

CHATS WITH THE CHILDREN.

QUEEN OF ANGELS. Daughter of the Father: Lady kind and sweet: Lead us to Our Father, Leave us in His feet. Mother of Our Saviour, Joy of God above: Jesus made thee keep us In His fear and love. Mary, spouse and servant Of the Holy Ghost: Keep for Him His creatures Who would else be lost. Holy Queen of angels! Led thine angels come To escort us safely To our heavenly home. —Father Faber.

CAN FEAR BE CURED? Professor Angelo Mosso, of Turin, in his book on "Fear," which has recently been translated into English, says that fear is a disease to be cured. He particularly condemns the methods, which are sometimes practised by parents and nurses, of governing and controlling young children through a sense of fear. Even more pernicious is the practice of awakening a sense of terror in children by stories of "boogies," hobgoblins and witches. According to Professor Mosso, mankind can be made more courageous by proper cultivation.—Youth's Companion.

INDISCREET KINDNESS. Miss Peggy Watson, a village notable in her day, always tried to say the pleasantest things she could; she admired and praised, and did all in her power to make people happy. She was afraid that Mrs. Berry felt sensitive about being deaf, so when she sat near her one day at the sewing society, she said, smiling: "I don't think you're very deaf, Mrs. Berry."

"What did you say?" asked Mrs. Berry. "I don't think you're very deaf!" repeated Miss Peggy, somewhat louder. "I don't understand you," said Mrs. Berry, becoming nervous. "I don't think you're very deaf!" cried Miss Peggy, in a loud, high voice. "Please say that again," urged poor Mrs. Berry. And then Miss Peggy, with the kindest of intentions, had fairly to shout in her friend's ear: "I don't think you're very deaf!"

THE BEHAVEN IN JULY. The surprising beauty of the moonlit and starlit sky of July always renders it one of the most attractive of months for the lovers of nature. The earth has her mission to perform on the monthly calendar, for she is in aphelion on the 8th of the month. She is then 8,000,000 miles further from the sun than she was in January. The inhabitants of the north temperate zone have reason to be grateful that the heat of the sun is mercifully tempered by his greater distance.

On the 9th Venus is in superior conjunction with the sun, and passes one more to the realm of the evening stars. It will be some little time before we can see her fair and radiant face, but it will be very well worth seeing when we are permitted to have a look at it, and what still more concerns us is the fact that she shall have her wish as throughout the year. The new moon and Venus are in conjunction on the 10th, which shows that both are fairly close to the source of light and heat.

Mercury, on his way to the eastward, passes the sun on the last day of the month, and again joins the ranks of the evening stars, where he will remain until October, when he is in inferior conjunction and rejoins the morning brilliants, to which he makes a very slight addition, as his face during this portion of his tour is hardly visible.

A NAUGHTY GIRL. Mary was a naughty girl. And fond of currant jam, Wherewith whene'er she got a chance She greedily would cram. Her mother lost the key one day Which locks the storeroom door, And Mary found it where it lay Upon the kitchen floor. She grasped the key in guilty haste And to the storeroom ran, Unlocked the door, climbed on a chair, And then the fun began. New currant jam and little girls Do not always agree; Such was the case with Mary, As we presently shall see. Her mother found her stretched at length And weeping on the floor— No need there was to ask the cause, There stood the open door. In accents stern the mother spoke: "My child, 'tis sad I am To see confusion on your face Outlined in currant jam." "It's not because of pain I weep," Cried Mary from the floor, "It is because I'm full of jam, And can't eat any more." —Vanity.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth Be sure and use that old, and well-tried remedy, Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP, for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pains, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle. It is the best of all.

FARM AND GARDEN.

While the general rule in regard to the frequent—let us say the continuous—cultivation of corn and potatoes is absolute, and applies in every case, yet it should not be done when the continual rains keep the soil full of water, and make it unfit for working. It is in dry weather that the soil is most needed to make the soil as absorbent as possible, and unless the working will make mud of the soil it is advisable even when the land is moist, but wet grounds should not be touched until the water has been carried off into the sub-soil and the soil will not adhere to the implements. There is no rule for anything but has its exceptions, and it is indispensable that such a general knowledge of the principles involved in any work should be so well understood as will enable the farmer to know when this or that should be left undone.

Among the smaller industries of the farm is that of the poultry rearing, which is now so well understood as to have become a prominent specialty. There are others closely allied to this, however, that promise equal success and profit. One of these is the culture of rabbit for the market. This is a regular thing in England, and rabbit warrens are commonly met with, especially in localities where the ordinary culture of the land in crops is not profitable. An English rabbit warren is generally a rough piece of woodland, sandy and gravelly, and unfit for the growth of crops. It is fenced and stocked with rabbits, which burrow in the sloping banks and make their homes in which each pair will rear several litters every year for four or five years, thus reproducing so rapidly as to have given rise to the common adage, "increasing like rabbits." They are fed a little, but if some kind of crops are grown for them they need no other food. The small underground, mostly consisting of bark, suits them admirably, and at stated seasons the crop is gathered and sent to market. Such an enterprise was started in the State of New-York, and, if managed reasonably well, cannot fail to be satisfactorily profitable. There is plenty of room for thousands of such.

Good butter may be safely packed for six months or more if the right way is taken. It used to be done years ago, when it was the custom to keep the surplus product for sale, there being no winter dairying to supply the demand. The butter must be naturally good and sweet, and worked quite free from the buttermilk by thorough washing. There need be no fear that this will hurt the butter, for it cannot take anything from it, the fat being wholly insoluble in water, and only the buttermilk will be washed out of it, which it must be, or it will be a detriment to the butter as producing changes of the fat into volatile acids by which the butter is made strong and finally rancid. The best packages for this use are glazed earthen jars or sweet, clean white oak or spruce tubs, painted or varnished on the outside. The tubs are soaked in brine, then scalded, then washed with fine salt, and while wet the butter is packed into them, being firmly pressed down so as to leave no vacancies in the mass. When the package is filled to within half an inch of the top, a clean cloth or better, some parchment paper, is fitted closely over the butter, and half an inch up the edge of the package: fine dry salt is then put in smoothly to the top, then a dry cloth, well washed, is tied down firmly, then parchment paper, and then one more cloth. The air is thus excluded and the butter will be as good, or perhaps a little better, than when it was packed, as it undergoes a ripening process by which the fine flavor of the best butter is developed.

There are many kinds of outworms, and all of them are by no means confined to underground work. Some climb trees and eat the buds. They are all the larvae of moths and live in the ground. They may be killed by spraying the trees with paris green. The underground outworms number at least one hundred varieties, all of which have the same bad habit of cutting off young plants of any kind, just below the surface of the soil. The most effective way with these is to dig them out of the ground with a steel table fork wherever a plant has been cut off and kill them. Sometimes they are so numerous that a thousand may be thus dug out of a patch of a quarter of an acre. It is not known that moles eat these worms; they are mostly after the common earth worms, but if they do, they cannot get at the outworms without greatly injuring the crops by burrowing under the rows in pursuit of their food. So that some way of getting rid of the worms is indispensable. It has been found that outworms may be poisoned by making small balls of fresh oat clover, sprinkling paris green on the leaves, and scattering them about the rows.

CAN RECOMMEND IT. Mr. Enos Bornberg, Tuscarora, writes: "I am pleased to say that Dr. Thomas' ELYSIAC OIL is all that you claim it to be, as we have been using it for years, both internally and externally, and have always received benefit from its use. It is our family medicine, and I take great pleasure in recommending it."

FIRESIDE FUN.

The church bell always rings when it is tolled. The brakeman is like the clergyman, in that both attend to the coupling. Probably there never was a greater loan on real estate than is seen in the Tower of Pisa.

Tommy: "Paw, isn't man the lord of creation?" Mr. Figg: "Most of the time; but not when house cleaning is going on." "Did you look at that bill I left yesterday, sir?" said a collector to an M.P. "Yes," was the reply, "it has the first reading."

Evidently Faithful Portraits.—"I think Nell's photographs must look exactly like her." "Why?" "She hasn't shown them to a living soul." "This place isn't what it's cracked up to be," said the commercial traveler, as he got into a Central American town just after an earthquake.

Mr. Fussy: "I don't see why you wear those ridiculous big sleeves, when you have nothing to fill them." Mrs. Fussy: "Do you fill your silk hat?" The Usual Plan.—"At last I have found a plan to manage my wife properly." "Have, eh? How do you do it?" "Oh, just let her do as she pleases."

She: "Yes, they are engaged. I know she refused him twice, but the third he proposed she accepted him." Her Husband: "Serves him right." "Yes, doctor, it still hurts me to breathe—in fact, the only trouble now seems to be my breath." "Oh, well, I'll give you something that will soon stop that."

"I have done nothing but blush all day," complained the rose, "and still that idiot of a poet goes on talking of the modest violet, as if there were not others!" Doctor: "Now, Tommy, will you promise me to take your medicine like a man?" Tommy: "No, sir; when a man takes medicines he makes a bad face and swears."

Gussy: "Why do you so persistently wear the hair of another woman on your head?" Beatrice: "For the same reason that you wear the skin of another calf on your feet." Objective, not Subjective.—Mr. Wallace: "In your sister Alice an obliging girl?" Willie: "Obliging ain't no name for it. She's all the time obliging me to do what I don't like."

A little three-year-old wanted more buttered toast, but was told she's had enough, and that more would make her ill. "Well," she said, "give me another piece and send for the doctor." "It is all nonsense, dear, about wedding-cake. I put an enormous piece under my pillow and dreamt of nobody." "Well?" "And the next night I ate it, and dreamt of everybody."

Mrs. A: "I am surprised that your husband earns so little if he works as you say. What does he do?" Mrs. B: "The last thing he did was to calculate how many times a clock ticked in 1,000 years."

Professor: "If you were called in a case where a man had fallen head-first down a fifty-foot mining shaft, what would you advise?" Medical Student: "Advise his friends to fill up the hole and save funeral expenses."

Appalled at the Prospect.—Drug-gist: "Bad to take? Not at all. It has a very agreeable taste. The children, sir, will cry for it." Customer (father of nine), hastily: "Then give me some other preparation, please."

"Why is a woman like a crying infant?" he asked, and dared to tell her "it was because both were difficult to shut up." "And a man," she retorted, "is like a lobster, because both are green until they get into hot water."

"I don't know what to do with that dog. I've tried a dozen times to give him away, but no one will have him." "Tried to give him away, did you?" "That's not the way to get rid of a dog. Ask forty or fifty dollars for him."

A preacher was recently speaking of the transitoriness of earthly things. "Look at the great cities of antiquity," he exclaimed. "Where are they now? Why, some of them have perished so utterly that it is doubtful if they ever existed."

Hoped they had not all Gone.—The Curate: "My dear madam, for this thought consider you for your husband's death. Remember that other and better men than he have gone the same way." Deceived Widow: "They haven't all gone, have they?"

WORTH KNOWING. When you are about to purchase a solid gold or silver watch, see that the case is stamped with a "Maltese Cross," thus: If you are buying a "gold-filled" watch, make sure that the case bears the stamp of a "Winged Wheel," thus: If you purchase a case which bears either of the above trade-marks, you will have something you can depend upon as being of the quality stamped upon it, because every case bearing one of these trade-marks is fully guaranteed by The American Watch Case Co. of Toronto, one of the largest and most reliable watch companies in America. These goods are equal in quality to any made in the world, and you can save the entire duty by buying them.

DOMESTIC READING.

Self-indulgence deprives a man of everything that might make him great.

Of all the outs that man can give, there is none to equal that of unkindness.

Whoever hearkens to whisperers shall never find rest and never dwell quietly.

Innocence apprehends the approach of evil by the instinctive tact of contrast.

The test of humility is the habit of performing lowly offices for their own sake.

He who can take no interest in what is small will take false interest in what is great.

If nobody took calumny in and gave it lodging, it would starve and die of itself.

An evil heart puts the worst interpretation on all that it sees, and turns it to its own hurt.

The strength of a man's virtue must not be measured by his extraordinary efforts, but by his ordinary life.

There are things which blenheim perfect purity without being in themselves downright acts of impurity.

The preservation of health is a duty. Few seem conscious that there is such a thing as physical morality.

We are all prone to keep the level of those we live with, and hence the tameness of our characters and lives.

Our great and most difficult duty, as social beings, is to derive constant aid from society without taking its yoke.

The greatest evils in life have had their rise from something which was thought of too little importance to be attended to.

Suspect evil-speakers and be not over-credulous of them. Charity thinketh no evil, nor easily and hastily believeth it.

People who think much of their humility are very proud, and all such unreal stooping is a subtle search how to go up higher.

Wisdom is of the heart rather than of the intellect; the harvest of moral thoughtfulness, patiently reaped in through years.

A fragrant flower fills the house with fragrance. You do not need to see it, know that it is near. So with Christian example.

There is no greatness so real as that inward fullness which knows its own measure; nothing so enlightened as a humble soul.

Purity can detect the presence of the evil which it does not understand; just as the dove, which has never seen a hawk, trembles at its presence.

He who sincerely desires to become lowly of heart must not be ashamed of performing any outward office such as humbly heart thinks mean and humiliating.

Hope nothing from luck, and the probability is that you will be so prepared, forewarned and forearmed that all shallow observers will call you lucky.—Balwer-Lytton.

What is indispensible social is the harmony of good people under whatever flag the hazard of circumstances and the necessity of position may have placed them.—Nodder.

To be able to live peaceably with hard and perverse persons, or with the disorderly, or with such as go contrary to us, is a great grace, and a most commendable and manly thing.

Whoever neglects a thing which he suspects he ought to do, because it seems to him too small a thing, is deceiving himself; it is not too little, but too great for him, that he does it not.

How sad is his plight who has no sacred self; who never falls back on a conviction, as a believer on his gods, whose soul is the empty mirror of the world's passing fashions and shows.

There is a time in every man's education when he arrives at the conviction that envy is ignorance, that imitation is suicide, that he must take himself for better, for worse, as his portion.

The unremitting retention of simple and high sentiments in obscure duties is hardening the character to that temper which will work with honor—if need be in the tumult or on the seafoam.

We are always doing each other injustice, and thinking better or worse of each other than we deserve, because we only hear and see separate words and actions. We do not see each other's whole nature.

Sunday is God's truce for hearts. On this day must be suspended all feelings of resentment, all little animosities. We must clothe ourselves with pardon, forbearance and amiability.—Golden Sands.

Free and easy expectoration immediately relieves and aces the throat and ings from viscid phlegm, and a medicine that promotes this is the best medicine to use for coughs, colds, inflammation of the lungs and all affections of the throat and chest. This is precisely what Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup is a specific for a specific, and whover used it has given unbounded satisfaction. Children like it because it is pleasant adults because it relieves and cures the disease.

A TRIP THROUGH ENNISMORE.

Over Flood and Field, Mountain and Valley. That was a happy crowd which assembled at Bridgmore on the morning of Wednesday, 10th ult. to share in the pleasures of an excursion through those charming lakes, fitly described as the paradise of the tourist and the pleasure-seeker, which, between towering cliffs, lies immediately north of the town of Peterborough. The object being the laudable one of assisting in the liquidation of the debt due on the Catholic church of Ennismore, and the affair passing off under the auspices of the estimable pastor of that parish, the attendance was as might be very reasonably expected, a large one. Every condition of human life was fully represented, every age, size and sex: every color and every creed, struggled gaily and naturally on that rickety wharf, each resolved that, for that day at any rate, dull care should be banished, Grit and Tory politics eschewed and joy wholly unconfined. It was also a providential crowd, if we were to judge from the number of well-filled but terribly suspicious-looking baskets which encountered the gaze at every turn. Certain it is, the many pretty spots which dot those lakes, our human cargo is augmented by the addition of about twenty-five braves, with about the same number of dusky maidens. These are of the Mohawk tribe of Indians, and reside on an island already named, where they are engaged in various industrial pursuits. They were accompanied by their Chief—Daniel Whiting—a familiar figure to voyagers along those waters during the past half a century, and, judging by their conduct, it is probable that the high testimony which I have heard borne to their character was in no sense an exaggeration. At Gannon's Narrows, which is situated on a promontory in the north-eastern regions of Ennismore, our already large party receives a further accession, this time of people with pale faces, a class never plentiful along those health giving latitudes. Turning eastward we follow the tortuous windings of the narrow lake, passing in our course many beautiful islands, and during the last part of the morning, about four hours, we reach the village of Buckhorn. Here our gallant crew is rapidly deserted, cool retreats are sought out, and the contents of well-filled baskets begin to disappear.

Buckhorn, being from the venerable aspect of most of its buildings, belongs to ancient history. Here is constructed a handsome lock, which will constitute a link of the Trent Valley Canal, a ditch which, when completed, is destined to take the waters of the Merrimack Bay with those of the Bay of Quinte. This great work itself will be completed before the end of the twentieth century is now almost an assured fact, and that, plunging its four feet of water, manfully carrying the rich productions of our fertile prairies. Then will the well-paved streets of Buckhorn echo to the hum of industry; then will the enthusiastic politician with dreams realized, cast around for fresh niches to dig for fresh trophies to conquer. Hark! the shrill whistle of our majestic craft echoes over the distant hills and we are admonished that our time for bidding adieu to Buckhorn has come. This we do, after spending a couple of hours exploring its cool and refreshing retreats.

Our return home was unattended with incident, and we land at Bridgmore in the very best of humor about six p. m. I cannot close this feeble description of our trip through Ennismore, without alluding to the many pleasant reminiscences of my visit to Ennismore, without thanking the worthy parish priest, Father McCall, for kindnesses during the day, as well as Mr. Philip Crough and other gentlemen.

THE ROBINSON IMMIGRATION. In 1825 a gigantic movement for the expatriation of a large portion of the Irish people took place to the south of Ireland. The people of that country were increasing with a vengeance, and although the Catholic portion of them dare not, at this time, call their souls their own, still the magnificent voice of the Irish Nation was heard throughout the land, and both the English Government and the Irish landlords felt that there was a bare possibility that even Irish serfs under the magic charm of O'Connell's voice, would become educated in a knowledge of their rights. The question of transplanting them to the soil of Canada engaged the attention of their masters, or rather owners, and the counties of Cork, Kerry, Limerick and Tipperary were selected as recruiting grounds. It is but justice to the gentleman whom the British Government placed in charge of the new exodus—Mr. Peter Robinson—to say that, considering the times, and the value set upon an Irishman, his arduous labors were ever performed in a spirit of justice and humanity. Now were the Cromwellian usurpers of the soil of Ireland backward in acts of generosity to the poor Irish exiles, as they were about to tear themselves away from the land of their love. Indeed, to this day many deeds of their kindness are lovingly remembered. Having crossed the Atlantic the Irish emigrants were portaged over slow and tedious stages, until finally reaching the old Newcastle District. Here they settled on land in the new counties of Westmore, Ashfield, Douro and Otonabee in the county of Peterborough, as well as in those of Ops and Ennismore in the county of Victoria. Amongst those who located in Ennismore at that early period of its history were: Garrett Galt, Cornelius O'Sullivan, Eugene McCarthy, Patrick Twomey, Bartholomew O'Sullivan, John Moloney, Michael Casey, John Stack, Michael Costello—who was the first of those exiles borne to the new world.

Thomas Cahill, Dennis and Patrick Shanahan, William Fitzgerald, John Pope, Arthur O'Donoghue, George Murphy, Joseph Sheahan, Daniel Foley, Cornelius Houran, Edward Gilman, Denis Driscoll, Bartholomew Leonard, John Collins, Mrs. Kane, Timothy Curtin, Patrick O'Donnell, John McGrath, Thomas and John Reilly, Jeremiah Brick, Michael Driscoll, Co. Very few of the above are present survivors, although most of them lived to good, indeed, in many instances, to extraordinary ages. Mr. Patrick Galvin, son of Mrs. Garrett Galvin, above mentioned, still lives in the village of Ennismore, notwithstanding the fact that his hair bears the silvery whiteness of 93 years. Mr. Galvin has been a merchant, besides filling the position of Postmaster for many years, and it was especially proved himself a most exemplary citizen. Mr. John O'Sullivan, son to Bartholomew O'Sullivan, of the first settlers, passed away a few years ago after having reached the fine age of 93 years. Another of the survivors of an happy old age, is Mr. Francis Moloney, who, with John Moloney of the older generation of settlers, Mr. Moloney, who is a man of fine intellect, is still hale and hearty, although having passed by eight years the allotted three score and ten. In this connection it is worthy of notice, that Paul Moloney, an able and successful physician of the town of Perth, is the son. Messrs. John, James and William Scollard, well known and respected residents of this section, and grandsons to Cornelius O'Sullivan, already alluded to in connection with the early settlers, are now in the possession of a son to one of the above—Mrs. James Scollard—is the present parish priest of North Bay, another son—Mr. P. F. Scollard—being merchant and postmaster in the village of Ennismore. A description of Ennismore and of its settlers which did not contain a reference to the Crough family, would hardly be complete. They are natives of the famous county—Tipperary—and although they were not amongst the first to cross the Atlantic, they were amongst the first to seek a home in the new world. Their emigration which sought a home amidst the primeval forests, they have multiplied at such an alarming rate that grave apprehensions are felt that unless checked, they will overrun the whole township. It is not to be regretted, as the Messrs. Crough are progressive men and good citizens, some of whom have filled the highest municipal positions in the gift of the people of Ennismore. The first priest to bring the consolations of the Holy Sacrament to Erin north of Chemung Lake was Father Crowley, who resided in the neighborhood of Little Lake, and who exercised spiritual jurisdiction over several counties. Father Crowley was succeeded by Father Butler, having his residence at Peterborough. It is to be noted also that the first Mass was said at the slanty of Denis Shanahan. In 1852 Father Burke was appointed resident pastor of Ennismore, with residence at Downsville, and visiting both places every alternate Sunday. In 1854, Rev. P. Coyne took the place of Father Burke, and he, in turn, lamented, had passed away a short time previously. The first resident priest of Ennismore was Rev. W. J. Kieley, now of Douro, who, after having labored for 16 years, was succeeded by Rev. Daniel O'Connell, who was followed by the present pastor, Father McCall, for whom we sincerely pray many years of usefulness. And now with a sorrowful pang, and a happy-to-moet-again sort of feeling, I bid adieu to the priest and people of Ennismore.

VASTNESS OF ST. PETER'S.

It Produces Almost the Effect of Terror on the Mind.

The building is so far beyond any familiar proportions that at first sight all details are lost upon its broad front. The mind and judgment are dazed and staggered. The earth should not be able to bear such a weight upon its crust without cracking and bending like an overloaded table. On each side the colonnades run curving out like giant arms, always open to receive the nations that go up there to worship. The dome broods over all, like a giant's head motionless in majesty.

The vastness of the structure takes hold of a man as he issues from the street by which he has come from Sant' Angelo. In the open space in the square and in the ellipse between the colonnades and on the steps, two hundred thousand men could be drawn up in rank and file, horse and foot and guns. Excepting it be on some special occasion, there are rarely more than two or three hundred persons in sight. The vastness of the dome makes one draw a breath of surprise, as if bending like a man too small to take in all the flatness below, all the breadth before, and the height above.

Taken together, the picture is too big for convenient sight. The impression itself moves vividly in the cramped brain. A building almost five hundred feet high produces a monstrous effect upon the mind. Set down in words, a description of it conveys no clear conception: seen for the first time, the impression produced by it cannot be put into language. One who has seen it like a shock to the intelligence, perhaps, and not altogether a pleasant one. Carried beyond the limits of a mere mistake, exaggeration becomes caricature; but which it is not, and which is a common mistake, is to suppose an element approaching to error. The awe-striking giants of mythology were but magnified men. The first sight of St. Peter's affects one as though, in the very day streets, walking among one's fellows, one should meet with a man forty feet high.—Marion Crawford, in the Century.

The Proprietors of Parmelee's Pills are constantly receiving letters similar to the following, which explains itself. Mr. John A. Bean, Watson, Ont., writes: "I never used any medicine, but can equal Parmelee's Pills for Dyspepsia or Liver and Kidney Complaints. The relief experienced using them was wonderful." As a safe family medicine Parmelee's Vegetable Pills can be given in all cases requiring a Cathartic.