

Grandpa's Snuffbox.

"O, dear!" sighed Dilly Burton to her brother Joe, as they were trudging home from school one day. "It is so hot! Let's go into grandma's and rest."

"And get a gingercake, maybe," said Joe, wiping his sweaty little face.

"O Joe, you are always wanting gingercakes! Now don't you ask grandma for a single one! It isn't polite."

And Dilly looked very wise as she shut her mite of a blue silk parasol and tapped lightly at grandma's door. Grandma was not in the kitchen; but the children went in and sat down on the wide lounge to rest and wait for her.

Joe's eyes were very bright, and always very restless, and he had no sooner sat down than he spied a small box, black and shiny, standing on a table beside grandma's work-basket. In a moment it was in his hand.

"O Dilly, it smells just like mamma's sweetbox!"

"It's grandma's snuff," said Dilly.

"There's the scent bean in it." And the children snuffed long and deep at the powder in the box.

Then Joe's nose began to tingle, and the tears came into his eyes, and Dilly sneezed. Then Joe sneezed, and the powder flew out of the box upon Grandma's knitting.

"O, dear!" cried Dilly.

"Dear! dear!" echoed little Joe.

"An'chew!"

"Nuh-cho!"

Joe's hat fell off, and Dilly stepped on it. Then Dilly's hat fell over her eyes, and she dropped her parasol. The grey kitten crawled out from under the lounge and stared, then ran off with a big tail. Just then grandma came in.

"Why, Dilly! Why, Joe! What are you crying about?"

"We ain't crying, grandma. It's the b-box!" sneezed Dilly.

"O, you silly children!" cried grandma. "You have been at grandma's East Indian root that he smells of for the headache."

"Will it ever stop, grandma?" cried Dilly.

"Certainly," said grandma, smiling a little. Then she took the children and bathed their poor red eyes and swollen noses till they were quite cool again.

"I am very sure, my dears, you will not meddle any more with things you should not," grandma said, as she gave them each a gingercake and tied on their hats.

And Dilly and Joe knew they never should again—never!—Great Thoughts.

The Minister's Wife's Work.

Every minister's wife is deeply interested in the work of the church, but no one should attempt to decide for her how much of that work is her share. The undue binding of burdens upon shoulders wearied with much willing service has caused some of us to raise our voices in protest, if not for ourselves, for the overtaxed bodies and brains of our less fortunately situated sisters. Let a clergyman's wife decide not to be tyrannized over by circumstances. She, more than many, needs to think out her life care, and come to definite conclusions by which she is willing to abide. No regulations can be laid down for all alike, for a woman must be herself the judge of her abilities. Let her see to it, however, that she remain uninfluenced by those who would seek to direct her. It may be laid down as part of the remedy that no minister's wife should be at the head of more than one organization, and if her home cares are many she should not attempt even that. If she desires to take a class in Sunday-school

she need not be given the worst class of boys, nor the most difficult class of little children.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Marvel of the Age.

The telautograph, the latest instrument in the field to compete with the telegraph and the telephone, and to ensure, by means of photography the copy of written messages transmitted practically any distance, is on exhibition in London. The working of the instrument is simplicity itself. A machine is fixed in connection with telegraph or telephone wires, and anyone desirous of forwarding a message has simply to write it, and it is instantly reproduced by means of photograph and an electric current at the other end of the wire. The experiments with the telautograph that were tried were exceedingly satisfactory, and there can be no doubt that both for commercial and press purposes the machine has a future. Lord Kelvin, speaking with high scientific experience, says that he sees no difficulty in the apparatus working across the Atlantic. So far, experiments have been tried, through the help of the English and French governments, between London and Paris, and from various centres in England, with excellent results. Another advantage lies in the fact that by the means of the telautograph, communications can be transmitted without the intervention of any operator, indispensable in the case of the telegraph, while a complete record is secured, which is impossible in the case of the telephone. It can be used on the same wires as the telephone, and indeed, a working arrangement for this purpose has already been made with the National Telephone company and the Post Office.

Lullaby of the Iroquois.

BY PAULINE JOHNSON.

Little brown baby-bird lapped in your nest,
 Wrapped in your nest,
 Strapped in your nest,
 It swings from the down-bending branch of the oak.
 You watch the camp flame and the curling gray smoke;
 But, oh, for your pretty black eyes sleep is best.
 Little brown baby of mine, go to rest.
 Little brown baby-bird swinging to sleep,
 Singing to sleep,
 Winging to sleep,
 Your wonder black eyes that so wide open keep,
 Shielding their sleep,
 Unyielding to sleep.
 The heron is homing, the plover is still,
 The night owl calls from his haunt on the hill,
 Afar the fox barks, afar the stars peep,
 Little brown baby of mine, go to sleep.

Carlyle's Wife.

Mr. Froude's biography of Carlyle gives us a clearer insight into the cause of the shadows which rested over the life of that most unhappy of men.

His wife, a brilliant and sensitive girl, was in love with Edward Irving, but, finding it impossible that they should ever marry, was persuaded to listen to Carlyle's suit because she believed that he would rise to great eminence.

His success surpassed her brightest hopes, but he was selfish and hard to cruelty in his treatment of her. He kept her six years in a lonely house on a barren moor, in absolute solitude, while he was engrossed in writing, sometimes passing whole days without speaking a word to her.

She was his cook, charwoman, even hostler, but not his companion. She performed her duty to him faithfully, but in bitterness of soul.

"I love my husband," she said frankly, years after her marriage, "but I have never

been 'in love' with him. I married for an ambition, but it has been more than gratified. But my life has been most miserable."

Carlyle and his wife were sympathetic in intellect, both were conscientious in fulfilling in every point their duties to each other. Nothing was lacking to the union but the mical, intangible something called love, without which every sharp point of character and temperament of each was left bare to goad and wound each other.

Life, for which they were so largely endowed with power and opportunity, was for both a long and, unfortunately for hers, a garrulous rage of disappointment. One of the most brilliant of women, long a leader of society, was asked what fate she would choose for her daughter if she could control her life.

"To be the obscure, loving wife of a man who loved her," was the reply.

My Neighbor's Cat.

"It was our old barn cat, which proved to me that animals reason," began my neighbor. "and she was a very cross cat that never cared to make friends with anybody. I encountered her whenever I went out to feed my chickens, and no kind words or attempts at caressing ever met with any response with her. But one night, just before dusk, as I was feeding my chickens, she came up to me and purred and rubbed herself against my dress. I thought it very strange, especially as she followed me into the house, and when I sat down she jumped into my lap and looked up into my face with a look of entreaty, and a mew that sounded as if she were unfolding the troubles of her heart to me. When I got out of my chair a few moments afterwards she kept running across the floor in front of me, and coming back every few steps as if to lead me on. I went out of doors with her, and she led me to the barn.

"She seemed to be in great distress and kept looking up to the hay mow. 'What is it, old cat?' I asked. She answered me with a purr and mew. I cast my eyes up to the hay mow and saw my persistent old hen sitting on the hay in the corner. I had been trying for a fortnight to 'break her up,' for it was too late in the season to have a brood of chickens to care for.

"I had no thought that she was connected at all with the old cat and her troubled condition, but I called the man to come into the barn and told him to climb up on the mow and take that hen off. But before he could get there the old cat had climbed up and began striking the hen with her paw, and the hen, when she was struck first on one side of her head and then on the other, pecked the cat, and shrieked out at her, as only hens can. The man lifted the hen, and lo and behold, there were three little kittens brought to view. The mother cat quickly let us know to whom they belonged, and quietly curled herself up with them.

"She had evidently been cuffed by the hen, which had taken her darlings from her, and, fearing the assault of her sharp beak had come to me for help."—Evangelist.

One reason the grace of God is so little apparent in our lives is that we give God so little chance at us and in us,

When Peter was imprisoned, his brethren assembled at the house of Mary and prayed for his deliverance. The Lord heard their supplication, and while they were praying, Peter came and "knocked at the door of the gate."