

## HEARTH AND HOME.

**TRUTH.**—Truth is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out; it is always near at hand, and sits upon your lips, and is ready to drop out, before you are aware; whereas a lie is troublesome, and sets a man's invention on the rack, and one trick needs a good many more to make it good. Truth can live in all regions, flourish in all soils, and become naturalised in all climes.

**POTTERY.**—In pottery we require the miracle. The chimney corner, the flowers, and gets mint and marjoram, and generates a new product which is not marjoram, but honey. The chemist mixes hydrogen and oxygen to yield a new product, which is not these, but water; and the poet listens to conversation and beholds all objects in Nature, to give back, not them, but a new and transcendent whole.

**RURAL WALKS.**—If we wish rural walks to do our children any good, we must give them a love for rural sights, an object in every walk; we must teach them—and we can teach them—to find wonder in every insect, sublimity in every hedgerow, the records of past worlds in every pebble, and boundless fertility upon the barren shore; and so, by teaching them to make full use of that limited sphere in which they now are, make them faithful in few things, that they may be fit hereafter to be rulers over much.

**CORNERS.**—Corners have always been popular. The chimney corner, for instance, is endeared to the heart from the earliest to the latest hour of existence. The corner cupboard! What stores of sweet things has it contained for us in youth—with what luxuries its shelves have greened in manhood! A snug corner in a will! Who ever objected to such a thing? A corner in a woman's heart! Once got there, and you may soon command the entire domain. A corner in the Temple of Fame. Arrive at that, and you become immortal.

**THE FIRST LESSON OF CHILDHOOD.**—If a man loves any one thing—say, rare books, or pictures, or objects of art of any kind, or music, or science—so well that for the sake of the one thing in which he would be rich he is willing to be poor in everything else, no matter though his choice be an unwise one according to the best standards of choice, he will yet have a motive which will help to keep him upright. But for those who love none of these things, but simply desire them because it is the habit of the time—because, like pampered children, they must needs cry for whatever they see just out of their reach—for them is needed the wholesome self-discipline which shall teach them to let alone whatever is not theirs. And the beginning of this self-discipline is in the home. Parents must teach their boys and girls the great lesson of doing without whatever cannot be fitly theirs.

**THE SAVINGS-BANK OF LIFE.**—Sunday is God's special present to the working man; and one of its chief objects is to prolong his life, and to preserve efficient his working tone. In the vital system it acts like a compensation pond; it replenishes the spirits, the elasticity and vigour, which the last six days have drained away, and supplies the force which is to fill the six days succeeding. In the economy of life it answers the same purpose as, in the economy of income, is answered by a savings-bank. The frugal man who puts aside a pound to-day, and another pound next month, and who, in a quiet way, is always putting by his stated pound from time to time, when he grows old and frail gets not only the same pounds back again, but a good many pounds besides. And the conscientious man who husbands one day of existence every week—who, instead of allowing the Sunday to be trampled and torn in the hurry and scramble of life, treasures it devoutly up—will find that the "Lord of the Sabbath" keeps it for him, and in length of days and a hale old age gives it back with usury. The savings-bank of human existence is the weekly Sunday.

**THE VANITY OF DRESS.**—The ridiculous and ruinous passion for over-dressing, or dressing beyond their station, which prevails, especially among the female sex, and which has been for many years an increasing mania, never received a better rebuke than was once bestowed by the celebrated Dean Swift. It would be well for society at large if the folly and vanity so generally displayed in regard to apparel were continually exposed to similar sarcasms; the consequence would be the young would not be incited to that undue expensiveness and risible development which now so generally appear. The following is the anecdote referred to. The Dean having once honoured a tradesman with his company to dinner, and observing the wife dressed in an expensive manner, he pretended not to know her; and gravely inquired when he should have the pleasure of seeing his wife. Being informed she was in the room, and sitting opposite him, he said, "That Mrs. Reilly is impossible! She is a discreet woman, and would never dress herself in such a manner." Mrs. Reilly, being a woman of sense, took the hint, withdrew, changed her dress, and returned to the parlour in her common apparel. The Dean, taking her hand, said, "I am heartily glad to see you, Mrs. Reilly. Your husband would fain have palmed a lady upon me, dressed in silks, for his wife, but I was not to be taken in so."

**FORCE OF HABIT.**—It was a quaint and singularly wise remark, by a modern essayist, that no one's example is so dangerous to us as our own.

For when we have done a certain thing once, it is so much easier to do it again. It is the first step which counts in evil, as well as in good. The tendency of human nature to form habits, to run in grooves, is one of its most marked characteristics. Fortunately for us, it has its good side, as well as its bad side. If we can only too easily form a habit of petulance, of ill-temper, we can also, by trying, form a habit of self-control; and each fresh victory over ourselves is easier than the first. A habit of application is, it would be safe to say, of as much importance to any great man as his genius. Not that any amount of application can make a dull man brilliant; but that without steady application a brilliant man might almost as well be dull, as far as anything that he is likely to accomplish is concerned. "Perseverance is genius," several great men have said, in slightly varying phrase; but this is not true. Perseverance is only the right hand of genius. Something is breathed into a man at his birth—a divine fire, a gift of the gods—which makes great things possible to him, while to his brother in the next cradle they would be impossible, for ever. But having received this divine fire, he must give it fuel. It is the sign that he must work more, and not less, than his fellows; and so there is no one thing so remarkable in the history of almost all our great men as their habits of prodigious application.

## BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

The chief use of an old bachelor is, to count one in a census.

The ladies of 1776 wore pinafores, while those of 1876 wear 'em pinned behind.

A well-moulded arm is prettier without bracelets, besides they are liable to scratch a fellow's ear.

The nearest approach that an old bachelor ever makes to real happiness is when he dreams or imagines himself married.

It is singular how early in life a child gains the reputation of resembling its richest and best-looking relations.

Why are country girls' cheeks like French calves?—Because they are warranted to wash and retain their colour.

"Tom, who did you say our friend B. married?" "Well, he married forty thousand pounds; I forgot her other name."

GARY GAINER, a woman's rights advocate, thinks the best young men are unappreciated. We have been painfully conscious of the fact for some time.

A wag, having married a young lady named Church, says he has enjoyed more happiness since he joined the Church than he ever did in his life before.

An old bachelor having been laughed at by a party of pretty girls, told them, "You are 'small potatoes'!" "We may be small potatoes," said one of them, "but we are sweet ones!"

It is supposed that the reason graduates of female colleges are called bachelors of arts instead of maids of arts, is that the former is a higher degree. At least the maids are always after the bachelors.

A JOKE at the expense of these Yankee ladies who are perpetually striving to gain a hearing in the press has been going the round of literary circles, to the effect "that they look much better in mu-lin than in print."

An exchange remarks: "It is said there are more creditors unmarried than any other class of professional men. For this reason, we suppose, the majority of them are men of fine sentiment and do not wish to starve anybody's sister."

A DETROIT woman refused to live in the house chosen by her husband, because the back-yard was not satisfactory. She said the fence didn't contain a single knot-hole, and she wasn't going to break her neck by climbing on the dust-bin to see what was going on in the next yard.

"How, my dear fellow, can I make a girl love me, who is constantly devoured by love of herself?" asked a young gentleman of his friend. "Oh," replied the latter, "that is the easiest thing in the world; just minister to her self-love until it overflows; all that runs over will be yours."

THE New York Mail tells young ladies how to arrange their hair in a fashionable style: "Let it all down and comb it out. Then go up on the roof and stand still while the wind plays (whatever is appropriate) with it. Then catch up the back with a bow of ribbon, and allow the front to stay as it is."

THE motto for the week on a little girl's Sunday-school card was, "Get thee behind me, Satan." There were gooseberries in the garden, but she was forbidden to pluck them. Pluck them she did. "Why didn't you," asked her mother, "when you were tempted to touch them, say, 'Get thee behind me, Satan'?" "I did," she said, earnestly, "and he got behind me, and pushed me into the bush."

WHEN the Honourable Mrs. Norton was appealed to, on the death of Hood, for a contribution to the fund which was being raised for his destitute widow, and which was headed by Sir Robert Peel with fifty pounds, she promptly sent a liberal subscription, but could not resist the temptation of a pun—

To cheer the widow's heart in her distress,  
To make provision for the fatherless,  
Is but a Christian's duty; and none should  
Resist the heart appeal of widow Hood.

A certain member of Parliament, who owned extensive estates, and possessed considerable celebrity, was spending a few days at the residence of a noble family. There were several interesting and accomplished young ladies in the family, to whom the honourable member, as in duty bound, showed every attention. Just as he was about to take leave, the nobleman's wife proceeded to consult him in a matter which, she alleged, was causing her no little distress. "It is reported," said the Countess, "that you are to marry my daughter Lucy, and what shall we do? What shall we say about it?"—"Oh," quietly responded the considerate M.P., "just say she refused me!"

Whatever else they do, all prudent unmarried men who visit the French metropolis at this season of the year should provide themselves as soon as possible with a nice-looking carriage in some way or other, whether by purchase or hire; for it is related on unimpeachable authority that a rash young man who had neglected this precaution was made to feel his lack of caution pitifully. He had received an offer from the notary of an enterprising family of nice young ladies, and was presented to the very prettiest of them for matrimonial purposes, when the damsel artlessly inquired if he went courting upon wheels. "Why, no," answered the unhappy man, taken by surprise. "Ah, then," observed the nice young lady with a reflective look, "never mind; you had better not call again till November. You are, I see, only a winter husband."

## THE GLEANER.

A philosopher in Paris has learned that people who have an extraordinary long first joint on their thumbs are born with homicidal instincts.

Don PRIMO is reported to have left behind him orders for American manufactures, mostly machinery, to the amount of over two million of dollars.

The health of "Her Imperial Majesty, the Empress of India," was proposed for the first time by General Elmhurst at an entertainment recently given at Bangalore to the retiring Chief Commissioner.

"THE Democrats," says the London *Saturday Review*, in an article discussing American politics with a semblance of great profundity, "have no hope of carrying Massachusetts or Philadelphia; and the interests of the great agricultural States," &c.

It is stated that before the prorogation of Parliament the Prime Minister will recommend Her Majesty to raise several members of the House of Commons to seats in the Lords. A number of other members will receive the honor of a baronetcy.

KANSAS is complaining that her crop of cereals this year is too enormously heavy for utilization. Millions of bushels of wheat will have to be lost, the farmers say, because it ripens too fast, and cannot be got to market; and as to corn, the yield is so great that vast quantities will have to be used as fuel during the winter.

Behm and Wagner, in their annual review of the population of the globe, state that Europe has an area of 2,700,000 square miles, and a population of 303,000,000. Asia, 13,000,000 square miles; population, 799,000,000. Africa, 5,700,000; population, 206,000,000. America, 12,000,000 square miles; population, 84,000,000. Australia and Polynesia, 2,500,000 square miles; population, 1,500,000.

The French transatlantic mail boats are occupied, experimenting with carrier pigeons; every twelve hours, a pair of birds will be liberated with an all well despatch, the bearings of the vessel, and the state of the weather. The object is to test how long the birds can remain on the wing, without rest or food. The captain does not expect they will return to the ark, but that they will remain where they can pluck an olive branch.

THE New York Herald speaks very doubtfully as to the success of the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia. Two things (the Herald says) are evident, as we predicted from the beginning—there will be no increase in travel to this country, and no diminution in the travel to Europe, on account of the Centennial. Foreigners will hardly care to cross the stormy seas to see a show which is only what they have seen over and over again in London, and Paris, and Vienna.

A CLEVER device for saving life from fire has been tried at Enghien, in France. The inventor has worked on the principle by which an acrobat slides down a cord by winding it about his legs. Here, the rope is passed round an iron tube in such a way that it can be untrolled only very gradually. One end is tied to a window or a piece of furniture, and the other fastened round the waist, and the individual descends as gently as he would step off a stool.

A society has recently been formed in Paris, the members of which declare, by a special clause in their will, that they do not wish to be interred after death, but they desire their bodies to be delivered to the amphitheatres to be dissected. Their object, they state, is to contribute to the progress of this important science, without which a profound study of the healing art is impossible. They would also remove existing prejudices against dissection of bodies. A society of the same kind, it appears, already exists in Zurich.

A scheme for uniting the British Channel with the Mediterranean by a system of canals is

seriously engaging the merchants of France, and has been brought before the Ministers of Finance and Public Works. The course of this important highway would be by the Seine and Yonne, then utilising the Burgundy canal, which unites the Yonne and the Saone, and following the Saone to the Rhone, at or near Lyons, and thence by the R one to the sea. It is estimated that the work could be accomplished in six years, and would cost about £2,500,000. The financial obstacle is the only one, for the great commercial value of the work to France is obvious.

If anybody can give any better "signs" of a tip-top state of things than the following, let us see the list:

Where spades grow bright, and idle swords grow dull;  
Where jails are empty, and where barns are full;  
Where church-paths are with frequent footsteps worn;  
Law court-yards weedy, silent and forlorn;  
Where doctors foot, and where farmers ride;  
Where age abounds and truth is multiplied;  
Where these signs are, they clearly indicate  
A happy people and well governed state.

## THE LATE MR. JOHN PRATT.

Mr. Pratt was born at Berthier, on the 29th July, 1812. Mr. Pratt, senior, was a merchant at Berthier, and in 1833 his sons, Charles F. and John, left the paternal home, to open in Quebec a house of business under the name and style of C. F. Pratt & Co. Having succeeded almost beyond his expectations in Quebec, Mr. John Pratt started a branch establishment at Three Rivers, and, as in Quebec, success did not fail to attend him. Soon the brothers found that their sphere of action was too limited, and so in 1839 they founded in Montreal the well-known leather house of John Pratt & Co. In 1852 the Quebec house was closed, both brothers devoting their energies to the conduct of the Montreal business, out of which they made colossal fortunes, that of Mr. John Pratt amounting to close upon a million of dollars. The tanneries at Roxton Falls were started by the Pratts, who for many years stood at the head of the leather business. In 1859 the brothers retired from business, but John, actively engaged in the conduct of several joint stock companies, with which he had identified himself. At the time of his death he was President of the Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Company, over whose Board he had presided since 1847; of the Banque du Peuple; of the Rubber Company, &c., and Vice-President of the Citizens' Assurance Company, a position which he also occupied in connection with other joint stock concerns. He was on the Board of Directors of the Valleyfield Cotton Company, an undertaking which he had done much to promote. He was also on the Board of Harbor Commissioners.

## REVIEW.

The various departments in the August number of *Lippincott's Magazine* are well and ably sustained. The eighth illustrated article on "The Century; its Fruits and its Festival," embraces the concluding chapters on the Exhibits in the Main Building, and is marked by the same ability as was displayed in its predecessors. Mr. Edward King's illustrated account of Montenegro is especially interesting and timely. Besides the continuation of Lady Barker's enjoyable letters from South Africa, there is an essay on the "Age of Knick-Knacks," by Lady Blanche Murphy; "Criss-Crosses," a pleasantly told tale, by Margaret Vandegrift; and the first of R. Davey's papers on George Sand, which is a pleasing tribute to the character and memory of the great authoress. "Phantasmagoria," by Emma Lazarus, and "By the Water's Edge," by W. S. Phillips, are the poems of the month, and are of marked merit. The new serial tale, by Ellen W. Olney, "Love in Illness," commenced in this number, gives promise of a literary treat, and we venture to predict that the tale will rank high in modern fiction. The usual editorial gossip and book reviews complete this number of the popular *Lippincott*.

## HUMOROUS.

BISHOP MORLEY was fond of a joke. Once, when the footman was out of the way, he ordered the coachman to fetch some water from the well, to which the coachman made a crumpling objection that his business was to drive, not to run errands. "Well, then," said Morley, "bring out the coach and four, set the pitcher inside, and drive to the well,"—a service which was several times repeated, to the great amusement of almost all the village.

Could anything do better than the following "improvement" of a minister of Arran, who was discoursing on the carelessness of his flock? "Brethren, when you leave the church, just look down at the duke's swans; they are vera bonny swans, an' they'll be scumming about an' ay'e dookin' down their heads and having thersels w' the clear water till they're a' drookit; then you'll see them scumming to the shore, an' they'll get their wings a bit flap and they're dry again. Now, my friends, you come here every Sabbath, I have you a' ower w' the Gospel till you are fairly drookit w' it. But you just gang awa' hame, and sit down by your fireside, gie you wings a bit flap, an' ye're as dry as ever again."

"Editing a paper," declares a Transatlantic editor, "is a nice business. If we publish jokes, people say we are rattle-headed. If we omit jokes, they say we are an old fossil. If we publish original matter, they blame us for not giving selections. If we publish selections, folk say we are lazy for not writing something they have not read in some other paper. If we give a man a complimentary notice, we are censured for being partial. If we do not give complimentary notices, folk say we are a hog. If we do not enter for the wishes of the ladies, the paper is not fit to tie up a parcel. If we remain in our office and attend to our business, folk say we are too proud to mingle with our fellows. If we go out, they say we never attend to our business. If we do not pay our bills promptly, folk say we are not to be trusted. If we wear poor clothes, folk say business is bad. If we wear good clothes, they say we never paid for them. Now what are we to do?"