THE HOME.

In the Light of God.

I shine in the light of God,
His likeness stamps my brow,
Through the shadows of death my feet
have trod,
And I reign in glory now.

No breaking heart is here,
No keen and thrilling pain,
No wasted cheek where the fragrant tear
Hath rolled and left its stain.

No sin, no grief, no pain,
Safe in my happy home,
My fears all fled, my doubts all slain,
My hour of triumph come.

O friends of my mortal years,
The trusted and the true,
You are walking still in the vale of tears,
But I wait to welcome you.

Do I forget? Oh! no,
For memory's golden chain
Shall bind my heart to the hearts below,
Till they meet and touch again.

Each link is strong and bright,
And love's elastic flame
Flows freely down like a river of light,
To the world from whence I came.

Do you mourn when another star
Shines out from the glittering sky,
Do you weep when the noise of war,
And the rage of conflict die?

Then why should your tears roll down,
And your hearts with grief be riven,
For another gem in the Saviour's crown,
And another soul in heaven.

The Blues and the Lanterns.

Almost every nature, however sprightly, sometimes will drop into a minor key, or a subdued mood, that in common parlance is recognized as "the blues." There may be no adverse causes at work, but somehow the bells of the soul stop ringing, and you feel like sitting quiet, and you strike off fifty per cent. from all your worldly and spiritual prospects. The immediate cause may be a northeast wind, or a balky liver, or an enlarged spleen, or pickled oysters at twelve o'clock the night before.

In such depressed state no one can afford to sit for an hour. First of all, let him get up and go out of doors. Fresh air and the faces of pleasant men and women and frolicsome children will in fifteen minutes kill moping. The first moment your friend strikes the key-board of your soul it will ring music. A hen might as well try on populous Broadway to hatch out a feathery group, as for a man to successfully brood over his ills in lively society. Do not go for relief among those who feel as badly as you do. Let not toothache and rheumatism and hypochondria go to see toothache, rheumatism, and hypochondria. On one block in Brooklyn lives a doctor, an undertaker, and a clergyman. That is not the row for a nervous man to walk on lest he soon need all three. Throw back all the shutters of your soul and let the sunlight or genial faces shine in.

This is a dark world to many people, a world of chills, a world of fog, a world of wet blankets. Nine tenths of the men we meet need encouragement. Your work is so urgent that you have no time to stop and speak to the people; but every day you meet scores, perhaps hundreds and thousands, of persons upon whom you might have direct and immediate influence. "How? how? you cry out. We answer: "By the grace of physiognomy. There is nothing more catching than *a face with a lantern behind it*, shining clear through. We have no admiration for a face with a dry smile, meaning no more than the grin of a false face. But a smile written by the hand of God, as an index or table of contents to whole volumes of good feeling within, is a benediction.

You say, "My face is hard and lacking in mobility, and my benignant feelings are not observable in the facial proportions." We do not believe you. Freshness and geniality of soul are so subtle and pervading that they will, at some eye or mouth-corner, leak out. Set behind your face a feeling of gratitude to God and kindness toward man, and you will every day preach a sermon long as the streets you walk, a sermon with as many heads as the number of the people you meet, and differing from other sermons in the fact that the longer it is the better. The reason that there are so many sour faces, so many frowning faces, is because men consent to be acrid and pertulant and stupid. The way to improve your face is to improve your disposition.

Jessica's Secret.

Jessica is the brightest tempered woman I know. "Why is it," I asked her the other day, "that one never finds you sulky, or cross, or complaining? What charm have you against the petty ills of life, the small vexations, crosses, disappointments, losses, that of course must lie along your path as well as mine?" I had spoken lightly, but the question brought to my friend's face a tender solemnity, and her words ran in a deeper channel than mine.

"To answer your question," she said, softly, "I must take you into the sanctuary where one's life is 'hid with Christ in God.' It is true that my trials come to me with the sting drawn, and it is because I have learned to look upon them as a means of grace. If it be a petty trouble, a disobedient servant, a carriage spattered, a sour look, a rainy day, I say to myself, Be thankful that you have one Friend to whom you can lift up your eyes and be sure of a kind look; it is not your true home, your eternal rest. Without these pin-pricks, you would be all too likely to forget your pilgrimage state.'

"If it be a heavier sorrow—if I am called to meet coldness, indifference, neglect, from those I love, the heart aches, but I say to myself, 'Ah, Jessica, if these fulfilled your every wish, if your loved ones all satisfied your heart's desire, what room would be left for the Friend of friends? Lift up your heart, and [illegible] that His love is changeless, free, and means to call you out, so, before the trial has a chance to spear me, I have laid hold of its weapon and turned it against some besetting sin of worldliness, pride, selfishness, vain glory."

This secret of a happy life was not told with glib ease; the hesitating speech, the flushed brow, the averted eye, told plainly that my friend would willingly have kept the curious story. But I commend God for the generous frankness which makes me a sharer in its blessing.—*Congregationalist.*

Remedial Compound is prepared in Pill and Liquid form, $1 per bottle, $7 per doz. Pills (sugar coated) by mail 50c per box.—Address, Remedial Compound Co., Stanstead, P. Q., or Derby Line, Vt.

THE FARM.

The Kitchen and the Children.

I declare bad food to be at the bottom of any amount of peevishness, hot temper, family dispute, weak will power, vitiated tastes, bad morals and general viciousness. How often, ah, how often, has a badly cooked breakfast caused ill temper, and hard, unloving words, and clouded over the blue sky of a day which God meant should be full of sunshine and the singing birds! Many a child has smarted under punishment which never would have been administered if there had not been hot cakes with syrup for breakfast. The mother called it naughtiness. It was indigestion! We have a friend who declares she can always tell when her children have been indulged in these disturbers of digestive peace for their morning repast; and it is for these little ones under our care, and for whom we stand as sponsors in regard to the subject in her consideration, that I make this appeal. They are to carry the world on their shoulders, by-and-by. Let us do what we can to make these shoulders strong to bear the burden, the head clear to puzzle out the problems life will bring for their solving.

How much of this work depends upon the servant in the kitchen, and how much upon the mother herself, each must determine and make answer to her own conscience, only remembering that there must be an ugly warp somewhere in the nature which does not admit that there is no more dignified theme, or worthier work, than the building of these young bodies into strong, pure temples, fit for grand guests of thought and purpose, and I contend that no theme, however fascinating, no love of science, poesy, or art, should stand between the mother and the training of her child physically, not less than mentally. I would rather paint roses in my child's face, if it be in my skill, than to decorate a fish-platter to be strewn with the vertebræ of a salmon, or upon a soup plate to be bathed in bouillon or gravy! And why should skill in cookery, or good kitchen management, be regarded disdainfully, or as not worth one's best pains? I tell you earnestly, the day must come when this will not be so; when to prepare a good dinner, yes, and serve it, if need be, with deft hand, graceful movement, and womanly taste, shall be no more of a condescension than to write a poem or paint a picture. There are many who say with an air of indifference that they have no "talent for these things."

Why not *cultivate* a talent in this direction, as well as in executive ability, capacity for management, skill in keeping them? Is there any one of the fine arts the cultivation of which would bring such costly remuneration? Order, peace, and good digestion in the family are golden coins bearing good interest every day.—*Good Housekeeping.*

Spring Care of Fruit Trees.

BY GEO. E. WALSH.

A judicious thinning out of weak branches on trees and vines is undoubtedly a good thing, although many preach against it. The great havoc that too much pruning can cause in an orchard, and the many illustrations that we have of unwise handling of the pruning knife, makes it safe to say to the ignorant and inexperienced orchardist, Do not prune at all. Better not touch the trees with a knife than to dwarf them by clipping indiscriminately the small and large branches, just to suit the fancy or taste of the individual. I have seen pear trees thus ruined with the knife, the young, vigorous growth cut entirely away, and nothing left but the fruit spurs. In the spring time the trees were loaded with blossoms that seemed to promise an abundance of fruit. But all the force of the tree had been sent into the flowers, and the fruit that followed was well-high worthless. The fruit became dwarfed, as well as the tree, and it was almost impossible to distinguish the variety. Peach and apple-trees that are somewhat advanced in age can often be pruned with great advantage, even by one who is not experienced much in that line. Whenever an old, stunted branch is found that has a young and vigorous shoot growing along side of it and inclined to take its place, the pruning knife should be used. The trees like this, and show the effects by shooting up the young limb with greater force and vigor.

Grape-vines, blackberries, currants and raspberries need the same judicious handling as the trees. The grape-vines should be trained after some one of the general systems that are advocated by gardeners, and, of course, the system adopted should be followed and the pruning done according to the rules prescribed. The rule, however, in pruning grade-vines, when there is a disproportion in the length and strength of the shoots, is to shorten them until of the proper length. Blackberries, currants and raspberries need thinning out nearly every spring, and those which are left should be shortened about one-fifth their length. Gooseberries do not need shortening, although an annual thinning out of the old and dying branches will be of benefit.

It is becoming more generally recognized every year that trees require fertilizers, as well as plants and grasses. If there is considerable vegetable material in the orchard the roots of the trees will avail themselves of the plant food, and derive nourishment therefrom. Around each tree a circle of soft, mellow earth should be made, which should be kept in this condition throughout the year, so that the roots of the trees would not be cramped, but allowed full freedom to grow and develop. If a quantity of wood ashes, mixed with chip dirt taken from the wood pile, in the proportion of one bushel of the former to six of the latter, be spread around each tree in the early spring, the trees will be much improved. The soil, area when rich is deficient in plant food, does not supply the trees with all the necessary elements for growth, but the wood ashes and chip dirt appear to make up the deficiency in a most satisfactory manner.

—Among the important matters to look after, says the *Gardener's Monthly*, is the nutrition of trees. Some people say that land which will raise good corn will grow good fruit trees. That is all right, but it should be added that like corn, trees require regular and continuous nourishing.

—A Vermont owner of a "sugar bush" states that last November he tapped his maple trees to test the quality of the sap flowing at that time, and found it to contain 4½ per cent. of sugar against three or 3½ per cent. in spring. The flavor of fall-made sugar he says is most exquisite, and its maple taste perfect.

FIREWEAR.—Don't start out without a good suply of Minard's Liniment, Family Pills and Honey Balsam, which three articles are a medicine chest in themselves.

TEMPERANCE.

Our Greatest Curse.

The rum-traffic is, beyond doubt, the most gigantic evil in our modern civilization. It fills our cemeteries with ignoble and dishonored dead; it burdens the air with the groans and sighs of downcast widows and outcast orphans; it beggars tens of thousands, and blasts the hopes of hundreds of thousands; it is the most prolific source of crime, pauperism, and insanity, it corrupts politics, depresses business, and hinders education. Outlawry takes shelter under the law-protected dram-shop. Prostitution hovers around the haunts of this ubiquitous vice. Theft, arson, burglary, robbery, and murder thrive where dram-shops are thickest. In the foul air of the saloon are generated falsehood, slander, and treason. There the basest passions, the lowest desires, and the blackest purposes, are nourished, strengthened, and matured. By the drink-enfrenzied brain murder is conceived and executed. The jail, the prison, and the gallows are constantly recruited from the ranks of the turbulent, vicious, and drink-crazed crowds that gather about the saloons of the land.

An army of paupers, tramps, burglars, thieves, loafers, and pick-pockets is forever issuing from these haunts of infamy and shame. They fill the land with insolent and infamous blackguards, encourage ignorance and poverty, and throw upon every community a crowd of roughs who befoul the very air with their blasphemy, make night hideous with their debauchery, and pollute society with all forms of immorality.

These are terrible charges to bring against any institution or social custom, and yet all fair and candid men must admit that they are only too true.

The whole country is in the greatest peril on account of the almost unchecked ravages of this monster evil. Every city in the land is held in its powerful and merciless clutches. Our free institutions are robbed of their worth and influence by the all-prevading presence of the diabolical rum power. Our public schools, our courts of justice, our legislatures, and our civil agencies are hampered and crippled by this servant of the devil.

What can we, as patriots, as philanthropists, as Christians, do to overthrow this deadly enemy of "God, and home, and native land"?

We must lay the axe at the root of this upas-tree. We must deal our sharpest blows at its very tap root. And there can be no doubt that the sharpest, keenest, and cheapest weapon we can use is Prohibition, pure and simple. Such a measure will, we believe, sap the very foundation of this gigantic institution of evil. If we will restrict its power by a law of proscription, we shall so curtail the profits of the business as to make it unsafe and unremunerative.

Prohibition robs the traffic of respectability. It drives it into rebellion against law and order. It makes it disreputable. It brands every man who sells and every man who buys as an outlaw. It makes the devotees of the wine-cup the mean, sneaking, night-prowling vagabonds of society. We do not believe that men who respect themselves, and who respect democratic institutions will, as a rule, defy law and public sentiment just to gratify a base appetite. Prohibition relieves every citizen of the responsibility of the crimes committed under the influence of liquor.

Outrages committed under the influence of legalized drinking are crimes only by the misinterpretation of law. The license system necessarily legalizes the crimes caused by intoxication, and only by the grossest inconsistency can men be punished for crimes which they commit under the influence of legalized drunkenness.

We authorize men to sell to their fellows a liquid which crazes their brain and impels them to murder, and then hang them for the crime for which we are responsible. If the sale of liquors is made unlawful we must consistently punish those who commit crime while in a state of intoxication. No man has a right to utter one word against the enormous evils of the rum traffic so long as he gives his vote for the protection of the traffic.

We ourselves are responsible for the curse that blights our fair land.—*Cumberland Presbyterian.*

The Drink Evil.

The *Irish World*, under the heading "Great Nations Destroyed by Drink," says: The great empires of antiquity might still have been flourishing but for certain destructive agencies cherished within their own bosoms. Babylon was conquered, not so much by the arms of the Medes and Persians as by drunkenness and revelry. Had it not been for the debauchery of her kings and princes and the general effeminacy of her people, she might long have reared her lofty brow among the nations, with her hanging gardens and fair palaces the admiration and delight of all beholders. Persia fell, not so much by the energy and valor of the Greek armies as by the drunkenness of her kings and people. Had it not been for this, that wonderful people might still have been a power in the world. Greece in her turn fell, not so much by the prowess of the Roman arms as by her own discord and effeminacy. Save for this, Athens, in art, science, and manners, might still have been the world's wonder and example. Rome fell, not so much by the hordes of Goths, Huns, and Vandals descending upon her plains and assaulting her cities as by the careless ease and selfish indifference of her people. Wine and spoil took away the heart of that great empire and unnerved its mighty arm. But for this, Rome, from her seven hills, might still have been controlling the destinies of the world, or at least leading in the van of nations.

—*Dr. Wayland*, addressing a publican, says:—"My brother, when you order a cask of intoxicating liquors, think of how much misery you are importing into the community. As you store it, think of how many curses you are heaping together against yourself; as you roll it out of your warehouse, or view it at your door, think how many families each cask will help to ruin. Let your thoughts then revert to your own fireside, your wife, your little ones; look upward to Him who judgeth righteously, and ask yourself, my brother, is this right?"

The latest news from all quarters is to the effect that the Dominion Compound is accomplishing more than has been claimed or could be expected of it. Its effect upon the female system is marvelous. See advertisement.

Only.

Only one drop of water at a time, that had found its way from the mighty ocean through the dike, and was slowly wearing a little channel. Only one drop! Yet if that little child, in her morning ramble had not noticed it, who can tell what terrible results might have followed? The dam might have been undermined, the district laid under water, and many precious lives have been lost.

Only a gentle breeze! But how many aching brows hath it fanned, how many hearts cheered by its gentle touch.

Only a frown! But it left a sad, dreary ache in that child's heart, and the quivering lips and tearful eyes told how keenly he felt it.

Only a smile! But it cheered a broken heart, and engendered a ray of hope.

Only a word! But it carried the poisonous breath of slander, assailing the character. Oh how it pierced the lonely heart!

Only one glass! And how many have filled a drunkard's grave through its influence! How many homes made desolate, how many bright anticipations of a glad and happy future blasted by its influence!

Only a mound in the quiet church-yard, yet it speaks volumes to the stricken ones. Some home has lost a light; some home circle has a vacant chair!

Only a child, perhaps; yet "of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Only a cup of cold water given in the name of a disciple; but it is not forgotten. Then toil on, Christian; yours is a glorious work; hope on forever, for yours is a bright reward.

Only one soul snatched from the ways of sin and degradation through your feeble efforts, coupled with the grace of God, will add luster to your crown of glory.

Only a life-time! A short day in which to prepare for death. Let us then gird on the armor anew, and press forward in the hope of a better hereafter, using the weapons of prayer, lest we enter into temptation and lose the rich reward."

"Who hath despised the day of small things?"

"He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much; and he that is unjust in the least, is unjust in much."
—*Selected.*

POVERTY AND DISTRESS.—That poverty which produces the greatest distress is not of the purse but of the blood. Deprived of its richness it becomes scant and watery, a condition termed *anæmia* in medical writings. Given this condition, and scrofulous swellings and sores, general and nervous debility, loss of flesh and appetite, weak lungs, throat disease, spitting of blood and consumption, are among the common results. If you are a sufferer from thin, poor blood employ Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery," which enriches the blood and cures these grave affections. Is more nutritive than cod liver oil, and is harmless in any condition of the system, yet powerful to cure. By druggists.

Handy to have in the house, Minard's Honey Balsam, the prompt and certain cure for croup, colds and pulmonary affections.

There is no remedy put into bottles that possesses as much merit as Minard's Liniment. It is both for internal and external use. It heals, cures and extracts pain, removes dandruff, restores hair and is a splendid hair dressing.

The New Hair Restorative sold by D. O. L. Warlock, we believe to be the best preparation in use for the hair. It does not dye gray hair, but brings back the original color. Many persons in St. John will remember when Mr. Warlock's hair was almost white. He has been using it for over 22 years, and his appearance is a proof of its good qualities.

Boys and Girls who are growing rapidly should be made strong and healthy constitutions be given regularly Phosphorized Emulsion, to keep up the waste that is continually going on in the system during the growing period. Always ask for Phosphorized Emulsion, and be sure you get it.

Close Confinement in poorly ventilated work rooms, and want of proper exercise, are often unavoidable, but tend to produce Dyspepsia, want of energy, and loss of appetite. In such cases Hanington's Quinine Wine and Iron is the best medicine to use. See that you get "Hanington's," the *original* and *genuine.*

No lady who delights in Flowers, and likes to see them do well and bloom abundantly, should be without *Hanington's Food for Flowers.* Ordinary packages 30c.—sufficient for 20 plants for one year.

A gentleman from Nova Scotia writes us a long letter, which, for want of space, we cannot give in full, but he says: "I had RHEUMATISM in the most malignant form, the worst case that was ever known in this place, and I am very happy to inform you that the packages of Sol's Acids have entirely cured me. The doctors here gave me no relief, but SOL ATICINE has made a perfect cure, and I am as well as ever I was in my life."

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depends upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mr. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP," and take no other kind. 1y28

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