

THE LADIES.

THE WELCOME BACK.

BY ELIZA COOK.

Sweet is the hour that brings us home
Where all will spring to meet us—
Where hands are striving, as we come,
To be the first to greet us.
When the world has spent its frowns and wrath
And care been sorely pressing,
'Tis sweet to turn from our roving path,
And find a fireside blessing.
Oh, joyfully dear is the homeward track,
If we are but sure of a welcome back.

What do we reckon a weary day,
Though lonely and benighted,
If we know there are lips to chide our stay,
And eyes that will beam love blighted?
What is the worth of the diamond's ray
To the glance that flashes pleasure,
When the words that welcome back betray
We form a heart's chief treasure?
Oh, joyfully dear is our homeward track,
If we are but sure of a welcome back.

A JEWISH WIFE.

"He that hath found a virtuous wife, hath a greater treasure than costly pearls."

Such a treasure had the celebrated teacher Rabbi Meir found. He sat during the whole of one sabbath day in the public school, and instructed the people. During his absence from his house, his two sons, both of them of uncommon beauty, and enlightened in the law, died. His wife bore them to her bed chamber, laid them upon the marriage bed, and spread a white covering over their bodies. Towards evening Rabbi Meir came home. "Where are my beloved sons," he asked, "that I may give them my blessing?"—"They are gone to the school," was the answer. "I repeatedly looked round the school," he replied, "and I did not see them there." She reached him a goblet; he praised the Lord at the going out of the Sabbath, drank, and again asked, "Where are my sons, that they may drink of the cup of blessing?" "They will not be far off," she said, and placed food before him, that he might eat. He was in a glad and genial mood, and when he had said grace after the meal, she thus addressed him:—"Rabbi, with thy permission, I would fain propose to thee one question." "Ask, it then, my love!" he replied. "A few days ago, a person entrusted some jewels to my custody, and now he demands them again: should I give them back again?" "This is a question," said Rabbi Meir, "which my wife should not have thought it necessary to ask. What! wouldst thou hesitate or be reluctant to restore to every one his own?" "No," she replied, "but yet I thought it best not to restore them without acquainting thee therewith." She then led him to their chamber, and stepping to the bed, took the white covering from their bodies. "Ah, my sons! my sons!" thus loudly lamented the father: "My sons! the light of my understanding; I was your father, but ye were my teachers in the law!" The mother turned away and wept bitterly. At length she took her husband by the hand, and said, "Rabbi, didst thou not teach me that we must not be reluctant to restore that which was intrusted to our keeping? See, the Lord gave, the Lord has taken away, and blessed be the name of the Lord!" "Blessed be the name of the Lord!" echoed Rabbi Meir, "and blessed be his name for thy sake too! for well is it written, 'He that has found a virtuous woman has a greater treasure than costly pearls.' She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and on her tongue is the instruction of kindness."

How to MAKE DOUGH NUTS.—RECIPE.—Take 3 pints of sweet milk, 1½ lbs. butter, 6 well beaten eggs, 1 tea-cupful of good yeast, 1½ lbs. clean brown sugar, and spice to your taste: Warm the milk and mix it with the eggs; then stir in the flour, which should also be warmed; heat the butter and pour it over the dough, *hissing hot*, and work it well in; then add the yeast (brewers' yeast is best, and can always be got in winter), and work the mass until the hands come out clean. Set it to rise in a warm place; and when light enough, have ready a broad, shallow boiler, half filled with boiling lard; cut off from the dough, pieces about an inch and a half each way, in a lozenge, or diamond shape, and drop them into the lard. When of a light brown, and puffed out on both sides, they are done, take them out with a skimmer; drain them on a colander; remove them to broad dishes, and sprinkle them, while hot, with pulverized loaf sugar. Pure lard will not bubble when boiling hot, and must be tried by throwing into it a small piece of the dough; when, if at the boiling point, bubbles will instantly form around it.—*Agriculturist*,

FRIENDSHIP.

Poets may sing of love, and romantic youths may dream they realize the soft delusion; strong hearts may swear they break and wisher away with unrequited passion, and keen brains may be turned by the maddening glances of woman's eyes; but all these to me seem weak and common emotions when compared with the intenseness of man's or woman's friendship—that pure, devoted identification with each other which two congenial souls experience when the alloy of no sexual or animal passion mingles with the devotion of the spirit. I could go through fiery ordeals, or submit with patience to the keenest tortures, either of mind or body, so that I felt the sustaining presence of one real friend.

How sweet, oh, friendship! is thy magic charm!
Our souls to elevate—our hearts to warm!
Within thy realm no discord's jarring sound
Is heard, nor Cain and Abel there are found!
Congenial friendship brings the potent spell,
To bid the young affections softly swell,
The sweets of fond society impart,
Whose cordial balm exhilarates the heart.
The friendly bosom that can share our grief
Is the best sanctuary to yield relief;
To quench the fiery aspect of despair,
And ease the labouring mind of half its care.

WIDOW OF BURNS.—An English gentleman visiting the widow of Robert Burns, the Scottish poet, at Dumfries, was exceedingly anxious to obtain some *relic* of the bard, as he called it; that is, some scrap of his handwriting, or any other little object that could be a memorial of the deceased. Mrs Burns replied to all his entreaties, that she had already given away every thing of that kind that was remarkable, or which she could think of parting with; that, indeed, she had no relic to give him. Still the visitant insisted, and still Mrs Burns declared her inability to satisfy him; at length pushed by his good-humoured entreaties to very extremity, she as good-humouredly said, "Well, Sir, unless you take myself, I really can think of no other *relic* (relect) of him that is in my power to give, or yours to receive." Of course, this closed the argument.

A NECROTE.—An old lady was telling her grandchildren about some troubles in Scotland, in the course of which the Chief of her clan lost his head. "It was nae great thing of a head, to be sure," said the old lady, "but it was a sad loss to him."

Major Noah, editor of the *New York Sunday Times*, in reply to a Pittsburgh editor, who contended that an "immense fortune" was not likely to give happiness, offers to settle the question by having it tested in his own person.

HOW TO CLEAN SILVER PLATE.—Well kept silver plate seldom requires more than to be washed every time it is used, with a swab, or soft brush, in strong soap suds. Soft soap is best. Rinse the article in clean, soft, hot water, and wipe dry, while hot, with a linen towel, after which, it must be well rubbed with soft goat skin. If it has become dull and greasy looking, after washing and wiping, clean it well with a piece of flannel, wet with spirit, or common whiskey, dipped in powdered chalk, or whiting. Let this dry, and then rub it off with a soft, dry brush, taking care to clear it out of the engraved lines, and then polish with soft leather.

The insides of coffee and tea pots must be scoured frequently with wood ashes and soap suds. Forks and spoons should be cleaned daily with dry whiting only. The stains made upon these, by boiled eggs, can easily be removed by rubbing the spots, with table salt, while wet, after washing in warm water. The black spots upon castors, saltcellers, &c., may be taken off by rubbing them with flannel wet with spirits of hartshorn, and dipped in powdered magnesia; when dry, rub off with a brush and leather.

Silver filigree, and frosted ornaments, that have become tarnished, and are too delicate to be cleaned in the common way, should be soaked for a few minutes in one part spirits hartshorn to two parts water; then rubbed very gently with a soft leather, afterwards dipping them in hot water and drying them with a cambric handkerchief.—*Agriculturist*.

How to REMOVE RUST FROM FINELY-POLISHED STEEL.—Rub the spots with any kind of soft animal fat, and lay the articles by, wrapped in thick paper for two or three days; then, after cleaning off the grease with a piece of soft flannel, rub the spots well with powdered rotten stone and sweet oil, after which, the polish may be restored by rubbing with powdered emery on a soft leather; and the process may be finished with finely-powdered chalk, or magnesia.

To MAKE A PLEASANT COSMETIC SOAP.—Shave a quarter of a pound of old Castile, or palm-oil soap into soft, hot water enough to cover it; boil and stir it quite smooth; turn it into an earthen bowl, and, while hot, stir in enough Indian corn or bean meal, to make a thick paste; add an ounce of oil of almonds, and some oil of lavender, rose, or other agreeable perfume; cover it closely in small China toilet boxes, or jars, and put one on every wash-stand.