

but they must be kept at a higher temperature than geranium slips, or they will not root. Out of doors at the end of June there is little trouble in striking new plants in the ground, if kept moist, and this is the best method of ensuring good plants for the following winter.

Peeping out of the side of a hanging basket, surrounded by moss, is a tuft of scarlet verbena, that looks as if it longed for the summer days, and the high temperature in which it revels. Like a great many of our brilliant plants it is a native of South America, and was first introduced into this country by R. Burit, of Philadelphia, who received seeds from South America, and cultivated the plants as a garden flower.

Some species are found at the Rocky Mountains, and one hardy biennial in the western States. They are easily grown from seed, and in this part of Canada will seed in the ground and come up the next year, though the colors are more to be depended upon if plants are grown from cuttings of the finest flowers, instead of trusting to seedlings that often deteriorate. Another reason for not planting in the same ground is that they become liable to attacks of aphides at the root, which is sure death. It delights in a loam turned up from new sod, and does not thrive well in sandy soil.

The climate of America seems to suit it better than that of Europe, and florists now grow some magnificent specimens. For massing they are particularly adapted, and make a fine display in autumn when other flowers are becoming scarce. As a window plant they need light and heat, with frequent washings to keep them free from the aphides. In a good basket with plenty of earth and moss they often do very well. The language of the verbena is "sensibility," and a floral verse allotted to it seems to suit well,

"A kindly speech—a cordial voice,
A smile so quick, so warm, so bright
It speaks a nature full of light."

CHATEAUGUAY, Q'VE.

COGITATIONS.

Make soup while the bone lasts
Half our troubles are merely annoyances.
Promises are virtually falsehoods until they are fulfilled.

It is not what you take in but what you don't put out that makes you rich.

There is apparently no hope at all for the wicked when even the good get left occasionally.

The first problem that a newly-elected official has to solve is how to put 100 pigs in ten holes.

Some rich people find amusement by imagining they are poor, but there is mighty little enjoyment in a poor man imagining he is rich.

He Had Done Enough.

During a recent political convention in Kentucky, when opposing factions had "locked horns" and when it seemed impossible to nominate a candidate, a man from the north-west arose and exclaimed:

"Feller citizens, you are all urging the claims of your respective candidates, but you don't give a reason why any of them should be nominated. I came to fight for Colonel John Hornrock."

"What's he done for the party," cried a voice.

"He has done enough. He made five hundred gallons of whiskey last year and—"

His voice was drowned by deafening shouts. Colonel John Hornrock was nominated by acclamation.

David Sinton, Ohio's richest man, is a Scotch Irishman and grew up around the big iron mill at Pittsburgh. He began business as a clerk in a country store at \$4 a month; then was a clerk in a blast furnace, afterward manager, and at last half owner. After that the advance in life was fast. He is worth \$12,000,000, and gives largely to public charities.

THAT OTHER BOY.

BY MRS. JULIA M'NAIR WRIGHT.

For every light, a corresponding shadow; for every good, its counterpart of evil; for every sin in a family, that other boy, who is nobody's boy; for every boy in a home, the homeless boy.

What is this vagrant, unowned boy? He is the making of the future tramp, criminal, pauper; a burden and a terror to the community, able to undo all the good your boy may grow up to accomplish.

Where is this boy of the dangerous classes? In a hovel attic, cellar, a staving place, dominated by a drunken father, by a drunken or ignorant, or reckless mother; he is an orphan, allowed a crust and a shelter by criminals, who hope to use him in crime when he is a little older; he is a poorhouse; he is bound out to some irresponsible party, who regards him as so much muscular force, ignoring the fact that he has a mind and a soul; he is, perhaps, a little higher in the social scale, with parents and a home, but the parents "let him run," have no idea of governing or counselling him; the home offers him no attractions; he goes to school when he likes, plays truant when he pleases; roams the streets at night, hangs about corners, groceries, bar-rooms, never goes to church or Sunday-school, swears, plays for keeps, and knows the taste of beer and brandy; he is a rich man's boy, perhaps; his mother pays no heed to him, his father sets him a bad example, ruffians decoy him, he has too much money in his pocket, and is just as surely set on the road to end "black-leg" as the boy from the slums. In this last case, as in the others, he is really "nobody's boy" for to have merely begotten or brought forth a child is not to be a parent in any proper sense of that potent word.

What is to become of this multitudinous nobody's boy germ of the mob? If society does not speedily rise up and master the mob, the mob is bound to master society. We must dominate our criminals now, or we shall be presently destroyed by them. But how shall we do this? Mere force is not the remedy; lions, stone walls, an army of policemen will not meet the case. France had once a Battle and an army as ready to fire on Jacques as on Hans. But the Battle crumbled suddenly, the army fraternized with the mob, there was a revolution, above which, sole landmark, rose the guillotine, pouring forth a river of blood.

Mobs and criminal classes are to be managed successfully only by moral means, and moral means can only be applied successfully when the mob is in embryo, the plastic state of boyhood.

Nobody's boy is the danger of our future; we can and must make him the corner-stone in the fabric of our hope. But how to do this? Whatever our boy needs, nobody's boy needs. What will make our boy good, safe, reliable, will make that other boy safe, reliable, good. All that we give our boy of encouragement, of fortunate prejudices, of moral environment, we should give nobody's boy. We must make up to him of his disastrous lack of home, of parents, of moralities. Largely considered, this may be an affair of compulsory education of the alphabet and the ten commandments insisted upon for every one; of no vagrants and State-schools for industrial arts; but there are outgrowths of the question too large for the present article. We prefer the simple and practical. That village is clean where every villager sweeps well about his own door-stone. If every neighborhood solved the problem of its own neglected, vagrant, destitute boys, the problem of the country at large would straightly find its solution.

Let us drop the consideration of the great centers, the cities, for the moment, unless they may choose to share in these simple hints for the towns, villages, rural districts. We can not expect to entirely aggregate our boy from nobody's boy. We must not be so fearful of exposing our boy to the other boy's precocious evil, that we devote ourselves merely to separating them, as far as possible. Their lives will lap some where; let us arrange the meeting point where it will do the one good and the other no harm. No wise, sober, respectable, useful family should rest easy one hour, so long as within the reach of their influence is any lad left to evil influences, or no influences at all; for, in this last case, the evil will come in fast enough.

Here is not a matter of collecting funds, establishing costly libraries, reading rooms,

and so on. Good indeed are these when one can come to them, but the thing is to begin at once, and to bring personal influences to bear on the personal boy.

The primary danger to nobody's boy is from intemperance. All that our boy needs to develop temperance prejudice and principle, the other boy needs. Canvass the neighborhood for him, bring him to a temperance society, buy him a badge and a pledge card. It costs little to get together ten, fifteen, twenty boys of the neighborhood, in some clean, bright kitchen or dining-room well lit and warmed, to talk temperance, sing it, tell temperance riddles, read stories, speak places and end up with a plate of ginger cakes or a basket of apples. The effort will be beyond mere opinions concerning beer and alcohol. You will find these boys going to school more regularly, that they may read and speak better; you will find them coming to the meeting with clean hands and shoes, with brushed hair and clothes; their voices will moderate, their language will be cleaner and civiler.

I remember a neighborhood numbering forty or fifty boys, from eight to sixteen years. One lady established such a temperance society at her home as I have mentioned; badges, pledge cards, leaflets, gingerbread, cost about \$5 or \$6 a year. The other lady collected all the boys she could beg in the neighborhood for friends or from religious societies, raised a subscription of \$20 and bought some more books, turned one of her rooms into a circulating library, chatted with the boys on Saturday afternoons when they came for books, helped them choose, helped them think, and in eighteen months the boys of that locality were new creatures. They were superior boys—mannerly, intelligent, enterprising—not the making of a rascal among the whole of them.

If there are only three boys in a neighborhood given to running the streets at night, those three should be looked after. If there are ten, twenty, fifty, who loaf about, all the more need to provide for them. Follow them up, speak to them, encourage them, interest yourself in them. What, clothes dirty and ragged? Find them work that will buy a new suit. Get some one to make work if there is none ready. Make it a personal favor to you that they should come to your church and sit in your pew or your class in Sunday-school, or to your home and borrow a book. Don't worry them with dull books; consider the stuff you are dealing with. Save up all your papers, especially illustrated, to give them. Make a huge scrap book for them to look over, treat them, as Italians say, *in festa*, a cookie, a glass of milk or lemonade, an apple; stand treat cheerfully. Where is the neighborhood where some empty room cannot be found, and where, among all the neighbors, a table or two, a few chairs, a condemned stove, a few pictures, some window shades, can not be begged or borrowed; where some books, magazines, papers, can not be contributed; where some genial father can not make a few packages of jack-straws, two or three fox-and-geese boards, a box or so of letters to play games of words, a little stationery for who would write a letter? Do you know if such a place is open for the losing boys, they will top loading; they will make the fire and sweep and scrub the room by turns, and will refrain from swearing and spitting on the floor, and will avail themselves of the wash-bowl, cake of soap and towel set forth in entry or corner? Then with one good friend or another to keep the peace evening after evening, and detail wonders of natural science, or stories of adventure, or mighty deeds of history; to lay bare the many sided evils of strong drink, and sketch the bright fortunes of honest enterprise and industry, the horizons of these neglected lives will widen, they will breathe purer air. Nobody's boy will feel that he is a son of his own deeds, and the father of his own fortunes; his dormant ambition will awake and his nascent brutehood will be eliminated, and the community will rob the nineteenth century well with the century, as did with the earlier centuries that scourge, the black plague.

Finally, to sum up, whenever there is a boy neglected, pressed by evil example, responsible to nobody, there is work for the nearest person whose eyes fall upon him, work for which that person is responsible to God, the country, the community.

In novels marriage ends all. The truth is precisely the reverse; it begins all.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

What man is deficient in sense he usually makes up in dullness.

Nature is frank and will allow no man to abuse himself without giving him a hint of it.

We never do ourselves so much good as when we are, at least, trying to do good to others.

Remember this: However small you consider your possessions there is some one who envies you them.

Self denial and thought for the happiness of others are among the seeds from which shall spring never-fading flowers.

There is no luck, but there is such a thing as hard work and knowing how to make an answer for what others call "luck."

Like a dream is the life of man; like swift ships, seen for a moment on the horizon's edge and then sailing we know not whither.

In expenses I would be neither pinching nor prodigal; yet, if my means allow it not, rather thought too sparing than a little profuse.

The whole European and American world is undoubtedly advancing to a broader and more philosophical conception of the true meaning of religion.

It is better that joy should be spread over the whole of the day than that it should be concentrated into ecstasies, full of danger and followed by reaction.

More gentleness, more sympathy, more consideration, more knowledge of character, more real respect for one another, are needed in all the relations of life.

A good conscience is an excellent thing, and so too is a winsome manner. It should be carefully cultivated. When frankness becomes rudeness, it should be properly checked.

No matter how low down man may get there is not more than one in every 100 of them but will prove true to a small trust if his pride be strengthened by your seeming faith in him.

Much of the world is prejudiced against facts, because facts stick to the text and don't go out of the way to concoct a palatable medium for the world's own genteel taste and wise opinions.

There is nothing makes a man suspect much, more than to know little; and, therefore, men should remedy suspicion by procuring to know more, and not to keep their suspicions in smother.

Simply believing the truths of religion doesn't make you religious; you may appreciate right and yet not do right; weeping over martyrs is not as heroic as having had your arm suffered at the stake.

One breach of faith will always be remembered, no matter how loyal your subsequent life may be. People may imagine that they trust you, yet all the time they have an eye to the former break.

There is nothing so delightful as the hearing or the speaking of truth. For this reason there is no conversation so agreeable as that of the man of integrity, who hears without any intention to betray, and speaks without any intention to deceive.

It does not disgrace a gentleman to become an errand boy or a day laborer, but it disgraces him much to become a knave or a thief, and knavery is not the less knavery because it involves large interests, nor theft the less theft because it is countenanced by usage.

Helen Jackson never wrote truer words than these, which were penned at one year ago. "It is a pitious thing to see how, in this life, the gentler and finer organized nature is always the one to suffer most, and come off vanquished in collisions, and the coarse grained, brutal one to triumph."

The bad men in society are always ready for rebellion. The bad element in politics is always treasonable in its nature. When treason raises its bloody hand, every good man and true is in honor bound to enlist for the war in defense of virtue, integrity and allegiance to the best interests of mankind.

Only he who puts on the garment of humility finds how worthily it clothes his life. Only he who dedicates himself to the spiritual service of his brethren, simply because his Master tells him they are worthy of it, comes to know how rich those natures of his brethren are, how richly they are worth the total giving of himself to them.