

exhibit another cat-like habit, for he would stretch himself out at full length before the fire on the rug, seeming to enjoy this luxurious way of warming himself. This love of warmth made him sometimes a troublesome creature, for when he found the fire going out and the room becoming cold, he would creep up into his master's bed, and try to insert his little body under the clothes. He was never allowed to remain here long, but was made to decamp as soon as his presence was discovered. He then took up his refuge in the folds of his master's clothes, which were placed on a chair, and of these he was allowed to retain quiet possession till the morning. The master became so fond of his rat that he taught him, at the word of command, "Come along Ikey," to jump into his great-coat pocket in the morning, when he went out to his daily occupation of driving the "bus." He did not, however, carry him all day in his pocket, but put him in the boot of his 'bus to act as guard to his dinner. But why did not the rat eat up his master's dinner? Because, as said the man, "I always gives him his belly-full when I has my own breakfast before starting." The dinner was, never touched, except when it happened to consist of plum-pudding. This Ikey could not resist; his greediness overcame his sense of right, and he invariably devoured the plums, leaving the less dainty parts of the repast for his master. The rat acted as a famous guard to the provisions, for whenever any of the idle fellows who are always seen lounging about the public houses where the omnibuses bait, attempted to commit a theft, and run off with the bundle out of the boot, Ikey would fly out at them from under the straw, and effectually put to flight the robbers. At night he was taken home in his master's pocket, and partook of the family supper; but if any strangers happened to be present, he was taken with a shy fit, and in spite of his hunger, secreted himself till they had gone. His teeth, after a time, became bad and worn out, and the children finding this out, delighted to give him a sort of hard cake made of treacle, called, in infant parlance, jumbles or brandy snacks. Of these, Ikey in his younger days was very fond; but now, on the contrary, they gave him much trouble to masticate, and his perseverance and rage when attacking the said brandy-snacks caused the young folks many a hearty laugh. This rat is, I believe, still alive, and enjoys a good health, though the weight of age pressing on his hoary head, he requires many little attentions from his kind and tender-hearted protectors.—*Buckland's Curiosities of Natural History.*

TO MAKE HARD CANDLES OF SOFT TALLOW.—I noticed a request a short time since in the *Country Gentleman*, for a receipt to make soft tallow hard. I send you one I know by experience to be good. To twelve pounds of tallow take half a gallon of water, to which add three table-spoons of pulverised alum, and two of saltpetre, which heat and dissolve; then add your tallow and one pound of beeswax; boil hard all together, until the water evaporates, and skim well while boiling. It should not be put in your moulds hotter than you can bear your hand in. The candles look much nicer when the wicks are not tied at the bottom. It is not only a disagreeable task to cut the wick off, but it injures the moulds. Never heat your moulds to draw your candles in cold weather. Perhaps it is not generally known that tallow from beeves fed on corn or grain, is much softer than when fed on grass or clover.—Therefore the tallow from grass-fed cattle should always be hard with the addition of very little alum and beeswax. In very cold weather much less alum must be used, or they will crack so as to fall to pieces sometimes; and a third more of each should be used in very warm weather if the tallow is very soft. With little management you can always have hard tallow for summer use where you make all your own candles.—*Country Gentleman.*

BLESSEDNESS IN SORROW.—"There are times when some great sorrow has torn the mind away from its familiar supports and laid level those defences which in prosperity seemed so stable—when the most rooted convictions of the reason seem rottenness, and the blossom of our heavenward imagination goes up before that blast as dust—when our works, and joys, and hopes, with all their multitude, and pomp, and glory, seem to go down together into the pit, and the soul is left as a garden that hath no water, and as a wandering bird cast out of the nest—in that day of trouble, and of treading down, and perplexity, the noise of voices, the mirth of the tabret, and the joy of the harp, are silent in the grave. Blessed is the man who, when cast into this utter wretchedness, far away from all creatures and from all comfort, can yet be willing, amid all his tears and his anguish, there to remain as long as God shall please.—*British Quarterly.*