

HOUSEHOLD TALKS.

"HOT JULY."

"Coming Up Past the Sign of the Lion"—Canada's Birthday—Saxon and Roman Holidays and Holydays.

"COMING UP PAST THE SIGN OF THE LION."

July has the name, whether d. servedly or not, of being the hottest month in the year. Per haps coming as it does with a rush close on the heels of June, too much contrast is afforded between it and that most heavenly month.

No one complains of the city not of dust and heat while June lasts—not if there be a green tree in front or even in the back yard, or a strip of blue sky visible from even the tiniest air-circulating apartment, through which the twitterings of birds at dawn awaken in the sleeper and the fairy beam of summer breeze keep all things sweet and clear.

But as June nears a close, and if it be not profanity almost to speak of her as one would of a fashionable belle, as she sets about packing her trunks for her departure after a very successful season, before the last of her duty is over, she is not without a few parting words.

In the latter green the tender leaves take on in the latter growth of weeds, in the dense shade afforded by thickening foliage, in the slight shading of red continents to city parks.

The grand procession of the months reach here a high point. Even Nature, the sun-goddess, has reached her zenith. The sun is at the zenith of the sky, and the sun is at the zenith of the sky, and the sun is at the zenith of the sky.

And two great nations close neighbors, brothers in everything but name, one speech, one color, one faith, have their anniversaries of their birth on the same day.

Canada's Birthday. A fitting time for the birthday of a nation, the culminating point and crowning glory of the year!

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THE PAINTER MONK.

I read a legend of a monk who painted, in an ancient cell in days bygone, Pictures of martyrs and of various scenes, And the sweet Christ-face with the crown of thorn.

Poor daubs I not fit to be a chapel's treasure! And many a painting more than half-fair! But the good abbot hid him for his pleasure, Adorn with them his solitary cell.

One night the poor monk mused: "Could I but render Honour to Christ as other painters do, Were but my skill as great as his the tender Love that inspires me when his cross I view!"

But no—his vain I toil and strive in sorrow; My life's work is all valueless—tomorrow I'll cast my ill-wrought pictures on the fire.

He raised his eyes within his cell—O wonder! There stood a visitor—thorn-crowned was He. And a sweet voice the silence rent asunder—"I scorn no work that's done for love of Me"

And round the walls the paintings show so splendid With lights and colours to this world unknown; A perfect beauty, and a true transfiguration, That never yet on mortal canvas shown.

There is a meaning in the strange old story—Let none dare judge his brother's worth or mood; The pure intent gives to the act its glory, The noblest purpose makes the grandest deed.

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT AT DINNER. The electric light has not only found its way on to the dinner table, but even into the dining room.

A MERRY HEART. We may presently have all of this world's blessings, but casual observers are in any way necessary to make up the sum of human happiness.

THE GREAT ADVANTAGE THERE IS IN CULTIVATING CHEERFULNESS. Each of us of our lives have its own mission upon our faces. If evil thoughts, full of envy or of disdain, are allowed to run riot,

SINNING RIGHTEOUSLY. There is an unenvied report that the first Puritan settlers of New England sought a basis for the right to occupy the soil that previously belonged to the aborigines, by passing a series of resolutions.

HOLIDAYS AND HOLYDAYS. July has a goodly share of such. Feast and festival, social and religious, crowd and elbow each other all through its thirty-one days.

NEW TREATMENT FOR CONSUMPTION TIVES. A new method of inducing pulmonary consumption is described by the Medical Record from French sources.

TERRORS OF A VOLCANO. Some idea of the terror of volcanoes may be gathered from an account of one in one of the Hawaiian Islands recently published.

GODFREY, THE FENIAN.

CHAPTER IX.—Continued. "Well, fancy! I have been two days in Ireland, two whole days, and I have not seen any of my friends."

"And here you are, on Thursday, among the boys and the Irish already," supplied Lady Blanche, half-sarcastically.

"Well, to be sure, I have not seen any of my friends," said Godfrey, "but I have seen a great deal of the country."

"What do you mean by that?" asked Mrs. Courthope.

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