

A LITTLE BROWN PENNY.

A little brown penny worn, and old,
Dropped in the box by a dimpled hand;
A little brown penny, a childish prayer,
Sent far away to a heathen land.

A little brown penny, a generous thought,
A little less candy for just one day;
A young heart awakened for life, mayhap,
To the needs of the heathen far away.

So far away from the fount of life,
Living yet dead in their dark despair,
Waiting to hear of the tidings of joy,
Go little penny, and sleeping prayer.

The penny flew off with the prayer's swift wings
It carried the message by Jesus sent,
And the gloom was pierced by a radiant light
Whenever the prayer and the message went.

And who can tell of the joy it brought
To the souls of the heathen far away,
When the darkness fled like wavering mists
From the beautiful dawn of the Christian day?

And who can tell of the blessings that came
To the little child, when Christ looked down,
Nor how the penny worn and old,
In heaven will change to a golden crown?

LET NO MEAN NO.

It had been a long, tedious day for me. I had been travelling since early morning, and was about to settle myself for a nap when mother and daughter entered the car. The perfectly independent way of the little one arrested my attention. She was a dark-haired lassie, with bright eyes and dimpling smiles.

"This way, dear. Sit in the seat with mamma."

"I want a seat by myself."

"Mamma would rather have you with her. You may sit by the window," coaxingly.

Miss Independent shook her head decidedly, and mamma sat down by herself with a sigh.

About three minutes passed quietly.

The dark eyes were roving around and lighted on the water-cooler.

"Mamma, may I get a drink?"

"No, dear. You had one just before you came into the car."

Our little Miss had slipped from her seat, and with smiling indecision was searching Mamma's face.

"I am going."

"No—no, Daisy. Mamma says no."

Daisy was sidling from the seat with eyes fixed on mamma, who had turned and looked out of the window.

Then Daisy went boldly to the water-cooler. Having gone once it was a small thing to make frequent trips, draw the water, barely touch it to her lips, and turn the cupful away.

Just as this was growing monotonous to child and passengers, a boy came through the car with fruits and candies for sale. A package of candies was dropped into Daisy's seat.

Mamma, buy it for me," said Daisy.

"No, love. Mamma is afraid it will make you sick. Do you remember how sick you were the other night?"

"I want it." The lips pouting.

"Now, Daisy, darling, don't tease," beseechingly.

"I shall cry if you don't buy it for me," asserted Daisy.

"If I buy it, Daisy, will you eat just one piece, and let me keep the rest for you?"

Daisy's face brightened and she readily agreed. The candy was bought, the single piece quickly demolished.

"Just two more pieces, mamma, and then I won't ask for any more."

"Daisy, I said no. I am not going to give it to you."

"I don't like you," asserted Daisy, the lips pouting again.

Mamma was silent.

"Please, mamma, just two more pieces?"

"Daisy, you promised me you wouldn't tease."

"I won't after this, if you give me two pieces."

"Are you sure?"

Daisy was sure, and the two pieces were given. Why prolong the play? Ere I left the car not one piece of candy was left in the package, and Daisy was using her efforts quite successfully in the purchase of bananas. Mamma looked worn and tired, and Daisy grew more fretful and exacting.

Can you see the picture fifteen years later, if each is spared so long? Let mothers take a lesson from this story and let no mean no.

BEAUTY IN WOMAN'S FACE.

No cosmetics are so capable of enhancing beauty as the smile of good temper and a desire to please. Beauty of expression is, more than any form of loveliness, capable of cultivation. A woman may not have perfectly regular features, but her face will be so lit up with the beauty of goodness that she cannot fail to please, if she strive to obey the spirit of some such rules as the following, which may be multiplied or diminished according to particular cases:

1. Learn to govern yourselves, and be gentle and patient.
2. Guard your tempers, especially in seasons of ill health, irritation, and trouble, and soften them by prayers and a sense of your own shortcomings and errors.
3. Never speak or act in anger until you have prayed over your words or acts.
4. Remember that valuable as is the gift of speech, silence is often more valuable.
5. Do not expect too much from others, but forbear and forgive, as you desire forbearance and forgiveness yourself.
6. Never retort a sharp or angry word. It is the second word that makes the quarrel.
7. Beware of the first disagreement.
8. Learn to speak in a gentle tone of voice.
9. Learn to say kind and pleasant things whenever opportunity offers.
10. Study the characters of each and sympathize with all in their troubles, however small.
11. Do not neglect little things, if they can affect the comfort of others in the smallest degree.
12. Avoid moods and pets and fits of sulkingness.
13. Learn to deny yourself and prefer others.
14. Beware of meddlers and tale-bearers.
15. Never charge a bad motive, if a good one is conceivable.
16. Be gentle and firm with children.—*The Five Talents of Woman.*

REMEDIES FOR TREES.

Vegetable life is less understood by the public than that of animals and men. It is no wonder, therefore, that quacks abound who prescribe their nostrums as sagely as if they really knew something. One of the most common notions of these fellows is to bore holes into the trees, and, after inserting sulphur or some other compound, plug it up, relying on the flowing sap to take it into the circulation. As well open a man's veins and inject medicines into them. Trees have roots which are their mouths, and anything that is good for them placed in the soil anywhere near, these roots will find. Repulsive and even dangerous medicines may be forced down the throat of animal or man, but we know no way in which a tree or plant can be forced to take anything that is not for its good. Its instinct as to that is never at fault.

There can be doubt that coal ashes spread under fruit trees are often very helpful, and as they show little or no manurial value, there is often difficulty in explaining their good effects. One way they help is to make a mulch. Coal ashes are light, and the fact that they have not much manurial value makes them all the better for keeping down grass, which depletes the soil of the moisture that the trees need. Three or four inches depth of coal ashes spread under trees keep the soil beneath moist and cool. If they are spread on sod they

kill the grass, and this with the decaying sod roots make a fine feeding-place for the roots of the tree. It is probable, also, that under this mulch the soil itself undergoes important chemical changes, fitting its manurial elements for absorption by roots.—*American Cultivator.*

HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS

LEMONADE is economical if the opportunity of making a lemon syrup is seized when lemons are cheap. Grate the thin yellow rind of twelve large lemons over six pounds of granulated sugar. Add two quarts of water and stir over the fire until the sugar is dissolved. Bring to a boil and boil until it thickens, skimming as fast as the scum rises. Add the juice of the twelve lemons and simmer fifteen minutes longer. Bottle and cork tightly, and keep in a cool place. Two tablespoonfuls of this syrup will make a delicious glass of lemonade. We must agree with tipplers that the lemonade of church fairs is not usually a "nice drink." But if you will rub the rind of a lemon with a lump of cut sugar, extract the juice of half a lemon with a squeezer that keeps out the pulp and seeds, fill up the glass with cold water, add a strawberry, two or three luscious blackberries or a stem of currants, and will further furnish it with two straws, you will have a drink pleasing to both eye and palate. Lemonade made as above substituting tea, weak or strong, according to taste, for water, is both stimulating and refreshing.

EGG LEMONADE is the very quintessence of all that is delicious in the way of a refreshing and nutritious summer drink, if rightly made—which it very seldom is. We have our recipe from a gentleman whose friends declare that if in his course at Yale he acquired nothing else, he should be satisfied with the proficiency it brought him in the manufacture of this beverage. The necessary utensils are a lemonade glass and shaker, with a small wooden pestle, all of which will cost fifteen cents at a house-furnishing store. Extract the seeds from half of a large lemon and put it into the glass with three lumps of sugar. Press and work with the little pestle until the juice is extracted and the skin soft. This draws out the zest from the rind and adds greatly to the flavor. Add two tablespoonfuls of sugar, as much finely cracked ice, and a raw egg, and fill nearly full with cold water. Invert the tin shaker over it and shake well. It cannot be made at its best without ice, and it is necessary that this should be very finely cracked. Put two straws in the glass when you hand it to your friend, and don't begin the task if the crowd is a large one, unless you are strong of arm and steady of purpose. It cannot be made satisfactorily in large quantities.—*American Agriculturist for July.*

CHRISTIANITY IN MADAGASCAR.

The Rev. W. E. Cousins, who is a missionary of the London Society and went to Madagascar in 1862, gives the following summary of the changes he has witnessed: "When I first went to Madagascar there were only three places of worship in the capital, and twenty or twenty-five in the villages; there were no schools and scarcely any books, while the man who had a few leaves of the Bible was considered rich. The great cry of the people when I arrived was, 'Where are the Bibles? We have been hungering and thirsting for the Word of God.' What is the state of things now? In the capital, in connection with the London Missionary Society alone, there are ten crowded congregations, and fifteen or twenty in the immediate neighborhood, while throughout the country there are 12,000 Congregations connected with the society to which I belong, embracing a Christian community numbering 250,000 people. There are no less than 1,000 primary schools, in which 100,000 children receive an elementary education. Then there are higher class schools and colleges in which young men are trained for important positions in the service of the government, or for the higher service relating to the Kingdom of the Lord Jesus Christ. There are also printing-presses. This is the work which is going on."

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