

If I had been a guest, Martha would have been up and dressed. She would have a spray of fresh flowers at my plate. She would have sat at the table and seen that my coffee was good, and my eggs hot, and my toast browned. And I should have at least a parting shake of the hand, and a hope expressed that I would come again, and perhaps a wave of the handkerchief from the balcony. And I should have carried away that smile that is brighter than the sunshine, as the last gift of her hospitality. It is a chance if she had not even proposed to ride to the station with me, to see me off. For she knows, if ever woman did, how to welcome the coming and speed the parting guest.

But I am only her husband; and I can eat my breakfast alone, as if I were a bachelor; and get my coffee muddy or clear, hot or cold as Bridget happens to make it; and take eggs hard or soft and toast burnt or soggy, as it chances to come from a careless cook. And nobody cares. And when I go, "Good-bye," is flung after me like a dry bone after an ill cared-for cur. Heigho! What's the use of being married, anyway?

And this was what she thought as she put the last touches to her hair before the glass, and tried hard to keep the tears back from her eyes before she went down to see that the family breakfast was ready:—

I wonder if Hugh really cares anything for me any more. When we were first married he never would have gone off in this way, with a careless "Good-bye," tossed upstairs as he might toss a well-cleaned bone to a hungry-dog. He would have found time to run up and kiss me good-bye, and tell me that he missed me at his breakfast, and ask was I sick. He is gracious to his friends; a perfect gentleman to every one but his wife. I believe he is tired of me. I wish I could let him go. It would be hard for me but it would be better for him!—Well! well! I musn't think such things as these. Perhaps he does love me, after all. But—but—it is coming to be hard to believe it.

And so with a heavy heart she went to her work. And the April sun laughed in at the open windows, and the birds chirped cheer to her all day, and the flowers waved their most graceful beckonings to her in vain; all for want of that one farewell kiss.

O husbands and wives, will you never learn that love often dies of the slightest wounds; that the husband owes no such thoughtful courtesy to any other person as he owes to his wife; that the wife owes no such attentive consideration to any guest as she owes to her husband; that life is made up of little things, and that oft-times a little neglect is a harder burden for love to bear than an open and flagrant wrong?—*Christian Union*.

## TWO WAYS OF LOOKING AT IT.

Of all the teachers in the great school, I think the children thought the most of Miss Carley. She was "so sweet!" they said, and "so nice!" and "so good!" and all the other words that young people like to use, with "so" before them.

It was when the flowers were getting scarce, that some wise brain whose father kept a conservatory proposed that they make Miss Carley a floral offering on the very next morning.

"Let's every single one of us bring a bouquet in a vase," said the eager little planner, "and set them on her table, and in the windows, and all around the platform. It is her birthday you know, and she loves flowers so much! Won't the room look too lovely for anything?"

Every child of the seventy-five was delighted except Trudie Briggs. She went home sober, not to say cross.

"Won't it be pretty?" said little Kate, hopping along by her side. "What flowers are you going to take, Trudie?"

"Cabbages," said Trudie, crossly; and her mouth being thus snappishly opened, she talked on. "It's just a plan of Susie Martin's so she can show off her father's greenhouse flowers, and her mother's beautiful vases! I shan't take a single thing. What have we got to take? Not even a sweet pea, nor nothing: nothing but weeds, and an old cracked tumbler to put them in. They may just bring their grand flowers. I won't have nothing to do with it." Trudie studied grammar, but when very much excited forgot to use it.

Poor little Kate looked sorrowful; she loved Miss Carley, and wanted to take her some flowers. The next morning when she went to call her

father to breakfast, she saw the south field a-bloom with clover. She thought it looked lovely, and then and there her resolve was taken. Not a word said she to Trudie, feeling sure that nine-year-old sister would call the red blossoms "nothing but weeds."

She slipped out just at school time, and gathered a bunch of the freshest and sweetest, and using her chubby brown hand for a vase, started in breathless haste for school. Trudie being still cross, had waited for her about two minutes, then gone on ahead.

It was just a trifle late when little Kate reached the door, the children were all seated, and Miss Carley's hand was on the bell. How lovely the school-room looked! Everywhere that a vase could be made to stand there was one, holding the brightest of all flowers. In the centre of the table was a wonderful wreath of fine, sweet blossoms, which Miss Carley had promised to wear at recess. She looked very happy; every child in the room except Trudie had remembered her with flowers, and it pleased her. She turned a smiling face on little Kate, as she came down the aisle, and waited for her, and bent down to receive the red clovers from the chubby brown hand, while Trudie's face was redder than the clovers. She was actually ashamed of her little sister! What would Miss Carley say to a bunch of weeds from that hot, brown hand? What she said, was, "You dear child! How sweet they are." Then she stooped down and kissed the sweet face of the little giver, and placed every clover carefully in her belt, where she could "smell them all the time," she said brightly. And there did little Katie's gift stay all day.

"They were the only flowers she wore," said Susie Martin. "The little darling! Wasn't it sweet of her?" and Susie meant the middle of the sentence for little Kate, and the last for Miss Carley.—*The Pantry*.

## WHAT A FALL.

A minister of the gospel told me one of the most thrilling incidents I have heard in my life. A member of his congregation came home, for the first time in his life, intoxicated, and his boy met him upon the doorstep, clapping his hands and exclaiming, "Papa has come home!" He seized that boy by the shoulder, swung him around, staggered, and fell in the hall. That minister said to me, "I spent the night in that house, I went out, bared my brow, that the night dew might fall upon it and cool it. I walked up and down the hill. There was his child dead! There was his wife in convulsions, and he asleep. A man about thirty years of age asleep, with a dead child in the house, having a blue mark upon the temple, where the corner of the marble steps had come in contact with the head as he swung him around, and his wife on the brink of the grave! Mr. Gough," said my friend, "I cursed the drink. He had told me that I must stay until he awoke, and I did. When he awoke he passed his hand over his face and exclaimed, 'What is the matter? Where is my boy?' 'You cannot see him.' 'Stand out of my way! I will see my boy.' To prevent confusion I took him to the child's bed, and as I turned down the sheet and showed him the corpse, he uttered a wild shriek, 'Ah, my child!' That minister said further to me, "One year after he was brought from the lunatic asylum to lie side by side with his wife in one grave, and I attended his funeral." The minister of the gospel who told me that fact is to-day a drunken hostler in a stable in the city of Boston. Now tell me what rum will not do. It will debase, degrade, imbrute and damn everything that is noble, bright, glorious and Godlike in a human being. There is nothing drink will not do that is vile, dastardly, cowardly, and hellish. When are we not to fight till the day of our death?—*J. B. Gough*.

Consumption is a disease concentrated by a neglected cold; how necessary then that we should at once get the best cure for Coughs, Colds, Laryngitis, and all diseases of the Throat and Lungs. One of the most popular medicines for these complaints is Northrop & Lyman's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda. Mr. J. F. Smith, Druggist, Dunnville, writes: "It gives general satisfaction and sells splendidly."

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