THE HOME.

Very Soon.

"Very soon" [illegible]
To this earth [illegible]
[illegible] from the [illegible]
[illegible]
And [illegible] hearer,
Bate [illegible]

"Very soon" [illegible] tiers
Will be [illegible]
Shall we [illegible]
Shall we [illegible] ?
Very soon, [illegible]
For his loved ones shall [illegible]
And life's hidden [illegible] unfolded
On the further [illegible]

"Very soon"—oh word [illegible] fort,
And [illegible] through this year,
"Very soon"—[illegible] solemn warning!
May the unawakened hear
For the Bridegroom cometh quickly
To take home his redeemed Bride;
Who will then go forth to meet him?
Who will then be on his side?

Brothers should be their sisters' guardians. Every young man knows what true gallantry is, and what it requires of him. He is to honor every lady, whether rich or poor, and show her every respect. He is ready to be to every woman a true knight, ready to defend her from danger, to shield her from every insult, to risk his own life in her behalf.

Now, to whom should every young man show the highest trust, gallantry? To whom, if not his sister? Have they not the first claim on his affections? If he is not a true gentleman to his own sisters, can he be at heart a true gentleman to any other woman? Can a young man be manly and treat his own sister with less respect and honour than he shows to other young ladies? He must consider himself their true knight, whose office it is to throw about them every needed shelter, to serve them, and to promote their highest good in every way.

Besides this standing between his sister and danger, every brother should, also, show her in his own life and ideal the truest and most honourable manhood. If it be true that the best shield a sister can make for her brother is to show him in herself the loftiest example of womanhood, it is true also that the truest defence a brother can make for his sister is in a noble manhood in his own person. If he is going to shield his sister from the impure, he must show her in himself such a high ideal of manhood that her soul shall unconsciously and instinctively shrink from everything that is vulgar, base or evil. Let no brother think that he can be a shelter from evil to his sister, if his own life is not unsullied and true.

Good Breeding.

The importance of good breeding cannot well be over-estimated. But what is good breeding? This is hardly to be understood as synonymous with good manners, though certainly involving them. Nor is it quite the same thing as exemplary, or agreeable behaviour, though likely to insure it. Good manners, polished behaviour, is always the product of practice, discipline, perfection therein being reached only when these manners become habitual, natural, instinctive.

True courtesy, meanwhile, involves something deeper than mere motions or manners. It has its seat in the heart, its root in the moral nature. Fundamentally it consists in an inward, kindly, neighborly, tenderly feeling towards every one; an interest in, and a desire to promote everybody's welfare. Genuine courtesy, in a word, is born of love, springs from benevolent disposition, brotherly, chivalric impulse.

But what is good breeding? It consists in the inward principle of good-will, and the outward habit of peaceful demeanor combined; it consists of the foresaid gracious impulse, rooted in the heart, and finding natural outward expression, or interpretation, through the disciplined elegance of deportment of which I have spoken. To the inward impulse, or sentiment, duly awakened, the outward, educated habit naturally, instinctively, responds; and we have the deportment or carriage of the truly polished, or accomplished gentleman or lady.

These twin principles, the inward nurture and the outward culture or training, working together, underlie what, in the highest sense, is to be understood as good breeding. —*Northern Christian Advocate.*

TEMPERANCE.

Satan's Wiles Against a Good Man.

Not long before his death, the late John B. Gough said to an interviewer:

"Another thing that I have never done is to break the Sabbath day. I have never travelled on Sunday, and I have never hesitated in breaking an engagement rather than do so. I never receive visitors on that day, no matter who they are. It is possible I go to church twice, and always walk; I would not think of riding. Now don't understand that I think it would be a sin to do so, but, as I said before, I have to be careful, so as to avoid giving the champions of rum an opportunity to injure my character. It used to be no uncommon thing for a glass of whisky to be sent to my room at various hotels, and after I left the place it would be said that I had whisky sent to my room. Not long ago, at an hotel in an Indiana town, two theatrical people ordered a negro to carry a glass of whisky to my room; in a few minutes he returned to the bar with the empty glass, and said that Mr. Gough was very much obliged. The clerk thought it was a good joke, and they told the negro to carry it another. In the morning a few minutes he again returned and said that Mr. Gough again was very much obliged. The third was ordered with the same result. While the negro was being dispatched with the fourth, the report was current that I was drinking whisky, so he was told to send it to me. This attracted quite a crowd to the bar-room. When the negro returned he was so drunk that he could hardly walk. He knew well that I would not allow him to my room, and he had drank it himself.

"Once in a Pennsylvania hotel a man ordered the bartender to send a cocktail to my room. When the waiter arrived at my door with it, I indignantly ordered him away and he followed him to the bar room. 'Did you send that to me?' I asked the bartender. He said he did, and I said, 'Don't you think you are a contemptible cur?' He turned red in the face and pointed to the man who ordered it. He was the man who had ordered it, and I simply asked him if it was [illegible] to answer my arguments against intemperance by resorting to such contemptible tricks as that? He could not answer me.

"That story going the round of the press about Artemus Ward, Nasby, and the Editor Contributor coming to my room and ordering four cocktails and Ward drinking two of them, so as to give the impression that I drank one, is not correct. They innocently came to call on me one Sunday at the Tremont House in Chicago. I politely requested them to leave, as I did not receive visitors on the Sabbath. They did so, but the Editor Contributor went and had it published that I did receive them. Next day we all met at the depot, and Anna Dickinson, who was present, chordated the Editor Contributor, as did Artemus Ward.

"Not long ago a barrel of wine was sent to me C. O. D. Fortunately the express agent was a temperance man and a friend of mine, and he told me about it. I sent for my physician and instructed him to get the wine and send it to the hospital. Suppose I had innocently paid the charges and taken the wine out? It would have been very difficult for me to have explained.

"As for the number of blackmail letters I have received, they are too numerous to mention. But I understand that every public man receives them. Once when ex-Governor Claflin, of Massachusetts, and the late Henry Wilson were at my house, I received one. They both told me not to mind it as they each had stacks of them.

"One of the latest of the experiences I had of an unpleasant nature was when I was on my way to Boston. There were two men sitting in the seat in front of me, and one of them said: 'John B. Gough was so drunk he could not lecture last night.' 'I don't believe it,' said the other. 'It is a fact, and I can prove it.' I jumped to my feet, and pointing my finger in his face, said: 'You lie!' 'Who are you?' asked the man. I answered: 'John B. Gough, the man you slander.' This created great excitement, and the man left the car.

"But this is only the dark side of the temperance advocate's career. For that matter it is sometimes unpleasant to be a public man. You are pointed at on the street and you frequently hear people abusing you. Only to-day a young Scotchman called on me. He was a terrible drunkard, and a few weeks before he had come to me to ask for advice. I gave it to him, and he promised to quit drinking. He called to-day to say that he did not have the strength. As he was going, he said: 'Good-by, Mr. Gough; I'm a gone laddie.' I so affected me that I called him back. I told him to try it one week longer; that if he did not have the strength, he should ask God for it every time that he was tempted. He promised he would. Now, here was a well-educated young fellow going to destruction. If I could only save him! How can I give in when I see cases like this?"

Save the Children.

A gentleman was standing at the door of a liquor saloon, not waiting to drink, for he never touched a drop of anything that would intoxicate. He was there on other business, which had obliged him to visit that place. He saw a tiny girl, with ragged shawl and pretty, tangled hair, come in with a black bottle. She went up to the bar, lifted her bottle and a small piece of money, and said to the burly man behind the bar, "Give me three cents worth of whiskey."

The man poured some liquor into the bottle and said, as he gave it back to the child: "Now, don't you let it fall, and break it."

"I won't," replied the little thing, with its rosy cheeks upheld. "She'd beat me if I did."

The gentleman glanced at the baby thing as she went out, carrying her black bottle, and his heart ached. Poor little thing! She did not know what a curse she was carrying in that black bottle, though already, no doubt, it had brought her curses and blows; and, as she grew older, she would know how wicked are the evil spirits—nay, the demons—which lurk within it. Perhaps she would herself be one of its many victims, lost for this world, and for ever.

Terrible work for a young child, carrying a whiskey bottle! A terrible place for her to enter even, a liquor saloon! A bad place for the old, much more for a child! It is such innocent little ones we seek to rescue, taking them away from their dreadful surroundings, and leading them to pure, useful lives, and to hate the whisky traffic in all its branches. Come up and help us, old and young! In these darkened times wait to be saved many jewels for the Master's crown. Come up and help!—*Young Reaper.*

The Contrast.

"He's such a little fellow!"

"Little or big, the boy's been stealing, and prison's the place for thieves."

"I didn't mean to steal; I only just took two rolls, cause I was so hungry," sobbed the boy.

"What didn't you do with the money you take them?" asked a gentleman who was looking quietly on while the constable grabbed little Jake Fellowes by the collar and shook him till his little fellow's teeth chattered in his head. Perhaps they shook from cold, for the poor boy had taken off the ground and rags and the old clothes which covered him, let the north wind through many a hole.

"Why, he's hungry," said the boy doggedly; "can't starve."

"Why, he's Mary Fellowes' boy," said the baker's wife, coming out of the shop. "And he's been down to see me in the store. She's walking to a job from early time. Constable, let him go; I'll see that he's taken care of." And the kind-hearted woman [illegible] Frightened little fellow away to warm and comfort him as his poor mother might have done.

[illegible] another morning [illegible] with bleary eyes and slouching gait, who only a few years ago had held Jake, then a fair, little baby, in his arms, while the baby's mother looked on with delight [illegible] of the time when her boy would be [illegible] fellow as his father.

How she was cared, with her poor little boy, with no one to care for him or teach him to pray, wandered about the streets, and stole his breakfast, when he could not stand his hunger any longer.

"Do you know what makes the difference?" said the gentleman, who had before spoken to his own two warmly dressed boys at his side.

"Drink," said one of them with an expression of contempt. "John Fellowes is a regular old sot."

"Yes, but there was a time when he was one of us, and he was a boy as either of you. I went to the same school with him, and there was no smarter fellow in the class. But he thought it manly to smoke cigarettes and drink cider, and then, when I left the young ones, I'd have grown older, cigars and julaps. After he was married and had a boy of his own, he couldn't make money enough to support his wife and baby and pay for smoking too, so he first broke his wife's heart, and now lets his boy go round the streets neglected, while he gets more and more worthless every day. Do you wonder when I look round my pleasant home and note the contrast, I am very unwilling that my boys should learn to smoke cigarettes or drink cider?"—*Evening News.*

[illegible] Kind Physicians.

PROMOTES SWEET AND NATURAL SLEEP.

Dr. C. B. Disz, Belleville, Ills., says: "I have found it, and it alone, to produce sweet and natural sleep in cases of wakefulness caused by over-work of the brain, which often occurs with active professional and business men."

THE FARM.

—Here is good sound advice for young men starting out to farm, from the *Farmer's Advocate*, (Boston.) However, we think the first thing a young man ought to do is to get him a wife. And from an economical point of view, no less than moral, this is so. "First, you will need a good team, and more than probable a horse team, rather than a yoke of oxen. So buy a pair of oxen able to do a full day's work six days each week. Such a team will cost no more than a pair of old, spavined, windbroken things, that never again will be able to do a day's work, and with moderate usage will not be able to do half the work done by a good team. Then, too, they may fall you just when your work needs urging. The last time, and decoying, and incidental losses with such a team will pay heavy interest on a good, strong team.

"Above all things, young man, do not start with a diseased old mare, and hope to raise sound, profitable colts. You may breed her to the best thoroughbred stallion in the land, and the chances are that the foal will inherit the temperament and weakness of the dam. Let the dam be sound, of good size, good disposition and color, and you have an animal that may be a valuable colts. You will need a cow, too. Do not buy an inferior cow because she is cheap. She will eat as much to be as a good one. What a cow eats is her chief cost. If she gives little and only gives milk enough to pay for that little, she is not so profitable as the cow which can eat twice as much and pay for double as much as she eats. This cow is to be the foundation on which you are to build up a herd. You will raise the heifer calves and perhaps the bull calves. If they are good stock they will pay you well for care and feed. If poor scrubs, your care and feed will be lost. The more of such animals you raise the poorer you will be, and the greater business you and your stock will be in the neighborhood. It will not pay you to buy an inferior cow at any price.

"Now we come to the next necessity—pigs. Take the advice of one who has tried it, and buy a strictly first-class brood sow and breed her to none other than strictly first-class stock, and give her and her offspring good care, and you will have in your pigs the most profitable stock on the farm. If, however, you buy anything that is cheap, and give them little or no care, you will have another public nuisance and a private loss. Handle strictly first class pigs or none, and give them the best of care."

Vick's Magazine says that sulphur soap polish has proved all that has been claimed for it by the English press as a destroyer of mildew on roses, chrysanthemums, and some other greenhouse plants. A quarter of an ounce dissolved in a gallon of water and thrown on the affected foliage with a fine-rose syringe will wholly destroy the fungus, and the leaves will not be injured.

—Most farmers have learned that cut hay or even straw wet and sprinkled with meal, is a better feed for working horses than whole grain and hay. In this shape the nutriment in the feed is easily eaten and easily digested. Horses do not need water when eating, except as it is put on the chopped hay to make the meal stick to it. The meal being thus digested perfectly, while much of the nutriment in whole grain is lost. Again, the wasted effort, made in digesting the latter, is so much extracted from the strength which should go to the work.

—Mr. J. E. Parmly, of Monmouth Co., N. J., tells the *Country Gentleman* that the advantage of keeping clean, smooth bark on apple trees, is that there is no place for worms and insects. The operation of scaping should be gone through with about three times during the warm weather. Whenever the trunk and lower branches of any fruit tree are rough, an application of some potash soap will bring the bark to its original smoothness. If the bark is very rough, matters will be hastened somewhat by scraping. If the tree is pestered with any kind of enemies, an application of this soap with a syringe will kill them if repeated often.

—The fruit production of California is something wonderful. During 1885 she produced raisins over 9,000,000 pounds, or nearly three times as much as in 1884. She also sent to market last year 1,500,000 pounds of prunes, 1,828,000 pounds of apples, 3,300,000 pounds of peaches, 7,439,000 pounds of plums, 650,000 pounds of apricots, 2,250,000 of honey, 11,300,000 pounds of walnuts and 1,000,000 pounds of almonds.

—The following is a practical hint in propagating plants: Full light is opposed to the rooting impulse of a plant. Roots are formed underground, in the darkness. Wood formed in partial light will root easier than wood formed in full light. For this reason those who propose to strike cuttings grow their plants first in partial light. A rose grown under glass will give cuttings that strike easily. Cuttings from out-door roses root with difficulty; hence the kind of wood to be used for cuttings is of much more importance than any method of heating or treating them.

—It is stated that if an outside leaf of a cabbage plant which is infested with green worms is broken off and placed flat over the top of such plant in the afternoon, nearly all the worms in the cabbage will be found next morning congregated on this leaf, and can easily be removed and destroyed. A valuable remedy, if true.

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Teacher (in mental arithmetic)—"If there were three peaches on the table, Johnny, and your little sister should eat one of them, how many would be left?"

Johnny—"How many little sisters would I be left?"

Teacher—"Now listen, Johnny. If there were three peaches on the table and your little sister should eat one, how many would be left?"

Johnny—"We don't had a peach in the house this year, let alone three."

Teacher—"We are only supposing the peaches to be on the table, Johnny."

Johnny—"Then they wouldn't be real peaches?"

Teacher—"No."

Johnny—"Would they be preserved peaches?"

Teacher—"Certainly not."

Johnny—"Pickled peaches?"

Teacher—"No, no. There wouldn't be any peaches at all as I told you, Johnny; we only suppose the peaches to be there."

Johnny—"Then there wouldn't be any peaches, of course?"

Teacher—"Now, Johnny, put that knife in your pocket, or I will take it away, and pay attention to what I am saying. We imagine three peaches to be on the table."

Johnny—"Yes."

Teacher—"And your little sister eats one of them and then goes away."

Johnny—"Yes, but she wouldn't go away until she had finished all three. You don't know my little sister."

Teacher—"But suppose your mother were there, and wouldn't let her eat but one."

Johnny—"Mother's out of town, and won't be back till next week."

Teacher (sternly)—"Now, Johnny, I will put the question once more, and if you do not answer it correctly, I shall keep you after school. If three peaches were on the table and your little sister were to eat one of them, how many would be left?"

Johnny (straightening up)—"There wouldn't be any peaches left. I'd grab the other two."

Teacher (touching the bell)—"The scholars are now dismissed. Johnny White will remain where he is."

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