

The Family. THE GATE OF DEATH. BY MARY E. ATKINSON. It is a baby's hand Knocks at the gate of death. And we who love him, stand Weeping with bated breath, Waiting to see it open For the little feet to pass In through the gate of hope, To the throne on the sea of glass.

THE BABY ON THE PRISON STEPS. A STORY FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS. Nearly two hundred years ago, people passing by one of the prisons in England might have seen, on any warm, sunny day, a woman seated on the stone steps with a baby in her arms.

It was a poor, feeble little thing, and those who looked at it with a kind heart would have seen that it was a mother's love that was in it. Her heart was very sad, as she sat there rocking her baby in her arms, trying to still its feeble cry, for her husband was shut up in those gloomy walls, and it was but seldom that the keeper of the prison would allow her to see him.

But you must not think that he was a wicked man because he was a prisoner; for in those days people were put in prison as often for loving the truth as for committing crimes. The King of England and his Parliament had passed a law that persons must not meet together to worship God in any other place than the churches which they established, and that no one must preach unless they had given him permission.

Many of the people thought this law unjust, and would not obey it; so they had meetings of their own where they could hear the Word of God truly explained by good men. These meetings made the Government very angry, and the people who were found attending them were put in prison. This baby's father was one of those who had been found at these meetings, and so he was in prison with many others.

months' old lovingly in her arms. "You do not intend to say that I am to begin my family government—oh I am all afraid of the word—right away with this little puss, whom I have nestled up to me now?"

ONE IS NOT. BY ISRAELI FYVIE MAYO. The fields stretch out across the sunset sky; The cattle from the hill Come lowing homeward with the rasper folk; Out house is very still.

A GOOD TRADE. "See what a good trade I made to-day," said Lucius to his uncle. "I traded my old knife to Jamie Niel for this nice two-bladed one, that cuts twice as well. One of the blades of my knife was broken, and the other would not hold an edge five minutes. But Jamie took a fancy to it because of the handle, and I was glad enough to make the trade."

WORK IN THE VINEYARD. I heard a woman say yesterday, "I am a poor man's wife, and labor for my own family all day long, and am too weary to labor in God's vineyard? Here is a high and bold work; not much of that—gathering, but sowing, pruning and cultivating. She who makes a tidy, cheerful, hallowed home for husband and family is doing a good work. A true, pure woman, who loves God and tries to train her children for him, is not living in vain. She is not only doing what she can, but what she ought to do. And the wife and mother who is one only in name, whose chief aim is to think the duties belonging to her responsible position, who votes house-keeping a bore and the care of her children a nuisance, and so delegates these duties to servants, nurses and teachers, in order to be able to have leisure to invent ways for fashionably killing time, spending money, and keeping her hands soft and white, and her ringlets in the style; this woman is doing what she can, but also to blight and wither and make desolate her 'vineyard ground.'—Exchange.

YOUNG HOUSEKEEPERS. Now, young housekeepers, are you going to commence so, as you run along in the same old way? You are afraid of being called unfaithful in your work? I do wish folks would get over the blushing idea that reunion of friends and interchange of friendship means visits and drink, hurry, bustle and preparation. I do wish we could get away from that everlasting idea of cook, cook, and eat, eat. I don't mean starve, but let alone the extras, unneeded for and unneeded, and just come back to plain, wholesome fare, and there will be more bodies studied, and newspapers read, and paid for, than now. Teach folks, by your own conduct, that we do not visit them to increase their labor, or to give our stomach extra work in laboring.

digestible solids, and do not calculate to have them do so. That's the way to begin. Don't fuss in the kitchen and fume in the pantry, my housekeeping beginners, over needless work, but take time to read, study, and keep yourself tidy for husband and children's eyes, and my word for it, you will find double the comfort in solid realities that you ever will in senseless parade.—The Household.

BUCKWHEAT. To get a pioneer "out of notion" of buckwheat as a crop, or planter's potatoe in hills, would be like turning the clock backward. I have seen them, in the process of events they had ceased to be really pioneers, by their farms becoming well-cleared up and smooth, still planting their potatoes in "hills"; but planting them with such precise rule that they could set them up both lengthwise and crosswise with the plow. Of course by leaving them in drills they could have double the crop; but then they began with hills, when the hoe only could be used among the stumps; and it was hills still. But a pioneer can always be distinguished by a patch of buckwheat. To "pay in buckwheat straw" is a proverb current elsewhere than among the class of whom it is true; but it nearly touches the pioneer in a tender spot to be popular with him. Your true John Crow likes to come with his bushel and a ball of buckwheat right in the middle of a greeting day, and have his gift sandwiched between two good samples of tall wheat. He thinks that the half bushel that he will always have in his throat, will help all the better to make his cakes palatable; being none the worse for a little admixture of flour. The neighbors said that Jenny Crow said three of her girls stood at the corner of the flat-topped Vanorman stove when the buckwheat cakes were baking, and all lifting at once, would hop over on the other side a cake near by as big as an Indian blanket! But when I got older, I had great doubts about the truth of this blanket-tossing; the parabolic curves necessary to effect it were too intricate!

THE PRODUCT OF A SINGLE ACRE. Spring will soon open. Many of our readers may own but a single acre of land; if so you should do all you can to make it yield you handsomely. Let us tell such what we have known a man to do with this small amount of land. From one-third of an acre of corn, he usually got thirty bushels of sound produce, besides some soft or refuse. This might serve for family use for one or two hog sides. From the same ground he got 200 pumpkins, and beans enough for the whole year. From a bed six rods square he usually got 60 bushels of onions, and with the amount bought his flour. The rest of the acre was appropriated to potatoes, peas, cabbages, beans, cabbage, green corn, peas, cucumbers, melons, squashes, winter lily or sixty bushels of carrots for the winter lily or cow. There he had also a flower garden, gooseberry, raspberry, and plum, cherry, peach, and quince trees. Now, if an acre can be made to produce so much in one part of Maine—almost enough for all the necessary supplies of one family—why may not the same thing be done elsewhere? But to do it your land must be managed well, cultivated thoroughly and taken good care of. Begin in season this spring and see what you can do in the direction indicated.—Gospel Banner.

EFFECT OF MANURE ON WEEDS.—The application of manure suited to particular kinds of cultivated plants appears to have an excellent effect in checking the growth of weeds which would otherwise prove injurious. In regard to clover, it was found that when the land was wholly unmanured the weeds formed fifty-seven per cent. of the entire yield; but that the application of gypsum reduced the proportion of weeds to two per cent. Nitrogenous manures had very slight effect, and phosphatic manures but little more. We must not from this, however, consider gypsum as an antidote to weeds in general, since it is a specific manure for clover, and gives it a power to struggle successfully with the weeds and crowd them out.

THE PEAS WREATH.—A correspondent of the Country Gentleman says: "As to how that bug may be destroyed, I only have to say that a few years ago we had them to contend with very much in our neighborhood, as they destroyed nearly all the peas; but the farmers soon found a remedy that answered the purpose. As soon as the peas are threshed, clean them and put them in a heap on the barn floor, about a foot thick; and sprinkle them (about a quart to five or six bushels) with spirits of turpentine. Then stir them well several times until you think they have been well mixed. Let them lie a few days to dry; then barrel them, and I think you will never see many bugs."

POWDER BUSH.—A writer in the New England Farmer says: "If you admire Pond Lilies (and who does not?) and have a spring place in your moving, digging a hole so that the water will stand from six to twenty inches deep in the same, and by setting roots in the bottom, you may have a supply of fresh ones through the season of blooming. Old roots will blossom the first season. One half day's digging, four years ago, has supplied me abundantly, and now I have hundreds of young roots.

BUCKWHEAT. (Continued) Our patrons may rely on receiving the very best results which the nature of the case will admit. We depend for our success (of which we are already enjoying a good measure) on our own energy and excellence of our work, and are determined to spare neither labor nor expense to make our COMMERCIAL COLLEGE an indispensable institution of the Country.

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