

home and abroad. Those who enjoy God's presence and love, not only bask in the sunshine of heaven themselves, but diffuse the light and warmth of heaven all around them.

"Happy the home when God is there,
And love fills every breast;
Where one their wish, and one their prayer,
And one their heavenly rest.

"Happy the home where Jesus' name
Is sweet to every ear;
Where children early lisp His fame,
And parents hold Him dear.

"Happy the home where prayer is heard,
And praise is wont to rise;
Where parents love the sacred word
And live but for the skies.

"Lord, let us in our homes agree,
This blessed peace to gain;
Unite our hearts in love to Thee,
And love to all will reign."

FITTING THE EYES.

Last April I inspected the co-operative stores and workshops at Rochdale. I paid special attention to the boot and shoe department, and that of clogging. I bought a pair of excellent boots, with good broad toes, but looked in vain for clogs of the same shape; all those in the store, as well as every pair I observed in the town, were made with long, narrow, pointed toes. On my asking the principal clogger if he thought the clogs he was showing me would fit anyone's foot, he, with a very arch grin, said, "We dunna want 'em to fit th' foot." "Indeed," said I; "what do you make them to fit then?" He replied, "Why, to fit th' yead." "Well," I said, "I did not know you Rochdale folks wore your clogs on your heads." "Nay," said he, "it is na soa; but if we fit their eighs, they dinna care about their teas, how we nip them." Truly a sad number of poor "Rachda felleys" submit to be squeezed into deformity for fashion's sake, and, according to Mr. Tegetmeier, they are but a small portion of a very large class.—*Cor. of The Field.*

GREASE ON CARPETS.

There is nothing that annoys a tidy house-keeper so much as to have her carpet spotted with lamp-oil or grease, and we therefore make known for her benefit the following recipe for extracting oil or grease spots from carpets or clothes: Cover the grease spots with whiting, and let it remain until it becomes saturated with the grease; then scrape it off, and cover it with another coat of whiting, and if this does not remove the grease, repeat the application. Three coats of whiting will, in most cases, remove the grease, when it should be brushed off with a clothes-brush. So says one who knows.

DRINK AND WORK.

"I drink to make me work," said one. To which an old man replied:—"That's true; drink, and it will make you work! Harken to me a moment, and I'll tell you something that may do you good. I was once a prosperous farmer. I had a loving wife and two fine lads as ever the sun shone on. We had a comfortable home, and lived happily together. But we used to drink to make us work. Those two lads I have now laid in drunkard's graves. My wife died broken-hearted, and now she lies by her two sons. I am seventy years of age. Had it not been for drink, I might now have been an independent gentleman; but I used to drink to make me work, and mark it, it makes me work now. At seventy years of age I am obliged to work for my daily bread. Drink! drink! and it will make you work!"

HEARTH AND HOME GLEANINGS.

There is said to be a great similarity between a vain young lady and a confirmed drunkard, in that neither of them can get enough of the glass.

A wag seeing a door nearly off its hinges, in which condition it had been for some time, observed that when it had fallen and killed some one it would probably be hung.

Mrs Jones, a farmer's wife, says: "I believe I've got the tenderest hearted boys in the world. I can't tell one of them to fetch a pail of water, but that he'll burst out crying."

A Scotch clergyman in time of drought, one Sunday offered a prayer for rain, and, sure enough, it came just as the service closed. One old lady, who had no umbrella with her, commenced to gather up the skirts of her gown over head before quitting the church vestibule, at the same time remarking to a neighbour, "Eh, wumman, isn't too bad of the doctor? He might hae lotten us hame first."

Poetry.

INDIAN SUMMER.

Just after the death of the flowers,
And before they are buried in snow,
There comes a festival season,
When nature is all aglow—
Aglow with a mystical splendor
That rivals the brightness of Spring—
Aglow with a beauty more tender
Than aught which fair Summer could bring.

Some spirit akin to the rainbow,
Then borrows its magical dyes,
And mantles the far spreading landscape
In hues that bewilder the eyes.
The Sun from his cloud-pillowed chamber
Smiles soft on a vision so gay,
And dreams that his favourite children,
The flowers, have not yet passed away.