

REMINISCENCE.

"It's well I ran into the garden," said Eddie, his face all aglow; "For what do you think, mamma, happened?" You never will guess it, I know.

"The little brown hen was there, clucking."

"Cut-out," she'd say, quick as a wink, Then "Cut-out" again, only slower. And then she would stop short and think.

"And then she would say it all over, She did look so mad and so vexed; For, mamma, do you know, she'd forgotten."

The word that she ought to cluck next.

"So I said, 'O-d-d-e-e-cut, as done-cut,' As loud and as strong as I could, And she looked round at me very thankful; And I tell you, it made her feel good."

"Then she flapped, and said 'Cut-cut-d-d-e-e-cut!'"

She remembered just how it went then.

But it's well I ran into the garden— She might never have clucked right again!"

—Bessie Chandler.

THE HOME.

The Boys and Girls.

BY ARTHUR HARDING DAVIS.

At the private conference of the ministers who attended the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, last June, one of the questions most anxiously discussed was, How shall we keep the young people in the church? An outside observer might ask, Why do the young people go out of the church? Why should any child of Christian parents throw off Christian influences at reaching adult age? He does not throw off other influences of childhood. The girl, trained in the habits and courtesies of gentle people, does not, when she leaves home, immediately begin to eat and talk like a boor. The boy brought up to believe in free trade will cast his first vote for a Democrat. If he has been familiar with art and music in his home, as a child, he will carry the love of these things with him through life.

Why, then, in this most important of all matters, should he break loose utterly from the belief and teaching of home? Yet, how often he does it! How many of the undergraduates of Harvard, Yale and Dartmouth are groping to-day for some creed or religion which shall seem more vital to them than the theology of their parents? How many young women in New England, descendants of Puritans, are setting up altars to Buddhism, spiritualism, Christian science, or any other unknown god whose name they chance to hear?

Who is to blame? The parent and the minister have had these human souls in their keeping during the age when impressions, once received, are ineffaceable. Why, then, have they not impressed them with the truth of religion? Why have we not, from our very cradles, been friends, always present, loving, all-powerful?

Let us look at the facts for a moment,

and see if they will show us why every Christian father and mother, when a child is born to them, resolves, let us hope, to bring it into the fold of Christ. They give it to the Lord in baptism, and in many fervent prayers they teach it to lap its own little petitions, and (sometimes) accustom it to join in family worship. As the child grows older, there comes usually a reticence, a profound reserve, upon it concerning its inner life, which comparatively few parents try to break.

Has the father, who reads these words, made himself the intimate friend of his son between the ages of ten and twenty—intimate enough for the boy to talk to him frankly of the fierce temptations which beset his hot-blooded youth, or for him to lead the lad to the only Helper who can serve him in the fight?

Has the mother who reads them made her home in her daughter's heart? There is deep love and tenderness between them, doubtless; but has she known all the innocent longings, the worldly passions, the sensitive fancies, of the girl so well that she could bring the water of life to her thirsty soul?

Such intimacies, we venture to say, are extremely rare. There is in most families a marked reticence upon this most momentous of all subjects. Husband and wife, brother and sister, often live together for years without exchanging a word concerning their faith in Christ. If their faith in Him were the most momentous fact in their lives, if He were recognized every hour as the Ruler, the Friend, of the household, a child would not grow up in it with a vague, hazy knowledge of Him, nor turn, when grown, to Buddha or Darwin for some definite truth on which to base life.

Parents, perhaps, think that the Sunday school, and church relieve them of responsibility. The Sunday school, it is true, accomplishes a great work, especially among children who have no religious training at home. It gives to all children a knowledge of Biblical facts and church creeds. But is any mother justified in leaving to the young man or woman who teaches her child the guidance of that child's soul to God? Would any father intrust his business affairs to the judgment or experience of these young people? How, then, dare he hand over his boy or girl to them, to be fitted for life and eternity?

But the church? The children, we are answered, attend services regularly every Sunday. Let us go to the plain facts here, also. How many sermons are preached each Sunday in the United States which would interest or touch a boy of ten or fourteen years of age?

"Mother," said an intelligent lad, on coming out of church lately, "when is the clergyman going to try to save the souls of us boys and girls?"

Who has not longed, when listening to elaborate discourses addressed to adults—fixed in opinion and cold of heart—to hear a few direct fatherly words spoken to the bored, wearied children in the pews? Why should the seed be poured upon the hard, unfruitful ground, while the rich, virgin soil is neglected? There are a few churches where children's services are regularly held. But how few! If any parent wonders how the young men and women are to be kept in the fold, let him begin his work with his own little children. If any clergyman is concerned stepping into power, let him answer the child's question. What is he doing, personally, to save the souls of the boys and girls in his parish?

THE FARM.

—HOW TO FEED MEAL.—Prof. L. B. Arnold, the dairy expert and author, has satisfied himself, by experiments, that meal if fed alone to neat cattle will at once pass into the fourth stomach; but that if the hay or straw, whether cut or whole, be wet and the meal sprinkled on it, the meal will be chewed over with the cud and go through all the digestive processes, and give much better returns. This should be noted by stock feeders.

—WHAT SHALL WE RAISE?—While the ground is covered with snow and nature seems at rest, we should think about what we wish to plant. It will be but a few short weeks before seed time will be here and all that we can do now will be so much gained. Unless one's soil and surroundings are particularly adapted to some specialty he will undoubtedly do better to continue to raise a variety of products and keep different kinds of stock. It seems poor policy to trust to one crop to furnish us with all of our cash and everything else for a year.

—THE SCIENCE OF FEEDING.—It has been well said that the great propriety and profit of keeping upon a farm is the duration of which may be judged by the length to which the threads are let out. If the spider remains inactive, it is a sign of rain, but if on the contrary it keeps at work during the rain, the latter will not last long, and will be followed by fine weather. Other observations have taught that the spider makes changes in its web every twenty-four hours, and that if such changes are made in the evening, just before sunset, the night will be clear and beautiful.

—A SIMPLE BAROMETER.—One of the simplest barometers is a spider's web. "Nature" says that when there is a prospect of rain or wind, the spider stretches the filaments from which its web is suspended, and leaves things in this state as long as the weather is variable. If the insect elongates its thread, it is a sign of fine calm weather, the duration of which may be judged by the length to which the threads are let out. If the spider remains inactive, it is a sign of rain, but if on the contrary it keeps at work during the rain, the latter will not last long, and will be followed by fine weather. Other observations have taught that the spider makes changes in its web every twenty-four hours, and that if such changes are made in the evening, just before sunset, the night will be clear and beautiful.

—The Farmer's Review says: "A good many farmers are now using bone in one form or another as a fertilizer for the soil, and certainly it is an agent in the manufacture of crops that is most valuable if it can be had in sufficiently large quantities. The finer bones are ground, the more active are they, and the coarser they are ground, the slower are they; that is a truism almost proved by practice. It is also true that crushed bones when not mixed with bone powder scarcely affect the immediate crop; and also that when mixed with finely crushed bone matter, resembling meal, they are active and useful in proportion to the amount of meal they contain. Very fine bone meal is to be preferred to all other kinds of bone manure, especially that which is prepared for raising the general fertility of the soil, and for raising the phosphate and also a nitrogenous manure, and has the advantage of being pure, if home made, whereas purchased general

manures are liable to be adulterated. For permanent pastures and meadows, coarse bone meal is one of the very best and most durable of all manures."

House Plants.

The way house-plants thrive on the drops of coffee left at breakfast is admiration. Bowker himself hardly turns out stronger leafage or such thick bloom. The grounds are a good mulch on the top of the soil, but a little care must be given not to let them sour and get musty in coolish, damp weather.

The great trouble with house plants, greater than errors in watering, is letting the pots be exposed to the sun. The fibrous roots soon grow to the side of the pot, and these are baked by the sunshine, trebly hot coming through glass, which condenses its rays; the root tips are soon killed. The whole ball of earth is baked over and over, daily, and yet people wonder why they don't succeed with house plants. Shade the sides of the pots always, either by plunging in a box of sand, moss, cocoa fiber or saws, or place thin board on edge across the front of the plant shelf, that will come along to the top of the pots. Let the plants have the sun, but shade the pots. A good way to screen them is to set each pot in one or two sizes or more larger, filling the space with moss or sand.

The best gardeners say that the porous common pots are not so good for house plants as those glazed or painted outside. The reason is that evaporation is constant from the sides of the porous pots, and the roots are not only drier but colder for it.—Vick's Magazine.

TEMPERANCE.

Who Was the Stronger?

MORAL COURAGE THE BEST KIND OF STRENGTH.—A STORY FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Lottie and George, who lived in a small inland town, were glad to make a visit to their Uncle Goodwin at the seashore. Everything about the place was much more elegant than the children had been accustomed to at home. However, they gave few thoughts to handsome grounds and furniture, but a great many to their fine-looking cousin Tom.

"He is taller and stronger than any other boy I know," said Lottie, "and he looks full of courage."

"Yes," replied George, "his eyes, too, are very bright. Mac, the coachman, told me yesterday that Tom could climb the rocks along the sea-coast as nimbly as a goat."

"I wouldn't be afraid to go with him all along the rocks," said Lottie. "I am sure he would not let you fall," said George, generously. He remembered that Lottie was sometimes afraid to trust herself in his care.

"I wish you were as tall and manly looking," said Lottie, but feeling sorry the moment she had made the speech. George's face flushed a little, but he replied, gently: "I wish so, too, sister, though I suppose that I can never be; still I may look stronger when I get quite well."

Lottie put her lips up for a kiss, and said she knew he would; anyhow he was her dear brother. Perhaps George guessed that the wish was still in Lottie's heart, notwithstanding her words. He moved away to a window that looked out on the sea, and there stood for some time, quiet.

Next to her mother and father, Lottie

had always thought more of her brother George than of anyone else. For the last few days, however, she seemed to forget everyone but Cousin Tom.

The children had permission to stay at the seaside a month, and every day something pleasant was happening. In clear weather they were always out on some frolic to the rocks, exploring caverns that had been hiding places for robbers and their booty, or taking a sail on the bay. On rainy days they found plenty of entertainment in the house. Aunt Sarah's closet was supplied with children's books, while Tom had a play-room close full of the most curious toys that could be gotten; not to say anything about the little machines he had tried to invent.

Five miles up the coast was a spot that Tom talked much about. Early one morning they packed a basket of good things and set off in the boat to visit the place. Uncle and Aunt Goodwin stood on the bank waving their good-byes; the sunlight made each drop of water look like a diamond, and Lottie nestled in the corner of the boat beside her brother George, wondering if ever before any children had had as good a time.

"Jane has put up biscuits and cold ham, and enough pies and cakes to share with the fisherman's children," said Tom, dropping his oars and looking into the basket when they were a short distance from shore. "But I slipped in something better," he continued, taking out a bottle and holding it in the sunlight. "I got it in father's wine-cellar. Nothing like taking something to keep up one's strength on the voyage, you know. Will you have some, Lottie?"

If a pistol had been fired close to Lottie's ear, she could scarcely have seemed more surprised or frightened. She moved away from Tom, close to her brother.

"Why, it will not bite you," said Tom, laughing. Lottie remembered what she had read in the Bible about wine biting like a serpent.

"Will you take some, George?" "No," said George, firmly.

"Well, you are two greenies!" said Tom, contemptuously.

Lottie could scarcely believe her ears at this rude speech.

Tom seemed ashamed of himself a moment later, and tried to talk in a polite way to George about the good it did him to take a drink.

Lottie looked at the two and thought she had never seen her brother seem so strong as when he refused to do what he deemed wrong.

"Once I thought as you do, but the boys soon laughed me out of that nonsense," said Tom.

"Oh, Cousin Tom," cried Lottie. "I imagined you so strong."

"So I am," said Tom, grasping the oars and pulling so as to send them on rapidly.

"I don't call that kind of strength much, if you haven't the kind that can help you to stand against a laugh," said Lottie.

After this, Lottie kept close to George, and never forgot the lesson that the best kind of strength is moral courage, and the brave boy is he who will do right though the world laugh.—Morning Star.

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A Sleeping Car will run daily on the 1.30 Train to Halifax.

On Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday a Sleeping Car for Montreal will be attached to the Quebec Express, and on Monday, Wednesday and Friday a Sleeping Car will be attached at Montreal.

Trains will arrive at Saint John.

Express from Halifax and Quebec, 6.30
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A Sleeping Car runs daily on the 10.00 Train to Saint John.

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D. POTTINGER, Chief Superintendent, Railway Office, Montreal, N. B., November 26th, 1888.

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