

General Reading.

Make Home Beautiful.

MAKE your home beautiful—bring to it flowers;
Plant them around you to bud and to bloom;
Let them give light to your loneliest hours—
Let them bring light to enliven your gloom;
If you can do so, O make it an Eden
Of beauty and gladness almost divine;
'Twill teach you to long for that home you are needing,
The earth robed in beauty beyond the dark time.

THE EVERY-DAY COLLEGE.

Synopsis of a Lecture delivered recently by Dr. J. H. Vincent.

IN a court of justice in an eastern province under the British rule, a trial for murder had just been concluded. The testimony was in, the lawyers had finished their speeches, and the judge was about to charge the jury. Suddenly a little farmer, a member of the jury, spoke up and asked the privilege of questioning the witnesses, one by one. The request was granted, and for six hours the plainly dressed little farmer questioned the witnesses. The result was that the prisoner at the bar was acquitted, and two of the witnesses were proven perjurers, and were subsequently tried and executed for the murder they sought to have the other punished for committing. There were several things the farmer lacked: a college education, a large library, and the ease and self-possession gained by contact in city society. Let us appreciate his loss in not having a college training. In missing that he missed a great thing, and among the advantages he would have gained the benefit of a wise, systematized plan of education, a plan in which an end is sought and attained. He would have had the advantages of associating with the teachers and students, and the mental stimulus created by an ambition to excel. The wide survey of knowledge, and the discipline given the mind, producing mental power of the brain; the self-discovery, finding for what profession and student is fitted; the rich memories, and the prestige of having completed a course of education, are attendants upon and follow from a college career.

But the farmer had not lost all. He had knowledge of men and affairs, the power of concentrating his mind, skill in the use of this power and concentration; true he had the pleasure of being called upon and treated as an equal and friend by the judge before whom the case was tried; he had the good practical results of his effort, the acquittal of an innocent man, and punishment of two rascals; he had the respect of his neighbors, and his own self-respect. How did he gain all these? He had natural ability; the habit of observation, especially of men; the habit of close thought. All these he gained by the use of but one book, his entire library.

Let the farmer be our teacher to-night; let him correct a false and damaging idea which is altogether too prevalent; that is, that the possibility of education is limited to those who have had school and college opportunities.

This idea is damaging because it leads to self-discouragement and to self-repression; an indifference to the education of our own children; or, if the children be educated, this idea has a tendency to separate them from their uneducated father and mother. It tends to the formation of bad habits, of association with low people, of self-gratification in physical indulgence, of reading bad books. It has a tendency to destroy the love for home life, and to increase a self-contempt as years go by. Let us learn that the college hall is not the only place for culture; the college period not the only time for culture; the college student not the only candidate for culture, and the college facilities not the only facilities for culture. There is a college in every-day life—in house, street, shop, farm, and market, lasting all the years, a college for all; a college that turns all the circumstances of life into opportunity. It teaches men and women everywhere to read and think, and talk, and do, and to acquire power to read and think, and talk and do to a purpose, and that purpose is to BE. It trains indolent people to work with their hands, and those who work with their hands to work also with their brains. The every-day college is based on a true ideal of life. That man is man, and not a machine, not a sentient shovel for modern civilization, but a man with the power of thought. That the culture of the whole man is the worthiest work of life; foster the powers of thought, refine the actions, and make a man respect his manhood and worthy his place in the universe. The every-day college has no limitations of social positions, of wealth, of time or age. Its secret is energy in personal purpose. Its facilities are abundant; the public schools are open where the children may go free of charge and lay the foundation of culture. The young should be required to go by authority of government. In a republic where every man is a king, the king should be cultured. When we cease to be governed by intelligent votes, the greatest danger is imminent. The press is a great factor in the every-day college. The platform, the shop, the field, the museums to be, and the public art-galleries of the future, and the home, all take a part. No one can teach like father and mother, for there exists the love and confidence, and the right kind of a home elevates the standard of manliness and womanliness, inculcates habits of self-government, industry and economy.

The every-day college has a flexible course of study, and special courses, according to tastes and business. It comes with a blessing to all its members, neutralizes sorrow, eases bodily pain, glorifies toil, bestows upon everyone his rightful inheritance of knowledge.

The every-day college promotes a true brotherhood, especially needful in a land like ours; it will teach us to respect one another; make us worthy of respect; and removes political and religious prejudice. There is the grandest need for co-operation to produce these results, and the brotherhood should be mutually helpful.

Any who would like to know how to gain the benefits of an every-day college may do so by addressing C. L. S. C., Plainfield, N. J.

Unrequited Toil.

If Dr. Holland says anything he says it with all his might. Here is a sample on a question which will commend itself to many a wife's attention:

"There are great multitudes of faithful wives, obedient daughters and left over sisters to whom there is never given a willing penny. The brute who occupies the head of the family never gives a dollar to the woman dependent upon him, without making them feel the yoke of their dependence and tempting them to curse their lot with all its terrible humiliations. Heaven pity the poor women who may be dependant upon him—women who never ask him for money if they can avoid it, and never get it until they have been made to feel as meanly as if they had robbed a hen-roost."

It is singular what a sustaining power there is in the prospect of handling one's own money, even under the severest pressure of overwork. I know a poor woman—with a churl of the deepest dye for a husband—who earns her own and her children's clothing by washing and ironing at her home for two families—and that, too, in addition to very hard housework of her own—beside all her sewing. Yet she plods through with it all every week—glad of the chance—and sits up until a late hour to make her children's dresses and her husband's shirts, and yet does not complain half as much of her work as many who have but a little of it to do with double her strength. It is the prospect of the small gains, which she can invest precisely as she pleases, that cheer her on, and makes her willing to take all the trouble of these extra washings, wet weeks and dry.

Besides the ineffable meanness of it, the policy of never giving a wife a dollar except as you would throw a dog a bone, is very short-sighted. To fairly handle her own money every week would double her working ability, because it would double her cheerfulness. Where life is one hopeless, unrewarded drag, there cannot be much hearty work, or much profitable work.

Begin right, young woman, and have your regular perquisites. Your eggs, or butter money, or something of the sort, to spend precisely as you please; something, too, that will be a steady income; something that you may increase by diligence in business. The best thrift and prosperity I ever saw on a farm was where the wife was an equal partner, where she was respected and consulted on all important movements.

How the nation has gazed, with tearful eyes, on the beautiful picture of family life, from which the curtain was so lately drawn aside in the home of our dead president; we needed to look at such a picture. "Who knoweth but thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this." Perhaps it was the great national lesson we should learn from the whole sorrowful history. For a nation's homes are its very foundation.—*Farm and Fireside.*



BOVINE INFELICITY.

His Unknown Friend.

The *Sarnia Observer* says:—"A good joke is being told just now of an old resident living not a hundred miles from Sarnia. Col. F— came to town and went to one of the hotels to dinner. A new feature had been introduced into the hotel since the Colonel's last visit, in the shape of a waiter in full dress, swallow-tail coat, etc. The Colonel came in and seated himself at a table, and the waiter came up and said: "What will you have, sir?" The Colonel, who is a little deaf, shook him cordially by the hand, and rising, said: "Really, you have the advantage of me, sir, er-er, where was it I met you before? Toronto?" Then, leading him to a window, and turning him so that the light would fall on his face, again remarked that "the countenance was familiar, but really he could not place him," etc. The waiter blushed, of course, and repeated the remark, "What will you have, sir?" The Colonel thanked him. "Really I never take anything before dinner," he said, and returning to his seat, he asked the waiter to be seated. The waiter, of course, excused himself and sent a pretty dining-room girl to wait on the Colonel. The Colonel went home and is still wondering who his distinguished friend was.

APROPPOS TO GEORGE'S BIRTHDAY.—Mrs. Washington, the mother of George, was going to make soap. George and his father arranged a large cask with some straw in the bottom of it, and on the top of the straw they put some ashes and then leached them. Mrs. Washington got her soap grease all ready, and in a short time the house was filled with that beautiful odor that betokens the process of soap-boiling going on. With all her skill she could not make the soap come. On investigation it was discovered that some of the ashes used were from the wood of the cherry tree George cut down, and no lye could be produced even from them. This shows the power of truthfulness.

THE only amaranth flower on earth is virtue; the only lasting treasure, truth.—*Cowper.*

The Mutilated Currency Question.

"I can't take that nickel, said a horse car conductor to a man who got in at the City Hall."

"Vat vas de matter mit dat goin?" asked the passenger blandly.

"It's no good. It's got a hole in it," replied the conductor, gruffly.

"Ist dot so? Off you please, show me dot holes."

"Look at it. We can't take no such money as that."

"Oxcuse me," smiled the passenger, and he handed over a dime.

"That's worse yet," growled the conductor.

"Vos dot dime full of holes, too?" asked the passenger, looking up innocently.

"Here's a whole side clipped out. We ain't allowed to take mutilated money," and the conductor handed it back.

"So?" inquired the passenger. "Haf you got changes for heluf a tollar," and he passed over another coin.

"What's this?" asked the conductor contemptuously. It's as bald as a deacon. There ain't a scratch on it to show whether it's an overcoat button or a skating rink. Haven't you got any money?"

"Vell, I should make smiles," said the passenger good humouredly. "Here is fife tollar, and you can baste it together ven you got some leisure. Haf you got change off dot fife tollars?" and he handed over a bill torn in four or eight pieces.

"I don't want no more fooling," said the conductor. "If you can't pay your fare, get off."

"Vell, don'd make so many troubles. I vill pay you" and he pulled out a Mexican quarter. "Gif me bennies," he suggested.

"Look here, are you going to pay your fare or not?"

"Of gourse. May be you vos vatings for dot moneys," and he took back his quarter, and substituted an English sixpence.

"Now, you get off this car!" roared the conductor.

"Verc vos desc cars got by?" asked the passenger, rising to obey.

"Fulton Ferry," said the conductor.

"Den I may as vell get oweit. You dell dem gompanies dot somedimes dey make more money as odder dimes off dey dook voteffer dey got instead of going mitout noddings, don'd it?"

And the smiling passenger, having ridden to the end of the line, crossed the ferry, observing to himself:—"Dot vos better off I save such money, und somedimes I go oweit to east Nyarick und it don'd cost me no more as noddings at all.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Mr. Chas. Whitehead, who has a 500 acre farm near Brandon, Manitoba, sends in an order for three Toronto Binders.

"Brother Smith, what does this mean?"

"What does what mean?"

"Bringing a nigger to this church."

"Your own? Is that any reason why you should insult the whole congregation?"

"But he is intelligent and well-educated."

"Who cares for that. He is a nigger."

"But he is a friend of mine."

"What of that? Must you therefore insult the whole congregation?"

"But he is a Christian, and belongs to the same denomination."

"What do I care for that? Let him go and worship with his fellow-niggers."

"But he is worth five millions of dollars," said the merchant.

"Worth what?"

"Five million dollars."

"Worth five million dollars! Brother Smith, introduce me."

THE cry of womanhood in India, groaning under a weight of woe past all comprehension or conception, ought to penetrate the ears and hearts of all Christendom. "Unwelcomed at birth, untaught in childhood, enslaved when married, accursed as widows, unlamented when they die." Zenana work comprehends about all that can be done for these crushed and despairing sufferers. Zenana women going into their prisons, Bible in hand, to teach and console them, are angel messengers and need to be increased. One woman, Miss Beltz, visits 500 villagers within a radius of ten miles, so dense is the population.

YOUNG MAN, learn to wait; if you undertake to set a hen before she is ready, you will lose your time and confuse the hen besides.

A RURAL subscriber wants to know if it makes any difference in the lastingness of fence posts whether you set them "top end up" or the same way the trees grew, or "top end down." Not a bit. A fence post will last just as long set "top end up" or "top end down." In setting a hen, however, there is a vital importance in this distinction, which the careful poultterer will do wisely to observe.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

SIXTY years ago land now wanted for a park in London sold for \$50 an acre. It is now valued at \$11,500 per acre. Pshaw, what's that? Think of Winnipeg sixty years hence.

If you grasp a rattlesnake firmly about the neck with your hand he cannot hurt you, says a Western newspaper. To be perfectly safe, it would be well to let the hired man do the grasping.

TIME spent in rest is not time wasted; but time spent in labor that ought to be spent in rest, is time worse than wasted.—*Christian Index.*