

WHERE SHALL BABY'S DIMPLE BE?

Over the cradle the mother hung,
Softly cooing a slumber song:
And these were the simple words she sung
All the evening long:

"Check or chin, or knuckle or knee,
Where shall the baby's dimple be?
Where shall the angel's finger rest
When he comes down to the baby's nest?
Where shall the angel's touch remain
When he awakes my baby again?"

Still as she bent and sang so low,
A murmur into her music broke,
And she paused to hear, for she could but know
The baby's angel spoke:

"Check or chin, or knuckle or knee,
Where shall the baby's dimple be?
Where shall my finger fall and rest
When I come down to the baby's nest?
Where shall my finger's touch remain
When I wake your baby again?"

Silent the mother sat and dwelt
Long on the sweet delay of choice,
And then by her baby's side she knelt,
And sang with a pleasant voice:

"Not on the limb, O angel dear!
For the charms with its youth will disappear;
Nor on the cheek shall the dimple be,
For the harbouring smile will fade and flee:
But touch thou the chin with impress deep,
And my baby the angel's seal shall keep."

—Dr. J. G. Holland.

CHARMS.

Until quite a recent date, old women in the Orkneys and Hebrides made a living by selling "fair winds" to sailors—a knotted string being given to the mariner, and a breeze, a strong wind, or a gale being supposed to follow the loosening of certain knots. Love philters could be purchased which would turn the most indifferent lover into an ardent suitor. Many persons were probably poisoned by such drinks, sometimes intentionally, sometimes unwittingly. Miss Brandy, executed in 1752 for the murder of her father, maintained to the last that she gave him the dose of poison believing it to be, as her lover (who supplied it) assured her, merely a harmless philter which would incline the old man to agree to their marriage. There is a Scotch tale of a school-master who brewed a love philter to soften the heart of an obdurate lady-love. The precious mixture being set to cool, was drunk by a passing cow. The animal immediately conceived most inconvenient affection for the luckless dominie, following him everywhere, into the school, into the church, till he was obliged to have the creature killed in order to escape its ill-timed endearments. "The Band of Glory," the dried hand of an executed criminal, with a candle composed of various ghastly ingredients stuck between the fingers, were supposed to secure immunity to burglars, no one on whom the unhallowed light fell being able to stir a limb or utter a cry, while bolts and bars yielded to the touch of the dead hand. A peculiar arrangement of straws across the threshold of a newly-wedded pair rendered the marriage childless or unhappy.

Lapland and Finland were more famed for their witches, and Norse mythology is rich in tales of charmed swords and mystic spells, and such superstitious fancies. The Swedes and Estonians still believe in the existence of a mysterious creature called a skrat, a kind of northern Robin Goodfellow or household fairy, who will do a great deal of hard work for his owners and only expect a meal in return. Unlike poets, skrats can be made as well as born. A very efficient skrat can be manufactured out of a tin pipe, a bit of tow, part of a pair of scales, part of a harrow, and some other ingredients. This figure must be set up on three successive Thursday nights in the middle of a crossed way, with many ceremonies, and on the last night the skrat manufacturer cuts his finger and allows the blood to fall on the figure, which immediately becomes endowed with life. The manufacturer must have provided a swift horse for himself and a slow one for the skrat, as it is very important that he should succeed in outriding the figure. If he gains his house door first, he has secured a humble slave in the skrat. Skrats will do the work of three servants; they guard the house against thieves; they even steal for their owners, bringing food, vegetables, money, if required. They assume various shapes, sometimes that of a man, sometimes a cat with a fiery tail, sometimes a flea.—*London Globe*.

ABOUT STEALING.

The general idea of stealing is, taking another's property without his consent. If a man picks your pocket, he is a thief. If he robs your hen-roost, he is a thief. But if he comes to your house with some nostrum that he knows to be worthless, and persuades you to pay him a dollar for it, he claims that he is an honest man—that he gets your money in the way of business—that you give it to him freely, and all that. But if he has any sense and any conscience, he must feel that he is a thief, and the meanest kind of a thief. We call pickpockets "the light-fingered gentry." They train their hands to skilful manipulation, and so succeed in robbing you. But the vendor of a worthless article does with his tongue what the other does with his hand. Where is the difference? Is not tongue stealing just as bad as hand stealing? Is not every kind of fraud, pretence and deception, by which one gets another's property without compensation, just as bad as picking pockets or robbing hen-roosts? Are not all the tricks of trade by which an article is sold as genuine,

when it is spurious, plain and palpable violations of the eighth commandment? If coffee is worth two cents an ounce, and you put into every pound two ounces of chicory worth only a cent an ounce, you steal two cents from every one who buys a pound of your coffee. If you add a quart of water to every gallon of milk you sell, you steal the price of that quart from your customer. No matter who else does it, no matter if all the milkmen do it, it is sheer stealing and nothing else.

"Thou shalt not steal" ought to be posted up in capitals in every store and factory in the land. The man who sells shoddy for genuine cloth, who gives light weight or short measure, who puts green wood or flawy iron into the machines he makes, or slights his work, is a thief. The only difference between him and a robber of a railroad train is, that he is a coward as well as a thief. He does secretly and meanly what the other does openly. Why, a defective bolt in a new mowing machine, last spring, cost me a journey to town and the loss of a day in the busiest season of the year. The maker of that machine knew that the bolt was not good; by using it he saved twenty-five cents, and made me pay in time and money fully five dollars. Was not that just as mean and dishonest as ditching a train in order to rob the passengers?

One of my neighbours found the other day that he had a spurious coin. He did not know who paid it to him, but coolly said: "I will pass it on somebody else. If I was fool enough to take it, I'll find another fool, no doubt, who will receive it as good; and it will go on circulating nobody can tell how long." I suggested to him to apply this principle, or rather want of principle, to another case. "You say that some unknown person robbed your hen-roost a few nights ago. You were a fool not to have had the hen-roost securely locked; but probably there is some one in the neighbourhood just as foolish as you were. You go, therefore, and rob his hen-roost to-night, and send him word to rob somebody else's to-morrow night. There is no telling how long this thing will go on, and where the final loss of chickens will fall." He thought that there was a difference between passing bogus money and stealing chickens. But I cannot see it; can you, dear reader?

If I was not so busy in getting in my winter's wool, I would try and ventilate some more of these respectable and fashionable kinds of stealing. People think it is not dishonest to get the property of a corporation or of the Government without any equivalent. To cheat a railroad, or Uncle Sam, is all right. Too many men are like the boy who used to rifle his father's pockets at night, and who contended that there was no harm in that, for wasn't he the old man's son?—*Occident*.

THE OLD FARM.

Out in the meadows, the farm-house lies,
Old and gray, and fronting the west,
Many a swallow thither flies
Twittering under the evening skies,
In the old chimneys builds her nest.

Ah! how the sounds make our old hearts swell!
Send them again on an eager quest;
Bid the sweet winds of heaven tell
Those we have loved so long and well,
Come again home to the dear old nest.

When the gray evening, cool and still,
Hushes the brain and heart to rest,
Memory comes with a joyous thrill,
Brings the young children back at will,
Calls them all home to the gray old nest.

Patient we wait till the golden morn
Rise on our weariness half confessed;
Till, with the chill and darkness gone,
Hope shall arise with another dawn
And a new day to the sad old nest.

Soon shall we see all the eager east
Bright with the Day-star, at heaven's behest;
Soon, from the bondage of clay released,
Rise to the Palace, the King's own feast,
Birds of flight from the last year's nest.

—*Christian Union*.

JUDEA FOR THE JEWS.

Judea is a land of amazing possibilities. With a good government and reasonable tillage, it could be made wonderfully fertile and prosperous. Something like its ancient glory among the peoples might come back, with vastly more than its old temporal advantage. And who, of all men, can accomplish this so well as its own long-exiled children? We believe in Judea for the Jews. Let delegations of them return thither from their world-wide dispersion—from the North, from the South, from the East and from the West. Let them carry back something of their gold, and more of their proverbial thrift, and the land will smile under their feet, and they will soon be in condition to adjust governmental matters to suit themselves.

Mr. Lawrence Oliphant's name will occur to many in this connection. He had a good scheme of this sort; but, perhaps because he was not a Jew himself, the Ottoman Government did not smile upon it, and it came to nothing.

We rejoice to learn that another movement has been set on foot which offers larger promise. Certain leading and influential Hebrews, chief among whom is M. Cazale, have made late advances to the Turkish powers, and the agent of the endeavour in Constantinople has already passed the schemes through some of the most difficult preliminary stages, so that it only waits the approval of the Council and the *irade* of the Sultan, both of which are confidently expected in due course. Grants are asked of Government land in any part of Syria at the Porte's own choice, and the im-

mediate expenditure of five millions sterling (\$25,000,000) in settling Jewish colonies and developing the resources and means of communication of the country is pledged upon the sole condition that full freedom be given for the construction of all works of public utility which may be thought indispensable to success.

It is known that some German colonies have been prospering in Syria, while even some small Jewish agricultural establishments have been doing well. And, especially with the aid of a good number of Russian Jews, who are fond of farming, little doubt is felt of the speedy realization of a large success as soon as permission shall have been gained to lay the foundations of the undertaking. A beginning once well made, it will not be strange if the eyes of Jews from all over the earth should be turned towards Palestine, and a movement take place which shall make the Holy Land, within the vision of eyes already born, another land than it has been for well-nigh two thousand years.—*Congregationalist*.

THE BOTTOM OF THE ATLANTIC.

The soundings that were made between Ireland and Newfoundland before laying the Atlantic cable, have made the bottom of the Atlantic almost as well known as the surface of Europe and America. It is covered with a fine mud, the remains of microscopic insects, which will one day, doubtless, harden into chalk. The bottom of the Atlantic is one of the widest and most prodigious plains in the world. If the sea were drained off, you might drive a wagon all the way from Valentia, on the west coast of Ireland, to Trinity Bay, in Newfoundland; and except one sharp incline, about two hundred miles from Valentia, it might never be necessary to put the skid on, so gentle are the ascents and descents upon that long route. From Valentia the road would lie down hill for about two hundred miles, to the point at which the bottom is now covered by seventeen hundred fathoms of sea water. Then would come the central plain, more than one thousand miles wide, the inequalities of the surface of which would be hardly perceptible. Beyond this the ascent on the American side commences, and gradually leads for about two hundred miles to the Newfoundland shore.

HOW THE RUSSIANS KEEP WARM.

The Russians have a great knack of making their winter pleasant. You feel nothing of the cold in those tightly-built houses, where all doors and windows are double, and where the rooms are kept warm by big stoves hidden in the walls. There is no damp in a Russian house, and the inmates may dress indoors in the lightest of garbs, which contrast oddly with the mass of furs and wraps which they don when going out.

A Russian can afford to run no risk of exposure when he leaves the house for a walk or drive. He covers his head and ears with a fur bonnet, his feet and legs with felt boots lined with wool or fur, which are drawn over the ordinary boots and trousers, and reach each up to the knees; he next cloaks himself in a topcoat with a fur collar, lining, and cuffs; he buries his hands in a pair of fingerless gloves of seal or bear skin. Thus equipped, and with the collar of his coat raised all round so that it muffles him up to the eyes, the Russian exposes only his nose to the cold air; and he takes care frequently to give that organ a little rub to keep the circulation going. A stranger who is apt to forget the precaution would often get his nose frozen if it were not for the courtesy of the Russians, who will always warn him if they see his nose "whitening," and will, unbidden, help him to chafe it vigorously with snow.

In Russian cities walking is just possible for men during the winter, but hardly so for ladies. The women of the lower order wear knee boots; those of the shopkeeping class seldom venture out at all; those of the aristocracy go out in sleighs. The sleighs are by no means pleasant vehicles for nervous people, for the Kalmuck coachmen drive them at such a terrific pace that they frequently capsize.

LAYING HENS.

The advice to get this or that breed of fowls as the best of all is frequently met with. Different breeds are recommended according to the luck the writers have with them. The following practical advice is from the *American Cultivator*: "To increase egg production, mark those hens in your flock remarkable for the size or the number of their eggs, and hatch these in preference for laying stock. Choose breeds which do not sit. Do not over-feed or fatten, and keep laying hens in an active, hungry state. Do not, however, run into extremes and under-feed them. They must have plenty, and yet always be ready for food. Do not keep old hens; two years is the outside limit. Birds hatched, say in March, 1880, should, on an egg farm, be killed for table on the first signs of moult in autumn, 1881. They are then reasonably young, fetching a good price, and will not be so valuable in 1882. Laying hens should not have too much soft, fattening food. Sound grain in variety is the best diet, and plenty of green food, also a supply of oyster shells or mortar rubbish."

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