

begun, and in that willing bondage fields and woods, fleeting clouds and glorious sunsets, become as a dream—pleasant to remember, but with the past.

To-day we found a strange October "gleaning," for among the rich clover of the orchard the children discovered *strawberries* ripe and red, as in later June—the delicate aroma still fresh, the exquisite colour all there; and with the last of the roses we enjoyed their mingled perfume to the full.

ANNIE L. JACK.

FATHER, TAKE MY HAND.

THE PRAYER.

The way is dark, my Father! Cloud on cloud
Is gathering thickly o'er my head, and loud
The thunder roars above me. See, I stand
Like one bewildered! Father, take my hand
And through the gloom
Lead safely home
Thy child.

The way is long, my Father! and my soul
Longs for the rest and quiet of the goal;
While yet I journey through this weary land
Keep me from wandering. Father, take my hand,
Quickly and straight
Lead to heaven's gate
Thy child!

The path is rough, my Father! Many a thorn
Has pierced me, and my feet, all torn
And bleeding, mark the way. Yet thy command
Bids me press forward. Father, take my hand,
Then, safe and blest,
Lead up to rest
Thy child.

The cross is heavy, Father! I have borne
It long and still do bear it. Let my worn
And fleeting spirit rise to that blest land
Where crowns are given. Father, take my hand
And reaching down
Lead to the crown
Thy child!

THE ANSWER.

The way is dark, my child, but leads to light,
I would not always have thee walk by sight;
My dealings now thou canst not understand,
I meant it so; but I will take thy hand,
And through the gloom
Lead safely home
My child!

The way is long, my child, but it shall be
Not one step longer than is best for thee;
And thou shalt know at last when thou shalt stand
Safe at the goal, how I did take thy hand
And, quick and straight,
Lead to heaven's gate,
My child!

The path is rough, my child, but oh! how sweet
Will be the rest for weary pilgrims meet;—
When thou shalt reach the borders of that land
To which I lead thee, as I take thy hand,
And, safe and blest,
With me shall rest,
My child!

The cross is heavy, child, yet there was One
Who bore a heavier for thee—My Son,
My well-beloved! For Him, bear thine, and stand
With Him at last, and from thy Father's hand,
Thy cross laid down,
Receive a crown,
My child!

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

A correspondent writes: The statement that the use of tomatoes as an article of food produces or promotes the development of cancer has created some excitement here. Is there any foundation for such a belief? A. No.

TO GET RID OF MOULD IN CELLARS.—A correspondent recently asked us for a simple and effectual remedy for fungus and mould in cellars. A German agricultural journal gives the following: Put some roll brimstone into a pan and set fire to it; close the doors, making the cellar as nearly air-tight as possible, for two or three hours, when the fungi will be destroyed and the mould dried up. Repeat this simple and inexpensive operation every two or three months, and you will have your cellar free from all parasitical growth. Carbolic acid in proportion of 4 oz. to the bucketful of whitewash will also prevent moulds.

TO PURIFY WELLS.—The best way, of course, is to draw off the water and remove all sediment. The walls should be thoroughly scrubbed with a broom or brush. When this cannot be done, suspend in the water a sack of charcoal containing a half bushel, or less if a small tank; after a few weeks the charcoal may be re-burnt. If the water of a tank is offensive, examine carefully to see that no dead rats or animals are in it.

DELICIOUS WATER.—After water is filtered, bottle it and place on ice or in the ice chest. It is always ready for use, and sufficiently cold.

WHEN TO PAINT HOUSES.—Paint, says the *Manufacturer and Builder*, applied to the exterior of buildings in autumn or winter will endure twice as long as when applied in early summer or in hot weather. In the former it dries slowly, and becomes hard like a glazed surface, not easily affected afterward by the weather or worn off by the beating of storms. But in very hot weather the oil in paint soaks into the wood at once, as if into a sponge, leaving the lead nearly dry, and ready to crumble off. This last difficulty, however, might in a measure be guarded against, though at an increased expense, by first going over the surface with raw oil. Furthermore, by painting in cold weather the annoyance of small flies, which invariably collect during the warm season on fresh paint, is avoided. As an offset to this, there is a trouble with slow-drying paint—it is that the dust, which always will collect upon exposed surfaces, will keep collecting as long as the paint is not dry, and stick to it, so that to obtain a smooth surface free from adhering dust it is necessary to secure quick drying. This is especially the case when varnishing; we have often been disappointed, and no doubt so have many others, that the varnish used dried so slowly that dust had time to settle on it before it became hard.

CONSUMPTIVE PERCH.—Seth Green has lately been examining the perch and sunfish that have died in great numbers in Lake George. He finds that the disease is a fungus growth on the gills, resembling pulmonary consumption, and warns the people against eating the fish.

PERFUMED CARBOLIC ACID.—The following proportions:

Carbolic Acid.....	1 part.
Oil of lemon.....	3 parts.
Alcohol at 36°.....	100 parts.

The mixture is quite perfect and appears to be very stable. The odour of the oil is alone appreciable. This preparation will be valuable to housekeepers when it is necessary to destroy the odour of the kitchen.

TREATMENT OF CHRONIC ALCOHOLISM.—In reply to a question by a correspondent in the *British Medical Journal* for May 4th, p. 669, regarding the best treatment for the tremors of chronic alcoholism and a substitute for the constant craving for drink which exists, Dr. Lauder Brunton recommends fifteen minims of tincture of perchloride of iron, with ten minims of tincture of nux vomica, as most efficacious for the tremors, combined with bromide of potassium if restless at night. The chalybeate mixture, either alone or with the addition of tincture of capsicum (five or ten minims), relieves the craving for drink, for which purpose also a mixture of carbonate of ammonia in infusion of gentian is valuable. If there be derangement of the stomach, it should be treated by ten-grain doses of subnitrate or carbonate of bismuth, with magnesia and tragacanth.—*London Medical Record*.

PROTECTING BUTTONS.—We find in the *Scientific News* the following short anecdote illustrating to what excess protection can be carried:—"At one time Birmingham, England, supplied nearly the whole world with buttons and buckles. It furnished every variety of these useful articles, but its chief staple was the metal button. When shoe buckles went out of fashion, the affrighted makers went about in shoestrings, begging Parliament to compel people to wear buckles. In like manner the London wigmakers called upon George III., dressed in plain hair, and asked him to restore the departing custom of powder and wigs. When the metal button yielded to the mould of wood or horn covered with silk or some other woven material, the metal-button makers so besieged Parliament by their shrieking entreaties to be saved from ruin, that a law was passed which made it illegal for a tailor to sew on to a suit of a clothes any button made of cloth, serge, camlet, or any other "stuff." Unless this law was swept away by the enactment which recently abolished all laws that had become practically obsolete, this button act is still in force. About half-a-dozen years ago a tailor named Shirley sued a customer named King for £9, the price of a suit of clothes made for the latter. The defendant's counsel asked the tailor of what material were the buttons made, and being told they were of cloth or silk on horn moulds, he remarked that by the law made for the protection of the Birmingham button makers, not only could the tailor not recover, but if the defendant chose to sue for the penalties, the plaintiff would have to pay forty shillings for every dozen of such buttons sewed on by him. The judge agreed, and the tailor was non-suited.

IN A HAMMOCK.

OCTOBER, 1878.

Rock me, wild wind, I am lying,
Tossed by the breeze, in my swing;
The wind whispers, flowers are dying,
With never a robin to sing.
The leaves that around me are falling,
The yellow, the green, and the red,
With rustle and whisper are calling
That summer, sweet summer, is dead.

The sunshine above me is gleaming,
It plays with the rich-tinted leaves.
'Tis Nature's last marvel of seeming—
That only the eastern wind grieves.
Where are my roses, sad south?
West wind, the violets have fled.
The north wind has frost in his mouth,
And summer, sweet summer, is dead.

A. L. J.