

AGRICULTURAL.

Summering on a Farm.

I'm living in the country now, upon a quiet farm. Where I am free from city noise and safe from urban harm; And 'stead of horrid cantaloupes and early summer meats...

And oh, the habits that this life, this country life inspires! The breakfast set at five a. m.—ah! how my soul admires...

Milk and Butter Standard.

As a rule the standard for milk is set too high and too often in the interest of some special breed. The true standard for milk, as between the seller and buyer, should be the average of large herd, of cattle of mixed breeds...

Dark Brahma Fowls.

The dark Brahmas are ranked by one authority as next in merit, among the Asiatic breeds, to the light Brahmas, and many breeders claim that they are the best of the Brahma variety...

Keeping Fruit to Show.

As some of our readers may wish to put up choice specimens of their fruit to exhibit at fairs and elsewhere, we publish a recipe found in a bulletin of the California Experiment Station...

up choice specimens of their fruit to exhibit at fairs and elsewhere, we publish a recipe found in a bulletin of the California Experiment Station. The preserving preparation is harmless in the diluted form in which it is used...

Sulphurous Acid.—This solution may be made directly from the gas of burning sulphur—as described below. It is, however, more convenient and just as good to use its combination with soda, viz., the "bi-sulphite" of soda (not that of lime, used in bleaching saccharine juices, which will form deposits upon most fruits)...

Apples as Food for Stock. As a money crop the apple stands in the front rank among fruits, but there are other properties and merits hidden in this fruit, common as it is, which are not yet fully appreciated.

I know large stock farms, the owners of which do not grow apples enough for their families. This don't look like over-production. At the same time their horses, cattle and hogs, have a hard time of it in some years to pick a living out of the dried-up, burnt up pastures in mid-summer or fall.

Our best authorities concede apples to be equally valuable as carrots for horses, and as turnips for cows, and more valuable than mangolds, pound for pound. If this is the case, why should we always bestow so much labor on the production of carrots and turnips...

My own experience makes me think highly of apples as food for stock (I even chop up a mess for poultry once or twice a week during the winter), and as an appetizer and tonic.

Canada.

Land of river, lake, and sea; Land of woodlands wild and free; Land of freedom, hail to Thee! Canada.

Montreal will shortly be visited by the North American and West India squadron.

SUNDAY READING.

The Sabbath Chime.

Now to the Lord a noble song; Awake, my soul! awake, my tongue! Hosanna to the eternal Name, And all His boundless love proclaim!

See where it shines in Jesus' face, The brightest image of His grace; God, in the person of His Son, Has all His mightiest work outdone.

The spacious earth, and overflowing flood, Proclaim the wise and powerful God; And Thy rich glories from afar Sparkle in every rolling star.

But in His look a glory stands, The noblest labor of Thine hands; The pleasing luster of His eyes Outshines the wonders of the skies.

Grace! 'tis a sweet, a charming theme; My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name! Ye angels, dwell upon the sound; Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground!

O may I live to reach the place Where He unveils His lovely face! Where all His beauties you behold And sing His name to harps of gold!

Cardinal Newman on the Catholic Church.

A deputation from the conference of the Catholic Truth Society, which is meeting at Birmingham, went to the Oratory on July 18th, and were taken to Cardinal Newman, who had gone down to the recreation-room of the Fathers. The Bishop of Salford, after a few preliminary words of congratulation, read a resolution which was passed the day before by the conference, and the Cardinal sitting in his chair, made this reply:—

My dear friends,—I wish, both in thought and language, as far as I can, to thank you, as I do very heartily. I thank you for your affection; it is the affection of great souls. I could say a great deal, but I will only pray that God may sustain and put His confirmation upon what you do. I give you every good wish. Your society is one which makes us feel the sadness of the days through which we have passed, when the Church of Christ wanted those assistances of publications which Protestants possessed in such abundance. I envied both the matter and the intention of those publications. It is a cruel thing that our faith has been debarr'd from the possibility of lively action; but it was no fault of Catholics. They have been so pressed and distracted from the formation of any policy, that the Church has had to depend on only a few heads, and the management of a few. This has been the cause of the absence of interest and of popular publications among Catholics. But now there is no reason why we should not have the power which has before this been in the hands of Protestants, whose zeal, however, I have always admired. But the reward is for us at hand, and we must thank God for giving us such a hope. I must say of myself that I have had most sorrow that the hopes and the prospects of the Church have shown so little sign of brightening. There has been, there is now, a great opposition against the Church; but this time and this day are the beginnings of its revelation. I have had despondency; but the hour has come when we may make good use, and practical use, of the privileges which God has given us. We must thank God, and ask for His best blessing and mercy. May He sustain you. God is not wanting; if we are ready to work, I beg you to pardon and to forget the weakness of my words. I am content to pray for you and for your work. God bless you.

The Choice of Companions.

The Rev. Edward A. Lawrence, last Sunday read from the book of Corinthians two passages, from which he took the text for his discourse:—"Evil company doth corrupt good morals," and "Walk with wise men and thou shalt be saved."

These two passages, said Mr. Lawrence, join hands together. There is no royal road to knowledge; they that walk with wise men walk the right way, and that is the way to knowledge. The great power of our life is companionship; after we have once tasted society solitude is impossible, and without companions a man is a brute. It is not good, God says, that man should be alone. The peril of companionship is the evil power to corrupt. The choice of companions is the greatest mark in our lives, and I wonder that it is not preached upon oftener. Before Jesus chose his companions he tested them, and when he sent his disciples abroad he sent them in twos together, believing in companionship. In choosing our companions we should remember that in doing so we are choosing for others. Who do you ask your children about the schools they attend, the books they learn from, the teachers that are placed over them, do you ever think to ask them who are their daily companions? Men may be saved, even with the worst of companions; a man is known by the company he keeps; yet there is such a power of evil companionship, and a man may stand in the midst of evil and yet be good. The power of evil companionship is overcome by good companionship. We are not alone in this world. Authority has been deemed essential for centuries, yet the great power of this life is companionship. The power of companionship shall make us wise, and we shall be joined with God's people.

The Coming of Death.

The signs of impending death, says the Medical Journal, are many and variable. No two instances are precisely identical, yet several signs are common to many cases. Shakespeare, who observed everything else, observed and recorded some of the premonitory signs of death also. In the account of the death of Falstaff, the sharpness of the nose, the coldness of the feet, gradually extending upward, the picking at the bedclothes are accurately described.

For some time before death indications of its approach become apparent. Speech grows thick and labored, the hands, if raised, fall instantly, the respiration is difficult, the heart loses its power to propel the blood to the extremities, which consequently become cold, a clammy moisture oozes through the pores of the skin, the voice grows weak and husky or piping, the eyes begin to lose their luster. In death at old age there is a gradual dulling of all the bodily senses and of many of the mental faculties; memory fails, judgment wavers, imagination goes out like a candle. The muscles and tendons get stiff, the voice

breaks, the cords of the tabernacle are loosening. Small noises irritate, sight becomes dim, nutrition goes on feebly, digestion is impaired, or cease, capillary organ of the circulation comes to a stop, a full stop, and this stoppage means a dissolution. This is the death of old age, which few attain to.

Many people have an idea that death is necessarily painful, even agonizing, but there is no reason whatever to suppose that death is a more painful process than birth. It is because in a certain proportion of cases dissolution is accompanied by a visible spasm and distortion of the countenance that this idea exists, but it is nearly certain as anything can be that these distortions of the facial muscles are not only painless, but take place unconsciously. In many instances, too, a comatose or semi-comatose state supervenes, and it is altogether probable that more or less complete unconsciousness then prevails. We have, too, abundant evidence of people who have been nearly drowned and resuscitated, and they all agree in the statement that, after a few moments of painful struggling, fear and anxiety pass away and a state of tranquility succeeds. They see visions of green fields, and in some cases hear pleasing music; and so far from being miserable, their sensations are delightful. But when attempts at resuscitation are successful, the resuscitated persons almost invariably protest against being brought back to life, and declare that resuscitation is accompanied by physical pain and acute mental misery.

Death is a fact which every man must personally experience, and consequently is of universal interest; and as facts are facts, the wisest course is to look them squarely in the face, for necessity is coal black and death keeps no calendar.

"God Knows."

We had been riding for two long days over the dreary plains—the same monotonous scenery always in view—rough, sterile ground—outcroppings of rock—a lone tree or bush at long intervals—the ground baked and cracked under the summer sun. The prairies were made to enrich the farmer—the plains to revenge on man and bird and beast. Only the serpent can live there. Over these barren stretches no bird flies—on them no wolf can find living. The monotony is maddening—the sterility appalling.

The sun was only an hour high as the column obliqued more to the left in search of a camping ground. Those of us in advance were just ascending a swell covered with large boulders when a trooper suddenly cried out in alarm and pointed to something on the ground at his horse's feet. We gathered around him, and for a minute no one spoke. There, cuddled against the rock, was a skeleton—a clean-picked, bleaching skeleton, with never a bone missing from its place. It was, as all saw at a glance, the skeleton of a child not over 6 or 7 years of age. The shoes, which had rotted from the feet, lay a few feet from the skeleton. It had a pair of buttons lying about, and a few bits of cloth; the buttons lying about, proved it to be the skeleton of a little girl. It had sought what little shelter the rock afforded, and it had died there—died as if the grim messenger had come in its dreams. It lay on its side, the head resting on the right arm, and the limbs were as composed as if death had brought no pain.

"Whose child?" asked a sergeant, "whose child, and when?" Ah! who could answer? Fifty miles away was the immigrant trail. One—two—three—perhaps five years before, a wagon had left the convey for some reason and became lost on this desolate expanse. A child had wandered away from camp in search of flowers—had fallen from a wagon and been stunned—had been left sleeping in the grass by accident. No one could tell how it happened, but everyone could imagine what followed. A child of seven left alone in this awful region, where the voice of a bird is never heard—where rattlesnakes snuff themselves on every ledge—where the starving wolf lifts by like a shadow as he hastens to other fields.

The very terror of it would strike her dumb. She would stare about her with an awful whiteness in her eyes—her face would be no word could pass them. Then she would attempt to run away from the loneliness and desolation. She might live two days—three—four. Then hunger and thirst and mental torture would overtake her, and she would lie down to die.

"Whose child, and when?" asked the sergeant as others came to look down on the bleaching skeleton.

This time a captain answered—a bronzed-faced, gray-haired man who had seen many mysteries of the kind. Removing his cap he turned his face to Heaven and answered: "God only knows!"

Hearts had ached—hearts may have broken—hearts might be aching then and for long years to come. We set to the wagon for spades and a head-board. A foot from the rock we dug a little grave and the skeleton was tenderly lifted up and deposited therein, and as the earth covered them up a score of men uncovered their heads and the captain said: "Earth to earth—ashes to ashes—dust to dust! The mystery is with thee, Oh Lord!"

And on the head-board carved the legend which men may read to-day:

SOMEODY'S CHILD : : : : : GOD ALONE KNOWS.

Fatal Struggle with Tiger.

Details are given in the Indian papers of the painful death of Mr. Howard of the Norfolk regiment from injuries received in a struggle with a tiger. Mr. Howard was out shooting near Malapuram, in the west coast, when he suddenly came upon a tiger. He fired and wounded the animal, which fled into the jungle. Mr. Howard an hour later came across the tiger in the open. The animal charged at him, and Mr. Howard in firing missed. Two natives in a way. Though a third remained, and as successful in time to prevent it from seizing and inflicting serious injuries on Mr. Howard. From these he was at first expected to recover, but he died suddenly, to the great regret of his regiment, one morning shortly after his exciting struggle.

"Don't be afraid of water," says a leading up-town doctor. "Taken moderately it is refreshing. It's the gulping too much of it that is ruinous."

THE VIOLET.

Its Place in a Legendary and Historic Lore.

"What a flower of legend and fancy the violet is?" exclaims a recent writer. It was once, of course, a daisy. All the popular flowers have been human beings in their time, changed by misfortune, or by the beneficence of the gods, into immortal flowers. The violet was Ianthé, a favorite nymph of Artemis. Apollo fell in love with her, and the goddess, wishing to protect her from apparently undesirable attentions, dyed her blue. Ianthé, however, preferred the annoyances attendant upon beauty to ugliness. She pined away, and Artemis, full of regret for her mistaken interference changed her into a violet.

Another legend tells us that Zeus caused the violets to grow as food for Io while she wandered the world as a heifer. Or they were white until Venus— "On a day, wise poets tell, Some time in wrangling spent, Whether the violet should excel, Or she, in sweeter scent, But Venus, having lost the day, Poor girl, she fell on you, And beat you so, as some dare say, Her blows did make you blue."

Violets formed the couch of Zeus and Hera; they carpeted the bower of our first parents in Eden; grew in Calypso's garden, and that goddess "called by men heart-easing mirth," was born in "beds of violets blue." They were popular flowers for festive garlands. The Greeks liked to crown themselves with violets and parsley—a combination which suggests very mixed colors to modern noses. Alcibiades is described as appearing at a feast crowned with violets and ivy, which he may have worn as a prelude against the effect of the revel, garlands of violets being considered to cure headache and dizziness. In those days "violet lids" to the eyes were thought a great beauty in woman; an ideal lingering in Shakespeare's lines: "Violets dim, Yet sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes, Or Cytherea's breath,

There is a rustic fancy in England that the number of violets first brought home in spring denote the number of chickens and ducklings for that year, less than a handful being very unlucky. Another old English superstition is to the effect that many violets and daisies flourishing in the autumn portend an epidemic the following year. Strangely enough, the roses and violets last autumn were particularly numerous and fine, the roses lingering till the frosts, the violets coming out very early and blossoming abundantly. And the epidemic has certainly followed. Perhaps the "superstitions" of our ancestors are not so foolish as we of the higher education generation like to imagine.

The modest violet, as we are pleased to call it, has also been a favorite with kings and emperors, and played no small part in politics. Athens boasted of being the "Violet-crowned City." Mahomet declared that "El Islam excelled all religions as the violet excelled all flowers." The great Napoleon was toasted by his friends as Corporal Violet, who should return in the spring, and the Bourbons, when their turn came again, sarcastically remarked that the season of violet was passed, and hissed Mlle. Mars off the stage for wearing them. Recently we have seen violets again appearing with honor yet mournful celebrity as the favorite flower of the Emperor Frederick the Noble.

The floral games of Toulouse, where the prize is a golden violet, are still continued every year. They began in the fourteenth century, when Clemens Isaura, separated from her troubadour lover, sent him a violet to betoken her constancy. For her sake, he fought beside her father, defending Toulouse, and died there, Clemens not long surviving him. In memory of these faithful lovers the floral games were instituted, troubadours contending in verse for the golden violet, the emblem of constancy— Violet is for faithfulness That in me shall abide; Hoping that likewise from your heart You will not let it slide.

The classic name of violet was, of course, unknown to our Saxon forefathers. They called the flower Simmeringwort and Banwort. The French word does not creep into the language for a long time, old herbals of the fifteenth century beginning to speak of the wiolet or vyolette.

Violets candied with sugar can always be had by those who wish to affect an elegant daintiness of eating, but the violet as food is by no means an idea of modern times. A preserve of violets was given by the doctors in Charles II.'s reign to consumptive patients. The Romans made them in wine. It is said that Clairon, the actress, was so fond of violets that one of her admirers contrived she should have a bunch of them daily all the year round. After enjoying her flowers all day, the actress stripped off their petals in the evening, made them into tea, and drank them a rather remarkable fashion of disposing of a present.

Violets have a specially mournful significance as funeral flowers. They are reckoned with "every flower that sad embroidery wears," as strewn the grave of Lycidas; and they are associated with the last sad thoughts gathered around the burial of the fair Ophelia: "Lay her in the earth; And from her fair and unpolluted flesh May violets spring."

In some places one violet brought into the house is thought to portend death. But to dream of violets signifies an advance in life.

Though a wild flower, indigenous to the whole of Europe, violets have been cultivated in gardens from time immemorial. Homer would never have mentioned them in his descriptions of gardens, if he had not known them as flowers of cultivation. Pliny tells us that they grew at his country villa underneath the window, which at once suggests a pretty idea of the Roman villa with the house wall like the violets of our modern gardens.

Curiosities of Law.

Judge: "Stand up." Prisoner: "I claim the right under the law to remain seated, y'r honour." "How so?" "The law says no man can be made to criminate himself, an' if I stand up I'll criminate myself." "That point is well taken and you may remain seated. You are accused of stealing a pair of trousers from this man, but I can find no evidence against you." "None at all, y'r honour." "You are discharged." "Thank you, y'r honour." "By the way, why were you unwilling to stand up?" "If I stood up the man would see I had his trousers on, y'r honour."