

Our Young Folks.

EVENING HYMN.

Have us in thy holy keeping,
Jesus, through the darkness night;
Guard and shelter us while sleeping;
Bring us to the morning light.

Let us, on thy love relying,
Feel no evil, feel no care;
But, with worried eyelids closing,
May each conscious thought be prayer.

— Child's Companion

"PAPA."

What is so sweet as the baby's voice—
"Papa, papa!"
If of all music I had my choice,
I'd choose the pure little ringing voice,
Calling, cooling,
Tenderly wooing—
"Papa, papa."

You wrong it by saying it's like a bird—
"Papa, papa!"
No soaring lark that you ever heard,
Or robin, or thrush, or bobolink,
Not even a nightingale, I think,
Has a note so tender, so soft and true,
A voice that so thrills one through and through,
Calling, cooling,
Tenderly wooing—
"Papa, papa."

Life and its sorrows,—they're not to be missed—
Losses and pain.
But when baby puts up his dear face to be kissed,
There's always a balance of joy in the scale.
When I hear his sweet voice my heart cannot fail—
Calling, cooling,
Tenderly wooing—
"Papa, papa."

— Wood's Household Magazine.

LOVE'S QUESTION.

A little girl often followed after her father when he came into the house with this question: "Father, what can I do for you?" And never was she happier than when he gave her something to do for him. Once he said, perhaps tired with her asking, "Child why do you ask that question so often?"

"O father," she answered, with two great tears swelling in her eyes, "because I can't help it!"

It was love that put the question; and her readiness to undertake whatever he set her about, was proof of the genuineness of that love; she wanted always to be doing something for father.

People are sometimes in doubt whether they love God or not. I will tell them how they can find out. Are you often asking your heavenly father the same question this little child was asking her earthly father? Is it one of your first thoughts, "Lord what wilt thou have me to do?" And do you keep on asking because you can't help it?—Selected.

GOT A-GOING AND COULDN'T STOP.

A boy named Frank was standing in the yard when his father called him. "Frank!" "Sir?" said Frank, and started full speed, and ran into the street. His father called him back and asked him if he did not hear his first call. "Yes, sir," said Frank. "Well, then," said his father, "what made you run into the street?" "Oh," said Frank, "I got a-going and couldn't stop."

This is the way that a great many boys get into difficulty; they get a-going, and can't stop. The boy that tells lies began first to stretch the truth a little—to tell a large story or relate an anecdote with a very little variation, till he got a-going and couldn't stop till he came out a full-grown liar.

The boy that was brought before the police, and sent to the House of Correction, for stealing, began by taking little things from his mother—by stealing sweetmeats and other nice things that were put away. Next he began to take things from his companions at school. He got a-going, and couldn't stop till he got into jail.

Those two boys that you see fighting out on the green began by bantering each other in fun. At length they began to get angry, and dispute, and call each other names, till they got a-going and couldn't stop. They will separate with black eyes and bloody noses.

There is a young man sitting late with his companions at the gaming table. He has flushed cheeks, an anxious look, a despairing countenance. He has lost his last dollar. He began by playing marbles in the street, but got a-going, and couldn't stop.

See that young man with a dark lantern, stealing from his master's drawer. He is a merchant's clerk. He came from the country a promising boy. But the rest of the clerks went to the theater, and he thought he must go too. He began by thinking he would only go once, just to say that he had been to the theater. But he got a-going and couldn't stop. He has used up his wages, and wants more money. He cannot resist the temptation when he knows there is money in the drawer. He has got a-going. He will stop in the State prison.

Hark, do you hear that horrid oath? It comes from the foul mouth of a little boy in the street. He began by saying by-words, but he has got a-going and can't stop.

Fifty young men were some years

ago in the habit of meeting together in a room, at a public-house, to enjoy themselves in social hilarity, where the wine-cup passed freely around. One of them, as he was going there one evening, began to think there might be danger in the way. He stopped and considered a moment, and then said to himself, "Right about face!" He turned on his heel, went back to his room, and never was seen at the public-house again. He has become rich; and the first block of buildings which he erected was built directly in front of the place where he stood when he made that exclamation. Six of the young men followed his example. The remaining forty-three got a-going, and couldn't stop till they landed in the ditch, and most of them in a drunkard's grave.

Beware, then, boys, how you get along. Be sure before you start that you are in the right way, for when you are sliding down hill it is hard to stop. — Christian at work.

Temperance.

SOCIAL WINE DRINKING.

At an ecclesiastical convention a discussion on temperance brought up the "wine question." A part of the clergy went in for its entire disuse, and a part took the side of moderate use. At length an influential clergyman rose and made a vehement argument in favor of wine drinking, denouncing the radical reformers for attempting to banish that custom. When he had resumed his seat, a layman, trembling with emotion, rose, and asked if he might speak. Permission granted, he said:—"Mr. Moderator, it is not my purpose to answer the learned arguments you have just heard. My object is more humble and more practical. I once knew a father in moderate circumstances, who was at much pains and sacrifice to educate a beloved son at college. Here his son became dissipated; but, after he had graduated and returned to his father, the influence of home, acting upon a generous nature, actually reformed him. The father, you may well suppose, was overjoyed with the prospect that the cherished hopes of other days were still to be realized.

"Years passed, when the young man, having completed his professional study, and being about to leave home for the purpose of establishing himself in business, he was invited to dine with a neighboring clergyman, noted for his hospitality and social qualities. At dinner, wine was introduced and offered to that young man, and refused; pressed upon him, and again refused. This was repeated, and the young man was laughed at for his singularity. He could withstand appetite, but ridicule he could not withstand. He drank, and fell; and from that time became drunkard, and long since has gone to a drunkard's grave!

"Mr. Moderator," continued the old man, with streaming eyes, "I am that father; and it was at the table of the clergyman who just spoke that that token of hospitality ruined my son!"

The above, slightly condensed, is from Tract 100 of the National Temperance Society. The effect of that crushing report is not stated.

RUM SHOPS.

The Boston Nation pertinently asks, what are they for? What good will they do?

Who will answer these questions? We passed a drinking saloon the other day, just as the landlord was pushing from the door a drunken man. He had sold him liquor until he had taken from him his money, his brains, his speech, his power of locomotion, his self-respect, and now turns him into the street, incapable of caring for himself.

These things are done every day, in all our towns and cities. And yet the great body of the people are indifferent to this great evil—have no words of condemnation for those who are carrying on this dreadful business, and put forth no effort to stay this blighting curse.

Reader, suppose your provision dealer should sell meat, that caused the same evil, meat that crazed the brain, destroyed the speech, and rendered him perfectly helpless, would not every editor send forth his sharp editorials against the vendor would not every pulpit sound the alarm? Would not the people in a mass meeting demand the prohibition of the business, and the speedy punishment of the offenders?

Then why this indifference to the work of death, followed by rum sellers?

There is a call now for the people to unite all their forces, and march on in one solid phalanx upon the rum traffic, and give it no quarter, but demand in the name of God and man, a complete and unconditional surrender of the business. Shall it be done?

RAMA, a devout Arabian woman, who, being asked in her last illness how she endured the extremity of her sufferings, made answer, "Those who look upon God's face do not feel His hand."

Scientific and Useful.

SUMMER DRINKS.

Ice-water should be drunk but sparingly. A most excellent substitute for it is pounded ice taken in small lumps into the mouth and allowed to dissolve upon the tongue. This will prove very refreshing and much more enduring in its effects.

Lemonade is a simple and grateful beverage. To make it: Roll the lemons on something hard till they become soft, grate off the rinds, cut the lemons in slices and squeeze them in a pitcher (a new clothes pin will answer for a squeezer in lieu of something better); pour on the required quantity of water, and sweeten according to taste. The grated rinds, for the sake of their aroma, should be added too. After mixing thoroughly, set the pitcher aside for half an hour; then strain the liquor through a jelly strainer and put in the ice.

Travelers who find it inconvenient to use lemons can carry a box of lemon sugar prepared from citric acid and sugar, a little of which in a glass of ice-water will furnish quite a refreshing drink, and one that will help oftentimes to avert sick-headache and biliousness. Citric acid is obtained from the juice of lemons and limes.

Perry is a delicious beverage made from cherries, and will keep a year or more. Take six pounds of cherries and bruise them; pour on a pint and a half of hot water, and boil for fifteen minutes; strain through a flannel bag, and add three pounds of sugar. Boil for half an hour more, or until the liquid will sink to the bottom of the cup of water (try it with a teaspoonful of the liquid); then turn into jelly cups and cover with paper dipped in the white of an egg.

To prepare the drink: Put a spoonful of the jelly into a goblet of water, and let it stand about ten minutes; then stir it up and fill with pounded ice. Currants and raspberries made into "shrubs" furnish a pleasant and cooling drink when mixed with ice-water. Pounded ice is also an agreeable addition to a saucer of strawberries, raspberries, or currants. Pound it until it is almost as fine as snow, and spread it over the berries. With fruit it is also an excellent substitute for cream.

Water ices are always acceptable. Those made of lemon, orange, currants, strawberries, raspberries, and pineapple, are much improved by adding the stiff beaten whites of four eggs to every two quarts of the liquid. Put it in just as it is turned into the freezer, and it will freeze in a foam.—Scribner's for July.

THE POETRY OF THE TABLE.

In the first place, a starched and smoothly-ironed table-cloth—which, if neatly folded after every meal, will look well for several days. Then flowers and ferns in flat dishes, baskets or small vases,—or else a tiny nosegay laid upon every napkin.

The salt must be pure and smooth. The butter should be moulded into criss-cross diamonds, shells, or globes, with the paddles made for this purpose.

A few pretty dishes will make the plainest table glow;—a small brightly-colored platter for pickles, horse-raddish or jelly; and butter-plates representing green leaves are also attractive.

A few pennies' worth of parsley or cress, mingled with small scraps of white paper daintily clipped, will cause a plain dish to assume the air of a French entrée. A platter of hash may be ornamented with an edging of toasted or fried bread cut into points; and a dish of mutton chops is more impressive with the bones stacked as soldiers stack their guns, forming a pyramid in the centre, each bone adorned with a frill of cut paper. A few slices of lemon mingled with parsley and slices of hard-boiled eggs, form a pretty garnish to many dishes; and nothing could be more appetizing than beef, veal, mutton, or lamb made into mince-meat, and pressed into form in a wine-glass, then fried in pork fat, with a sprig of green placed in the top of each little cone. The basket of fruit—peaches, pears, grapes or apples, oranges and grapes—should be tastefully arranged and trimmed with leaves and flowers. The bowl of salad should be ornamented with the scarlet and orange flowers of the tropic column, their piquant flavor adding zest to the lettuce, with which they can be eaten.—Scribner's for July.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

A fungus which grows on the calcareous rocks of Florida is said to possess narcotic properties, and to be used by the natives as a substitute for tobacco. (Dr. Isidor Wells.)

Woman's milk, when the food is insufficient, shows a diminution in the butter, casein, sugar, and salts, while the albumen is increased. The change occurs in four or five days. (E. Decaisne.)

The decay of wood is generally supposed to be caused by the decomposition of the albumen contained in the

sap, and from this decomposition results a poison which, being in juxtaposition with the heart, speedily induces decay in it. Another cause is a slow oxidation which attacks both the sap and the heart, but particularly the latter. By impregnating the wood with creosote both of these causes of decay are avoided, and the iron bolts and spikes employed in joining parts to gether are likewise preserved.

Professor Wanklyn states that filtration of water through beds of layers of porous material suffices to destroy any albumenoid dissolved in the water, converting it into ammonia.

Phosphuret of calcium has been recently employed in the construction of a signal light. The phosphuret is enclosed in a tin vessel having a gas jet attached. When it is thrown on the water it floats with the jet upwards. The water entering the bottom of the cylinder decomposes the phosphuret of calcium, and the phosphide of hydrogen gas, escaping from the jet, ignites spontaneously and burns in the air.

Paper pulp may be boiled by preparing clean wood-shavings or sawdust in solution of borax or potassa and in alkaline phosphate; benzole or naphtha being added as a solvent for the resin of the wood. After boiling for six hours the wood is treated with sulphide of calcium, and then bleached with chloride of lime or sulphurous acid.

Sunflowers are said to exhale an ozonized oxygen, and are therefore recommended for cultivation in malarious districts to destroy the malarial poison. They are, in addition, very useful plants, yielding about 40 per cent. of good oil from their seeds, and their leaves serve as fodder. A diet of sunflower seed is said to increase the laying power of fowls.

The Oructor Amphibolis, or amphibious digger, constructed by Evans in 1804, was probably the first instance in which steam was employed for propulsion on land. The machine in question was constructed by the order of the Board of Health of Philadelphia, for the purpose of dredging, and Evans took the opportunity of practically carrying out his ideas of the application of steam as a means of locomotion, by constructing it in such a manner as to move itself by wheels on land and by a stern paddle on water.

The rattle of the rattlesnake is for the purpose of imitating the sound of the Cicada and other insects that form the food of many birds, and so attract the latter within the reach of the serpent. (Professor Shaler.)

Ants belonging to the species *Aphenogaster*, in storing seed for food, bite off the radicle to prevent the germination of the seed. (Mr. J. T. Mogridge.)

Potash salts are essential to the assimilation of plants; without them starch is not formed in the chlorophyll granule, and the weight of the plant remains constant as in pure water. (Prof. Nobbe.)—Scribner's for July.

EDUCATING GIRLS.

Educating girls for household duties ought to be considered as necessary as instruction in reading, writing, and arithmetic, and quite as universal. We are in our houses more than half of our existence, and it is the household surroundings which affect more largely the happiness or misery of domestic life. If the wife knows how "to keep house," if she understands how to "set a table," if she has learned how things ought to be cooked, how beds should be made, how carpets should be swept, how furniture should be dusted, how the clothes should be repaired, and turned, and altered, and renovated; if she knows how purchases can be made to the best advantage, and understands the laying in of provisions; how to make them go farthest and last longest; if she appreciates the importance of system, order, tidiness, and the quiet management of children and servants, then she knows how to make a little heaven of home—how to win her children from the street; how to keep her husband from the club house, the gaming table, and the wine cup. Such a family will be trained to social respectability, to business success, and to efficiency and usefulness in whatever position may be allotted to them.

It may be safe to say that not one girl in ten in our large towns and cities enters into married life who has learned to bake a loaf of bread, to purchase a roast, or to dust a painting, to sweep a carpet, or to cut and fit and make her own dress. How much the perfect knowledge of these things bears upon the thrift, the comfort and health of families may be conjectured, but not calculated by figures. It would be an immeasurable advantage to make a beginning by attaching a kitchen to every girl's school in the nation, and have lessons given daily in the preparation of all the ordinary articles of food and drink for the table; and how to purchase them in the market to the best advantage, with the result of a large saving of money, an increase of comfort, and higher health in every family in the land.—Hall's Journal.

SECRET OF SUCCESS.

A few days since I met a gentleman—the owner of large paper mills. He took me through the mills, and showed the great vats of pulp, and the great piles of paper ready for the market, and a world of things which I did not comprehend. After seeing all the machinery, and hearing his praises of his mon, and how they sent for United States stocks fifty and a hundred dollars at a time—every time he went to the city, I said:

"Will you please, sir, tell me the secret of your great success; for you tell me you began life with nothing?"

"I don't know that there is any secret about it. When sixteen years old I went to S — — to work. I was to receive forty dollars a year and my food—no more, no less. My clothing and all my expenses must come out of the forty dollars. I then solemnly promised the Lord that I would give him one-tenth of my wages, and also that I would save another tenth for future capital. This resolution I carried out, and after laying aside one-tenth for the Lord, I had, at the end of the year, much more than a tenth for myself. I then promised the Lord, whether he gave me more or less, I would never give less than one-tenth to him. To this vow I have conscientiously adhered from that day to this, and if there be any secret to my success, I attribute it to this. I feel sure I am far richer on my nine-tenths (though I hope I do not now limit my charities to one-tenth) than if I had kept the whole."

"How do you account for it?"

"In two ways. First, I believe God has blessed me, and made my business to prosper; and, second, I have so learned to be careful and economical, that my nine-tenths go far beyond what the whole would. And I believe that any man who will make the trial will find it so."—Dr. Todd.

TESTIMONIALS.

I suppose it is true that women work for others with less expectation of reward than men, and give themselves to labors of self-sacrifice with much less thought of self. At least this is true unless woman goes into some public performance, where notoriety has its attractions, and mount some cause to ride it man-fashion, when I think she becomes just as eager for applause and just as willing that self-sacrifice should result in self-elevation as man. For her, usually, are not those unbought "presentations," which are forced upon firemen, philanthropists, legislators, railroad-men, and the superintendents of the moral instruction of the young. These are almost always pleasing and unexpected tributes to worth and modesty, and must be received with satisfaction when the public service rendered has not been with a view to procuring them. We should say that one ought to be most liable to receive a "testimonial," who, being a superintendent of any sort, did not superintend with a view to getting it. But "testimonials" have become so common that a modest man ought really to be afraid to do his simple duty, for fear his motives will be misconstrued. Yet there are instances of very worthy men who have had things publicly presented to them. It is the blessed age of gifts and the reward of private virtue. And the presentations have a little more variety in them. There never was much sense in giving a gallant fellow a big speaking-trumpet to carry home to aid him in his intercourse with his family; and the festive ice-pitcher has become a too universal sign of absolute devotion to the public interest. The lack of one will soon be proof that a man is a knave. The legislative came with the gold head, also, is getting to be recognized as the sign of the immaculate public servant, as the inscription on it testifies, and the steps of suspicion must ere long dog him who does not carry one. The "testimonial" business is in truth a little demoralizing, almost as much so as the "donation"; and the demoralization has extended even to our language, so that a perfectly respectable man is often obliged to see himself "made the recipient of" this and that. It would be much better, if testimonials must be, to give a man a barrel of flour or a keg of oysters, and let him eat himself at once back into the ranks of ordinary men.—From Warner's Back-Log Studies, in Scribner's for July.

Of all the love affairs in the world, none can surpass the true love of a big boy for his mother. It is a love pure and noble, honorable in the highest degree to both. I do not mean merely a dutiful affection. I mean a love which makes a boy gallant and courteous to his mother, saying to everybody plainly that he is fairly in love with her. Next to the love of her husband, nothing so crowns a woman's life with honor as this second love, this devotion of the son to her. And I never yet knew a boy to "turn out" bad who began by falling in love with his mother.—Anon.