

spiration. All through life—through storm and sunshine, conflict and victory, through adverse and favorable winds—man needs a woman's love. The heart yearns for it. A sister's and mother's love will hardly supply the need. Yet many seek nothing further than housework. Justly enough, half of these get nothing more. The other half, surprised above measure, obtain more than they sought. Their wives surprise them by giving a nobler idea of marriage and disclosing a treasury of courage, sympathy, &c.—[Dorcas Magazine.]

Infant's High-Neck, Long-Sleeved Knitted Shirt.

4 skeins cream-white, starlight Saxony; 2 small bone needles.

BACK.

Commence at bottom. Cast on 78 stitches; knit across plain once.

1st row.—All plain knitting.
2nd row.—All seamed.
3rd row.—All plain knitting.
4th row.—1 plain, *narrow, 3 plain, make 1, 1 plain, make 1, 3 plain, narrow, *repeat from * to * till end.
5th row.—All seamed.
6th row.—Like 4th row.
7th row.—All seamed.
8th row.—Like 4th row.
9th row.—All plain.
10th row.—All seamed.
11th row.—All plain.
12th row.—Like 4th row.
13th row.—Like 5th row.
14th row.—Like 4th row.
15th row.—Like 5th row.
16th row.—Like 4th row.

And so on, repeating until there are 4 finished pattern rows, that is, 4 times 3 rows of eyelets with the ribbing between, and 5 ribbed rows. In going across last row of border, narrow 3 times each end of needle, leaving 72 stitches. Now knit 46 rows of 2 plain, seam 2, alternately.

To shape shoulder, narrow 1 at each end of needle every time across, until there are 44 on needle, and bind off. This forms the back.

FRONT.

For front, after knitting border as for back, knit 2 plain, seam 2, alternately for 36 rows. Take off one half the stitches on another needle, and knit 10 rows; now narrow on outside end of needle every time across, until there are 28 stitches on needle. On inner end of needle (or middle of front), bind off 3 stitches, every other time across (this is to hollow the neck), continuing the narrowing for shoulder as before until all are bound off, leaving yarn sufficiently long to sew up shoulder. Knit up the other half of front in same manner; sew up shoulders and sides on wrong side, leaving space for sleeves.

SLEEVE.

Take 2 medium-sized steel needles, and cast 40 stitches on one. Knit 2, and seam 2, alternately, till you have done 30 rows. Widen 12, by picking up stitches at equal distances in the 30th row.

Now use the bone needles with which you made the body, and knit 2 plain, seam 2, alternately, for 40 rows. For gussets, widen 1 stitch at each end of needle every other time

across until there are 6 stitches added on each end, or 64 in all.

Bind off, sew up, and sew into body. Finish the cuff and front of bosom with a small crocheted scallop of cream-white knitting silk. Then crochet a row of holes to run in ribbon at the neck, and edge these holes with the scallop also. If the front is too open, 2 little pearl buttons may be sewed on.

I would say to the sisters, any who would like to see a circular of the new book, "Fancy Work Recreation"—I have a good supply which the publishers have sent me for distribution—just send me your address.

EVA M. NILES.

East Gloucester, Mass.

A Fateful Darning-Needle.

BY MARGARET EYTINGE.

A bevy of fair girls they were,
And all exceeding busy;
Maud sewed upon a crazy-quilt,
And so did Jess and Lizzie;
And Jennie painted on a fan
Some charming cherub faces;
And Nell and Bell right skillfully
Weave yards of pretty laces.
But Peg—in wicker-chair bedecked
With ribbons, gently rocking—
Darned—foot drawn on her little hand,
The toe of her silk stocking,
Her dainty, black silk stocking.

Oh! such a picture as she made,
The golden sunbeams glancing
On golden head, as, to and fro,
She swayed with grace entrancing.
Her lovely brows were slightly bent,
Her lips closed rather tightly;
One saw at once her task was not
A task to think of lightly.
With care she drew the fine thread through,
The stitches interlocking,
And with her needle pierced my heart
While darning that silk stocking,
That dainty, black silk stocking.

LOVING TO ORDER.—There is nothing harder to do than to love to order. Such is the contrariness of the human creature that if commanded to love in one direction, he will immediately turn his heart from that object and pay his addresses elsewhere. Because a man has fine horses, a handsome house and plenty of money, young girls are apt to think him a desirable acquisition, and to fall desperately in love—not with the man, for ten chances to one if they don't wish him out of the bargain, but with his establishment, just as if they proposed living in a stable and feeding on golden oats. They have an affinity for wealth, and feel that love may come in time; but it never does. It cannot be ordered in with the groceries, or ordered out when it has possession, and any marriage that is contracted on the supposition that houses, lands, fortune, fame or beauty will take the place of love, will prove a terrible mistake—a pitiable failure.

Aaron's Beard.

Whether one believes in good old-fashioned tunes, or ornate musical flourishes, in church choirs, he must admit that all words are not suited to endless repetition in song. "Every Other Saturday" describes one of those absurdities of musical arrangement which so often occur in the church service:

The psalm read from the pulpit to be sung by the choir was the following:

"True love is like that precious oil,
Which poured on Aaron's head,
Ran down his beard and o'er his robes
Its costly moisture shed."

It was performed in parts, with such celerity of voice and violent contortion of the body as would indicate the fact that each performer was striving to outstrip the others in the chor-al race-course.

It was in this manner the performance was concluded:

"Ran down his beard and o'er his head—
Ran down his beard—
—his robes
And o'er his robes—
Ran down his beard—ran down his
—o'er his robes
His robes, his robes, ran down his beard.
Ran down his—
—o'er his robes
Ran down his beard
h—i—s b—e—e—r—d
Its costly moist—
Ran down his beard—
—ure—beard—his—beard—his—shed
ran down his beard—his—down
his robes—its costly moist—his beard
ure shed—his—cost—his robes—his robes—
ure shed
I—t—s—c—o—s—t—l—i—e moisture shed."

A kind hearted bishop who was present at this church service was asked, at its conclusion, for his opinion of it. His reply was that he paid no attention to the music for his sympathies were so excited for poor Aaron, in his shampooing process by the choir, that he was afraid he would not have a single hair left—if, indeed, he came out alive.

Skipped Saturday.

We have often smiled to remember how, in a certain quiet homestead, many years ago, the count of the week-days was lost once, during the monotonous "dead of winter," and as now blockade—and how a sum equal to a supposed day's wages of the family was afterwards penitently put into the missionary-box as a "punishment" for having worked on Sunday. One of our country exchanges tells of a "York State" farmer who made the opposite miscalculation, and kept Sunday too soon instead of too late:

Last Saturday Ham Cherry arose in the morning, took a bath, put on his black suit, and after breakfast occupied himself reading sacred books. He told his folks that as it was so far to church, and as the off horse had galled his shoulder ploughing, he guessed he would not drive thither. Everything was quiet and peaceable about, and Ham was glad there was a day left for man to rest and recuperate. But just after a late dinner, a neighbor came along with a load of hay. Ham stepped to the door and called out,—

"How is this, John, that you are working to day? You should go to meeting."

"Haint got no time to go to meeting on week days," answered John. "Sunday is all the time I can spare for church-going."

The man then drove on. Cherry stood and scratched his head meditatively for a few moments, and then entered the house. He told his wife to get a pencil and check off the days.

"Less see—Monday I went to town. Got that down?"

"Yes."

"Tuesday I broke the colt. Wednesday I put up that fence down in the lower field.