THE HOME.

The Blessing of Song.

"What a friend we have in Jesus,"
Sang a little child one day;
And a weary woman listened
To the darling's happy lay.

All her life seemed dark and gloomy,
All her heart was sad with care:
Sweetly rang out baby's treble—
"All our sins and griefs to bear."

She was pointing out the Saviour,
Who could carry every woe;
And the one who sadly listened
Needed that dear Helper so!

Sin and grief were heavy burdens
For a fainting soul to bear;
But the baby, singing, bade her
"Take it to the Lord in prayer."

With a simple, trusting spirit,
Weak and worn she turned to God,
Asking Christ to take her burden,
As he was the sinner's Lord.

Jesus was the only refuge,
He could take her sin and care,
And he blessed the weary woman
When she came to him in prayer.

And the happy child, still singing,
Little knew she had a part
In God's wondrous work of bringing
Peace unto a troubled heart.

A Helpful Wife.

Many a man who has attained eminence in the world is proud to acknowledge that much of his success is due to the help of a wise and loving wife. Robert J. Burdette, well known by his humorous contributions to the Burlington *Hawkeye*, and also as a lecturer, gives an account in the March *Lippincott* of the stimulus which he received from the invalid wife, lately deceased, of whom he tenderly says, at the close of the article, "Whatever of earnestness and high purpose there is in my life, I owe to the gentlest, best and wisest of critics and collaborators, a loving, devoted wife." Concerning his work he says:

As Mrs. Burdette's health failed, I did more and more of my work at home, soon withdrawing entirely from the desk-work in the *Hawkeye* office, and writing altogether at home. "Her Little Serene Highness" was at that time quite helpless, suffering every moment, in every joint, rheumatic pain acute and terrible. But in these years of her suffering helplessness, more than ever is visible her collaboration in my work. All manuscript was read to her before it went to the paper. She added a thought here and there, suggested a change of word or phrase, and so tenderly that, in her trembling hand the usually dreaded and remorseless "blue pencil" became a wand of blessing, struck out entire sentences and put paragraphs. How well she knew "what not to print!". Blessed indeed is the man who writes with such a critic looking over his shoulder, a wife who loves and prizes her husband's reputation far above his own vanity or recklessness! At times she wove into our work whole pages of her own, and in some instances she wrote one-half of a long sketch or letter, and I think only ourselves could see where the sketch was joined. One day, as I was gathering up the "copy" which represented the morning's work, she slipped into the leaves with comically feigned timidity, a little poem, which, she said, she ventured to lay before the great editor, and would like a copy of the paper containing it, if published. It was Robin's Nest, a tender little story of her own life. It was her only published poem; although after she fell asleep I found several fragments of her verses, written with pain-stricken fingers that could scarcely hold a pen.

In the winter of 1877 I wrote a lecture about two hours long, and went out and said it without hesitation, manuscript or remorse. The writing of that lecture, The Rise and Fall of the Moustache, was a comical piece of business. Dr. Charles Beardsley, then editor-in-chief of the *Hawkeye*, said to me one day, "Why don't you write a lecture?" Straightway I went home and told Her Little Serene Highness what he said. Her face lit up like a ray of sunshine. "Ah!" she exclaimed, "Dr. Beardsley is as wise as he is good. I've been waiting for this for years." I was afraid to venture; but Her Little Serenity coaxed and petted and argued in her womanly way, and at last the lecture was completed. She calmly sent her little blue pencil cruising over its blotted pages, and, after making many prizes, and sinking many a gallant rhetorical three-decker, she sent me out. I am afraid I didn't go out very grandly. I was badly frightened. I had no voice, no elocutionary training, no presence, no attitude, no gesture; my pronounciation was faulty, and my grammar uncertain. I had nothing but my lecture and my wife. How could I fail?

THE FARM.

Summer Care of House Plants.

What shall we do with the house plants? Shall we keep them in the pots or set them in the ground? Is it best to depend on them for next winter's flowers, or shall we raise new plants to take their place for next winter? Which will give us the most flowers? If I had a nice geranium that looked healthy I would turn it out of the pot, take off what soil I could without breaking the roots, then put it into a pot two sizes larger, in good soil. If the plant has grown out of shape, cut off branches. Don't be afraid to prune, but have an eye on the future shape of the plant. Sink the pot in the ground, turning it round once in a while to keep the roots from running through. Keep the buds and bugs picked off, and don't forget to water it. In the fall it ought to be reported again in order to get the best results.

A heliotrope can be kept several years, and increase in beauty and profuseness of flowering each year, being a whole window garden of itself. It can be trained to a trellis allowing it to grow to the top and then branch out. In order to have a handsome plant it should be kept growing steadily from the time it is started until large. It must have rich soil, good drainage, a sunny place, and then will respond with beauty and perfume. If you want your heliotrope to grow bush-shaped, when you repot it cut in all the branches to form a good-shaped plant. This will cause it to throw out many new shoots. It should not be allowed to bloom in summer. Double petunias can be cut back, set in the ground, and when the new growth is large enough take off some cuttings and start new plants for the winter. Flowering begonias and fuchsias set in the ground in a partly shaded place.

Chinese primroses should be taken from the pots, the lower part of the roots cut off and put into a pot one size smaller than the one they have grown in, setting them low enough to take in the stem up to the leaves. They usually grow up tall toward spring, and if repotted in this way will throw out new roots around the stem. They keep best in a cool frame where they can be protected with glass from cold storms. Water on the leaves is apt to rot them. Unless you have some extra handsome varieties it hardly pays to keep them over, as they are easily raised from seed, and seedlings have the largest flowers.

Calla lilies I have had the best success with by turning them out of the pots and planting in the garden where they were slightly shaded at noonday, and letting them take care of themselves, only keeping the weeds out. Pot them the first of September in good compost made from rotten sod one-half and rotten cow manure the other half. Drainage of broken pots and moss at least an inch in the bottom. The calla likes plenty of water, but it must not stand around the roots. An eight-inch pot is none too large for a good-sized root. Take off the small plants; also leave a good inch at the top of the pot for water. Set it in the shade a few days. When brought in the house give it the warmest place. Water freely. When it has enough it will show it by a drop of water at the tip end of each leaf. It is surprising what power they have to draw water up the stalks and leaves. Carnation pinks that have bloomed freely should be set in the ground. They seldom bloom as well the second winter. It is better to take off some cuttings early in the spring. As soon as they are well started they can be set in the ground in a sunny spot, and grow all summer. When three or four inches high, pinch out the top, and when the side shoots grow out pinch them out, continuing this until the last of July. In September you will have a compact mass of shoots that will fill a six-inch pot. Place in the shade a few days after potting. Keep out-of-doors until danger of frost, then choose the coolest, but sunniest, place you have (they like a temperature of about sixty-five degrees), and you will have a plant to be proud of all winter. The bulbs that have been forced, like hyacinths, tulips, narcissus, and others, can be planted in the garden and allowed to remain. They will not do to force again, but will recover and do very well out-of-doors. The plants in the hanging pots can be planted in the ground, as they are apt to dry out if left in the pots and suspended out-of-doors. Plants like coliseum ivy, German ivy, tradescantia, can be set in partial shade, while ivy-leaved geraniums, variegated abutilons, maurandia, like the sun. Take up the first of September. The oxalis can be dried off and left in the pot; should be started in fresh soil the first of September. Hard-wooded plants like abutilons, laurestinus, daphne odora, and others of that nature, should be taken from the pots, have some of the soil removed, and put into pots two sizes larger. At the same time prune them so as to make good-shaped plants. If a plant looks sick, leaves turning yellow and roots black, it has likely had too much water. Cut the branches off to where it looks healthy. Shake off most of the soil, and cut off the black roots. Put it in a new pot one size smaller than the one it has grown in, not forgetting an inch of drainage in the bottom, using good fresh soil. Shade for a few days, and then sink the pot in the garden.—*Christian Union.*

TEMPERANCE.

Christ's Coming Triumph.

BY REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

It is certainly a very marvellous enterprise which our Lord Jesus Christ has undertaken. The salvation of a single soul involves a miracle. The salvation of myriads upon myriads of the human race: what shall I call it but a mountain of marvels? The removal of the darkness which has settled over mankind in tenfold night—what a divine labor! The ending of the enmity which exists between man and God, the reconciling of man unto his Maker—what a design! The redeeming of this world from the bondage of corruption, the setting up of a kingdom of truth and holiness—what an enterprise! Such wonders has Jesus undertaken, and such wonders he will achieve. He died to lay the foundation of his all-conquering kingdom, and he still lives that his kingdom may be established in its supremacy, and all nations may flow to it. Beloved, I fail to conceive, much more to express, the vastness of the task he has undertaken. Those of you who love your fellow-men often mourn your powerlessness with a single individual. What hard work it is to deal with our own countrymen! How are we baffled by their poverty, their ignorance, their misery, their sin! You have only to battle with a single vice—drunkenness, to wit—to feel what a monster is to be overcome. Only think for a moment of the social impurity of this city, and you are sick at heart as you remember it. Now the Lord Jesus Christ has come to cleanse this Augean stable; and he will cleanse it. The stream of the river of life shall run through the foulest parts of the earth till even those horrible regions which are comparable to the Dead Sea shall be reclaimed.

The problem staggers us. The systems of evil are colossal. The hold of an evil race is terrible. Man is inveterately a sinner. You cannot cure him of rebellion: he is desperately set on mischief. Even when the consequences of his sin wound and afflict him he still returns to it. If you prove to him a demonstration that a thing is right and profitable, he does not therefore love it; if you prove it to be injurious, he therefore chooses it. By the use of an accursed logic he puts darkness for light and light for darkness, and thus stultifies his conscience, and hardens his heart. If, perchance, you convince his judgment, you have not won his affection, you have not carried his will, you have not subdued his mind. Nothing but Omnipotence itself can save a single soul. What must be that mighty power which will cause nations to run unto the Lord! They that dwell in the wilderness are to bow before him, and his enemies are to lick the dust. What a conquest this! How shall Ethiopia be made to stretch out her hands to him? Look how black are the hearts of her inhabitants, as well as their faces! How shall China and Hindostan, beclouded by their false philosophies, be led to own the truth? Look yon, sire, look at this great mountain, and do not underestimate its mass; and then remember that before our Zerubbabel it must and shall become a plain. The stone mentioned by Daniel, and cut out of the mountain without hands, smite the monstrous image and brake it, and in due time filled the whole earth. In the night visions the same prophet saw the Son of Man having dominion, and glory, and a kingdom, that all people should serve him. So must it be. But how great a thing it is!

Tea and Coffee Dyspeptics.

It has occurred also the writer to make many observations as to the circumstances under which tea and coffee are found to agree or disagree with different persons; in the first place, as Sir W. Roberts has pointed out, tea, if taken *at the same time* as farinaceous food, is much more likely to retard its digestion and cause dyspepsia than if taken a little time after eating; and the custom adopted by many persons at breakfast, for instance, of eating first and drinking their tea or coffee afterward is a sensible one; so also it is better to take one's five o'clock tea without the customary bread and butter or cake than with it.

Indeed, while there is little that can be said against a cup of hot tea as a stimulant and restorative, when taken about midway between lunch and dinner, *without* solid food, it may, on the other hand, be a fruitful cause of dyspepsia when accompanied at that time *with* solid food. It is also a curious fact many persons with whom tea, under ordinary circumstances will agree exceedingly well, will become the subject of a tea dyspepsia if they drink this beverage at a time when they may be suffering from mental worry or emotional disturbance.

Moreover, it is a well-recognized fact that persons who are prone to nervous excitement of the circulation and palpitations of the heart have these symptoms greatly aggravated if they persist in the use of tea or coffee as a beverage. The excessive consumption of tea among the women of the poorer classes is the cause of much of the so-called "heart complaints" among them: the food of those poor women consists largely of starchy substances (bread and butter chiefly), together with tea, i. e., a food accessory which is one of the greatest of all retarders of the digestion of starchy food.

The effect of coffee as a retarder of stomach digestion would probably be more felt than it is were it not so constantly the practice to take it only in small quantities after a very large meal; it is then mixed with an immense bulk of food, and its relative percentage proportion rendered insignificant; and to the strong and vigorous the slightly retarding effect on digestion it would then have may be, as Sir W. Roberts suggests, not altogether a disadvantage; but after a spare meal and in persons of feeble digestive power the cup of black coffee would probably exercise a retarding effect on digestion which might prove harmful.—*Popular Science Monthly for May.*

Parson Green's Cow.

Parson Green has a cow named Dolly. She is a little, brown, flat-sided, sharp-backed animal with hair long enough for a goat. Insignificant as she appears, she is worthy of more than local note. Not that she possesses remarkable beauty, neither has she a noted milk and butter record like the famous Jersies, Holsteins, Shorthorns and Herefords; but because of her great affection for her master. Parson Green bought Dolly some years ago. He found her in a herd of Eastern cattle, and judging from her appearance, supposed he had found an unrecognized Jersey. She was for sale, although her owner regretted parting with her, and only did so because of having more than he needed for family use. Thirty-five dollars was the price. The parson thought that too much for such an ugly little thing who had her butter and milk record yet to make. But Dolly became the property of Parson Green, bringing with her only a fragment of her early history. She first saw the light of day on a dairy farm, somewhere in New York, and with a car-load of her companions came West about as soon as she could without her mamma. Dolly has not made a "fourteen pound" record, and Parson Green at times doubts if she is a Jersey. But her affection for her master is remarkable. This affection is shown by her persistent efforts to follow him. Parson Green seldom drives his cow. He goes before and she follows. Night and morning in summer time you can see them crossing the common to and from the pasture, the man before, the cow behind, amusing the children and astonishing adults. More than one lazy boy has said, "I wish my cow would follow me like the preacher's follows him, then I would not have to run the legs off me to get her home." One man in a droll way remarked, "I have often see a man drive a cow, but that is the first time I ever saw a cow drive a man."

The determination of the little cow to follow her master is no little source of trouble to him, and often she annoys him almost to wrath. No minister wants to make his rounds of pastoral calls with a little, ugly cow at his heels, who will stand at the gate of a cottage or mansion and bawl for him in unsubdued tones, not caring if he is at that moment giving reproof, instruction, encouragement or kneeling in prayer with some one who is sick or in trouble. I have seen the parson before he would step out on the street, look up and down to see if he could slip out unperceived by Dolly. Often when he thought his way was clear, he would unexpectedly come upon her at some street corner. Then he had to return or dodge into some store or shop and wait till Dolly would give up the search. Often I have seen him in this way hide from the cow. Dolly bothers Parson Green only in the winter. He has only one little lot, and his stable is so small that Dolly could not live in it if she were a Shorthorn, so exercise and cleanliness necessitate her a free use of street and common during the winter.

One morning Parson Green had an errand in the distant part of the town. Dolly saw him on his way and followed after. His errand took him to the elegant home of one of of his parishioners. Everything within and without was very neat and quiet. Dolly followed as far as she could and then, not abashed by her aristocratic surroundings, called for her master with loud and persistent bawls. He was noticeably irritated, because he felt that he was in some measure responsible for such undesirable entertainment. But he was helpless. To show himself at the door would only prolong the already too long performance. After exhausting her patience Dolly passed on. At night she did not appear, something unusual in her deportment. Generally she is on hand calling for her master to come and draw her lacteal treasures. Her master thought he heard her voice in the distance. He went in pursuit and, to his amusement, found her in front of the house where she last saw him, repeating the solos of the morning, which were abruptly ended as soon as she saw her master.

One morning Parson Green thought he would secure his little cow a better pasture. A small herd of cows were going out two miles in the country, where they would be let on a fine pasture. Dolly could enjoy there fine privileges without expense. But she did not want to go without her master. When he would go she would go. When he would stop she would stop. No coaxing or driving would influence her. At an unperceived moment the Parson sprang behind a corn-crib by the roadside. In an instant he was missed by the vigilant cow. Back she came on a quick run, with subdued bawling, and anxious, searching look. By rapid movements and successful dodging he kept out of sight. Dolly seemed completely surprised and unable to account for the sudden, mysterious disappearance. Away down the road and around a turn she saw a man. In an instant she was after him with tail and head erect. She flew like a well-trained racer. As soon as she saw her mistake about she whirled and came back as she went to research the puzzling crib. But her master had made his escape and after awhile Dolly gave up the search and followed the herd to the pasture.

Parson Green belongs to that class of more than twelve thousand men who are compelled to move, at least once in three years. Sometimes he moves a distance. Dolly cannot be left behind. Into the two ends of a car he stows all of his earthly possessions and Dolly stands between. She does not object to travel by rail, if her master will accompany her. If left alone on board the car she shows manifest uneasiness and fright. Sometimes the journey requires an all night ride, which almost necessitates Parson Green sleeping in the car, for without him Dolly would bellow, paw her head, and thrash the car with her horns and make continuous efforts to get out. I have heard the Parson say that several times in the night, she would awake him with her bawling, when a word reassuring her of his presence, would quickly quiet her down.

One day Parson Green was leading a funeral procession over the common on horseback. Dolly was out looking for the first green blades of grass of early spring. As soon as she saw him away she flew with tail up and head down she made a pretended charge, after the manner of a bull fight, and them jumping sidewise with a succession of loud boos. She followed in that position some distance to the mortification of her master, then settling down she helped head the procession till she was forced out into a barnyard by the roadside.—*Rev. J. B. Martin.*

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