

three children at a newly made grave. A boy about ten years of age was busily engaged in placing plants of turf about it, while a girl, who appeared a year or two younger, held in her apron a few roots of wild flowers. The third child, still younger, was sitting on the grass, watching with thoughtful look the movements of the other two. They wore pieces of crape on their straw hats, and a few signs of mourning such as are sometimes worn by the poor who struggle between their poverty and their afflictions.

The girl soon began planting some of her wild flowers around the head of the grave, when the stranger addressed them:

"Whose grave is this, children, about which you are so busily engaged?"

"Mother's grave, sir," said the boy.

"And did your father send you to place these flowers around your mother's grave?"

"No sir, father lies here too, and little Willy and sister Jane."

"When did they die?"

"Mother was buried a fortnight yesterday, sir, but father died last winter, they all lie here."

"Then who told you to do this?"

"Nobody, sir," replied the girl.

"Then why do you do it?"

They appeared at a loss for an answer, but the stranger looked so kindly at them that at length the eldest replied, as the tears started to his eyes:

"Oh, we do love them, sir!"

"Then you put these grass turfs and wild flowers where your parents are laid, because you love them?"

They all eagerly replied.

"Is there more beautiful than such exhibition of children honoring the memory of deceased parents? Never forget the dear parents who loved and cherished you in your infant days! Ever remember their parental kindness! Honor their memory by doing those things which you know would please them were they now alive, by a particular regard to their dying commands, and carrying on their plans of usefulness! Are your parents spared to you? Ever treat them as you will wish you had done, when you stand a lonely orphan at their graves? How will a remembrance of kind affectionate conduct, towards those departed friends, then help to soothe your grief and heal your wounded heart!—*Del Gaz.*

*Cancer.*—A cure of Cancer is recorded, by the use of the ashes of white ash bark, mixed with pure water. The disease was in an early stage, and the cure was completed in a fortnight.

*Necessity of Studying Chemistry.*—I wish to explain to the boys the necessity of their studying this important science. Every plant that grows upon a farm has to be fed, as well as animals; and they require, or at least do better, upon particular kinds of food. When they have it, under favorable circumstances, they attain their most perfect growth. Now, how are we to find out what plants live upon, and what is their particular food? Some would at once answer, I would apply stable manure—that gives me good crops. Others would say, I would use guano, marl, lime, plaster, or I would plow under green crops, &c.; but all these modes have been tried unsuccessfully in some cases. Now, a chemist would at once ascertain the cause of the failure, and advise the best application of nourishment. He would analyze the soil, and would also analyze the plants that the farmer wished to grow. He would ascertain perhaps that there was everything requisite in the soil but lime, and that by the application of it, the land would at once be fitted to produce the crop required, or it might want potash, then ashes would be the remedy; or it might want azotised substances, and then he would recommend stable manure, &c.

Many would ask, how can a chemist do this? I answer, by analysis. Well, what is analysis? Analysis means the separation of substances so as to ascertain their composition. A chemist does this, by employing certain chemical manipulations and tests. He separates every substance that soils and plants contain. He detects and weighs them, so that every particle is accounted for, and their respective value ascertained. When this is known, the farmer is able to apply the substance required, and in that way he not only makes the proper application, but also oftentimes saves himself a great expense in purchasing manure which his farm does not require. Thus he makes money, while his neighbour loses.—*Alb. Cult.*

*Cure for Rheumatism.*—Dissolve half an ounce of saltpetre in a pint of brandy, and take a table spoonful every day. It is said, by those who have tried the experiment to be a most excellent antidote for that double twisting, painful complaint.

*To extinguish fire in chimneys.* Put a wet blanket over the whole front of the fire place, which soon stops the current of air, and extinguishes the flame.