

Won't you get over your shyness, boys, and write nice boyish letters about your summer amusements to—
Cousin DOROTHY.

An Unexpected Messenger.

BY K. J. WEBSTER.

"Hurrah! Hurrah!"
Arthur Service pushed up his window and put out his head. "I'll be there in a moment," he said.

"All right," answered several voices. The window was let down with a bang, and Arthur hurried down stairs, and taking his hat and coat from the hall, entered the sitting-room. His mother sat by the fire, sewing, and at her feet, in a low rocker, sat his three-year-old sister, May, and at the window sat Bertha, studying. It was a cosy, home-like scene, and only the father was needed to complete the picture, and he lay in the cemetery yonder.

Mrs. Service rose as Arthur entered, and held his overcoat for him. He hurriedly put it on, and moved towards the door. As he opened it, baby May laid down her doll, and, going to him, stretched up her arms;—she wanted to be lifted up and kissed. "Oh, don't stop me now, May; I am in a hurry," he said, irritably, closing the door behind him.

Mrs. Service lifted her up, and stood by the window until the gay party that Arthur had joined drove out of sight, then she put her down, and resumed her work, sighing deeply, for she did not approve of the company he had joined. They were going to drive to the next town, where supper had been ordered for the dozen young people that made up the load. She knew wine would be served, and Arthur had taken the pledge. Would he be able to keep it among so many, none of whom were strictly temperate but himself.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MINNIE MAY'S DEPARTMENT.

MY DEAR NIECES—

June—the month of roses—has come and gone; but the roses bid fair to last some time longer. We don't hear so much about the cold having injured them! I was at a "rose tea" the other afternoon, and it was really quite the prettiest afternoon tea I ever saw. Everything was *coulleur de rose*; ices, jellies, cakes and sweets of all sorts were daintily laid out—all restricted to the various shades of white, yellow, pink, and crimson. Tall vases of roses attracted the eye to the table, and the same fragrant flowers were scattered loosely all over the cloth. The refreshments were in charge of a bevy of pretty girls, dressed in white, yellow, and pink muslins, trimmed with green ribbons, harmonizing well with the surroundings.

The rose garden was, of course, the centre of attraction, and very few guests left it without some memento of their visit. I asked the hostess what she did with such a wealth of roses, and was much astonished when she told me very few were left "to waste their sweetness on the desert air." "Every morning the gardener cuts all those that are sufficiently open and ties them up in bunches. These I send round to my friends and the various hospitals and homes, where flowers are always so welcome. Then, I use an immense quantity for my rose jars. I like to have one in each room, and I make quite a nice little sum for a charity by preparing them for my friends. There are several ways of doing this. I generally gather the rose leaves in the middle of the day, using only the fresh ones and putting them in bowls or tumblers to cure them. I put in a small handful at a time and sprinkle with salt until the bowl is full. They are left there until they are quite moist, then I add the spices, nutmeg, cloves, cinnamon, ginger and allspice. These, of course, are all whole, not ground. The bowls should be emptied every day into plates and thoroughly stirred, that they may not lie too closely together. In a week they are ready for the sachet powder and other perfume. Two or three drops of attar of roses is the last thing I add and then they are ready. To scent the room, the jar should be left open for an hour or so, then it will be as fragrant as if there were dozens of roses in it.

"An older way of preparing the rose leaves, such as our grandmothers used, is as follows:—The roses should be gathered on a dry, sunny day, and alternate layers of them and salt put in a bowl; when nearly full add a little rosemary and lavender, two handfuls of each to eight of rose leaves, an ounce of orris root, sliced, an ounce each of cloves and cinnamon, a little mace and a few bay leaves. These must be well-stirred, and tightly-covered for about ten days or a fortnight. This will be found a most delicate perfume, but it loses its fragrance sooner than the former mixture, which retains its perfume for years and years."

No wonder the house is always redolent of roses. The scent from these rose jars was so strong that it appeared to have permeated everything in it, and yet it was so delicate that we only noticed it on first going into the room. My friend told me she had made large sachets, the exact size of the drawers in her bureau and the shelves in the wardrobe, in which she placed these prepared rose leaves; and had also several large ones hanging up in her linen-closet. The common sweet clover, which grows so luxuriantly in most neighborhoods, makes most fragrant sachets for similar purposes. The leaves and flowers should be picked off the stalk and left on a sheet of paper to dry, turning them

over every day till all the moisture is out; it is then mixed with salt, the same as the rose leaves. Invalids find it sweet and refreshing when put into their sofa cushions between layers of batting.

MINNIE MAY.

Care of the Baby.

To the young and inexperienced mothers, the care of their first-born seems a mighty responsibility, and many times they are ready to give up in despair, when they realize their own ignorance, and the baby's cross spells exhaust their patience. The most loving, intelligent care is necessary to keep them healthy and good-natured.

Colic is often caused by cold feet. During the first six months of his life, his feet should be protected by soft woolen stockings, even when the weather is warm. But if colic comes, as it sometimes will, even with the best of care, warm his feet thoroughly, and lay hot flannel cloths over his stomach and bowels. Never, under any circumstances, give him brandy or alcohol in any form. Avoid giving soothing syrup or any other opiate, for the principal ingredient in most of these preparations is opium, and this is a dangerous drug for children.

Every mother who has the future well-being of her child at heart, must recognize the importance of supplying him with proper food. Certainly, if nutritious food is necessary for a grown person, it is even more necessary for the young child, whose entire system requires a careful building up, on a sound and sure foundation. Of course, the mother's milk is the food nature intended for him, but the mother is often unable to supply it, and I have found lactated food an excellent substitute. My last two babies were raised upon it, and they were the healthiest, best-natured babies I ever saw. It is best to provide two bottles, and if you value his life keep them perfectly sweet and clean. The food should always be the same temperature, and the quantity increased as the child grows older. The practice indulged in by many mothers, of giving babies tastes of various kinds of food and drink prepared for adults, cannot be too strongly condemned. Farina, granulated wheat, and crushed barley are among the foods that are appropriate for children eight months old or over, since they are nutritious and easily digested. They should be carefully cooked in milk or water (the latter if the child is constipated) and served with a very little sugar and sweet cream. Cooked fruit used judiciously is also beneficial, but if the stomach and bowels give any trouble a return to an exclusive diet of lactated food will regulate them.

Baby should have a bath every day at about the same hour. Get a bath-tub that is large enough to do service until he is two years old, also a small thermometer, with which the temperature of the water should always be taken before he is put into it. Begin with the water at 98°, and lower it gradually until it is 92° when the baby is a year old. Rub the child all over with the hand after he is dried with a towel, then dress him and he will be ready for a long, refreshing sleep. It not only makes him better-natured, but less susceptible to cold. The baby who has a daily bath and outing, and is comfortably dressed, seldom has a cold.

E. J.

THE SOCIAL CORNER.

Under this heading, communications relating to the home or any subject of interest will be published and questions answered.

MINNIE MAY.

"HOUSEWIFE."—To make chicken salad, boil a chicken until it is tender, and when cold cut the meat into small pieces. Then mix with mayonnaise dressing, a good recipe for which is the yolk of one hard-boiled egg, mashed fine, the raw yolk of one egg whipped in with this, a salt-spoon of salt, a dash of cayenne pepper, a scant half-teaspoonful of ground mustard, a half a pint of oil, added drop by drop and stirring steadily; two teaspoonfuls of cider vinegar and one and a-half teaspoonfuls of lemon juice. Place in each lettuce leaf a generous salad-spoonful of the "dressed" chicken and spread over a spoonful of mayonnaise. Upon the yellow of the "dressing" on each lettuce leaf sprinkle about a dozen capers.

M. M.

"EDITH."—The quotation—

"There are moments when silence prolonged and unbroken
More expressive may be than words that are spoken."

is taken from "Lucile," a metrical romance by Lord Lytton (Owen Meredith). "Lucile" is Meredith's nicest poem.

M. M.

"READER."—Thackeray got the name of his novel, "Vanity Fair," from "Pilgrim's Progress," which was written by John Bunyan. Vanity was the name of a town at which a fair was held.

Sir Walter Scott was born in 1771, A.D., and died in 1832, A.D. Among his principal works are the "Waverley Novels," "Lady of the Lake," "Lord of the Isles," "Lay of the Last Minstrel," and "Marmion."

M. M.

UNCLE TOM'S DEPARTMENT.

The prizes for answers to May and June puzzles are awarded as follows:—1st prize of \$1 to Joshua Umbach, Floradale, Ont.; 2nd, 50c., to Annie P. Hampton, Boyne, Ont.

The competition for original puzzles is open for a few days yet, and I hope to hear from several more of my boys and girls.

UNCLE TOM.

THE QUIET HOUR.

"The Blessedness of Giving."

Is thy cruse of comfort wasting? Rise and share it with another,
And through all the years of famine it shall serve thee and thy brother:
Love divine will fill thy storehouse, or thy handfull still renew:
Scanty fare for one will often make a royal feast for two.
For the heart grows rich in giving; all its wealth is living grain:
Seeds (which mildew in the garner) scattered, filled with gold the plain.
Is thy burden hard and heavy? Do thy steps drag wearily?
Help to bear thy brother's burden, God will bear both it and thee.
Numb and weary on the mountain, wouldst thou sleep among the snow?
Chafe that frozen form beside thee, and together both shall glow.
Art thou stricken in life's battle? Many wounded round thee moan:
Lavish on their wounds thy balsams, and that balm shall heal thine own.
Is thy heart a well left empty? None but God its void can fill:
Nothing but a ceaseless fountain can its ceaseless longings still.
Is thy heart a living power? Self-entwined, its strength sinks low:
It can only live by loving, and by serving love will grow.

The Waterer is Watered.

He that watereth shall be watered also himself.—
Prov., XI., 25.

It is announced here that the bountiful shall be enriched, and that law is expressed in a simple, intelligible and memorable figure—"He that watereth shall be watered." How wisely and kindly God has bound His worlds into one, making all depend on each, and each on all. All the worlds of space are linked together. Our earth affects the moon, and the moon affects the earth; each planet influences all the rest; the removal of one would disturb the order of the whole. The well-being of all is concerned in the right working of each. This law pervades the works of God. Souls are linked to souls in the spiritual firmament, by a bond equally unseen, but equally powerful. One necessarily affects for good or evil all the rest, in proportion to the closeness of its relations, and the weight of its influence. You draw another to keep him from error; that other's weight which you have taken on keeps you steadier in your path. You water one who is ready to wither away, and, although the precious stream seems to sink into the earth, it rises to heaven and hovers over you, and falls again upon yourself in refreshing dew. It comes to this: if we be not watering we are withering. "None of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself." When the tastes of the spiritual life are kept keen by frequent exercise, it must be a strong and pure pleasure to be employed as a vessel to convey water from the well of life to souls which would wither for want of it. To be the instrument of keeping fresh a lively plant, or refreshing a drooping one, in the garden of God, is an occupation that angels might eagerly apply for, but this work is all reserved for the children of the family.

There are diversities of occupation for the children, as well as diversities of operation by the Lord. To water flowers in a sheltered garden is one work for man; and to ply the hatchet on the hoary trunks of the primeval forest is another. The works are very diverse, and yet the same hand may do them both. The department of the Lord's work which this text commends is of the gentlest and most winsome kind. It differs as much from direct assault on Satan's stronghold for the first conviction of sinners, as that clearing of the first spot in the solitude, which tries the strong arm of the emigrant, differs from the watering of a garden flower, which may be done by a woman's hand; but it is a work commanded by God, and needful for a brother. If we are His, and yield ourselves to Him as instruments, He will at one time nerve us for rough work and at another solace us with gentle occupation. He has both departments in His power, and in dividing He does all things well.

Opportunities and calls swarm at every turn. The blind may never see the case or the time in which he can do any good; but where the eyes are opened the willing man sees a mountain full of them. The sun has risen with a burning heat on a tender plant, not yet deeply-rooted. Forthwith it droops, and is ready to die. Run and water that weakling. Mingle faithful reproof with patient kindness; touch a brother's weakness with loving, tender sympathy. Remember, ye "that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak." I have seen a plant of a certain species that had been exposed all day—unsheltered, unwatered—beneath a burning sun, bent and withered toward evening, and to all appearance dead; but when one discovered its distress and instantly watered it, the plant revived so suddenly and so completely as to strike inexperienced observers with astonishment. Watering drooping souls is gentle work for tender workers. "Who is on the Lord's side let him come" and labor in this department. The work is pleasant and profitable. In the keeping of this commandment there is great reward. To be a vessel conveying refreshment from the fountain-head to a fainting soul in the wilderness is the surest way of keeping your own spirit fresh and strong and vigorous.

REV. W. ARNOT.

"Reach that purest heaven,
Be to other souls the cup of strength in some great agony
Rekindle generous ardor, feed pure love;
Beget the smiles which have no cruelty;
Be the sweet pleasure of a good diffused.
So shall we win that choir invisible,
Whose music is the gladness of the world
So to live is heaven, and this is life to come."