

A PARABLE.

Quoth a little brown seed, "I do not know
Why it is I must struggle and grow:
When the earth is so warm, and dark, and still,
I would never leave it, had I my will.
But something urges me still away:
I must strive and struggle; I cannot stay;
Though what awaits me above up there,
I do not know, and I do not care."

But ah! when the seed to blossom grew,
Rocked by the zephyrs and fed by the dew,
And gently unfolded to light and sun
Its delicate flowers, one by one—
It softly sang to each laughing breeze,
"Surely no blossoms were ever like these!
This glory of sunshine is life indeed
I could never have dreamed of, when but a seed."

And what are we, in this life of ours,
But seeds of God's future blooming flowers?
Shall we murmur and grieve that we do not know
For what He would have us struggle and grow?
Nay! we will patiently work His will
Mid earth's mysterious gloom, until
Beneath His sunshine, and in His land
Our souls shall blossom—and understand!
[F. M. S., in Faith and Works.]

HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

HOW TO KEEP WORMS OUT OF DRIED FRUITS.—When it is stored, after drying, put between every half bushel of it a large handful of bark of sassafras, and strew a liberal supply on top.

LABELS ON TIN.—A paste for fastening labels on tin is thus made: Soften good glue in water, then boil it with strong vinegar and thicken the liquid during the boiling with fine wheat flour till it is a paste.

ARTICLES made of white worsted can, it is said by the *Practical Farmer*, be made to look almost like new by rubbing them in wheat flour, the same as if washing. If not cleansed by the first operation, repeat a second time. Shake out and hang on the line and the air will remove the flour.

TO STOP NOSE-BLEEDING.—Press the lip tightly to the jaw with the thumb, held firmly just under and to the right (or left) of the nostril. A branch of the facial artery may be felt in this locality, on either side; and when the circulation is arrested, the bleeding in the nose stops.

MEAT LOAF.—Chop fine whatever cold meat you may have, fat and lean together; add pepper, salt and a finely chopped onion, two slices of bread which have been soaked in milk, and an egg; mix well together, and bake in a form. This makes an admirable tea or breakfast dish.

PRETTY fringe for edging bed-room lambrequins and other cretonne decorations can be made by ravelling strips of coarse gray linen, and at short intervals sewing in a strand of colored worsted. A heading is made by turning down the top of the wrong side leaving a plain piece half an inch wide, which is covered with coarse herring-bone stitch in crewel or wool.

COURT PLASTER.—This article, so useful, and which is so seldom found genuine, is very easily made, and the process should be known to every household.

Soak bruised isinglass in warm water for twenty-four hours, then evaporate nearly all the water by gentle heat; dissolve the residue in a little proof spirits of wine, and strain the whole through a piece of open linen. The strained mass should be a stiff jelly when cool. Now extend a piece of silk on a wooden frame, and fix it tight with tacks or pack-thread. Melt the jelly, and apply to the silk thinly and evenly with a badger hair-brush.

A second coating must be applied when the first has dried. When both are dry, cover the whole surface with coatings of balsam of Peru applied in the same way. Plaster thus made is very reliable and never breaks.

SHOE POLISH.—The following directions, it is said, will make a liquid polish that will not injure the leather, and will give a jet black polish to colored leather. Digest twelve parts of shellac, five parts white turpentine, two parts gum sandarac, one part lampblack with four parts spirits turpentine and ninety-six parts of alcohol.—*Scientific American.*

SMALL SLEEPING ROOMS.—A large sleeping-room is but little better than a small one, unless there is a supply of fresh air for it, and egress for spoiled air; and, on the other hand, a small room, where there is constant change of air, is nearly as good as a large one. The supply of air without draft is more important than the size of the room; still a large sleeping-room, well ventilated, is more desirable, and children should never be tucked away in small, unventilated rooms.

WHATEVER IS, IS BEST.

I know, as my life grows older,
And mine eyes have clearer sight,
That under each rank Wrong, somewhere,
There lies the root of Right.
That each sorrow has its purpose—
By the sorrowing oft unguessed,
But as sure as the sun brings morning,
Whatever is, is best.

I know that each sinful action,
As sure as the night brings shade,
Is sometime, somewhere punished,
Tho' the hour may be long delayed.
I know that the soul is aided
Sometimes by the heart's unrest;
And to grow means often to suffer—
But whatever is, is best.

I know there are no errors
In the great Eternal plan,
And all things work together
For the final good of man.
And I know when my soul speeds onward
In the grand, Eternal quest,
I shall say, as I look back earthward,
"Whatever is, is best."

Children's Department

THE DISCONTENTED BEE.

There was a terrible commotion in the bee-hive. The sentinels at the door-way ceased to fan their wings, that they might listen; the drones murmured with a hoarse voice; the bees ran in and out in great confusion; the work all stopped, and woe seemed to reign in this honey kingdom.

What was the matter? After a great deal of noise and clamor, it was discovered that the bees had brought a criminal before their queen, to know what should be done with her. The queen turned round slowly and majestically, as queens should do, and then inquired:

"What is the matter? Why have you brought that young bee before me?"

"Please your majesty, she won't work!"

"Won't work? A bee won't work?"

"No, your majesty; and she is not only idle, but is all the time complaining and finding fault with everybody and everything, and thus she makes the whole hive unhappy."

"Hebe, is this so? What have you to say?"

"Please, your majesty," whined poor Hebe, "I'm the most unfortunate of all your subjects."

The fact is, I'm not handsome! My face is small, and one of my eyes seems to squint; and though I'm an Italian bee, yet my dress is not rich gold, but has a dim leaden look, and my feet are large, and my arms are hairy, and my ears are too big. In short, I'm so plain that nobody ever notices me, and I have no admirers, and actually heard a gentleman say, 'How homely Hebe grows!' Those who are pretty and have admirers can afford to work, but for me, there is nothing but chagrin and grief."

"Foolish one!" cried the queen, "now hear your sentence! You will, I hope, have a long life, even nine moons long! You have already wasted four long bright days. I condemn you to rise at early dawn, to go out and wash your face

and hands in the dew that gathers in the clematis. Then you are to go from flower to flower, and bring in honey sufficient to feed ten young bees. It will take you twenty-five journeys every day, and require the honey of one hundred flowers each journey."

"Oh, dear!" cried Hebe, "to think of sucking twenty-five hundred flowers every day!"

"Yes, and you must nurse ten young bees all the time, and thus mature one every day, on an average, and you must do this during three moons. This is my sentence, and you are not to appear before me till the end of that period."

The queen turned away, and the sister bees led poor Hebe to the door of the hive, and pushed her out. At first she was bewildered and cast down; but the sun shone bright, and the birds sang, and the air was filled with her sisters coming and going, flying and singing.

So she spread her wings, and away she flew.

Away, away she went, over fences and trees, till she found a patch of white clover. Then she came down, and to her amazement found it easy to work. In a short time she had drawn from her hundred clover-heads, and then straight back to the hive. In she came, singing, and began to feed her young charge. And then off again—morning, noon, and night she was coming and going.

Her young bees loved her, and sang with her, and went on in company as fast as grown. Sometimes she bathed in the dews of the eglantine or the sweet jessamine; sometimes she swung on the raspberry blossom, sometimes mounted upon the linden, or the locust full of white flowers, and sometimes on the crest of a lofty tulip-tree, or rushed into the woods, fragrant with the honey-suckle.

But every day she grew happier. Her songs were now cheerful and loud. She laughed at her former dread of work; and what was curious, just in proportion as she worked, she grew handsome! The bands that encircled her body became wide and bright, like polished gold, and her wings shone like leaves of silver. Her eye grew bright, and lost its squint, if it really ever had any. Her feet, kept clean by the morning dew, were in beautiful proportion. In short, there was not a happier or more beautiful bee in the whole hive. Even the lazy drones bowed and hummed admiration as she passed. At the end of her sentence she stood once more before the queen, "Hebe, the beautiful!" as she was then called.

"Ah!" said the queen, "I see how it is. It is a law of God, that she who is willing to work, and to do good to others, shall be happy and grow beautiful by the process. Beauty casts her mantle on the industrious and the good."

It is they who glorify, who shall enjoy Him; they who deny themselves who shall not be denied; they who labour on earth, who shall rest in heaven; they who bear the cross, who shall wear the crown; they who seek to bless others, who shall be blessed.

GOD led the Israelites to and fro, forward and backward, as in a maze, or labyrinth; yet they were all the while under the direction of the pillar of cloud. He led them about, and yet he led them by a right way. His way in bringing his people home is always the best, though it may not be the nearest.—*Matthew Henry.*

Evil thoughts are worse enemies than lions and tigers, for we can keep out of the way of wild beasts; but bad thoughts win their way everywhere.

COMFORTING NEWS.—What a comfort and how very convenient to be able to have a Closet indoors, it being neither offensive nor unhealthy. "Heap's Patent" Dry Earth or Ashes Closets are perfectly inodorous. The commodes with urine separators, can be kept in a bedroom, and are invaluable in any house during the winter season, or in case of sickness; they are a well finished piece of furniture. Factory, Owen Sound, Ont.