



Memory Gems.

Patriotism is a blind and irrational impulse unless it is founded on a knowledge of the blessings we are called to secure and the privileges we propose to defend.—Robert Hall.
Truth crushed to the earth shall rise again.—Bryant.

There's no dearth of kindness
In this world of ours;
Only in our blindness
We gather thorns for flowers.—Massey.

He that blows the coals in a quarrel he has nothing to do with has no right to complain if the sparks fly in his face.—Franklin.
Education begins at the mother's knee, and every word spoken within the hearing of little children tends toward the formation of their character.—H. Ballou.

Our body is a well-set clock, which keeps good time; but if it be too much or indifferently tampered with, the alarm runs out before the hour.—Bishop Hall.
Time well employed is Satan's deadliest foe, for it leaves no opening for the lurking fiend.—Wilcox.

Experience, joined to common sense,
To mortals is a providence.—Green.

Nature has many perfections to show that it is an image of the Deity; and it has defects to show that it is but an image.—Pascal.

The human heart is like heaven: the more angels, the more room.—Frederika Bremer.

There is no friend like the old friend, who has shared our morning days.
No greeting like his welcome, no homage like his praise;
Fame is the scentless sunflower, with gaudy crown of gold,
But friendship is the breathing rose, with sweets in every fold.—O. W. Holmes.

Find Rest.

In all the long busy days the home woman with her numerous cares and duties certainly should find some few moments for absolute rest. She should avoid hurry as much as possible, and not try to crowd two hours' work in one. Many women feel that every minute they sit with idle hands is wasted, and of course this idea prevents them obtaining any benefit from enforced idleness. It makes no one richer in either health, strength or worldly goods to fill every waking minute with hard work. After a mother is through with her day's work she invariably picks up the never-empty mending basket and works until bedtime. Is there any wonder that her back is bent and her face is furrowed with wrinkles? The reaction which will come some day will cost more than was ever gained.

Life should not be made a treadmill, and to the housekeeper who works early and late at the expense of her health it is not much more. Help is hired for the outside farm work; improved machinery lightens labor on every hand except in the house. Why cannot the same be done there? The partners in the firm are equal though they be man and woman, and one should not flourish at the expense of the other. If consideration were always made a part of love, farmers' wives would be different looking women, as a rule, when youth had left them than they are. They are always the ones who remain at home that the others may take vacations; they are expected to do and know everything, and yet not complain.

To be sure, every mother wishes to see her children as well dressed as those of her neighbor, but if there is only one pair of hands to do everything the little ones must be dressed plainly if the mother is to keep her good health. A quantity of fancywork in a house looks very well, providing it has not been put there at the expense of strength. Constant work and grind will tell on a woman's nerves in time. Her good temper will take wings, if her health holds out otherwise, and then life will be made miserable for herself and all who must live with her. Begin in time to take rest, if it is only for ten or fifteen minutes every day, but let it be absolute rest—mental and physical. It is not lost time. A half hour a day spent thus will manifest its good effects at the end of the year. And when possible take a week or two, and that away from home, as a change of scene is often of inestimable benefit.

Wise Words.

Sir Thomas Browne never passed beautiful persons in the street without blessing God for the fair sight, and praying Him to enrich them with inward graces corresponding to the outward.

If he saw any deformed persons he asked for them beauty of soul instead of the comeliness of form which they lacked.

Can we not do something of this sort when we meet fair faces, or marred ones? How is it with the rows of childish faces which greet us in our school? Some so fair and innocent looking, like fresh blossoms in God's garden, and some bearing the sad stamp of hereditary depravity, or bodily and mental defect? Alas for that teacher who discerns not the soul within both, equally precious in its Father's sight.

How to Gain in Weight.

1. Aid digestion by avoiding what is difficult to digest.
2. Eat charcoal lozenges instead of taking other medicine.
3. Avoid tea and coffee and drink pure water.
4. Eat figs and apples between meals and eat whenever hungry.
5. Always rinse the mouth after eating.
6. Eat before going to bed and make it a rule so to do.
7. Walk and sing as much as possible.

MINNIE MAY'S DEPARTMENT.

MY DEAR NIECES.

How often we say, "If only we were rich, how happy we should be!" Well, money is a very necessary article indeed; but it is not wealth that gives true happiness, for we can all point to some one of our acquaintances whom we know to be very happy although not blessed with a very full purse. Taste, culture, appreciation, and refinement will give a truer zest to life than anything else. The observant eye and the feeling heart are indispensable. With these, however humble may be our lot, we shall know the art of living. These qualities are marks of refinement, which is a charming social grace within reach of all. Refinement is a weaker twin sister of Self-Respect, though they are not always to be found together, for truly self-respecting people are refined according to their standard; but an outwardly-refined person is not always self-respecting. Refinement of habit is the polish of taste; refinement of heart is the luster of diamonds. This virtue is not necessarily the result of education or surroundings, as history will tell us if we study the doings of some of the royal courts in bygone days. We sometimes read there of coarseness as gross as could be found in any police court. The *bon mot* of the club and the *on dit* of the drawing-room are often so vulgar that the cloak of polished words and wit cannot disguise them, far less atone for them. So refinement is within reach of us all, and it is our duty to aim at possessing this virtue. Step with me into the house of a friend, and let us find out what kind of person she is. It will not take us long to decide whether she is a lady or not. As we cross the doorstep there is an air of neatness and order, of grace and refinement, which gives us pleasure, though we can scarcely define or explain it. A flower in the window, a picture on the wall, a bird singing by the window-sill, books lying about, and everything tidy and comfortable, though perhaps common. We feel at once that the hostess is a woman of refinement and taste.

Now, let us pay another visit. Here we find profusion in everything: the rooms crowded with articles of furniture, chairs piled high with parcels; books, wraps, hats, etc., strewn about:—no order; but plenty of discomfort. This person has not learned the art of living—she is not refined. Now, this refinement in the home is partly the result of habit; but I think it comes originally from refinement of heart. It is as natural for some people to be cultured as it is for others to be coarse and rough. Lack of refinement is bad in a man; but absolutely revolting in a woman. Refined voice, refined manners, refined dress, are always pleasing; but a refined mind is more pleasing still, for it must be genuine, while the former may be but superficial. What is more grating than to hear a refined voice saying something coarse, or to see an attractive-looking girl enjoying low amusement?

This leads us to talk of a very common outrage on refinement often indulged in by girls. I refer to the use of slang. Some girls think that because some foolish, fashionably-dressed acquaintance uses slang words and expressions, it is all right for them to do so too. If they could only realize how ugly it sounds they would not use such words at all. If these girls who talk slang, and treat men in a "Hello, old chap!" style, only knew what these same men think of them we should hardly ever meet such young women. Let us all put down this vice (shall I call it?) of slang by declining the friendship of girls who use it, and by aiming to have our own behavior as beautiful as possible. By beautiful behavior I mean good manners, the requisites of which are politeness, courtesy, and kindness. The poorest may show good manners and refinement to each other as well as the richest. Politeness goes far and costs nothing. One may be polite and kind without a cent in one's purse. And how much good it does, not only to others but to oneself! It cheers others and helps them on through "the daily round," and it gives to the one who does the kindly and polite action a nobler feeling and a tenderer regard for her neighbor. It pleases others because it shows respect for them, and it gives tenfold more pleasure to oneself. Refinement in society is like the influence of light, silent yet coloring everything. It pushes its way quietly and surely like the tiny spring flowers, which silently force their way through the earth to the bright sunshine.

Success in life is greatly affected by one's manner. Many a girl loses a good situation through bluntness or abruptness of style. So we see that, to put it on the lowest scale, it pays to cultivate affability and good breeding. Even a kind look will give pleasure and happiness. A lady once told of "the delight, the tears of gratitude," which she saw in the eyes of a poor girl to whom in passing she "gave a kind look on going out of church on Sunday." How cheaply happiness can be given! "I remember doing it," she said, "full of sad feelings, passing on, and thinking no more about it; and it gave an hour's sunshine to a human life, and lightened the load of life to a human heart for a time." So, my dear nieces, let us all aim at being as refined as possible both in habit and in heart. Let us avoid imitating the girl who was once being

talked about by two young men. One said she was like brown sugar. The other asked why. "Oh!" said the first, "she is sweet, but *unrefined*." So let us not be brown-sugar girls and women, but truly gentle and refined—ladies in every sense of the term. Your loving old auntie—MINNIE MAY.

Only a Child.

Down the street came a happy crowd,
A joyous, laughing throng,
Their faces bright with pleasure,
And in their hearts a song.
On the door as they were passing
Hung that solemn sign of woe,
The white crape fluttering in the breeze,
Gently waving to and fro.

"Hush, there's someone dead," said one,
As she turned to those behind.
"It's only a child," said another,
And he meant it not unkind.
Through an open window the mother heard,
And the words so carelessly said,
Like an arrow pierced her gentle heart
As she gazed on the silent dead.

"Ah! little they know, my darling,
Of my loneliness to-night,
You were only a little innocent child,
You were only a little innocent child.
Little they think of the sorrow,
Of longing all in vain,
For a glimpse of my 'gleam of sunlight'
That never will come again."

No more the sound of the laughing voice
Will answer a mother's call,
No more will the pattering footsteps
Echo along the hall.
No more will mother bend at eve
O'er the little cot so white,
To kiss the brow of her sleeping babe
And whisper a fond "Good-night."

No more will she hear the baby's voice
Lisp the evening prayer,
No more will she twine her fingers
Through the ringlets of golden hair.
No more will the small arms entwine her
And fill her heart with joy,
As her darling whispers, "I love 'ee best,
I'll always be mother's boy."

Never again will she pillow
The tired head on her breast,
With the magic of a mother's song
To soothe her babe to rest.
"Only a child," but speak it not
In a careless, thoughtless tone,
There's an empty throne in a mother's heart,
And a lonely, desolate home.—N. M. Q.

Brought Up to Date.

These lines, of American origin, and written nearly twenty years ago, have started on a fresh round through their publication in the London Times, in answer to a correspondent's query:

Here lies a poor woman who always was tired.
She lived in a house where help was not hired.
Her last words on earth were: "Dear friends, I am going
To where there's no cooking, nor washing, nor sewing;
But everything there is exact to my wishes.
For where they don't eat there's no washing up dishes.
I'll be where loud anthems will always be ringing.
But having no voice I'll get quit of the singing.
Don't mourn for me now—don't mourn for me never,
I'm going to do nothing for ever and ever."

The cooking, washing, and sewing are obsolete now, or nearly so, but women are just as tired as ever, and the plaint will have to be revised some thing like this, perhaps:

Here lies a poor woman who always was busy;
She lived under pressure that rendered her dizzy.
She belonged to ten clubs, and read Browning by sight,
Showed at luncheon and tea, and would vote if she might;
She served on a school board with courage and zeal,
She guided and she kodaked and rode on a wheel.
She read Tolstoy and Ibsen, knew microbes by name,
Approved of Delcorte, was a "Daughter" and "Dame";
Her children went in for the top education,
Her husband went seaward for nervous prostration.
One day on her tablets she found an hour free,
The shock was too great, and she died instantly.

Out of Arcadia.

The country boy was in love, and young,
And he urged his cause with an eager tongue,
But the maiden bade him work and wait;
She wanted a man who was strong and great.

He loved his home and the country life,
And he wanted a tender little wife;
He wished to live in peace and ease,
In the shade of his spreading old elm trees.

But the maiden bade him go and win
A name she could prize and glory in.
She said she would wait and wed him when
He had made his place in the ranks of men.

Then the boy plunged into the city's roar,
And he learned the market's sordid lore,
And he learned that life is an awful fight,
Where the wounded fall to the left and right.

But on their bodies he slowly rose,
And he gained new strength from his vanquished foes;
As he overcame them and beat them down
He grew in wealth and in wide renown.

But his heart was cold. He forgot to feel;
His chilling smile had the glow of steel.
His brain grew keen and his face grew hard
As he stood a victor, seamed and scarred.

Then his words were treasured throughout the State,
And all men followed and called him great;
But he smiled when he thought of the country boy,
And he sneered at love as a childish toy.

New "Heading" for Home Department.

We regret to say that we have been unable to make any selection from among the pictures sent in for this competition. Many are extremely pretty, but unsuitable for the purpose.

This being the case, the prize, which was promised to the person who sent in the accepted design, will, of course, not be awarded.