THE HOME.

Only One.

Who knows of the steps it takes
To keep the home together;
Who knows of the work it makes?
Only one—the mother.

Who listens to childish woes
Which kisses only smother;
Who's pain'd by naughty blows?
Only one—the mother.

Who knows of the untiring care
Bestowed on baby brother;
Who knows of the tender prayer?
Only one—the mother.

Who knows of the lesson taught
Of loving one another;
Who knows of patience sought?
Only one—the mother.

Who knows of the anxious fears
Lest darling may not weather
The storm of life in after years?
Only one—the mother.

Who kneels at the throne above
To thank the heavenly Father
For the sweetest gift—a mother's love?
Only one—the mother.

Kissing Mother.

A father talking to his careless daughter, said: "I want to speak to you of your mother. It may be that you have noticed a care-worn look upon her face. Perhaps it was not brought there by any act of yours, still it is your duty to chase it away. I want you to get up to-morrow morning and get breakfast; and when your mother comes, and begins to express her surprise, go right up to her and kiss her. You can't imagine how it will brighten her dear face.

"Besides, you owe her many kisses. Away back, when you were a little girl, she kissed you when no one else was tempted by your fever-tainted breath and swollen face. You were not as attractive then as you are now. And through those years of childish sunshine and shadows she was always ready to cure, by the magic of a mother's kiss, the little, dirty, chubby hands, whenever they were injured in those first skirmishes with the rough old world; and then the midnight kiss with which she routed so many bad dreams, as she leaned above your restless pillow—these have all been on interest for long, long years.

"She may not be so pretty as you are, but if you had done your share of work the last ten years, the contrast would not be so marked. Her face has more wrinkles than yours; yet if you are sick, that face would appear far more beautiful than an angel's, as it hovered over you, watching every opportunity to minister to your comfort; and every one of those wrinkles would seem to be bright wavelets of sunshine chasing each other over the dear face.

"She will leave you one of these days. The burdens, if not lifted from her shoulders, will break her down. Those rough, hard hands, that have done so many necessary things for you, will be crossed upon her lifeless breast. When those neglected lips, that gave you your first baby kiss, and those sad, tired eyes, are forever closed, then you will appreciate your mother; but it will be too late."—*Eli Perkins' Book.*

Zechariah Hodgson and His Wife.

Zechariah Hodgson was not naturally an ill-natured man. It was want of reflection; more than a corrupt and ungenerous heart, that led to consider his wife in the light of an inferior being, and to treat her more like a slave than an equal. If he met with anything abroad to ruffle his temper, his wife was sure to suffer when he came home. His meals were always ill-cooked; and, whatever the poor woman did to please him, was sure to have a contrary effect. She bore his ill humor in silence for a long time, but finding it to increase, she adopted a method of reproving him for his unreasonable conduct; which had the happiest effect.

One day, as Zechariah was going to his daily avocation after breakfast, he purchased a large codfish, and sent it home, with directions to his wife to have it cooked for dinner. As no particular mode of cooking was described, the good woman well knew that, whether she boiled it, or made it into stew, her husband would scold her when he came home. But she resolved to please him for once, if possible, and therefore cooked portions of it in several different ways. She, also, with some difficulty, procured an amphibious animal from a brook at the back of the house, and put it into the pot. In due time, her husband came home—some covered dishes were placed on the table, and with a frowning, fault-finding look, the moody man commenced the conversation.

"Well, wife, did you get the fish I bought?"

"Yes, my dear."

"I should like to know how you have cooked it—I will bet anything that you have spoiled it for my eating. (Taking off the cover.) I thought so. Why in the world did you fry it? I would as lief eat a boiled frog."

"Why, my dear, I thought you loved it best fried."

"You did not think any such thing. You knew better. I never loved fried fish—why didn't you boil it?"

"My dear, the last time we had fresh fish, you know I boiled it, and you said you liked it better fried. I did it merely to please you; but I have boiled some also." So saying, she lifted a cover, and lo! the shoulders of the cod, nicely boiled, were neatly deposited on a dish; a sight which would have made an epicure rejoice, but which only now added to the ill-nature of her husband.

"A pretty dish, this!" exclaimed he. "Boiled fish! Chips and porridge! If you had not been one of the most stupid of womankind, you would have made it into a stew."

His patient wife, with a smile, immediately placed a tureen before him, containing an excellent stew.

"My dear," said she, "I was resolved to please you. There is your favorite dish."

"Favorite dish, indeed!" grumbled the disconsolate husband; "I dare say it is unpalatable, wishy-washy mess. I would rather have had a boiled frog than the whole of it."

This was a common expression of his, and had been anticipated by his wife, who, as soon as the preference was expressed, uncovered a large dish at her husband's right arm, and there was a bull frog of portentious dimensions, and pugnacious aspect, stretched out at full length! Zechariah sprung from his chair, not a little frightened at the unexpected apparition.

"My dear," said his wife, in a kind, entreating manner, "I hope you will at length be able to make a dinner."

Zechariah could not stand this. His surly mood was overcome, and he burst into a hearty laugh. He acknowledged his wife was right, declared she should no again have reason to complain of him, and kept to his word.

THE FARM.

Window Gardens.

A sunny window towards the south is one of the things desirable for success in window gardening. "How do you manage?" has often been my inquiry of a friend whose home is in a large Northern city. Throughout the four months of steady cold, from the end of November to the middle of March, her window is the delight of passers by.

"Though many people don't know it," she replied, "soil has more to do with it than climate."

"Do you use any particular kind then?"

"No, only light garden soil, in which I pot my plants when I transplant them in the fall. However, to a certain extent, I believe plants resemble human beings. Two things are essential to the health of children in winter—good food and warmth. I stint my plants of neither. Soil is food to the plant; from thence it draws a great deal of nutrition. Many people take up their plants, put them in a little earth, which they press down as tightly as a bandage over the tender roots, water them insufficiently, and then wonder why their window garden is a failure."

"I thought anybody could water plants," I said.

"Unfortunately, that is what everybody thinks," my friend replied; "but, like greater things, it requires judgment. The temperature of the room has to be considered; upon that depends the quantity of water your flowers will drink. Some houses are much warmer than others. In that case your plants should be watered twice a day. I know an old woman who lives hundreds of miles down the Gulf of St. Lawrence in the bleakest climate; her flowers bloom abundantly through the entire winter, and even into the early summer months. She told me that she watered them with greasy dish water, any other kind of water being very difficult to procure at that season. Never were finer plants to be seen! They were also potted in old tins that had been used for canned lobsters, holes of course being punched in the bottom. The rust which formed in the inside, she considered good for the plants."

"I believe," continued my friend, "that plants need tonics sometimes, just as we do. Look at these sturdy geraniums. You would notice their improved appearance had you seen their delicate thin stems a few weeks ago. I put a pinch of citrate of iron into about a quart of water, and, when dissolved so that the liquid looked like the color of tea, I watered my plants with it once a week. Their altered appearance justifies my experiment, so I shall continue it for a time."

"I will certainly tell all my friends," I cried, delighted.

She laughed merrily and said; "A little knowledge is a dangerous thing. Your friends will all begin watering with iron solutions, and, when failure follows from neglect of other precautions, will lay it at the door of my poor innocent experiment.

"I can tell you of several things to enrich plant soil that I have proved to be successful. After potting in the fall I cut back my plants, and put them away about six weeks in a dark place to get a good rest before they start growing again. Then I take them out into the light, water them freely, but never with cold water. That throws them back—gives them a chill in fact. I always use tepid water. Another equally important matter is to stir the earth about in the pots every day with an old knife. It lets the light and air into the roots, and prevents the earth plastering over them after using water. It may also lead to the discovery of a worm in the pot, which should be thrown out. Nothing is more common in amateur gardening than to see stiff, sodden earth left unbroken in the pots. Moss, too, is frequently laid on the top. My experience has been that sooner or later it kills the plants, it suffocates them.

"I often pour a very small teaspoonful of ammonia into three pints of water and use once a week. It stimulates the plants, and the same is true of cold tea.

"Before the flowering season comes, I always get some raw meat, beef liver is best, and put a small piece, about the size of one third of an egg, deep down in the pots near the roots. There is nothing that my vegetable children are so fond of, or on which they thrive more and flower so quickly. Just try it," she concluded.—*F. Gwilt, in Congregationalist.*

TEMPERANCE.

What Became of a Drink.

In the year 1849, on the 3rd day of October, a traveller from Richmond, in Virginia, to Philadelphia, got out of a train at the refreshment station at Baltimore. He was tired with the journey and still had some distance to go. A friend whom he met there invited him to take a drink. What harm could there be in that? Was it not the part of good fellowship to do so? Who but a churl, a fellow who ought to be treated with contempt, some bigoted, miserable teetotaler could raise an objection? The two friends, with good intentions, went to the bar. Had a drink. What was the result?

The gentleman who was thus tempted was a poet of the very highest promise. His career had been wild and bad. His name was Edgar Allen Poe. His tales had revealed rare genius. One or two poems he had written were radiant with promise. Every literary critic was assured that if he would become steady and settle down to a good life he would be one of the brightest stars of American literature. But the counsels of wise men and the influence of good friends had no effect. Whilst in Richmond he had been brought to penitence for the past and vowed reformation. He signed the pledge and joined a Temperance Society to enable him to resist his great foe, strong drink. He gave a lecture on Total Abstinence, which was attended by the best people in Richmond, who rejoiced at the change and were full of hope. A lady whom he had long loved now consented to an engagement, and arrangements were made for the wedding. All his friends were satisfied that the man had changed, and meant to work and live a good life. Before the marriage took place he had an invitation to Philadelphia for some literary work. Life was bright and all promised well. But whilst staying for a few minutes at Baltimore, a well-meaning friend persuaded him once more to open the door to the demon who had blasted his life up to that hour, but was now subdued. What inducements were used, what strong asseverations that one glass could do no harm were made, what jests at being a milksop were employed, what sneers at personal cowardice were indulged in, we cannot tell. At length Poe only turned the key in the lock. He took a drink.

There are foolish persons who say they have no sympathy with a man who cannot take just one glass or two, perhaps, and stop there. No wise lover of his fellows will say that. Some of the very best men cannot. It is often the fixed brains that are driven into insanity with a few drops of alcohol, which speedily destroy the equilibrium of the whole system, as a little snake poison will do. Poe could not stop at one glass. At Harper's Ferry he was found so disorderly that he was taken back to Baltimore in the custody of the conductor of the Philadelphia train. There he did what numbers have done—run riot in drink, completely mastered by the demon he had been foolish enough to set free. In the course of a few days he was taken to an hospital in an insensible state. On Sunday morning, October 7th, he awoke to consciousness. "Where am I?" he asked. A kind-hearted doctor who was by the bedside said, "You are cared for by your best friends." After a pause Poe solemnly replied, "My best friend would be the man who would blow out my brains." In ten minutes he was a corpse. The next day he was interred in the burial ground of Westminster church, and America lost one of the most promising and brilliant writers she ever possessed. What became of the friend who induced him to take that drink at the Baltimore refreshment-room? What did he think of it when he learned the results? What will he think of it in eternity? If angels have any insight into futurity, what must they have felt if permitted to witness that scene at the refreshment bar? Surely some demon sent a thrill of hellish joy to rejoice out the pit as it saw the man lift the glass. Oh, it is terrible to think what a brilliant light in English literature that glass quenched! And one is reminded of a certain great poet, who lived more than many centuries previously, who said, possibly seeing a similar evil in his day, "Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink."—*J. Hunt Cooke, in the Freeman.*

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