure to do any thing for her, for whatever it was, great or small, she always had a bright smile, and a hearty 'Thank you.'"

"Why do you suppose Madam B. has so many friends?" asked a young girl about an aged lady who received a great many visits and tokens of remembrance. "Everybody seems to like her."

"I can give you one reason," answered her aunt; "she is always grateful for every kindness, and shows that she appreciates even the slightest favour—a flower, the loan of a book, whatever it may be—by a prompt and heartfelt recognition of any attention, any personal thoughtfulness on the part of others."

No medicine is more conscientiously prepared, more powerful, or more highly concentrated, than Ayer's Sarsaparil. Its standard of excellence is the result of careful study. This preparation is acknowledged by the medical profession to be the best blood purifier.

THE FARM.

Clover as a Fertilizer. If agricultural experience, within the present decade, has proven one important fact more conclusively than any other, it is that the culture of clover exerts remarkable recuperative and restorative effects, which are not surpassed—may be equalled—by any other fertilizer.

Over sixty years ago the culture obtained to considerable extent in Eastern Pennsylvania and a few other Atlantic states, and was practiced systematically by the better class of farmers, particularly as an auxiliary to wheat growing. Thus the aftermath was cut for hay and sent—principally the latter—and then the soil is turned under; the compost and stable manure hauled out, dumped in heaps, and spread over the ground, when the latter was thoroughly harrowed and made ready for sowing.

Of later years the extraordinary virtue of the clover plant as a better understood. Its presence on a well-tilled farm is deemed indispensable as a green manure, supplying the three most important principles of productive soil, nitrogen, phosphoric acid and potash.

It is the belief of many observers, also, that fields of clover, growing, growing, flourishing and dying, exert positive sanitary influences on the surrounding atmosphere similar to those attributed to groves of the eucalyptus tree, "antidoting" malaria, so that diseases of miasmatic origin are not liable to spring up or exist in any great number in such cases.

Indeed, the clover plant is king of the grain, and should be planted wherever it can be grown. We may add, we are unacquainted with any part of this widespread country, north or south, which is not favorable to the production of clover.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

A writer in The Country Gentleman advocates the growing and plowing under of a green crop of some kind after the regular season's crop has been harvested, and says: "Whoever thus, or otherwise, puts back in the land a fair supply of vegetable matter every year, with time enough to save it from souring, and with potash and phosphoric acid in reasonable supply, will grow uniformly good crops of all the kinds he is accustomed to plant. He will not need to purchase or apply nitrogen, otherwise than he will save it in the green crop, and he will cease to say that commercial or chemical fertilizers impoverish the soil."

Early cut hay—i. e., cut before blossoming—contains more nutriment, according to chemical tests, than when cut later. But an exchange of opinion that late cut hay contains an aggregate amount of nutriment equal to that of early cut, and that if it is to be cut it is better to cut late than early.

Two golden secrets have been divulged by a successful gardener, namely: manage to have a large compost heap, and allow no weeds to go to seed.

TEMPERANCE.

Temperance Jocko. A sailor going back and forth between foreign ports thought he would get a parrot or a monkey to take home to his little boy.

One day when just off the Malay Archipelago, and with others allowed a day on shore, he left his companions and wandered off toward the woody part of the island to see what he could find.

Tom Burke, we are sorry to say, was rather fond of his grog and seldom spent a day without it, and so, having his flask with him, he sat down under a tree near where he saw and heard some chattering monkeys. They, however, seemed determined to tantalize him, for just as soon as he felt sure of catching a young one, a number of old monkeys would come about him and by their loud chattering and fierce manner, prevent him seizing the one he had so surely captured.

Tired out with his efforts and getting, perhaps, a little the worse for the liquor he had sipped from time to time, he fell asleep. Some hours afterward he awoke with a start, and found a tree near him was past the time he had appointed to meet his companions to return to the vessel. As he hastily rose to his feet he saw not far from him a young monkey crouching under a tall shrub either asleep or dead. Tom went up to it, touched it with his foot, felt great, and finally took it up.

"Not much spice left in this youngster," said he, "but if I go back without anything in my hand, the rest will jeer at me, so here goes, sick or well."

And the half lifeless monkey was thrown across his shoulders as he hastened toward the shore, only to find that the boat had pushed off without him. It was still however in sight, so Tom shouted, took off his coat and waved it frantically as a signal, and finally attracted the attention of one of the mates. Grinning at the success of the hour, he clambered aboard and waited some time for Tom to make his appearance, they turned back and took him up.

"Tom Burke, this all comes of the whisky," he said to himself, "if you don't take care you'll get into worse trouble."

"So you have a monkey!" called out one of the sailors as he touched the shore. "More dead than alive, I should think."

"Tired out, I suppose, for I kept some of them in pretty ugly motion," replied Tom. "I'll throw him into my bunk to rest."

Jocko stupidly slept for hours, then roused up in a petulant sort of way, rubbed his stomach and head, made grimaces, scolded and chattered at a great rate, then slept again.

"Sick, are you old fellow? Take your time about it, but get well if you can before we reach port, for I've promised my boy a real live monkey."

The next day, to Tom's surprise, Jocko was lively enough and ready to assist the sailors as he clambered about the rigging. One day in fun his master held out his mug of grog to Jocko in place of water. As he smelt it, my! what a fury he turned into. How he screamed and gesticulated, and then expressly rubbed his head. Tom suspected no more, and the monkey who had watched him when on shore, must, when he was asleep, have imitated him by taking up the flask of whisky, and got too much of it, and was so rapidly drunk when brought on board the vessel.

As his owners Jocko's avoidance of everything in the shape of liquor but his water, and that in a clear, cool, and not the least small of anything stronger, won for him the name of Temperance Jocko. Tom tried to follow Jocko's good example, and when he had any special duty to perform would turn his mug upside down and say:—

THE MONKEY.

"Tom Burke, the outside of that mug is better for you than the inside." The sagacious monkey, seeing him do this, would frequently, much to the amusement of the sailors, turn over all the mugs around the table. Once he even caught up his master's cup, just as he was about to fill it, and ran up into the rigging with it. The sailors laughed heartily and talked about their temperance reformer, while more than one thought Jocko was wise.

One day, not very long after this, Tom was reproved when on duty for taking a drop too much; he then resolved to follow his monkey's example and shun the destroying liquor. He persevered in this, and so when he returned to his home was a temperance man, and loved to tell his children what a good example can accomplish. Jocko became a great favorite with them, and long retained the name they had given him.—Lyceum News.

There is much said in these days about hard times. It is true that many people are unable to handle as much money now as in former days, but there is one fact to be considered calmly and seriously.

It were possible to add \$1,000,000,000 to the channels of legitimate business, there would be no further talk of hard times. Yet this is the amount of money which directly and indirectly was spent in the liquor traffic last year. The sum, according to the Homiletic Review, would pay the nation's debt in one year, or give every voter in the United States \$15 a month, or every family in the United States a good home worth \$1,000 in five years. These figures are startling, and yet there are men who call themselves Christians, and who claim to be sensible and decent, who are willing to put their names to petitions to keep the dramshops in existence.

Salaries at this period were so small that this smart young man thought himself lucky in getting \$400 a year, and he engaged to remain four years in the service of the firm at that rate of wages.

At the head of the silk counters he had frequently to visit a great importing house, to replenish the stock of his own firm, and there he attracted notice by his excellent taste in selecting silks and his sound judgment as to what patterns would be likely to please people.

One day he was asked to step into the counting-room of the importing house, where one of the partners invited him to enter their service at \$1,000 the first year, \$2,000 the second, and \$3,000 after that. The young man replied that he had just made a contract with his employers for four years at eight dollars per week.

"That contract was only verbal, I suppose," said the merchant, replied the clerk, "whether verbal or not."

So he went back to his silks in the old store, and to his eight dollars a week. He served out his four years faithfully. At the end of the period he made himself indispensable man to his employers, who offered him \$10,000 a year or a partner's share, and \$20,000 after that.

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