

The Family.

INCOMPLETENESS

Not for what he has done, but for what he has not done... The perfect blossom after might meet the...

—Chambers' Journal

SWISS NOTES

III

SWITZERLAND'S PROSPERITY

SPRINGING generally is due to its communal system, its thrift, its agriculture, its pastures on which cattle are raised for sale to Germany and other countries...

WATCHMAKING

being their chief occupation. In Chaux-de-Fonds, for example, which lies in a remote and sterile valley—its climate ungenial, fruit trees rare, and crops ripen only in warm summers—watchmaking is carried on to a large extent...

WOOD-CARVING

marqueterie and the making of artistic furniture. This began about half a century ago, at Brienz on the lake of that name, by Christian Fischer, who may be called the father of the art...

Fischer was a self-taught peasant-artist—more peasant than artist it seems—detested working indoors, and confined himself to carving rings for table napkins, cutting wooden egg-cups, and ornamenting them with flowers...

Peter Baumann of Grindwald and a man named Fleur, of the same valley, improving on Fischer's idea, began to make those charming little Swiss chalets, now so popular, and which find their way into all countries on both sides of the Atlantic...

and carved figures brown with age, sheltered from avalanches and cold winds by some rocky rampart...

PAUMANN—FISHER AND SONS

caused the industry to spread, and wood-carving soon became the winter occupation of every household in the vale of Hasli, and of summer guides in every valley...

BROTHERS WIRTH

in whose workshops several hundred sculptors of the Oberland find regular employment. As in other industries, so in this, the best results are obtained by division of labour...

SCHOOL OF DESIGN

at Brienz, which is supported by the State, the communes and the fees of the pupils, which are only nominal. In 1869 a master-modeller, maintained in the same way, was appointed for the careers of Interlaken...

BRUNIG PASS TO LUCERNE

opened this summer, Brienz is likely soon to attain a still higher degree of prosperity. The number of male and female sculptors employed here and at Meyringen, at which the railway also touches, is stated to be some 2,500...

INTERLAKEN

has long been famous for its park-like and habitable chalet building, and is now one of the most beautiful places in all Switzerland. During our stay we were told that 4,000 visitors pass through it daily in summer...

In the Bernese Oberland another trade has sprung up, in the indigenous stone of the country, of which slabs, table tops, etc., are made. A beautiful red stone, soft at first, but when exposed to the air, becomes very hard, is extensively used...

EMIGRANT TO THE UNITED STATES

where they earn as much in a day as they gain at home in a week. Of course the Bernese newspapers have tried to keep them at home by appealing to their patriotism...

THE SILK INDUSTRY

is mostly confined to two Cantons, bordering on Italy, those of Tessin or Ticino, and the Gisons, where there are produced 40,000 kilogrammes of raw silk yearly...

LADY ABERDEEN ON THE EDUCATION OF WOMEN.

At a time when such unwomanly utterances as those of Mrs Caird and Mrs Lynn Linton are aiding an unwholesome public excitement, we are glad to listen to the words of a gifted lady of high position who speaks in a very different manner...

bias who, in seeking truth, scorn all old paths believing their supposed freedom from narrowness by stepping themselves in anti-Christian or non-Christian literature...

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INTERRUPTED.

THE habit which many people have of contradicting and checking, and "setting right" others who are talking, is very trying even to good natured men and women...

"No dear; it was High street," interrupts Mrs. B. again. "Well, perhaps it was, anyhow, I had a large bag in my hand, and—"

"Of course not; but it is just as well to tell things right as wrong."

"Why, James, what are you talking about? We didn't go into Brown and Smith's at all that day."

"Well, well, big or small, as you like," says Mr. B., with signs of irritation. "It don't make any difference about the size, so—"

"No, dear it was exactly half past two; I remember looking at my watch at the time."

"Well, well, Mary, I said it was 'about three,' and—"

"O yes, we had, James; we had gone nearly down the street."

"All right, down the street it was, I was quite a little distance ahead of my wife, and—"

"Why, James, you're mistaken. And so it goes on to the end, which is not reached for about an hour, when the whole story might have been told in ten minutes...

WHAT CAN I DO?

"WHAT can I do for Christ?" is a frequent question raised by young converts. The answer is, first of all, "Live for him." Your conscientious observance of the fourth commandment is your sermon for the Sabbath...

glass in your temperance lecture, your strict honesty in the smallest item is your rebuke of trickery in trade; your open obedience to your Lord and Saviour is as eloquent in its way as Spurgeon's best discourse is of its kind...

A BOX ON THE EAR.

ONE of Browning's most beautiful and pathetic poems, and one intelligible to whosoever runs, commemorates the act of an old Earl of Arundel, who having struck his little child on the head, had the picture of himself and the child painted, the child, as he became in after years, imbecile from the effects of that blow...

It is impossible to hit a tender child a blow on so delicate an organ as the ear, and one having such close connection with the brain, without doing an evil and unseen work, even when the blow is given with the flat and open hand...

PRAYING FOR WHAT WE DO NOT EXPECT.

I HAPPENED once to be staying with a gentleman—a long way from here—and a very religious kind of a man he was. In the morning he began the day with a long family prayer that he might be kept from sin, and might have a Christ-like spirit, and the mind that was also in Jesus Christ...

"This very provoking to be annoyed in this way, Daniel. I don't know what servants in these times are good for but to worry and vex one with their idle, slovenly ways!"

"I did not say anything for a minute or two. And then I said, 'You must be very much disappointed, sir?'"

"I thought you were expecting to receive a very valuable present this morning, sir, and I see it has not come."

"Present, Daniel?"—and he scratched his head as much as to say, "Whatever can the man be talking about?"

"I certainly heard you talking about it, sir," I said, coolly.

"Heard me speak of a valuable present! Why, Daniel, you must be dreaming. I've never thought of such a thing."

"Perhaps not, sir, but you've talked about it, and I hoped it would come whilst I was here, for I would dearly love to see it."

"He was getting angry with me now, so I thought I would explain."

"You know, sir, this morning you prayed for a Christ-like spirit, and the mind that was in Jesus, and the love of God shed abroad in your heart."

"O, that's what you mean is it?" and he spoke as if that weren't anything at all.

"Now, sir, wouldn't you be rather surprised if your prayer was to be answered?—if you were to feel a nice, gentle, loving kind of spirit coming down upon you, all patient and forgiving and kind? Why, sir, wouldn't you come to be quite frightened like? and you'd come in and sit all in a faint, and reckon as you must be ageing to die because you felt heavenly-minded?"

"He didn't like it very much," said Daniel, "but I delivered my testimony, and learned a lesson for myself, too. You are right, Captain Joe, you are right. We should stare very often if the Lord was to answer our prayers."

The Children's Corner.

A HOUSEKEEPING SONG.

How many of our Parents are acquainted with the "Kitchen Garden," which are now organized in large cities, to teach children how to do housework? Here is one of the songs they sing, while they are using the "beans and leathers," etc.

Oh! have you heard the housekeeping song? For, if you've not, we won't be long! It tells the right way from the wrong. Of keeping a house in good order. Rooms and trunks, dust cloth, too. All these we have, and so many you! Dust, dirt and cobwebs, you know, will not do. When keeping a house in good order.

Don't make your bed as soon as you rise. Its either nice or very wise! Fresh air and sunshine you won't despise. When keeping the house in good order. Sheets and blankets really spread. Coverlet, too, for every bed. Pillows and pillows, of course, for the head. When keeping a house in good order.

The very plain you food, perhaps, be. The table set most carefully. For, better taste the toast and tea. In a house that is kept in good order. Table cloth and napkins white. Plates, saucers, cups, glasses all bright. Knives, forks, and spoons—you will lay them just right. In a house that is kept in good order.

And, when the table you wish to clear, Obey the rules, and ever fear! But you will yet do well, my dear. With keeping a house in good order! Dishpans, towels, soap-dish, hot. Water for rinsing never forget! "Wash clearest things first," and then you will not miss keeping your house in good order.

Oh! don't you think it is pleasant to know About the daily work, just so. And what's the way we all must go. When keeping a house in good order. Heads and hearts are house-keepers. (May they be wise, may they be true!) Let each one try the best we can do. Toward keeping these houses in order.

HOW A LITTLE BOY CAMPED OUT.

ONCE there was a little boy who all summer long had been very anxious to camp out over night. Behind his mother's house was a large garden—as large as a whole city block—and at the far end of it was a little knoll, or hill, with rocks cropping out. It was behind this hill that little Paul wished to camp, for from there the house would be out of sight, and it would be "just like truly camping." So his mother gave him a large old crumb-cloth for a tent, a pair of blankets and a sofa-cushion for a bed, a tin pail full of bread, cold meat, and hard-boiled eggs, and some ginger bread and apples for his breakfast; also a bottle of milk, a tin cup, a wooden plate, and a small package of pepper and salt. She then gave him some cotton to put in his ears—to keep out little bugs and things. She had the hired man help him drive the stakes and fasten the crumb-cloth over them. The hired man, of his own accord, brought from the barn a large bundle of hay to spread under the blankets, so as to make a comfortable bed. By twilight everything was ready, and Paul kissed his mother, his aunt, and his big sister good-bye, and shouldering his cross-bow, marched away to the "Rocky Mountains"—as he called the little knoll.

He pinned back the doors of his tent with big catch pins, and then sat down on the ground. Everything was dreadfully still, and the bright tin pail and the bottle of milk looked very comfortable in the soap box cupboard; the brave cross-bow, with its pin-pointed arrows, promised safety; while the blankets, sofa-cushion, and the soft hay were all that any reasonable camper could ask for.

But it was so dreadfully still! Not even the smallest baby breeze was stirring; through a hole in the crumb-cloth shone a star, and the star made outdoors seem stiller yet. Paul unbuttoned one shoe and then the other, and sat for a while listening. Then suddenly kicking off his shoes, he scrambled under the blankets and lay quite still. He was a very small boy, and somehow camping out wasn't delightful in every way.

It was nearly half past eight. Mamma was knitting, the aunt was sewing, and the big sister was standing on the dictionary, rehearsing her elocution exercise. Nobody but mamma heard the back hall-door softly open, and the tiny feet go stealing up-stairs. When the elocution exercise was over, mamma said she must go and find the mate to the stocking she was knitting.

So she went upstairs; but, before looking for the stocking, she went into Paul's room. There, in the starlight, she saw the brown curly head cuddled into its customary pillows. She was a good and faithful mamma, and so she did not laugh—out loud. She stooped over the half-hidden head and whispered, "Were you lonesome, dear?" and Paul whispered back, "Kind of lonesome,—and I heard something scuffling, very close to my head. And so I came in. And—you won't tell, will you, mamma?"

Faithful mamma didn't "tell,"—not until long afterward, when Paul had grown to be so old and so big that he went "truly camping" far away to the Rocky Mountains.

And what was the "scuffling" that Paul heard so close to his head? I think it must have been an imagined noise. Don't you?—S. Nichols.

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