



### "A Family Row."

A family row is generally rather an unpleasant affair, but in this case the family seems to be enjoying the strife. However, as the poet says, "Let dogs delight to bark and bite," but children ought certainly to know better and try to be peacemakers, instead of ruffling the tempers of their brothers and sisters, as they do sometimes, on purpose, I am afraid.

It is much easier to start a quarrel than to end it, and a few angry words often part friends for years. Remember this, children, and learn to control your tongues before they do any very serious mischief. St. James says that the tongue is a "fire"—and you know what a lot of damage even one match can do—so be very, very careful not to start any fierce fires of anger, which may easily get beyond control and do terrible harm. C. D.

### A Revolt in the Kitchen.

(A FABLE.)

Once upon a time there was a revolt in the kitchen. Everything was tired of doing its own work day after day, year after year.

"What is life without a change," cried the poker loudly. "Am I never to do anything but stir the fire? I am certain I must possess other talents; I want to exercise them!"

"Just my opinion!" chimed in the tongs, with a clang.

"And I want a change too," growled the bucket; "let somebody else go the well; I have a crank in my neck."

Then the chairs began: "Why should we be always sat upon?"

While a stool demanded plaintively, "Is it right that people should put their heavy feet on poor little me?"

"Well, if anyone deserves a rest it is surely I," grumbled the clock that stood in the corner. "Someone else may tell folks the time; I mean to run down and go to sleep."

"Yes, yes, we all want a change," was the general chorus; and it was decided that in future everyone was to do the work he fancied himself most fitted for. They had been the slaves of custom long enough.

The next day the clock began the new order of things by running down with a loud whirr. Nobody else could tell the time, which was rather upsetting, and the shovel overslept himself two hours in consequence.

Well, the poker volunteered to sweep the room—he couldn't manage it at all—and the broom tried to lay the breakfast table, and knocked two cups and a plate off and smashed them. The chairs trotted about the house and got in everybody's way. The coal box said he would be a bread pan for once, and you should have seen what the loaves looked like! Then the tongs and the milk jug went off to the well together, and on the way the tongs, quite by accident, fell over his companion, and the unfortunate milk jug got her neck broken.

"This would not have occurred had I been the bucket," gurgled the poor thing.

"You are so very delicate," said the tongs, but he was grieved, nevertheless, at the accident.

In the meantime the kettle declared that he was weary of sitting on the hob and singing. Down the old gentleman got and stumped into the garden to water the flowers. He did it most carefully; but, alas, as he gave the flowers boiling water, the poor things curled up and died.

"Very odd, very odd indeed!" muttered the kettle, but he looked rather put out of countenance.

So it went on throughout the day, until the kitchen was in a perfect muddle. It was such a tidy, well-regulated kitchen as a rule.

"Cook comes back early to-morrow," remarked the poker with some hesitation; "shall we persevere with our plan or" (he paused suggestively).

"Oh, for goodness sake let us go back to our old ways!" cried the outspoken tongs; and the kettle, thinking of the flowers he had killed, gave a melancholy assent. So did the broom, whose activity had led it into all sorts of mischief. They were, in fact, heartily tired of their experiment—all, that is, except the clock, who still slept peacefully.

"After all," observed the pepper caster, who was fond of a moral, "there is nothing like doing your own work and leaving other people to do theirs."

SHEILA.

O'Brien: "Oh, murder alive! Barney, come and help me! Pat has fallen into the mortar, and he's up to his ankles!" McGeorge: "Och, if he's only up to his ankles, he can walk out." O'Brien: "Oh, but bedad he's in head first!"

### Agriculture in the Bible and Bible Times.

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Continued from page 21.

Of all the vast operations of nature required to prepare the earth for the coming of the plants, the Bible says but little. In Genesis I. it is dealt with very briefly; where it is elsewhere mentioned it is only by a very slight allusion. In Genesis I. we learn "In the beginning . . . the earth was without form and void." A huge, shapeless mass of darkness, the world hung in the universe, a world of chaos.

The first act of God was to chase away the darkness—ever the emblem of death—and to give that blessed light without which life cannot be.

"God said, Let there be light, and there was light."—Gen. I. : 3. The reign of perpetual darkness was gone, yet like the blessed light it had, it still has, its uses. "God divided between the light and the darkness." "The light He called Day," that is "the shining," and "The darkness He called Night," that is "the veiled and dark." So ended the first day, not as with us, with darkness, but with the miracle of a new-born light shining over the waste.

We do not enter here upon a discussion of what God means, of how long He means, by that expression "the first day," etc. We need only say that there is no reason at all for limiting it to twenty-four hours, our own measure of a day. It simply means a measure of time, known to Him with whom "a thousand years are but as one day."

In the making of the fields both portions of the day, light and darkness, had a blessed part to play. They are not less necessary now; for without the light plants cannot live; without darkness many of them at least would sicken and die for want of sleep and rest, which, in common with every living thing, they seem to need.



"A FAMILY ROW."

Next: "God made the firmament, and divided the waters which were under the firmament from the waters which were above the firmament . . . and God called the firmament Heaven" (Gen. I. : 7, 8). This is stated the work of the second day: the creation of the atmosphere and clouds—spread out like an "expanse" or "firmament" above the earth. "God," says Isaiah, "stretcheth out the heavens as a curtain, and spreadeth them out as a tent to dwell in" (Chap. XL : 22). It is likened to "paved work of a sapphire stone" (Exod. XXIV : 10), and "A molten looking-glass" (Job XXXVII : 18). For its magnificence, as well as its interest, I here quote the following eloquent passage from the writings of John Ruskin, the great artist, philosopher and poet: "I understand the making of the firmament to signify that (so far as man is concerned) most magnificent ordinance of the clouds; the ordinance that as the great plain of waters was formed in the face of the earth, so also a plain of waters should be stretched along the height of air, and the face of the cloud answer the face of the ocean; and that this upper and heavenly should be of waters, as it were, glorified in their nature, no longer quenching the fire but now bearing fire in their own bosoms; no longer murmuring only when winds raise them, or rocks divide, but answering each other with their own voices from pole to pole; no longer restrained by established shores, and guided through unchanging channels, but going forth at His pleasure like the armies of the angels, and choosing their encampments on the heights of the hills; no longer hurried downwards forever, moving but to fall, nor lost in the lightless accumulation of the abyss, but covering the East and the West with the waving of their wings, and robbing the gloom of the farther infinite with a vesture of divers colors, of which the threads are purple and scarlet, and the embroideries flame."

The waters under the firmament are the waters upon the earth itself; those above are the waters which float in the atmosphere and are separated by it from those upon the earth, in waters which ac-

cumulate in clouds, and then bursting these their bottles, pour down as rain upon the earth.

We have already seen the influence of air and water in the formation of the soil. We can only now remind the reader of the vast importance of the air and water in the shape of rain, mist, dew and snow, to the life of the vegetable kingdom. That rain fell during the formation of the sedimentary rocks is proven by the marks of rain-drops found upon them.

One would fain linger upon this intensely interesting theme, but we must hasten on to consider the next stage—the work of the third day.

The work of this period was two-fold, yet closely connected, and at its close the fields of earth were made, clothed in their garments of green and gold, decked with a glory beyond all the art of man to imitate. First came the separation of earth and water, or rather such alterations in the surface of the earth as left it in hills and valleys. Into the latter the waters flowed, forming seas and lakes and rivers, while the hills became the "dry land." "God called the dry land 'Earth'; and the gathering of the waters called he 'Seas' (Gen. I. : 10).

### Recipes.

#### NUT CAKE.

One cupful of sugar, half a cupful of butter, half a cupful of milk, two cupfuls of pastry flour, two eggs, one coffee-cupful of chopped raisins, one of chopped English walnuts, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, half a teaspoonful of soda. Beat the butter to a cream. Add the sugar gradually, and when light, the eggs well beaten; then the milk and the flour, in which the soda and cream of tartar have been thoroughly mixed. Mix quickly, and add the raisins and nuts. Bake in rather deep sheets, in a moderate oven, for thirty-five minutes. Frost, if you please. The quantities given are for one large or two small sheets. If you use baking powder instead of cream of tartar and soda, take a teaspoonful and a half.

#### CRULLERS.

One cup sour cream, one cup sugar, one egg, small teaspoon soda, spice to taste, flour enough to mix soft. Fry in boiling lard.

#### CHARLOTTE RUSSE.

Two tablespoons gelatine soaked in a little cold water for one hour, two cups rich cream, one cup milk; whip the cream stiff in a large bowl or dish; set on ice. Boil the milk and pour gradually over the gelatine until dissolved, then strain; when nearly cold add the whipped cream, a spoonful at a time. Sweeten with sugar and flavor with vanilla. Line a dish with lady fingers or sponge cake; pour in the cream and set in a cool place to harden. This makes a delicious dish for an evening party.

#### SPONGE CAKE.

One and a half cups sugar, one cup flour, two teaspoons cream tartar, pinch of salt. Sift all through a sieve; add whites of ten eggs, well beaten. Bake in a shallow tin.

#### BAKED HAM.

Most persons boil ham. It is much better baked, if baked right. Soak it for an hour in clean water and wipe it dry. Next spread it all over with thin batter, and then put it in a deep dish with sticks under it to keep it out of the gravy. When it is fully done, take off the skin and batter crust upon the flesh side, and set away to cool. It should bake from six to eight hours. After removing the skin, sprinkle over with a tablespoonful of sugar, a little pepper, and bread crumbs or rolled crackers. Put in a pan and return to the oven to brown.

### Golden-hair.

Golden-hair climbed upon grandpapa's knee;  
Dear little Golden-hair, tired was she,  
All the day busy as busy could be.

Up in the morning as soon as 'twas light,  
Out with the birds and butterflies bright,  
Skipping about till the coming of night.

Grandpapa toyed with the curls on her head—  
"What has my darling been doing?" he said,  
"Since she rose up with the sun from her bed."

"Pitty much," answered the little one,  
"I cannot tell so much things I have done,  
Played with my dolly and feeded my bun."

"And then I played with my little jump-rope,  
And I made out of some water and soap,  
Boatful worlds, mamma's castles of hope."

"Then I have readed my picture book,  
And Bella and I went to look  
For the smooth little stones by the side of the brook."

"And then I comed home and eated my tea,  
And I climbed up on grandpapa's knee,  
And I'm jes' as tired as tired can be."

Lower and lower the little head pressed,  
Until it dropped on grandpapa's breast;  
Dear little Golden-hair, sweet be thy rest!

We are but children; things that we do  
Are as sports of a babe to the infinite view  
That marks all our weakness and pities it too.

God grant that when night overshadows our way,  
And we shall be called to account for our day,  
He shall find us as guileless as Golden-hair's lay!