LEARN A TRADE.

There is one lesson which we hope the present times will so deeply engrave upon the minds of all parents that its impression will never be effaced. That is, the necessity of teaching boys some trade and making them thoroughly conversant with it. The flood of men who are wandering anxiously about the streets of all great cities, seeking, with weary hearts, employment which will prove for themselves and families even a meagre support, contains surprisingly few mechanics, or men who have been trained up to any regular trade requiring skill and practice. It is made up mainly of men who in their youth were "smart" young men, who thought they knew too much to tie themselves down to the drudgery and unpleasantness of any shop. They would be "gentlemen," wear good clothes, don a clean shirt every day, and follow some light, "genteel" employment, which they could follow without serious effects upon their clothes or hands. These men have drifted around, clerked in a dry goods store at a small salary, run a cigar stand, perhaps done some indifferently good book-keeping, copied papers, or done any and all of the thousand and one things involving but little manual labor, brains, or experience, which are possible in our complex system of life. As long as times were flush they succeeded tolerably well in satisfying their little ambitions. They wore tolerably good clothes, and semed passably "genteel." But the moment the stringency began to make itself felt they were the first to suffer. Employers turned them off relentlessly and retained skilled men to the last. The reason was obvious. A trained man is an acquisition to any establishment, and if dropped there is no certainty about replacing him. But the crop of these men, who are simply "generally useful," is a never-failing one, and a man can go out into the street and pick up a hundred of them in an hour's time, each of whom will know about as much, be able to do about the same things, have the same general low standing of usefulness as the other.

SHAKE HANDS WITH YOUR WIFE.

He had a good house and more than three hundred acres of rich land. He seemed kind to his wife. When I said something to her about reading, she replied, "I'd like to read, but I'm always so tired."

She had no help about the house work or the milking, or the washing. I watched her and was not surprised that she was so tired, too tired all the time to read. I felt very sorry for her.

On entering the home and on leaving it, after a two days' stay, I shook hands with this over-worked woman. I noticed that her hands were hard, and her fingers seemed never to straighten out restfully, but were always bent inward, ready to take hold of work.

I did wish the husband would shake hands with his wife. Certainly he does not know how hard her hands are. I doubt that he has held her by the hand for years. They have lived together for a long time and have grown boys, but nobody helps mother, I noticed.

Doubtless the man does really love his wife—some; but he must be thoughtless, must be blind and not see that she is "so tired," almost ready to fall with exhaustion. He ought to take the price of a mule and soften his wife's hands—get some help for her. When he sells his hogs, he ought to buy a buggy so she could go to church with him.

Have, you, well-to-do man, shaken hands with your wife recently? Look at her hands and see if they have changed much since you first held them lovingly in yours.—A Passing Preacher in Cumberland Presbyterian.

EARLY EGYPT.

The rage for archaeological research among the ruins of ancient cities, in Assyria, Egypt and other countries is bringing to light, constantly curious relics of the long-buried past. English, American, French and German students are making great sacrifices, spending years amid sands and wastes in their desire to obtain some speciment of art or of domestic life which may tell a story of ingenuity or awkwardness, pertaining to the far-away ages. It is reported that Dr. Garstrang, of the Liverpool Institute of Archaeology, has been excavating in the great cemetery at Abydos, in the Nile Valley in Egypt, and has lighted upon some very interesting relics. Among the principal objects are some very fine specimens of early dynastic and prehistoric pottery and several specimens of miniature ivory carvings. One of these is a small sphinx holding in its claws a captive whom it is about to devour. This little figure is the earliest representation of the sphinx, and seems to prove, what has often been supposed, that this mythical monster was originally Asiatic in conception. The chief discovery, however, is that of a tomb of the "Hyksos," or shepherd period about B. C. 2,000, the first that has ever been discovered. It contained a quantity of fine pottery of a non-Egyptian character. The ware is black, beautifully glazed, and as thin as porcelain. It is quite different from Egyptian workmanship, and resembles the were found in Syria and Asia Minor. The discovery of this unique tomb affords important evidence that it is to the Hittite people, whose Empire extended from the Euphrates to the Egean, and the site of mounds at Baghaz-Keui, that we must look for the home of the Hyksos, whose origin up to the present has been shrouded in mystery.

THE FIRST SNOW.

O mother, while we were all fast asleep,
Before I had taken one little peep
Out of my window, God sent from the sky
Such a soft white mantle on earth to lie.

Beautiful, feathery, glistening snow!
And it seems such a long, long time ago
Since it came before, I've been wondering where
God has kept it waiting for earth to wear.

The snow is a lovely white wedding dress,
And today is earth's wedding day I guess;
She is married to winter, grim and gray,
And her snowy veil hides her face away.

O look at the snowflakes, so large and fair,
Chasing each other about in the air
Like fairy sprites for a frolic let loose,
Or soft feathers plucked from a downy goose.

Mother, I love all the beautiful things
That each joyous season in passing brings
But no beauty makes me more glad I know,
Than winter's fair herald, the first pure snow.

An extraordinary demand has arisen in the eastern counties of England for second-hand Bibles — the older and dirties the better. Copies which formerly realized four-pence are now readily bought for half a crown. They are being used to manufacture evidence of age in the case of old age pensions. A woman who produced a Bible to prove her age as 76 from an entry on the fly-leaf had, unfortunately, omitted to tear out the title page, which showed that the Bible was printed in 1895.

A MOTHER'S AID IN THE NURSERY.

Every mother should be able to treat the minor ailments of her little ones. Prompt action may prevent serious illness — perhaps save a child's life. A simple remedy always at hand is therefore an absolute necessity, and there is nothing else so good as Baby's Own Tablets. These Tablets promptly cure all stomach and bowel troubles, break up colds, cure simple fevers, expel worms and make teething easy. Good for the new born baby or the well grown child, and guaranteed to contain no opiate. Mrs. L. W. Smith, St. Giles, Que., says:—"I have used Baby's Own Tablets for constipation and other ills of childhood, and find them the best medicine I have ever given my little ones." Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

CHILD-LIFE IN INDIA.

A baby in India is not rocked in a cradle, but in a swing. The houses are very small, and have no furniture, except perhaps a cot and a chair for the man of the house. Many, however, have not even that. The family sit on the floor, and sleep on mats. This would hardly do for the baby. So when the mother wishes to lay it down, she takes one of her long cloths that she wears instead of a dress, and ties the two ends together over a small rafter in the low roof of the house, and puts the baby into the fold of the cloth. This makes a nice swing.

Most women in South India are poor, and have to work all day; and many have to take their babies with them to the fields. When they do that, they make the same kind of a swing by tying a cloth to the branch of a tree by the roadside. Then the baby is left for several hours, while the mother goes off to her work. Very often the light wind moves the branch, and that swings the child, so that it sleeps quietly, reminding us of the lullaby:

"Rock-a-bye baby, in the tree-top,—
When the winds blows, the cradle will rock;
When the bough breaks, the cradle will fall,
And down will come baby, cradle and all."

The bough does not often break, because the mother is careful to tie the swing to a tamarind, or some other tree that has very strong boughs. But sometimes the poor little baby, when it wakes up alone, cries and wriggles about a long time before any one take any notice of it; and once in a while it falls out of the swing and gets hurt.

Once a week the family goes to the weekly fair in some village several miles away. As they are poor, they walk, and carry the baby by swinging it in a cloth hanging from a bamboo stick. The father walks ahead with one end of the stick on his shoulder, and the mother comes behind, carrying the other end, while the baby hangs in the cloth between them. When they reach the fair-ground, the mother spreads her vegetables for sale on a little mat, and lets the baby roll around on the ground by her side. —Selected.