

He was making a call, and they were talking of literature. "The 'Pilgrim's Progress,'" she remarked, "always seems to me painful. Of course you are familiar with Bunyan?" He said he was—he had one on each foot, and they troubled him a good deal.

FASHIONABLE EMULATION.—Lady (speaking with difficulty),—"What have you made it round the waist, Mrs. Price?"

Dress-Maker,—"Twenty-two inches, ma'am. You couldn't breathe with less!"

Lady,—"What's Miss Jemima Jones' waist?"

Dress-Maker,—"Nineteen and a half just now, ma'am. But she's a head shorter than you are, and she's got ever so much thinner since her illness last autumn."

Lady,—"Then make it nineteen, Mrs. Price, and I'll engage to get into it."

One test of a great mind is in its instantaneous availability in an emergency. The boy who can drop a paper bag of eggs on the sidewalk and pass on without changing his gait, interrupting his whistle or looking at what he has dropped, has a future before him.

HAD HIM THERE.—A clerk in a New York mercantile establishment relates a colloquy from which a sprightly youth in the same store came out second best. A poor boy came along with his machine inquiring, "Any knives or scissors to grind?" "Don't think we have," replied the young gentleman facetiously; "can't you sharpen wits?" "Yes, if you've got any," was the prompt response.

Mamma (who has been quietly watching certain surreptitious proceedings),—"Willie, who helped you to that cake?" Willie (promptly),—"Hebben, mamma." Mamma (sternly),—"Sh-sh-sh, you naughty boy, how dare you tell such stories?" Willie,—"Taint my fault if it is a 'tory, ma. Didn't pa tell beggerman zat hebben helped zose zat helped zemselves?"

NEIGHBORLY.—"Can't stop a minute; baby's crying; but I just ran over to tell you that Mrs. Jones' husband came home a moment ago just as tight as he could be. Only think? Must go—knew you were not at the window to see him get home. Awful! Good-by, love."

"Home's the place for boys," said a stern parent to his son, who was fond of staying out at night. "That's just what I think when you drive me off to school every morning," said the son.

Strong Men.

Strength of character consists of two things—power of will and power of self-restraint. It requires two things, therefore, for its existence—strong feelings and strong command over them. Now we all very often mistake strong feelings for strong character. A man who bears all before him, before whose frown domestics tremble, and whose bursts of fury make the children of the household quake, because he has his own way in all things, we call him a strong man. The truth is that he is the weak man; it is his passions that are strong; he, mastered by them, is weak. You must measure the strength of a man by the power of the feelings he subdues, not by the power of those that subdue him. And hence composure is very often the highest result of strength. Did we ever see a man receive a flagrant injury, and then reply quietly? That is a man spiritually strong. Or did we ever see a man in anguish stand as if carved out of a solid rock, mastering himself? Or one bearing a hopeless daily trial remain silent, and never tell the world what cankered his home peace? That is strength. He who, with strong passions, remains chaste; he who, keenly sensitive, with manly powers of indignation in him, can be provoked and yet restrain himself and forgive, those are the strong men, the spiritual heroes.

There is nothing more indicative of refinement and a genuine culture in a family than bright, cheerful and tastefully decorated bed-chambers. Tasteful decorations do not necessarily mean expense, and it is possible to make a chamber look very pretty at a very small outlay. Indeed, in many instances, no outlay at all will be required beyond what would be incurred under any circumstances. The women of a family, especially, are apt to pass a good portion of their time in their bed-chambers, and in some houses the sleeping apartments are used alike for sewing-rooms, sitting-rooms and nurseries. It is worth while to obtain all the innocent pleasures we can find in this life, and there can be no doubt that life is pleasanter if most of its hours are passed in cheerful looking apartments.

"What the Wind Brings."

"Which is the Wind that brings the cold?
The North Wind, Freddy; and all the snow;
And the sheep will scamper into the fold
When the North begins to blow.

"Which is the Wind that brings the heat?
The South Wind, Katy; and corn will grow,
And peaches redden for you to eat,
When the South begins to blow.

"Which is the Wind that brings the rain?
The East Wind, Arty; and farmers know
That crows come shivering up the lane
When the East begins to blow.

"Which is the Wind that brings the flowers?
The West Wind, Bessy; and soft and low
The birdies sing in the summer hours,
When the West begins to blow."

The Two Apprentices.

Two boys were apprentices in a carpenter shop. One determined to make himself a thorough carpenter; the other "didn't care." One read and studied, and got books that would help him to understand the principles of his trade. He spent his evenings at home, reading. The other liked fun best. He often went with other boys to have a "good game." "Come," he often said to his shopmate, "leave your old books; come with us. What's the use of all this reading?"

"If I waste these golden moments," answered the boy, "I shall lose what I shall never make up."

While the boys were still apprentices, an offer of \$2,000 appeared in the newspapers for the best plan for a State House, to be built in one of the Eastern States. The studious boy saw the advertisement, and determined to try for it. After a careful study he drew out his plans, and sent them to the committee. We suppose he did not really expect to gain the prize; but still he thought "there is nothing like trying."

In about a week after a gentleman arrived at the carpenter's shop, and inquired if an architect by the name of Washington Wilberforce lived there.

"No," said the carpenter; "no architect, but I've got an apprentice by that name."

"Let's see him," said the gentleman.

The young man was summoned and informed that his plan had been accepted, and that the two thousand dollars were his. The gentleman then said the boy must put up the building; and his employer was so proud of his success that he willingly gave him his time and let him go.

The studious young carpenter became one of the first architects in the country. He made a fortune, and stands high in the estimation of everybody; while his fellow apprentice can hardly earn food for himself and family by his daily labor.

Masculine Selfishness.

Our education makes us eminently selfish. We fight for ourselves; we push for ourselves; we cut the best slices out of the joint at club dinners for ourselves, and light our pipes and say we won't go out; we prefer ourselves and our ease. The greatest good that comes to a man from woman's society is, that he has to think for somebody beside himself.

Remember, if a house is pleasant, to be in favor with the women is the great vital point. Don't turn up your nose because you are only asked to come in the evening while others are invited to dine. Agreeable acquaintances are made as well in the drawing-room as in the dining-room. Go to tea brisk and good-humored. Be determined to be pleased. Talk to a dowager. Take a hand at whist. If you know a song, sing it like a man. Never sulk about dancing—so you will get on and become one of a circle.—*Thackeray.*

How to Have a Loving Wife.

A correspondent sends the following to the *Phrenological Journal*—

If you would have a loving wife, be as gentle in your words after as before marriage; treat her quite as tenderly when a matron as when a miss; don't make her the maid of all work, and ask her why she looks less tidy and neat than when you first knew her; don't buy cheap, tough beef, and scold because it does not come on the table "porterhouse;" don't grumble about squalling babies if

you cannot afford to keep up a nursery, and remember that baby may take after his papa in his disposition; don't smoke and chew tobacco and thus shatter your nerves, spoil your temper and make your breath a nuisance, and complain that your wife declines to kiss you; go home joyous and cheerful to your supper, and tell your tired wife the good news you have heard, and not silently put on your hat and go out to the club or lodge, and let her afterward learn that you spent the evening at the opera or at a fancy ball with Mrs. Dash. Love your wife; be patient; remember you are not perfect, but try to be; let whiskey, tobacco and vulgar company alone; spend your evenings with your wife, live a decent, Christian life, and your wife will be loving and true—if you did not marry a heartless beauty, without sense or worth; if you did, who is to blame if you suffer the consequences?

Lord Justice Mellish.

The late Lord Justice Mellish, of England, was a remarkable man. The Lord Chancellor pays him this tribute:—

"The public and the profession recognized and admired in him learning which was rarely equalled, a faculty of reasoning which had not an imperfection, a perception of legal principles which amounted to an instinct. But above and beyond all these, his colleagues saw and loved a temper which could not be ruffled; a candor of judgment which was undimmed by any warp of prejudice; a force and spirit of exertion which triumphed over that which was almost the agony of physical suffering. Such a Judge it is difficult to replace. Such a man it is impossible to forget."

The *Spectator* publishes the following sonnet in his honor:—

Brave Soul, who well the anguish didst endure
Of thy life's scourge; controlling more and more
By patient will the taint, which baffled cure,
Of fell disease; while rich in varied store,
In subtlest reason schooled, the unclouded brain
Braved toil and keen encounter, in disdain
Of curtailed ease and tendance, to explore
The Law's dim labyrinths and rugged lore,
Great Advocate! who nobly didst maintain
The entrusted cause, while throbb'd each nerve
With pain;
Judge of high aim, clear thought, unruffled mien,
Masking thine inward pangs with brow serene!
Soldier of Him who vanquished pain, well done!
Joy to each loyal heart! thy well-earned rest is won.

Plowing Matches.

Four Provincial plowing matches take place this year in Ontario; some have already come off; also numerous county, and township and local matches.

It is well to have these trials. Full particulars of each would occupy too much space. These trials do not show farmers which are the best plows for general use, as the awards for the best plowing are not given to land that is best adapted to receive a crop. The under-cut and cut-out make the land look well to the eye, but a fair, honest, square-cut furrow will yield a better crop than the fancy plowing will, and will clean the land better. Some of our manufacturers have been very liberal in their devotion to these trials of skill. Mr. Glen has headed the list in this western section by giving two Champion mowers, one to the trial which took place at Chatham and one to the trial at Ailsa Craig. The following are the prize winners at Ailsa Craig:—

PRIZE LIST.

FIRST CLASS.—1st prize, \$50 and a \$100 Champion mower, John L. Courtice, Goderich township; 2nd prize, \$40, John McGarvin, Chatham; 3rd prize, \$30, John Marquis, Goderich; 4th prize, \$20, Thomas Steele, Downie; 5th prize, \$15, William Phipps, Stratford; 6th prize, \$10, Wm. Dickson, Elma.

SECOND CLASS.—1st prize, \$40, Alex. Forsyth, Brussels, Huron Co.; 2nd prize, \$30, James Campbell, East Williams, Middlesex; 3rd prize, \$20, Jno. Haggart, Hibbert, Perth; 4th prize, \$15, Wm. Dunn, Downie, Perth; 5th prize, \$10, Wm. Thompson, Arkona, Lambton; 6th prize, \$5, Peter McDougall, Goderich, Huron.

THIRD, OR BOYS' CLASS.—1st prize, a splendid