

THE HOME.

Wait and see.

When my boy with eager questions, Asking how, and where, and when, Treads all my steps of wisdom...

Miss So-and-So—A Social Lesson.

The late Professor Morren related once in his lecture a rebuke which he gave to a high-strung Beacon Hill dame...

old maid often does as much good in her generation as twenty married women.

BUZY FATHERS.—Talking about busy men, who leave their homes early and get away after dark...

WHAT "FATHER SAYS" AND DOES.—If parents think that children do not notice closely everything they do, they make a serious mistake...

THE FARM.

—The dull hoe wastes strength. —Summer tillage should be shallow. —The carbon of plants comes from the air.

—Canada has declared a 30 days' quarantine against cattle taken from the United States into the Northwest range territory.

—The man who uses a tool weighing five ounces more than is necessary handles in ten hours' work 112 lbs. that are superfluous.

—With a hand cultivator in a garden one can get over about ten times as much ground with a hoe, but it is not so easy to get the cultivator.

—Massachusetts experiments show that planting medium-sized white potatoes gives better returns than when half potatoes of the same size are planted.

—The Country Gentleman says that flat culture gives from 15 to 20 per cent more potatoes than hilling, which in "most instances is positively detrimental to productiveness."

—A New Canadian man says bushes may be protected from the ravages of insects by a very cheap and simple device.

—A few days before the eggs are due to hatch, the hen and nest should be thoroughly dusted with insect powder.

—CURING CLOVER.—The difference between clover hay that your cattle like and that which is not fit to be fed to anything, is the difference between well cured, clean, bright clover and rusty, black, and poorly cured clover.

—One of the advantages in mixing Paris green with gypsum for use on potato plants is that the work can be done at odd spells, when other business is not burrying.

—The author of "John Halifax" says that every girl who is not entirely dependent on her male relations—a position which, considering all the ups and downs of life, the sooner she gets out of the better—ought by the time she is old enough to possess any money to know exactly how much she has, where it is invested, and what it ought yearly to bring in.

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TEMPERANCE.

Instruments in God's Hands.

Charles Ballou stood at the street corner, it was a city, for he was not so large that a person who was much about town would not be likely to know pretty much everything that was going on.

Thus it was that the ringing of the church bell on Monday evening awakened a sort of wonder as to what might be "the doings" over there.

This was one of those traps for unwary feet with which our larger towns and cities, and indeed many smaller towns as well, abound.

And Dr. Spencer passed rapidly on toward the Ballou's parlour.

While Mr. Ballou still waited for his tardy friend, Laura Keane came down the street and was about to turn the corner on her way to church, whose bell was still tolling.

This was said with a merry laugh on the surface, though Laura Keane's heart went up in a quick prayer.

"I was going," was the reply, "in fact, I did not know there was a Mr. Burton to hear until a few moments ago, he is worth hearing."

"What does he speak upon?" Laura did a little rapid thinking just at that point.

"I believe he is to speak upon 'A Question of To-day.' That may mean a grossly wrong thing, and I suspect he will touch a number of points before he gets through; he generally does. Oh! he is simply wonderful!"

"Allowing Miss Laura Keane to be the judge," said the young man laughing.

"Well, come and hear and be your own judge. I'll show you that I know something about the merits of a speaker, I would like to have you hear Mr. Burton."

And thus it happened that, to the surprise of friends, Laura Keane, in company with Mr. Charles Ballou, followed the usher down the aisle of the already well filled church.

Meantime, the young wife waited at home in sadness; a slight illness had kept her within doors for a day or two.

"I am sorry, Alice, to leave you, but I shall have to go down street a little while. I'll try to come back early, but don't wait for me. Let Kitty put you to bed, and I'll think you will be all right."

Presently she heard a step on the walk coming up the steps. It sounded like Charles's, but it could not be, so early in the evening.

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alone that she could scarcely believe her own eyes when he stood before her—though he did not stand long; he knelt beside her, and, putting his arms about her, said: "Alice, I have something to tell you; something which will make you glad. I have been to the church to-night to hear a man they call Mr. Burton."

"O, Charles! I know about him. I have heard him? I wanted to hear him, but I did not know he was to be here to-night. How did it happen? Did you like him? And is he going to speak again?"

"What a shower of questions! I went with your little Laura Keane. I liked him; and he is going to stay a few days; and Alice, darling, (here his voice struck to a whisper) "I put my name on the pledge roll."

"Yes; and that isn't all. I tell you, Alice, that is a wonderful man. I have heard sermons all my life, but I never felt before that I wanted Jesus Christ for my friend; but to-night when he showed up the weakness of men and the power of Christ to keep, I just—took him for my own!"

Alice was weeping now, but her tears were not the bitter tears of despair.

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