



There are two ways (says Franklin) of being happy—we may either diminish our wants or augment our means. Either will do—the result is the same; and it is for each man to decide for himself, and do that which happens to be the easier.

Typhoid fever patients feel better after a salt water bath than a fresh one, and the salt baths reduce the temperature, pulse and respiration more, but the effect on the two last is not so great as to indicate any very powerful influence on the functional activity of heart and lungs.

Why is it that the home life of our clergy who are supposed to be examples to us is, as a rule, so uncomfortable? A case in mind in a country parish: Rather a clever young man married to a woman with absolutely no tact and extremely lazy. He is drifting into a nonentity for want of the help his wife ought to render him in his work and in his home.

Tell it not in Gath, but in a home not a hundred miles from Montreal, two boys, aged, respectively, five and seven, were playing solitaire, when a very worthy man of the neighbourhood paid an evening call. He was much horrified at their mother allowing them to play cards in her presence. Better to learn so than be taught, as they inevitably will, otherwise, later, and likely in objectionable company. Five-year-old has learned to observe, under the criticism of seven years, who rarely makes a mistake in the game.

Dirty houses, dirty clothing, dirty companions, lower a man both morally and physically; they lower him in his own estimation, as well as in the opinion of others. Personal cleanliness and a tidy house increase a man's self-respect; companions of a like mind are calculated to stimulate to a similar course of action. The old-fashioned tub-night is a most healthful and important national institution, and, along with the clean linen and better clothing worn on the Sunday, does much to maintain the self-respect of the people.

Of all causes of unhappiness in homes worry is the most potent and the most easily given way to. There is but one antidote—change of occupation. Above all, do not sit or lie down when inclined to worry, unless you have an interesting book to read. Walking is a great help; a good brisk walk in winter and a quiet stroll in summer, as a rule, banish all unpleasant thoughts. Reading fills the mind more than anything else, but one is very apt to take to it and do too much of it, thereby neglecting duties. A celebrated Canadian physician once said that the only really happy couple he ever saw were comparatively poor. Moved in good society on twelve hundred dollars a year. They were both cultivated, he a most fascinating man, much sought after for his social qualities; she a quiet little woman with no special attraction except a perfectly healthy body and a good-temper, which, by the way, was cultivated. Their happiness lay in the fact that she trusted him implicitly. If he said he had to be away an evening, she never asked him where or why. She felt that it was not necessary. If she ought to know, he would tell her, and he felt always on honour with her because of that trust. She never argued with him, simply let facts show which was right and which wrong, and always unswervingly chose the right herself. She has her reward now in the knowledge that nothing can ever come between their love for each other.

HOW TO KEEP CUT FLOWERS FRESH.—Almost the first thought that follows admiration for a freshly-picked bouquet is how it can be preserved the greatest length of time. Many experiments have been undertaken to prevent flowers from fading—such as placing salt in the water, dipping the stems in hot water, or nipping them off and applying sealing-wax. We have tried all methods, and have come to the conclusion that changing the water in which the stems are plunged, frequently, and sprinkling the flowers hourly will keep them fresh and fair longer

than will other treatment. The water used should be tepid. The cooler the temperature of the apartment the better. Never leave flowers under a gas-jet or they will immediately blight. The last thing at night change the water on the stems and sprinkle the flowers thoroughly. Tie over the vase or basket tissue-paper which has been soaked in water. Over this tuck newspaper. In the morning the flowers will be found as fair as the night previous. Roses fade quicker than most any flowers. Heliotrope will wilt and blacken with the tenderest care. It should be nipped from a bouquet as soon as it loses freshness. Lilies, tulips, narcissus, euphorbias, hyacinths and all flowers with succulent stems can be preserved several days. A "golden crown" was made of yellow tulips for the casket of a dead friend. It was borne in the vault and left on the coffin. One month afterwards on opening the vault the crown was found perfectly fresh, the cold and damp atmosphere of the tomb having preserved it. It is a very good plan to place tulips or lilies in wet moss, which keeps their stems damp and aids in preserving them. Baskets can be easily filled with moss which is first soaked in water. It must be tied in with fine cord and trimmed off neatly at the edges. Place the stems of the tulips with their foliage in the moss as thickly as they will stand. A basket of lily of the valley made in this way is charming, and will serve as a centrepiece for the table a fortnight. An old handbox can be cut down and effectively filled with tulips, lilies or hyacinths, with perhaps two or three spikes of scarlet *Euphorbia japonica* in the middle. *Lycopodium* is pretty to tuft around and hide the edge of the box.

A CANADIAN GAME FISH.

In appearance a fresh-run salmon and a fresh-run winanische do not differ much more than salmon from different rivers. The back of a winanische is greener blue, and in a fish just out of water can be seen to be marked with olive spots, something like the vermiculations on a trout; the silvery sides are more iridescent, the X-marks are more numerous and less sharply defined; the patches of bronze, purple, and green on the gill-covers are larger and more brilliant, and with them are several large round black spots. As the water grows warm the bright hues get dull, and toward autumn the rusty red colour and hooked lower jaw of the spawning salmon develop. As the winanische, unlike the salmon, feeds continuously, and in much heavier and swifter water than salmon lie in, it has a slimmer body and larger fins, so that a five pound winanische can leap higher and oftener than a grilse and fight like a ten-pound salmon. The variety of its habits, which are a compound of those of the trout and those of the salmon, with some peculiarities of its own, gives great charm to winanische-angling, and opportunity for every style from the "floating fly" on tiny hooks to the "sink and draw" of the salmon cast. It takes the fly readily when in the humour, though wary and capricious like all its relations, and fights hard, uniting the dash of the trout with the doggedness and ingenuity of the salmon.

In railway and hotel prospectuses, the winanische weighs from five to fourteen pounds. In Lake St. John and the Décharge, the average is two and a half; four-pounders are large and not too plentiful, while six-pounders are scarce.—From "The Land of the Winanische," by DR. LEROY M. YALE and J. G. AYLWYN CREIGHTON, in *Scribner's*.

One of the most important archaeological expeditions undertaken in Western Asia is that of M. and Mme. Dieulafoy, who were sent by the French department of public instruction and of public works to Media and Persia to explore the remains of the ancient cities of those regions. Their first expedition was undertaken in 1881 and 1882, and their work was completed in the years 1884, 1885 and 1886. The excavations, which were carried out with great difficulty on account of the fanaticism of the inhabitants, have yielded valuable results from an archaeological as well as from an historical standpoint. The palaces of Artaxerxes and of Darius have been excavated, and it is now possible to reconstruct the plans of these magnificent buildings. The objects collected during these explorations have been transported to Paris, and form one of the most interesting departments of the new galleries of the Louvre.

THE SALON OF 1889.

On the whole, the Salon of 1889, while containing no manifestation of transcendent genius, is rich in interesting works. There is no country but France where the year's artistic production can show so many remarkable and curious pictures. The tendency that triumphs is that of the past fifteen years, namely, the research of truth in the subject, and in the colour. Modern French art neglects beauty in the sense in which the masters of the past understood the word. There is no effort to compose in the sense in which Botticelli, Ghirlandajo, Titian, Veronese, or Rembrandt conceived pictures. In a word, there is little selection, and often very little taste. Nature and reality reign supreme, often at the expense of poetry and refinement of vision. In the Salon we see excellent portraits, truthful landscapes, innumerable scenes of real life, more especially of the life of the humble, of the peasants, of the workers at trades. Above all we notice a marked preference for scenes of sadness and misery veiled in the mist of uncertain execution and elegiac obscurity, a leaning toward mysterious grayness. After all, when we think of the masters of the past, we must confess that with all their talent, all their skill in drawing, all their apparent *chic* of touch, there are very few living French painters who know how to paint or how to draw with supreme intelligence. Realism and democracy go hand in hand; the artists of modern France are, with the exception of a few delicate spirits, democrats, many of them sprung from the masses, and interested in the thoughts, the joys, and the sufferings of the masses; they express often with rude strength the scenes which touch them; they are forming for the historians of the future a vast museum of moral and physical documents, a material and psychological iconography of the end of this troubled nineteenth century, in which, perhaps, posterity will take very small interest. For that matter, we of to-day take very small interest in what posterity will think about ourselves, but this does not prevent many of us regretting the excessive attention paid to the portraiture of the meaner aspects of reality, and the neglect of that which is grand, refined, delicate, or exquisite.—*Theodore Child.*

TO AGNES THOMSON.

AFTER HEARING HER SING "ANGELS, EVER BRIGHT AND FAIR."

To-night, to-night, oh! I heard you sing!
I heard you sing with your tender voice,
A song, and it made my heart rejoice;
And life was fragrant with sweetest flowers,
And the amber flash of a sunbeam bright
Scattered the saddening mists of night,
And the world grew glad, and the world grew gay,
And sorrow and sin seemed far away
When I heard you sing.

I heard you sing, oh! I heard you sing,—
The gnarled trees on the windy hill
Burst into blossoms of wondrous white,
The sky was blue, and the birds' delight
Stirred in my soul, with the wild, sweet thrill
That comes when buried emotions start
To pulse and beat in the throbbing heart.

I heard you sing, oh! I heard you sing,
And the listening heavens bent to hear
The echoing music, soft and clear,
Which fell on my tranced ear—
A silver lay from your silv'ry tongue—
And life was merry and life was young,
And the gladness of heaven was near.

Yet sad and sweet was the plaintive strain
Under your happy song and glad—
A hint of pain and a trace of tears,
The sorrow and pith of exultant years,
An ecstasy blessed with idle fears,
A happiness fraught with pain;
And mine eyes were dimmed by a mist of tears,
And my heart-strings throbb'd again.

Oh! wondrous singer! or gay or sad,
The heart of nature is in thy voice—
The song of birds and the scent of flow'rs,
The bliss of the sunlit, perfumed hours,
Bidding the heart rejoice;
Or the sad, sweet strains of a song divine
Touching the hidden springs of tears,
Stirring the thoughts of other years,
The smothered sweet and the human thrill,
Making my soul stand mute and still—
Ah! the Glory of Power is Thine.

Toronto.

W. C. NICOLL.