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THE FAMILY CIRCLE

HEALTH AND INSTRUCTION AMUSEMENT CHOICE LITERATURE

J. EDWARD, DES & ENGRAVER

VOL. V.

LONDON, ONT., AUGUST, 1831.

NO. 2.

Making Life Look Brighter.

Say not "The world is dark and drear,"
 Eut strive yourself to light it;
 Though ignorance rage, yet never fear,
 'Tis manhood's work to fight it!
 Strive on, and rust will drop its scales,
 And earnest effort seldom fail,
 And purpose over doubt prevails,
 Thus making life look brighter.

Does virtue meet with small reward?
 That thought is worldly minded;
 For vice herself is oft abhorred
 By slaves whom she has blinded;
 Though now the clouds be dark and dense,
 When we shall walk by faith, not sense,
 Virtue will have true recompense
 The while the clouds grow lighter.

Then call not life a "vale of tears,"
 Our lives are what we make them;
 And we must weigh by "deeds, not years,"
 If we would not mistake them.
 Improve the years, and life is sweet;
 We sow good seed to reap pure wheat;
 Good thoughts and deeds make life complete,
 And make the soul grow whiter.

Written for the Family Circle.

MOLLIE'S TRUST.

By Elspeth Craig.

(Continued).

CHAPTER XVII.

THE MACDONALDS.

Breakfast was in progress in the handsome dining room of the Macdonald mansion on Jarvis street. Sybil and Arthur were seated alone at the sumptuously spread table. The servant had left the room, but still the silence between them remained unbroken. They generally were silent, these two, when alone together. Unless there chanced to be some special topic to talk about. There was never any of the pleasant half-trifling chit-chat about domestic matters, or the affairs of friends and relatives usual between husbands and wives; and since Miss O'Brien had gone away, they had fallen into rather silent habits. Arthur cared nothing for the domestic machinery of his household and invariably made a point of being bored when the subject was mentioned. Nor did his wife's amusements and occupations interest him very greatly. It sufficed for him to know that she had all she wanted; more money than she knew what to do with; every desire granted and every womanly caprice humored—

so he thought. He loved her in a selfish sort of way; he was proud of her beauty, for one thing. Not so much because he was a lover, as for the reason that it reflected credit upon him and made other men envy him. He liked to see Sybil perfectly dressed at all times, and she knowing this expended time and much thought upon the charming toilettes which pleased her husband's fastidious taste. He was always ready to accompany her anywhere she wished, or to assist her in entertaining their friends in their own home. In this way he had won the reputation of being a devoted and adoring husband. Only the proud, beautiful woman who was his wife knew what was the truth, that Arthur Macdonald loved none so well as himself and that he worshipped her beauty and her gold for what they gave to him. He had no sympathy with her inner life. How could he? It was not in him to view life from the exalted standard from which she viewed it. He was cast in a different mould—an inferior one. This Sybil felt more sadly every day of her life. Without a particle of vanity or self-laudation she was fain to acknowledge that she was her husband's superior mentally and morally. Ah! Heaven help the woman who must look down not up to the men they have married! Sybil Macdonald was one of these unhappy women; but still she loved him — this man upon whom her pure, strong soul looked down, sometimes half in pity. But she was not happy; though Mollie Stuart deeming her so, fervently thanked heaven that the happiness of two lives had not been sacrificed in vain. Sybil was far from being a happy woman. If she had aught of joy in her life, it was centered in her little yellow haired son Kenneth. He was her pride, her heart's delight, and many an hour she spent, dreaming over his future as her busy fingers stitched at the pretty garments she would allow no one but herself to make for her darling. It was of him she was thinking that morning, as she sat with her cheek resting on the palm of her hand. Arthur had finished his breakfast and was leaning back in his chair, leisurely reading the paper. Did no thought of the past trouble him as he sat there so perfectly at his ease, in the midst of luxurious surroundings, at the head of that richly laden breakfast table and in the presence of that beautiful woman who was his wife. Perhaps not at that moment; for the time being he had forgotten the two dark crimes of his life, by which a young girl's life had been wrecked and stranded and a brave man's good name obscured. But the recollection will return soon enough, for in truth, there are few moments in Macdonald's life when his mind is free from the memory of the past. They tell us of haunted houses and haunted rooms, where ghostly figures clad all in white glide to and fro with silent foot steps and stony faces. I do not believe in ghosts of this sort; but reader I'll tell you what I do believe in. That is, the ghosts that haunt with terrible persistency, the minds of wicked men. Arthur Macdonald was a haunted man. Look at his wild, restless eyes, which never by any chance meet yours openly; look at the nervous twitching mouth which the heavy moustache and beard do not altogether hide. Then mark the manner of the man; at times eager, nervous and excitable, at others

gloomy and morose. Yes; a haunted man. A man to be pitied, for it is the face of his own wife that invariably calls the ghost from its lurking place. Despise him ye must; yet oh! gentle and happy hearts, pity him!

Remorse and fear sting him into a savage recklessness. But the remorse is slight compared to the fear he feels for his own safety. He tried to persuade himself into the belief that Neal Despard was dead, as nothing had been heard of him for more than four years. But then there was no proof that he had died. "He may be living; he may return to Canada, and weary of bearing the burden of your sin, will lay it down at your door, and denounce you as the real criminal." So whispered into Arthur Macdonald's ear the spectre which haunted his life. And although he knew well that if such a thing did happen that he would stand a fair chance and more than a fair chance of exculpating himself — for he had only to deny the charge and laugh his accuser to scorn, and who would doubt him? Who believe the word of the man who had acknowledged himself guilty and who, for six years had quietly borne shame and exile. Notwithstanding all this, Arthur dreaded the return of this man. It was the old story — "The wicked flee when no man pursueth."

"Your friend, Miss Stuart, has won great applause in Hamilton," remarked Arthur, throwing down the newspaper and passing his cup for more coffee.

"Ah! to be sure, she sang there last night; what does the paper say about her?"

"Oh! the usual trash — beauty and winning grace, talent and all the rest of it. By Jove! I cannot see what the fools find to admire in that pale-faced, puritanical damsel. I beg pardon Sybil; but really, though she is your bosom friend and confidante and all the rest of it; I cannot for the life of me conjure up the faintest semblance of liking or admiration for Miss Stuart."

"No, for your prejudice is too deeply rooted," answered his wife coldly — Mollie, poor innocent Mollie was always an apple of discord between these two.

"You call her pale faced as though that were some great fault in her; and you know Arthur that the poor girl has suffered enough to blanch not only her face but her pretty brown hair as well," continued Sybil, with a slight tremor in her voice.

"I, I know nothing about it," answered Arthur, almost roughly; for it had seemed to his suspicious mind as though her simple words had conveyed some double meaning, a suspicion enhanced by the slight emphasis she put on the words — "you know."

"If the girl is fool enough to moon away her life and good looks, mourning for a scoundrel like Neal Despard, it is her own look out; for my part I cannot understand such nonsense, nor, I should say could any person endowed with common-sense. Why does she not marry? There are dozens of young fellows who would consider themselves blest beyond all other mortals if Miss Mollie would but listen to their wooing. More fools they!"

"Mollie loved Neal Despard much too dearly ever to forget him so far as to wed another," answered Sybil quietly; but an observer might have noted the angry sparkle in her blue eyes.

"Bah!" cried Arthur contemptuously. "much he valued her love!"

"Besides," went on Sybil, calmly ignoring her husband's last words, "Mollie believes him to be innocent."

"What?"

"Sybil glanced up in surprise; as his startled tones fell upon his ears, and saw that his face was very pale, while his eyes were fixed eagerly and almost fearfully upon her face. He averted his gaze when she looked at him, and laughing nervously, said:

"I — you surprised me. I was taken aback for a moment. You surely do not mean to say that Miss Stuart seriously believes Despard to be innocent of — of the crime of which he is accused. Why he convicted himself at once, and of his own free will, when the discovery of the theft was made. It is absurd, you know."

"Nevertheless she has a firm belief in his innocence."

"Ah indeed! Who does she think guilty then, if her ci-devant lover is innocent?" he enquired sarcastically.

"I really do not know that she suspects anyone in partic-

ular," answered Sybil surprised at her husband's manner, and the evident agitation which he had evinced when told of Mollie's trust in her exiled lover.

"How does she account for his conduct in tamely bearing the shame of guilt?" he asked with an assumption of carelessness, though he waited breathlessly for the answer, which certainly did not reassure him when it came.

"She suspects, I fancy, that he is trying to shield someone else."

Sybil's eyes were bent thoughtfully upon the table as she spoke, otherwise she might have seen the violent start her husband gave, and his quick, searching glance into her face.

"Ah! very silly of her I must say," he replied carelessly, "but just what might have been expected of her though. Pray what is your opinion of the matter?"

"Of course it is extremely foolish of poor Mollie to delude herself with such hopes. Neal must be guilty, there is no other way of looking at the matter. Poor, poor, Neal! Oh! how could he do it? He must have known it would break Mollie's heart, poor darling!" murmured Sybil sadly.

"By Jove! you women are curious creatures; why I believe you actually pity that fellow. Poor, poor Neal indeed!"

"I do indeed pity him," answered Sybil earnestly. "However much he sinned; I know him well enough to feel assured he has suffered keenly these six years past. He was my friend years ago," she added, with a slight tinge of regret in her voice.

"And your lover as well; I have heard," retorted Macdonald with a disagreeable laugh.

Sybil's face flushed but she did not reply; for at this moment the door opened and a pretty, fair-haired boy of about four or five years, rushed in. The angry flush faded from Sybil's cheek, at sight of him, and the indignant sparkle in her gave place to a look of tenderest love as she held out her arms to her little son.

"Oh mamma!" he cried, "I have been having such fun."

"Have you my pet? what have you been doing?" she asked, pulling off the little damp mittens from his hands, and taking off his fur cap, softly smoothed back the tangled curls.

"I've been out in the yard, ever since I had my breakfast; and I've been snow-balling Peter."

"And now I suppose you are hungry enough for a piece of bread and a mug of milk," said his mother laughing as she poured out the milk.

"Mamma," exclaimed Kenneth after he had taken a good drink from the mug.

"May Peter take me over to Bertie's this afternoon?"

"Yes dear; if Peter is not too busy, what are you and Bertie going to do this afternoon?"

"Bertie is going out snow-shoeing and I am going to take my sleigh and go with him."

"Nonsense," put in his father sharply, "you cannot take your sleigh into the deep snow, besides you are not to go so much with Bertie Stuart; do you hear Kenneth?"

"Oh papa! I want to go so much," cried the child with a surprised look in his large blue eyes.

"But you cannot go sir. Sybil I wish you would keep the boy from going so frequently to the Stuarts, I am not going to have my son turn into a Methodist parson like that Stuart boy."

"Very well," answered Sybil calmly, though her face was pale with anger and scorn — "since you wish it, I will see that Kenneth does not associate so much with Bertie; but all I can say, Arthur, is that I hope and trust your son may become as great and noble a man as Herbert Stuart bids fair to be."

So saying, she arose and left the room, leading little Ken by the hand. When she had reached her own private sitting-room or *boudoir*, she sank trembling into a chair; and covering her face with her hands burst into tears. It was unlike her, this strong, resolute woman, thus to give way to the womanly weakness of tears, but she felt strangely overwrought and unhappy; scenes, such as has just been described, had of late become very frequent between her and her husband, and she felt degraded and lowered in her own self-respect by the fact of his petty tyranny and exacting selfishness; and her proud, refined nature rebelled at the scant courtesy shown her by the one who above all others

should have shown her most honor. That was why she wept, that morning; poor Sybil whose dreams of happy married life had faded so utterly away.

Presently two little arms were thrown about her neck and a soft cheek was pressed to hers.

"Mamma, mamma! Why are you crying? Is it because you are sorry papa won't let me go to Bertie's? I like Bertie; don't you mamma?"

"Yes Kenneth darling, and I hope you will always be as good a boy as he is; as honest and brave and fearless."

"I will be good mamma; I always do try to be good, because it makes you sorry when I'm naughty doesn't it?"

"Yes indeed it does, darling."

"I don't think it was very good of papa to make you cry this morning," said Kenneth gravely.

"Oh hush! my boy; you must not speak so of your father; he did not mean to make me cry, and I know he would be sorry if he knew." Kenneth did not answer immediately, but stood thoughtfully beside her. Then he said — "I am going down stairs now mamma; I'm going to ask Peter to put a new rope on my sleigh."

He kissed his mother and ran out of the room and down stairs; but he did not go at once to see about the new rope for his sleigh; he went first of all to the dining room. Pushing open the door he looked in. His father was still there and he went in.

"Papa," he said, going forward and standing by his father's chair.

"Well Ken, what is it?"

"Mamma is crying, and when I said you were naughty to make her cry, she said you did not mean to and that you would be sorry if you knew; so I thought I would come and tell you, so you could go and tell her you're sorry and kiss her; and then she won't cry and more. You will go to her, papa, won't you?"

Arthur Macdonald looked confused and his sallow face flushed as he met the steady gaze of his little son's blue eyes.

"Did I make her cry, Ken?" he asked.

"Yes papa, you said I was not to go and see Bertie any more, and that made mamma sorry because she likes Bertie."

"Oh indeed! and I suppose sir you will disobey me and go to Bertie's whenever my back is turned?"

"No," answered Ken gravely. "Mamma wouldn't let me now; and besides I've promised her to be good 'cause she makes her sorry when I'm naughty."

"Oh! and you don't care, I suppose, whether you make me sorry or not?" answered Arthur laughing.

"You don't get sorry; you get angry," replied the child boldly.

"Ah! So that is it, eh?" said his father, pushing him from him and rising from his chair as he spoke. "You care more for your mother's sorrow than you do for my anger, do you?"

"But aren't you going up to her papa?"

"Yes, yes; I shall go up presently; meantime you had better run away and play."

When Kenneth had obediently left the room, his father stood for some time staring thoughtfully before him. Some how this interview with Kenneth had awakened in him a vague feeling of remorse for his conduct to Sybil since their marriage. At that moment he wished with all his heart that he had never married her. He felt as he had never felt before that he was not good enough for her. Ah! no! With a swift rush of shame he covered his face with his hand. What right had he to be the husband of pure, noble-hearted Sybil; or the father of the fearless boy who had so gravely reproached him with making his mother cry. Ah now! How he loathed and despised himself, and wished heartily that he were something better. But how could he be better, with that secret weighing upon his soul and the haunting fear and remorse that ever followed close upon his footsteps. So the desire to be something better ended in a desire. It is often thus with folks. Wishing, longing to be noble-hearted and useful in the world, like some hero or heroine of whom we have read, but never striving, never putting forth one single emulate these same heroes.

The most egotistical and vainest of individuals are at times most deeply conscious of their own inferiority; and then indeed they are the unhappiest of mortals for their self-love is the sole staff upon which they lean for support.

With a muttered curse Arthur Macdonald threw off these strange new feelings of self-condemnation and whistling carelessly went off in search of his wife.

When he entered her boudoir, he found her sitting at her desk writing. She looked up as he entered and he saw the traces of tears upon her face.

"Ah! here you are," he exclaimed pleasantly — "I have been looking for you."

"Did you want me for anything?" asked she quietly.

"I came to tell you not to expect me in to luncheon; and — by the bye, have you any engagement for this afternoon?"

"This is Mrs. Hillary's reception day; Katie Howard and I had arranged to call there together; but that can be put aside if you wish me to go anywhere with you this afternoon, Arthur."

"Oh! not at all; I merely thought if you had nothing better to do, we might go for a long sleigh drive and take Kenneth with us to make up for his disappointment at not being able to go to the Stuarts. However as you have a prior engagement the boy and I can go alone."

Sybil looked up at her husband with surprise and something like gratitude shining in her eyes. He did not usually care much whether another person suffered disappointment or not.

"It is very kind of you dear," — she said, going up to him and laying her hand upon his arm.

"Kenneth was very much disappointed this morning and he will enjoy the drive," she said.

All resentment and anger against her husband had fled from her heart by this time and there was no shadow in the clear eyes as she looked up at him so tenderly and gratefully.

"Are you sure you would not rather I gave up my other engagement in order to go with you?"

"Oh! Perhaps you had better call upon Mrs. Hillary this afternoon and I shall take you out driving to-morrow. But I must be off now; leave orders for Kenneth to be ready for me to take him out if you leave the house before I come for him. Good morning" — he stooped and kissed her; a thing he had not done for many and many a month now.

"I am sorry I was such a brute to you this morning Sybil," he said.

Instantly, her arms were about his neck and she returned his kiss tenderly, lovingly.

"You were not, Arthur; you were only a wee bit impatient and — unjust — that was all."

"Well — well I am sorry I annoyed you; that is all. Now I really must go; good morning."

And this was how he told her he was sorry. He breathed more freely when he left the boudoir, for in point of fact he had been in something of a dilemma. It was a novel experience to have Sybil weeping, he had not known exactly what to say or how to act when he had gone up stairs after his interview with little Ken. However it was over now; he had "kissed and made up" as the children phrase it; and he was rather inclined to feel satisfied with himself and with the issue of that morning's events; — for had he not established his authority as his wife's lord and master? — had he not laid down a law and exacted a promise of obedience from both wife and son? and yet was not peace maintained in his household? Surely he had reason to congratulate himself. "If only" — he told himself — "if only he could banish these Stuarts altogether from his wife's presence; not Bertie the little Methodist parson alone — but the whole family, then he would be content."

His persistent hatred of the Stuarts was a source of constant wonder and sorrow to his wife. Often she had questioned him as to his reasons, but he had sneered and laughed disagreeably, telling her that people were not always accountable for their likes and dislikes. But you reader will not wonder at his hatred of Mollie and her little niece and nephew. One does not as a rule love those whom one has deliberately and grievously wronged.

When Arthur came home that afternoon, there was a strange expression on his face. A casual observer would have said that he looked grave and troubled, whereas a close observer would have discerned exultation and ill concealed satisfaction. It was as though he were endeavouring to hide his real feelings under an assumption of gravity and concern. Evidently something had occurred lately, and what-

ever it might be, the secret was contained in a certain letter, which he carried in his coat pocket.

Hastily enquiring of a servant if her mistress had gone out and being answered in the affirmative, he considered a moment and then ordered the cutter and his own horse Sultan to be brought round immediately. He had decided to go for the projected drive: at any rate and as Kenneth was ready he had nothing to do but wait. But he seemed to be too much excited to sit still; instead, he walked quickly up and down the long driving room with his hands in his coat pockets and his head slightly bent; but when he looked up there was an exultant gleam in his dark eyes while once or twice he muttered under his breath:—

"Safe—safe at last."

Presently a servant announced that the cutter was at the door, and calling Kenneth he took his hat and gloves and from the hall table where he had hastily thrown them and went out. Kenneth followed eager with delight at the pleasure which lay before him, for the winter had but just set in and this was but the second or third sleigh drive he had had as yet.

When they were in and the buffalo robes tucked in around them, Arthur turned and made some jocular remark to the child who laughed gleefully in reply. So with a laugh and a jest and the merry jingle of the bells, they drove away; one of them knowing yet heeding not that he carried with him the letter that had power to bring woe to a human heart. What mattered it to him if she whom he hated so bitterly were doomed to suffer. Particularly if the cause of this new sorrow which was to fall upon her brought to him the assurance of present and future security. Ah! Arthur Macdonald! When you go into your wife's presence with that letter in your hand, though your face may wear a mask of regret, there will be no sorrow in your selfish heart, at the thought of a brave, good man going down to a dishonored grave in a far off foreign land, only triumph, exultation that you are safe from the exposure you dreaded.

It was late when they returned from their drive and in answer to his enquiries the servant informed her master that Mrs. Macdonald was in; that she was now up in her dressing-room. Thither Arthur went at once, and when little Ken started to follow, he was sternly told to go to his nursery and his tea; he would see his mother afterwards. Wondering at the sudden change in his father's manner the child slyly and unwillingly obeyed, and Macdonald knocking at the door of his wife's dressing and being told to enter, turned the handle and went in.

(To be Continued.)

SELECTED.

Wife to Husband.

BY LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

When I am dust, and thou art quick and glad,
Bethink thee, sometimes, what good days we had,
What happy days, beside the shining seas,
Or by the twilight fire, in careless ease,
Reading the rhymes of some old poet lover,
Or whispering our own love-story over.

When thou hast mourned for me a seemly space,
And set another in my vacant place,
Charmed with her brightness, trusting in her truth,
Warmed to new life by her beguiling youth,
Be happy, dearest one, and surely know
I would not have thee thy life's joys forego.

Yet think of me sometimes, where cold and still
I lie, who once was swift to do thy will,
Whose lips so often answered to thy kiss,
Who, dying, blessed thee for that by-gone bliss;
I pray thee do not bar my presence quite
From thy new life, so full of new delight.

I would not vex thee, waiting by my side;
My presence should not chill thy fair young bride;
Only bethink thee how alone I lie:
To die and be forgotten were to die
A double death; and I deserve of thee
Some grace of memory, fair however she be.

—Lippincott's Mag.

The Way to Speak to Boys.

Many years ago a certain minister was going one Sunday morning from his house to his school-room. He walked through a number of streets, and as he turned a corner he saw assembled around a pump a party of little boys, who were playing at marbles. On seeing him approach they began to pick up their marbles and run away as fast as they could. One little fellow, not having seen him as soon as the rest, could not accomplish this so soon; and before he had succeeded in gathering up his marbles the minister closed upon him, and placed his hand upon his shoulder. There they were face to face—the minister of God and the poor little ragged boy who had been caught in the act of playing marbles on Sunday morning. And how did the minister deal with the boy? for that is what I wish you to observe. He might have said to the boy: "What are you doing here? You are breaking the Sabbath! Don't you deserve to be punished for breaking the command of God?" But he did nothing of the kind. He simply said, "Have you found all your marbles?" "No," said the little boy, "I have not." "Then," said the minister, "I will help you to find them." Whereupon he knelt down and helped him look for the marbles; and as he did so he remarked, "I liked to play at marbles when a little boy very much, and I think I can beat you; but," added he, "I never played marbles on Sunday."

The little boy's attention was arrested. He liked his friend's face, and began to wonder who he was. Then the minister said: "I am going to a place where I think you would like to be—will you come with me?" Said the boy, "Where do you live?" "In such and such a place," was the reply. "Why, that is the minister's house?" exclaimed the boy, as if he did not suppose that a kind man and the minister of the Gospel could be the same person. "Why," said the man, "I am the minister myself, and if you will come with me I think I can do you some good." Said the boy, "My hands are dirty; I cannot go." Said the minister, "Here is a pump—why not wash?" Said the boy, "I am so little that I can't wash and pump at the same time." Said the minister, "If you'll wash, I'll pump." He at once set to work, and pumped, and pumped, and pumped; and as he pumped the little boy washed his hands and face till they were quite clean. Said the boy, "My hands are wringing wet, and I don't know how to dry them." The minister pulled out of his pocket a clean pocket handkerchief and offered it to the boy. Said the little boy, "But it is clean." "Yes," was the reply, "but was made to be dirtied." The little boy dried his hands and face with the handkerchief, and then accompanied the minister to the door of the Sunday-school.

Twenty years after, the minister was walking in the street of a large city, when a tall gentleman tapped him on the shoulder, and looking into his face, said: "You don't remember me?" "No," said the minister, "I don't." "Do you remember, twenty years ago, finding a little boy playing marbles round a pump? Do you remember that boy's being too dirty to go to school, and your pumping for him, and your speaking kindly to him, and taking him to the school?" "Oh!" said the minister, "I do remember." "Sir," said the gentleman, "I was that boy. I rose in business, and became a leading man. I have attained a good position in society, and on seeing you to-day in the street I felt bound to come to you that it is your kindness and wisdom and Christian discretion—to your having dealt with me lovingly, gently and kindly, at the same time that you dealt with me aggressively, that I owe, under God, all that I have attained, and all that I am at the present day."—J. C. Ryle.

"AGNOSTIC."—What is Agnostic? It is a word of late coinage. The definition given by those who use it most is that it is composed of two Greek words signifying I don't know, or I have not sufficient evidence on the subject to enable me to decide. An Agnostic is a kind of know-nothing in religion; he neither affirms nor denies. One author defines it thus: "An Agnostic is a man who doesn't know whether there is a God or not; doesn't know whether he has a soul or not; doesn't know whether there is a future life or not; doesn't believe that any one else knows any more about these matters than he does, and thinks it impossible and a waste of time to try to find out."

A MILKMAN'S BLUNDER, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

"Walk out to my house and have breakfast with me some morning." Such was the invitation given me one day by Mr. Robertson, a genial, middle-aged solicitor to whom I was articulated, in the thriving town of Abbeyton.

Now I had only been articulated for a few weeks, and what I seen of Mr. Robertson in business made me wish to know him and his in their private life; hence I was much delighted to have this opportunity of gratifying my wish. A few days afterwards, waking up and finding a glorious summer sun streaming into my room, I speedily decided that this was just the kind of morning on which I should accept the invitation to breakfast at Abbey Grove, and in a few minutes I was on my way thither.

Abbey Grove was situated about two miles from the town, and consisted of a small cluster of villas, built in a prettily situated spot, which, generations ago, had formed part of the grounds of an old abbey. The only remains of this ancient building, however, were a few yards of crumbling wall, with here and there vestiges of what at one time had been traceried windows; these, with numerous mounds of stones and masonry, were all that was now left to tell of what had been there centuries ago. Most of these mounds were now covered with grass and shrubs and trees, and thus formed a delightfully secluded retreat, which the inhabitants of the Abbey Grove villas enjoyed in common.

The invigorating charms of an early walk on a summer's morning need no description. The pure air, the genial sun, the twittering birds, the sparkling dew, and soft, low breeze, all tend to exhilarate one's spirits, and to make the day pleasanter and happier throughout. All these experiences were mine on the day I write of. As I approached Abbey Grove, and saw the houses peeping from out the surrounding trees, I commenced wondering as to what kind of a residence would be occupied by Mr. Robertson, how it would be furnished, what kind of people his wife and family would be like, and the kindred things that you speculate upon when going to visit a house for the first time. Last, but by no means least, as my walk continued I wondered what kind of a breakfast there would be to appease the appetite stimulated by the morning breeze.

I walked down the short avenue leading to the houses, and then began to wonder which of the half-dozen villas I was bound for. This small community dispensed with numbers to their houses, nor did they even distinguish them by the ambitious and ridiculous names which you see stuck up on most suburban residences. No, nothing savoring so of the town for this group of country residents; they all called their several houses by the common name of Abbey Grove, and the stranger had to take his chance of having to go to each of the houses in turn, before he found the particular one he sought. Fortune favored me, however, by sending across my path a travelling directory in the shape of the local milkman; and in response to my inquiry as to which house was Mr. Robertson's I received the straightforward reply: "This 'ere one as I've just come from, sir." Walking up the path, I found the door invitingly open, and the house-maid putting the finishing touches on the bell-handle.

"Master is not down yet, sir," she replied to my inquiry as to whether he was at home, which, considering the time of day, really appeared an absurd question to ask the girl; but we get accustomed to use stereotyped phrases under some circumstances.

"O, then I will come in and wait," I replied.

"What name shall I say, sir?" asked the girl.

"Just tell him Mr. Brookes has called, and he will understand."

So saying the girl showed me into a snug little breakfast-room, where the sunbeams and the fresh morning air seemed to be vying with each other as to which should hold possession of the room, with such friendly rivalry were they streaming through two open French windows, which opened upon a tastefully-arranged lawn and flower-beds outside. While noticing these things, the house-maid had gone up stairs to announce me, when something like the following dialogue ensued:

"Please, ma'am, Mr. Brookes is down stairs."

"Mr. Brookes! Who is he?" was the response, in a muffled female voice.

"I don't know, ma'am," the maid replied. "I've never seen him here before. But he's a young gentleman, and says he will wait till master comes down."

"Whoever can he be, and what can he want, bothering here at this time of day?" continued the muffled voice, and thereupon the door was shut.

Now this was not exactly pleasant to me; but when I reflected that most probably Mrs. Robertson would be unacquainted with her husband's invitation to me, I thought it best not to be offended; so I commenced examining the pictures on the walls. They were not very interesting, and I soon concluded my inspection and looked round for something else to occupy the moments, which began to hang rather heavily. The newspaper of the previous day was upon a small table by the window, so I took that up just to pass away the time, and I was soon listlessly perusing the advertisements. I had not been sitting thus above a minute or two, when I heard a slight rustling, as of a lady's dress; simultaneously came three or four light footsteps through the window into the room, and before I could look up from my paper, or rise from my seat, a musical voice accosted me with "Good morning, uncle; here is your button-hole."

I started up in no little surprise at this greeting, which was evidently not intended for me; and there stood before me a fairy-like maiden of some sixteen summers, her brown hair falling loosely from a daintily shaped head; her cheeks aglow with the healthy morning air she had been enjoying, and deepened to a rosy blush, when she discovered her greeting had been unwittingly addressed to a stranger. She was standing before me, holding out the little knot of flowers destined for her uncle's button-hole—how I envied her uncle!—a very picture of health and life, and happiness and beauty. Her expression of unrestrained enjoyment had changed in a moment to one of embarrassment and dismay, mingled with a gleam of amusement in her bright eyes as the humor of the awkward situation we were in broke upon her. An instantaneous mutual agreement seemed to flash between us. We both broke into a merry little laugh; and I have often wondered what would have happened if we had not adopted this course; if, for instance, the young lady had passed on with a dignified coldness, and simple apologies and bows had passed between us! Our sudden introduction was, however, not destined to have this sudden ending. In a few moments we were chatting away like old friends. I fancied my fairy seemed to be actually pleased when I announced that I was going to stay to breakfast; and I had almost summoned up courage to ask her to present me in reality with the flowers she had undesignedly offered to me, when the entrance of the servant with the completing dishes for the breakfast-table served as an excuse for her to leave the room.

She had scarcely gone through the door when I heard again the greeting, "Good-morning, uncle," followed this time by an unmistakable sound which made me long more than ever to be that girl's uncle! The door opened once more. I stepped forward to meet my employer, but suddenly paused, as a tall gentleman entered the room whom I had never seen before in my life.

He stood looking inquiringly at me after a sharp "Good-morning." I was too embarrassed to make any response. My first thought was, "He is some visitor;" but in a few moments the awful truth dawned across my mind that this was in reality the owner of the house I was in, and that by some means or other I had got into the wrong one. The situation was tremendous. I am naturally a cool character; but I was so taken by surprise and chagrin that I could only mutter some confused apology about having been invited to breakfast by Mr. Robertson; that I had been directed to this house by some miserable misunderstanding; that I humbly apologized for my intrusion, and hoped he would pardon it. So speaking, I made a frantic dash at my hat, maddened at my stupidity, at the loss of my breakfast, and still more at the thought of never seeing or speaking again to that charming little lady who in less than five minutes I found I was absurdly in love with.

I said a hurried "Good-morning," and was trying to make a ghastly attempt at a smile as I left the room—when,

would you believe it? that tall, dark man burst out into a loud laugh. I felt ready to knock him down. I knew how my stupidity would be gayly discussed at that breakfast-table before her, and I felt my discomfiture and humiliation deeply; but this open merriment at my expense maddened me.

A strange calm succeeded this storm. It was caused by some words uttered by my tormentor.

"You really must forgive me; I could not refrain from laughing. My name is Robinson. Your friend, Mr. Robertson, lives in one of the other houses. We frequently get parcels and letters, and even callers coming to the wrong house; but, in all my experience, we have never had so amusing a mistake so early in the day as this one."

"Now this explanation toned down my anger considerably; but the words which followed were like balm to my troubled heart.

"Mr. Robertson will have finished breakfast by now. I cannot think of allowing you to go. Do me the favor of remaining here and breakfasting with us this morning."

So saying, he took my hat out of my hand and led me into the room again. Of course it did not need much persuasion to make me stop. Two minutes before I had been ready to knock this man over; I now thought him the kindest and most considerate fellow in the world.

Of course the breakfast was delightful. I found Mr. Robinson and his wife sensible, genial, kind-hearted people. I found their niece even more sensible, more genial and kind-hearted than they were, and when, after breakfast, I accompanied her and Mr. Robinson into their pretty flower-garden, I received from her a rose-bud for my button-hole, which I kept for some years afterwards. When saying good-by I was perplexed by thinking how I should manage to see her again; it must be contrived somehow, I mentally resolved. Upon returning to town I lost no time in explaining "the situation" to my worthy employer, Mr. Robertson, who rallied me good-naturedly upon the mistake, and upon what the consequences might be. Next week I was invited to a picnic at Mr. Robinson's, and went not only to it, but likewise to Mr. Robinson's house again and again before his niece returned to her home.

Four years have passed since that invitation to breakfast was given me, and that "fairy-like girl" is now my wife. That local milkman, bless him, got a handsome "tip" upon our wedding-day.

OUT OF THE MOUTH OF BABES.

"Little Annie Wilder has joined the church," said Mrs. Fielding to her friend Mrs. Brewster.

"Joined the church! Well, I must say I don't believe in filling the church with children, and such material too. I don't believe Annie Wilder knows how to read."

"And her mother is such a low-lived termagant," added the first speaker.

"Yes, and that isn't the worst of it; she takes a drop too much, I am told."

"Say a great many drops, and you will get nearer the truth," was the reply.

This bit of dialogue took place in Mrs. Fielding's pretty summer parlor in a certain suburb.

It happened that not long thereafter Annie Wilder came to Mrs. Fielding and asked for work. She was set to washing dishes and cleaning vegetables, and a most efficient little handmaiden she proved. She was gay as a bird, warbling snatches of hymn and song as she hurried from one task to another.

One day Mrs. Fielding said:

"Annie, I wonder you are not more serious since you joined the church. It is a great responsibility to be a church member, and religion is a serious thing."

Annie paused in her work, looked at the lady with her sweet, truthful eyes, and said:

"I don't know what you mean, ma'am."

"I feared as much," said Mrs. Fielding. "Child do you know what it means to join the church?"

"It means being on Jesus' side," said Annie, her face radiant; "and O, I love him so that I can't help singing!"

"But," said Mrs. Fielding, "don't you have any fears, any struggles?"

"Why should I, ma'am?" asked the child, her clear eyes opening wide.

The lady said no more, but she shook her head ominously as she walked away.

The hot weather came on; family trials were onerous; nobody had an appetite; the children were cross; papa was critical. One morning Mrs. Fielding felt particularly out of condition. The sun, but a little way on his journey, shone with noonday intensity. Not a leaf stirred. The breakfast was tasteless. The flies were aggravating. I don't know how it happened, but it only takes a little spark to make an explosion when the train is laid. Some unguarded word was spoken, a temper blazed; a child was slapped and sent away from the table; the husband remonstrated; sharp words followed; there was recrimination, tears, a downright quarrel.

"O, the trouble of living!" groaned Mrs. Fielding, when husband and children were out of the house, and she was left alone. "I cannot bear it, I cannot bear it!" and she gave herself up to hysterical sobbing.

By and by, when the storm was a little cleared away, came Annie, her face serene, her eyes soft and untroubled.

"Please excuse me ma'am, for being late," she said, "but mother was bad this morning and wouldn't let me come."

"What is the matter with her?"

The child blushed.

"She has been drinking, I suppose," said Mrs. Fielding.

Annie raised her arm at that minute, and there on the soft, fair flesh was the livid mark of a blow.

"What is that?"

"Please don't ask me, ma'am; it is nothing."

"Your mother has been beating you—and what a face! You look as if you hadn't a trouble in the world. How can you bear such things?"

"I keep saying 'em over, ma'am."

"Saying what over?"

"The charity verses. I said 'em so fast I didn't hear mother very plain."

"What do you mean?"

"Love suffereth long and is kind—isn't it beautiful, ma'am?" and the child's face glowed. "And [then when I started to come here," she continued, "I couldn't help feeling bad and lonesome, and I thought of another verse; 'Lo, I am with you alway, even until the end of the world.' Always, ma'am, think of that! It means Jesus, ma'am; and O, I love him so!"

Mrs. Fielding went to her own room, dumb before the wisdom of an ignorant child. Presently Annie's voice came floating out on the stifling air. She was singing, "His loving kindness, O how great."—*Christian Union*.

Baby is Dead.

"Baby is dead!" Three little words passing along the line, copied somewhere and soon forgotten. But after all was quiet again I leaned my head upon my hand and fell into a deep reverie of all that those words may mean.

Somewhere—a dainty form, still and cold, unclasped by mother's arms to-night. Eyes that yesterday were as bright and blue as skies in June, dropped to-night beneath white lids that no voice can raise again. Two soft hands, whose rose-leaf fingers were wont to wander lovingly around mother's neck and face, loosely holding white buds, quietly folded in coffin rest. Soft lips, yesterday rippling with laughter, sweet as woodland brook-falls, gay as trill of forest bird, to-night unresponsive to kiss or call of love. A silent home—the patter of baby feet forever hushed—a cradle-bed unpressed. The shoes half-worn—dainty garments—shoulder-knots of blue to match those eyes of yesterday, folded with aching heart away. A tiny mound, snow-covered, in some quiet graveyard. A mother's groping touch in uneasy slumber, for the fair head that shall never rest upon her bosom. The low sob, the bitter tear, as broken dreams awake to sad reality. The hopes of future years wrecked, like fair ships that suddenly go down in sight of land. The watching of other babies, dimpled, laughing, strong, and this one gone! The present agony of grief, the future emptiness of heart, all held in those three little words, "Baby is dead!"

Indeed, it is well that we can copy and soon forget the words so freighted with woe to those who receive and send them. And yet it cannot harm us now and then to give a tender thought to those whom our careless pen-stroke is preparing such a weight of grief.—*Tel. Operator*.

A Glasgow Factory Boy.

Just above the wharves of Glasgow, on the banks of the Clyde, there once lived a factory boy, whom I will call Davie. At the age of ten he entered a cotton factory as "piecer." He was employed from six o'clock in the morning till eight at night. His parents were very poor, and he well knew that his must be a boyhood of very hard labor. But then and there, in that buzzing factory, he resolved that he would obtain an education, and would become an intelligent and useful man. With his very first week's wages he purchased "Ruddiman's Rudiments of Latin." He then entered an evening school, which met between the hours of eight and ten. He paid the expenses of his instruction out of his own hard earnings. At the age of sixteen he could read Virgil and Horace as readily as the pupils of the English grammar schools.

He next began a course of self-instruction. He had been advanced in the factory from a "piecer" to the spinning-jenny. He brought his books to the factory, and placing one of them on the "jenny," with the lesson open before him, he divided his attention between the running of the spindles and the rudiments of knowledge. He now began to aspire to become a preacher and a missionary, and to devote his life in some self-sacrificing way to the good of mankind. He entered Glasgow University. He knew that he must work his way, but he also knew the power of resolution, and he was willing to make almost any sacrifice to gain knowledge. He worked at cotton-spinning in the summer, lived frugally, and applied his savings to his college studies in the winter. He completed the allotted course, and at the close was able to say, with praise-worthy pride, "I never had a farthing that I did not earn."

That boy was Dr. David Livingstone.—*Chatterbox.*

True Success in Life.

It is said, that amongst the middle-class of this country, 'the life of a man who leaves no property or family provision, of his own acquiring, at his death, is felt to have been a failure.' There are many modes in which the life of an industrious, provident, and able man may have been far other than 'a failure,' even in a commercial point of view, when he leaves his family with no greater money-inheritance than that with which he began the world himself. He may have preserved his family, during the years he has lived amongst them, in the highest point of efficiency for future production. He may have consumed to the full extent of his income, producing but accumulating no money-capital for reproductive consumption; and indirectly, but not less certainly, he may have accumulated whilst he has consumed, so as to enable others to consume profitably. If he have had sons, whom he has trained to manhood, bestowing upon them a liberal education, and causing them to be diligently instructed in some calling which requires skill and experience, he is an accumulator. If he have had daughters, whom he has brought up in habits of order and frugality, apt for all domestic employments, instructed themselves, and capable of carrying forward the duties of instruction, he has reared those who, in the honorable capacity of wife, mother, and mistress of a family, influence the industrial powers of the more direct labourers in no small degree; and being the promoters of all social dignity and happiness, create a noble and virtuous nation. By the capital thus spent in enabling his children to be valuable members of society, he has accumulated a fund out of his consumption which may be productive at a future day. He has postponed his money-contribution to the general stock, but he has not withheld it altogether. He has not been the 'wicked and slothful servant.' On the other hand, many a man, whose life, according to the mere capitalist doctrine, has not been 'a failure,' and who has taught his family to attach only a money-value to every object of creation, bequeaths to the world successors whose rapacity, ignorance, unskillfulness, and improvidence, will be so many charges upon the capital of the nation. He that has been weak enough, according to this 'middle-class' doctrine, not to believe that the whole business of man is to make a 'muck-hill,' may have spent existence in labours, public or private, for the benefit of his fellow-creatures; but his is 'a failure!' The greater part of the clergy, of the bar, of the medical profession, of the men of science and litera-

ture, of the defenders of their country, of the resident gentry, of the aristocracy, devote their minds to high duties, and some to heroic exertions, without being inordinately anxious to guard themselves against such 'a failure.' It would, perhaps, be well if some of those who believe that all virtue is to be solved into pounds sterling, were to consider that society demands from 'the money-making classes' a more than ordinary contribution, not to indiscriminate benevolence, but to those public instruments of production—educational institutions, improved sanitary arrangements—which are best calculated to diminish the interval between the very rich and the very poor.—*Charles Knight's Knowledge is Power.*

Before Marriage and After.

Before marriage the young girl will generally know or have some idea when the young gentleman will come to see her; she takes great care to look neat and pleasing, waiting to receive him in a tastefully-arranged room. And what of the young man? No matter how much "out of sorts," (as he is apt to term it) he may feel, he will dress in his best, look his very best and start for the home of his love. They meet with a clasp of hands and a pleasant smile, have an agreeable evening's visit, then part with a kind good night. I do not say this is wrong if there is true love in it, but how different it is from the home in after years! We too often miss the sweet face and pleasing appearance of the young girl as the wife. And the youth whose only aim was to please his lady love, now seems to have forgotten all the little courtesies and gentle attentions that are needed just as much in the husband as in the lover to make happy. He finds many other things to look after; and utters harsh and thoughtless words. You may see the wife of only a few months, in a slovenly dress, hair uncombed, the house in disorder, and nearly time for the husband to come home. It is no wonder that he is unhappy, and may try to give a little advice sometimes I make no excuse for her. She may have plenty to do, and more than she can accomplish; still she can if she will, always look neat, and meet her husband with a smile.

Then, on the other hand, the wife may try hard to keep the sweet, girlish ways of other days about her, but the husband will think to himself "Now we are married, Mary must not expect to be the same as before. I have no time for loving ways, now there is so much resting upon me, as the head of the house." He takes no notice of the neatly kept rooms, and the nice dinner just to his taste, and the loving wife who meets him at the door with a smile of welcome home.

A Fresh-water Spring in the Atlantic.

One of the most remarkable displays of Nature may be seen on the Atlantic coast, eighteen miles south of St. Augustine. Off Matanzas Inlet, and three miles from shore, a mammoth fresh-water spring gurgles up from the depth of the ocean with such force and volume as to attract the attention of all who came in its immediate vicinity. This fountain is large, bold and turbulent. It is noticeable to fisherman and others passing in small boats along near the shore. For many years this wonderful and mysterious freak of Nature has been known to the people of St. Augustine and those living along the shore, and some of the superstitious ones have been taught to regard it with a kind of reverential awe, or holy horror, as the abode of supernatural influences. When the waters of the ocean in its vicinity are otherwise calm and tranquil, the upheaving and troubled appearance of the water shows unmistakable evidences of internal commotions. An area of about half an acre shows this troubled appearance,—something similar to the boiling of a washerwoman's kettle. Six or eight years ago Commodore Hitchcock, of the United States Coast Survey, was passing this place, and his attention was directed to the spring by the upheavings of the water, which threw his ship from her course as she entered the spring. His curiosity becoming excited by this circumstance, he set to work to examine its surroundings, and found six fathoms of water everywhere in the vicinity, while the spring itself was almost fathomless.

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(Written on board the Steamer Manitoba.)

SEED THOUGHTS.

Thoughts are the seeds of character; and like perennials, they often develop and mature in a short season into the perfect plant, blooming if good into beautiful flowers in the garden of the soul, filling the circle of their influence with delightful fragrance, or blessing and refreshing others with their luscious and invigorating fruitage; or, if the seed be bad, bringing forth thorns and thistles to curse the soil that gave them birth, and rattle and fester in the depraved spirit that warmed them into life, or springing up into a deadly upas, exhaling its pestilential breath, luring to their ruin the souls that seek repose beneath its shadow. Thoughts lead to words and actions, and these make up our lives, and this life gives tone and character to all life; all we know, or hope, or fear, or dream of life, in the immeasurable and incomprehensible future. How important then are our “seed thoughts,” and how careful we should be, with promptness and firmness to cast out evil ones, as soon as their presence is discovered, and to cherish and cultivate those that grow into the good and beautiful in human life. Often, oh, how often, has it been the case, that men and women too, have descended to the lowest depths of crime and degradation, depths from which in earlier life they would have shrunk back, could they have looked into them, with horror, and almost have despised their own souls if they could have believed them capable of sinking to such depths, and the terrible result so unforeseen and unimagined has afterward followed, as the natural growth and development of sinful seed thoughts, that fall, it may be, like thistle down, unbidden in the soil of an impulsive youthful heart, but were allowed to grow, like demon-sown tares, till the better plants of virtue were dwarfed and smothered, and the evil tree has grown so strong that the enfeebled soul could not summon up courage to pluck it up.

The saints in paradise and the lost souls in hell, could they but trace back the processes which eventuated in their final destiny, would find the beginning of the end in seed thoughts planted long before in the garden of the soul.

J. I. L.

ANCIENT ROMAN WINES.

Apropos of the renewed controversy regarding the wines mentioned in the Bible, and more particularly as to what kind—intoxicant or otherwise—our Lord made at the marriage feast at Cana, and which kind he used at the last supper, it will be interesting to learn that a curious account of ancient Roman wines was written toward the end of his life, by M. Grenier, of the Paris *Constitutionnel*, who died a short time ago. It appears that all our preconceived ideas as to wine must be abandoned in thinking of these liquors. They were rather to be compared to the sweetened drinks and even to the confections of our own days, being either sweet by nature or rendered so by mixing with a compound of various solid substances. Honey, cheese, essence of flowers and many other ingredients were thus used, and in such quantities as often to convert the wine into a sort of jelly. New wine was used for pouring on slices of bread, which were eaten in much the same way as children now eat bread and jam, or bread and molasses. Some of it, when older and more thoroughly dried, was formed into cakes and became quite hard. The old wine was thus either a thick syrup or solid, and when intended to be used was dissolved in water. Of course, none of these preparations could be intoxicating, and as the Romans were masters of Palestine during our Saviour's time, their method of making and using wines must have been well known to the Jews, if not previously practised by them, which is most likely. We know that “dibs” or grape juice boiled down to a syrup is greatly used in Syria, and has been used as much in former times as now. It is, therefore, far more probable that the wine made by our Lord was of that nature than that it was intoxicating. One may well suppose that what the wedding guests had been using was some such wines as above described, with water poured on it to dissolve it. The “dibs” or other preparation of sweet wines may have been exhausted, and the miracle may have consisted in obtaining a richer wine or grape juice by pouring in water when there was no wine to mix with it than had been obtained before by mixing the ordinary wine syrup with water. There is no fruit more conducive to health than the grape, and the expressed juice of it drank in an unfermented state, or made into a delicious syrup by boiling it down and then mixing with water, or vinegar and water, like raspberry vinegar must be a cooling and healthy beverage. Some years ago I suggested through your paper that California, being most suitable for raising the finest kinds of grapes in perfection, should go into the making of un-intoxicating wine by boiling grape juice into syrup instead of making it into fermented wine. It would probably pay them far better, besides being a business on which God's blessing could be invoked. I see that latterly some have gone into making syrup there, with what success I would like to learn.

JAMES DOUGALL.

Windsor, Ont., July 25, 1881.

HEALTH AND DISEASE.

Sunlight a Necessity.

Sun-baths cost nothing, and are the most refreshing life-giving baths that one can take, whether sick or well. Every housekeeper knows the necessity of giving her woollens the benefit of the sun from time to time, and especially after a long rainy season, or a long absence of the sun. Many will think of the injury their clothes are liable to from dampness, who will never reflect that an occasional exposure of their own bodies to the sunlight is equally necessary to their health. The sun-baths cost nothing, and that is a misfortune, for people are still deluded with the idea that those things only can be good or useful which cost money. Let it not be forgotten that three of God's most beneficent gifts to man—three things the most necessary to health—sunlight, fresh air, and water, are free to all; you can have them in abundance, without money and without price, if you will. If you would enjoy good health, then, see to it that you are supplied with pure air to breathe all the time; that you bathe for an hour or so in the sunlight, and that you quench your thirst with no other fluid than water.

Overworking the Undeveloped Brain.

"Overwork," properly so-called, can only occur when the organ upon which the stress of the labor falls is yet immature, and, therefore, in process of development. When an organ has reached the maturity of its growth it can only work up to the level of its capacity or faculty for work! Fatigue may produce exhaustion, but that exhaustion will come soon enough to save the organ. Repeated "efforts" may, under abnormal conditions, follow each other too rapidly to allow of recuperation in the intervals of actual exertion, and as the starting point will, in each successive instance, be lower than the previous state, there may be a gradual abasement; but even this process should not seriously injure a healthy and well-developed organ. In short, a great deal of nonsense has been said and written about the "overwork" of mature brains, and there are grounds for believing that an excuse has been sought for idleness, or indulgence in a valetudinarian habit, in the popular outcry on this subject which awhile ago attracted much attention. Nevertheless there can be no room to question the extreme peril of "overwork" to growing children and youth with undeveloped brains.

The excessive use of an immature organ arrests its development by diverting the energy which should be appropriated to its growth, and consuming it in work. What happens to horses which are allowed to run races too early, happens to boys and girls who are overworked at school. The competitive system as applied to youths has produced a most ruinous effect on the mental constitution which this generation has to hand down to the next, and particularly the next but one ensuing. School work should be purely and exclusively directed to development. "Cramming" the young for examination purposes [college students at this time of year, take heed.—Ed.] is like compelling an infant in arms to sit up before the muscles of its back are strong enough to support it in the upright position, or to sustain the weight of its body on its legs by standing while as yet the limbs are unable to bear the burden imposed on them. A crooked spine or weak or contorted legs is the inevitable penalty of such folly. Another blunder is committed when one of the organs of the body—to wit, the brain—is worked at the expense of other parts of the organism, in face of the fact that the measure of general health is proportioned to the integrity of development, and the functional activity of the body as a whole in the harmony of its component systems. No one organ can be developed at the expense of the rest without a corresponding weakening of the whole.—*Lancet*.

The Seeds of Disease.

Most people think bad smells prolific of infection, and carrion and decaying matter generally to be breeders of disease. Some are quite saushed when the foul air is deodorized, quite unaware that the infective particles may remain the same. But we must not mistake here. Our success in battling with epidemics will depend on our getting at the exact truth in the case. Liberia soon becomes the grave of every white man that goes there to stay; but the keenest scent detects nothing of the malaria in the atmosphere. All may be fragrance and beauty where yellow fever is decimating the population. It was the finest parts of Chicago that were ravaged by scarlet fever, while the other parts were almost exempt. Diphtheria has of late years had proportionally more victims in the mountainous regions of Massachusetts than in Boston and our larger cities.

The fact is, infectious diseases come of germs just as truly as the products of our fields come of the seed sown. These germs are almost infinitely small, but their mature plants—they are strictly vegetable—have the power to multiply at an almost infinite rate. Each disease has its own germ. Small-pox cannot come from typhoid germs; nor measles from scarlatina; nor yellow fever from cholera—and so universally. They must come each from its own seed, as much so as wheat, corn, the apple, elm, or oak. They cannot come without seed, for science knows of no spontaneous generation. But the seeds of higher order require good soil and other favoring conditions. It is equally so with the seeds of disease. Their choicest soil is filth, and there is no other favoring condition equal to a depressed state of one's physical system—whether depressed by bad food, impure air, sensual indulgence, long-continued anxiety, fear, watching, or undue fasting.—*Youth's Companion*.

Medicinal Properties of Celery.

I have known many men and women too, who, from various causes, had become so much affected with nervousness, that when they stretched out their hands they shook like aspen leaves on windy days—and by a daily moderate use of the blanched foot stalks of celery leaves as a salad they became as strong and steady in limbs as other people.

I have known others so very nervous that the least annoyance put them in a state of agitation, and they were almost in constant perplexity and fear, who were also effectually cured by a daily moderate use of blanched celery as a salad at meal times. I have known others cured by using celery for palpitation of the heart. Everybody engaged in labor weakening to the nerves, should use celery daily in its season, and onions in its stead when not in season.—*Cor. Prac. Farmer*.

An Unsuspected Danger from Fruit-cans.

People who use glass fruit-cans imagine themselves perfectly safe from danger of poisoning; but it is possible that harm may result from the use of cans which have a zinc top, the inside of which is exposed to the action of the acids of the contents of the can. It is well known that zinc is an active poison, and many cases of acute illness have been traced to the use of the kind of can described. Only such cans should be used as have glass or porcelain tops. No one should continue to use their old cans, if of the condemned variety, simply because they have them on hand, as many will be inclined to do, as they thus render themselves liable to dangerous and even fatal illness; and the danger is none the less because they may have escaped thus far.

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

HOME-MADE CRACKERS.—Beat two eggs very light, whites and yolks together; sift into them a quart of flour, a teaspoonful of salt; add a tablespoonful each of butter and lard, and nearly a tumblerful of milk; work all thoroughly together; take a fourth of the dough at a time and roll out half as thick as a milk-cracker; cut in small rounds, and bake quickly to a light brown.

LOBSTER CROQUETTES.—Take the meat of two lobsters and chop it; slice one small onion, and brown it in a tablespoonful of butter. When it is cooked and off the fire incorporate into this two tablespoonfuls of flour, adding a little milk. To your chopped lobster add parsley, a little salt, and a little red pepper. Bind the lobster together with the yolks of four eggs, and then mix thoroughly with your butter in which the onion was cooked. Shape properly, and dip them in cracker crumbs and the yolk of an egg. Fry in boiling lard.

POTTED HAM.—Take any remains of ham you have; even fried, if of a nice quality, is good for the purpose; take away all stringy parts, sinew, or gristle; put in a slow oven with its weight of butter; let it stay macerating in the butter till it is very tender; then beat it in a mortar; add cayenne, and pack in pots.—*Culture and Cooking*.

CORN STARCH CUSTARD CAKE.—One cup of sugar, one tablespoonful of butter, one-half cup of sweet milk, the white of one egg, and two spoonfuls of baking powder.

Custard.—One-half cup of sugar, the yolk of one egg, three-fourths cup of sweet milk, and one tablespoonful of corn starch.

CHOW-CHOW.—One dozen half ripe muskmelons, one dozen seed cucumbers, one dozen green tomatoes, one pint of finely chopped horse radish, one-fourth pound of mustard seed, one-fourth pound of ground mustard, two tablespoonfuls of salt, one tablespoonful of French curry powder, one red pepper, one green pepper, three quarts of cider vinegar, and one and one-half cups of brown sugar. Cut melons, cucumbers and tomatoes into small dice, after peeling and seeding. Then cook all together three-fourths of an hour, except the radish and curry. Bottle hot. This makes seven quarts.

VARNISHING THE FURNITURE.—On a sunshiny day take the old chairs and tables out on the porch or by an open door, and after thoroughly dusting and wiping off with a damp cloth apply a thin coat of varnish, and so cover up scratches and marred spots of all kinds. It will dry in a very short time, and you will be surprised to see how much good you have done. A flannel cloth with a very little linseed oil is good to rub furniture with, but the greatest care must be exercised to prevent any oil being left on the wood to attract dust. It must be rubbed until you would not know, except by the improved appearance, that any oil had been used.

In warm weather lay eggs in very cold water half an hour before using, and they will beat up as light as in cold weather.

An even oven for cake, except cookies, which must be quick; also for pies a quick oven makes the crust flaky.

Fit a piece of thick paper in the bottom of the cake pan and butter it, remove when baked, and it will save it from becoming too brown.

PARAGRAPHICAL AND HUMOROUS.

All for Her.

He held her in his strong right arm,
Close to his throbbing side;
They heard the music of the sea,
The moaning of the tide.

Long years have passed, and often now,
The neighbors, either side—
Hear, when the family jars break out,
The moaning of the tide.

A FRAGMENT.

His eye was stern and wild,—his cheek was pale and cold as clay;

Upon his tighten'd lip a smile of fearful meaning lay;
He mused awhile—but not in doubt—no trace of doubt was there;

It was the steady solemn pause of resolute despair.

Once more he look'd upon the scroll—once more its words he read—
Then calmly, with unflinching hand, its folds before him spread.

I saw him bare his throat, and seize the blue cold-gleaming steel,

And grimly try the temper'd edge he was so soon to feel!
A sickness crept upon my heart, and dizzy swam my head,—
I could not stir—I could not cry—I felt benumb'd and dead;
Black icy horrors struck me dumb, and froze my senses o'er;
I closed my eyes in utter fear, and strove to think no more.

Again I looked,—a fearful change across his face had pass'd,
He seem'd to rave,—on cheek and lip a flaky foam was cast;
He raised on high the glittering blade—then first I found a tongue—

"Hold, madman! stay the frantic deed!" I cried, and forth I sprung;

He heard me, but he headed not; one glance around he gave,
And ere I could arrest his hand he had begun to—*shave!*

It is as great a mercy to be preserved in health as to be delivered from sickness.

"You are not fond of money for itself?" "Oh, no," said Jay Gould; "I am found of it for myself."

Jones says that the clouds of his early childhood were no bigger than a woman's hand, but a squall always followed them.

An Irishman, ridiculed for starting off on horseback with only one spur, replied, very justly, "If I get one side of the horse moving, I'll trust the other side."

A boy defined salt as "The stuff that makes potatoes taste bad when you don't put it on." He was twin brother of the boy who said that pins had saved great numbers of lives by not being swallowed.

One of the managers of a hospital asked an Irish nurse which he considered the most dangerous of the many cases then in the hospital. "That, sur," said Patrick, as he pointed to a case of surgical instruments lying on the table.

"Ma," said a little four-year-old, "I saw something run across the kitchen floor this morning without any legs. What do you think it was? The mother guessed various legless worms and things, and then gave it up when the little fellow said, "Why ma, it was water."

If you like a hot nice pie that will come on the table smoking, make it of pipe plant. With this authority the fair cook will need no other to backer.—[Syracuse Sunday Times.] And you will then cigarlands of steam wreathing from it.

Miss Susie M. Russell, editor of the Duluth Weekly, says, "When things go to D K how C D they B come." The most C D thing we know of this season is the Q cumber; B ware of it, Susie, or it will W U up. Watch for it, wait for it.

"Mother," asked Mary Jane at the breakfast-table, Monday morning, "don't you think gray hair is awful becoming?" Mary Jane, it should be remarked, has a beau whose locks are silvery. "Yes, I do," replied her mother, grabbing at something on Mary Jane's shoulder; "yes, I think it becoming too common. That makes the tenth one this morning," holding it up between her thumb and finger.

"How do you like the Episcopalian service?" asked Jones. "Never heard it," replied Fogg; "I dropped in at one of the churches last Sunday. It was quite early, and so I began reading the service. I didn't read far though before I found that it would never do for me; so I came out." "Why, what was the trouble?" "Too many collections." "Too many collections?" "Yes, on almost every page it said 'collect.' One collection is all I can afford to respond to. Must be awfully expensive to be an Episcopalian."—*Boston Transcript.*

A Poet's Reply to a Challenge.

When Skirving, the poet farmer, charged a Lieut. Smith in one of his poems with having displayed much pusillanimity at the battle of Prestonpans, the Lieutenant came to Haddington, and sent a challenge to Skirving to meet him and answer for the unworthy manner in which he had noticed him in his song. Skirving replied, "Gang awa' back and tell Mr. Smith that I hae nae leasure to come to Haddington, but tell him to come here an' I'll tak' a look at him, an' if I think I'm fit to fecht him, I'll fecht him, and if no, I'll dae as he did—I'll rin awa'."

Funny Old Story.

Tom Marshall was engaged in the trial of a case in the interior of Kentucky, when a decision of the judge struck him so bad that he rose and said:

"There never was such a ruling as that since Pontius Pilate presided on the trial of Christ."

"Mr. Clerk," responded the judge, "fine Mr. Marshall \$10 for contempt of court."

"I confess your honor," continued Tom. "that what I said was a little hard on Pontius Pilate, but it is the first time in the history of Kentucky jurisprudence that it is held that to speak disrespectfully of Pontius Pilate is contempt of court."

Mr. Clerk make the fine \$20 for a continuous contempt," said the judge solemnly.

"Well Judge," Tom added, "as you won all my money last night at poker, lend me the twenty."

"Mr. Clerk," cried the judge hastily, "remit the fine. The State can afford to lose the money better than I can."

"I congratulate the court on its return to a sane condition," said Tom resuming his seat amid roars of laughter.

In one of the Southern Presbyteries, composed of colored members, there was a lively canvass for the choice of an Elder to go to Buffalo to the General Assembly. Several candidates were urged, on the ground that they were lawyers and able speakers. A brother objected to them. They were not, he said, representative men. His favorite was a rough, uncultivated specimen, such as the Southern fields produced in plenty. He would make a true and honest, if not an eloquent delegate. Other speakers added their views, and finally a brother brought down the house by urging the eminent qualifications of an Elder who had served a term in the penitentiary! He was now a truly reformed man, and thus entitled to the preeminence, as illustrating in his own person and history what the Gospel could do for the colored man.

Guilty Anyhow.

The great Irish agitator, Daniel O Connell, was at one time defending a man accused of murder at Clonmel. The circumstantial evidence was so strong against the prisoner that the jury had already determined upon their verdict of guilty, when the man, supposed to be murdered was brought into the court, alive and unhurt. The jury were desired to return their verdict at once, and they did so, but it was one of guilty. "What?" exclaimed the astonished judge, "what does this mean? If the man has not been murdered how can the prisoner be guilty?" "Please your honor," said the foreman, "he's guilty. He stole my bay mare three years ago."

Honein's Shoes.

The proverbs of a people are often illustrated by, or take their rise in, stories of a humorous character, and Arab proverbs are no exception to the rule. Here is an instance: There was a certain shoemaker named Honein, and an Arab came to purchase a pair of shoes at his shop. The usual bargaining began, the cobbler asked twice the proper price and the Bedouin offered half. The son of the desert, however, was impatient, and before the proper mean had been arrived at gave up the game of haggling and went off in high dudgeon. Honein resolved on revenge, and hurrying forward on the road where he knew the Arab would have to pass, he threw down one of the shoes. Presently the Arab came up, and seeing the shoe said to himself: "How like this is to one of Honein's shoes. If the other were but with it I would take them." Honein had in the meanwhile gone on further still and thrown down the other shoe, hiding himself close by to watch the fun. When the desert Arab came to the second shoe he regretted having left the first but, tying up his camel, went back to fetch it. Honein at once mounted and rode off home, well satisfied with the exchange of a camel for a pair of shoes. When the Arab returned on foot to his tribe, and they asked what he had brought back from his journey, he replied, "I have brought back nothing but Honein's shoes." And the saying became proverbial for a bootless errand.

The Puzzled Pig.

The *Knickerbocker*, a New York magazine, has the following piece of drollery:—One of our western farmers, being very much annoyed last summer by his best sow breaking into the cornfield, search was instituted in vain for a hole in the rail-fence. Failing to find any, an attempt was next made to drive out the animal by the same way of her entrance; but, of course, without success. The owner then resolved to watch her proceedings; and posting himself at night in a fence-corner, he saw her enter at one end of a hollow log, outside the field, and emerge at the other end within the enclosure. "Eureka!" cried he, "I have you now old lady." Accordingly, he proceeded, after turning her out once more, to so arrange the log (it being very crooked) that both ends opened on the outside of the field. The next day the animal was observed to enter at her accustomed place, and shortly emerge again. "Her astonishment," says our informant, "at finding herself in the same field whence she had started, is too ludicrous to be described. She looked this way, and then that; grunted her dissatisfaction; and, finally, returned to the original starting-place, and after a deliberate survey of matters to satisfy herself that it was all

right, she again entered the log. On emerging yet once more on the wrong side, she evinced even more surprise than before, and turning about, retraced the log in an opposite direction. Finding this effort likewise in vain, after looking long and attentively at the position of things, with a short, angry grunt of disappointment, and perhaps fear, she turned short round, and started off on a brisk run; nor could either coaxing or driving ever after induce her to visit that part of the field. She seemed to have a superstition concerning the spot."

A THOUGHTFUL FELLOW.—The other night a policeman observed a man hanging around the entrance to a Michigan avenue hall in a queer sort of way, and he asked him if he belonged to the Order then in session up-stairs. The man replied that he did, and the officer enquired, "Then why don't you go up?" "Well, I was thinking of it." "Haven't been expelled, have you?" "Oh, no." "Aren't afraid of anybody?" "No." "And you haven't lost your interest?" "I might as well tell you," said the man, after beating around a while longer. "I went down to Toledo a few days ago, and somehow the story came back here that I was drowned. My lodge thereupon passed resolutions to the effect that I was honest, upright and liberal, and a shining ornament, and that what was its loss was my gain. I wasn't drowned, as you see, but I kind o' hate to walk in on 'em and bust these resolutions. I've tried it three times, and I can't get higher up than the fifth stair before I weaken."—*Detroit Free Press.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

Darling Kathleen.

I wonder if any wine ever was made
As red as the lips of my love?

I wonder if any eyes ever so mocked
The blue of the heavens above,
As the soul-lighted eyes of my darling Kathleen,
The bonniest maiden that ever was seen?

I wonder if tresses e'er grew quite so brown,
Or had so bewitching a curl,
Or shone in the sunlight so golden and brown
O'er the brow of a true-hearted girl,
As shades the white brow of my darling Kathleen,
The bonniest maiden that ever was seen?

I wonder if ever a form more divine
Disported 'mid bowers of love,
Or floated with space-burning wings through the air
With angels of light up above,
As the ravishing form of my darling Kathleen,
The bonniest maiden that ever was seen?

I wonder if ever a womanly breast
Was rarer or fairer to view,
Or covered a heart that was freer from guile,
Or beat with a passion more true,
Than the snowy white breast of my darling Kathleen,
The bonniest maiden that ever was seen?

I wonder if ever a passion-dewed kiss
Was given by warm lips to man
That seemed more a foretaste of heavenly bliss,
Or was more to be coveted, than
A warm, loving kiss from the lips of Kathleen,
The bonniest maiden that ever was seen?

It is stated that the Bank of France has almost entirely abandoned chemical tests in favor of the camera for detecting forgeries. The sensitive plate not only proclaims forthwith the doing of the eraser or penknife, but frequently shows, under the bold figures of the forger; the sum originally borne by the cheque. So ready is the camera to detect ink marks that a *carte-de-visite* inclosed in a letter may to the eye appear without blemish, while a copy of it in the camera will probably exhibit traces of writing across the face, where it has merely been in contact with the written page.

INTO MISCHIEF.

Dancing feet and busy fingers,
Never still the whole day through,
For the little brain from dreamland
Brings them work enough to do,
Racing through the gorgeous parlor,
Romping on the winding stair,
Tearing books and breaking vases—
Into mischief everywhere.

Picks the cakes and tastes the jelly,
Breaks the window, slams the door,
Throws the statues from their brackets,
Scatters playthings on the floor,
Tearing little coats and trowsers,
Rumbling up his curly hair—
Busy, naughty little fingers,
Into mischief everywhere.

Spilling ink upon the carpet,
Dashing pictures from the wall,
Breaking mirrors, singing, shouting,
In the attic and the hall;
Tracking mud across the entries,
Turning over desk and chair,
Cutting up the morning paper—
Into mischief everywhere.

But no look of hate or malice
Darkens o'er those laughing eyes;
Not a thought of harm or sinning
In his little bosom lies;
For his soul is pure and guiltless,
What'er harm the fingers do—
Though the little feet are straying
Into mischief all day through.

Spare Moments.

A boy, poorly dressed, came to the door of the principal of a celebrated school, one morning, and asked to see him. The servant eyed his mean clothes, and, thinking he looked more like a beggar than anything else, told him to go round to the kitchen.

"I should like to see Mr. ———," said he.

"You want a breakfast, more like."

"Can I see Mr. ———?" asked the boy.

"Well, he is in the library; if he must be disturbed, he must."

So she bade him follow. After talking awhile, the principal put aside the volume that he was studying, and took up some Greek books, and began to examine the new comer. Every question he asked the boy was answered readily.

"Upon my word," exclaimed the principal, "You do well. Why, my boy, where did you pick up so much?"

"In my spare moments," answered the boy.

He was a hard-working lad, yet almost fitted for college by simply improving his spare moments. What account can you give of your spare moments.

MARK TWAIN says: "There is something fascinating about science. One gets such wholesome returns of conjecture out of a trifling investment of fact."

FACTS AND FABLES ABOUT FLOWERS.

Why is it that every eye kindles with delight at the sight of beautiful flowers? that in all lands, and amidst all nations, the love of flowers appears to prevail to so great an extent, that no home is considered complete without them—no festival duly honored unless they decorate the place where it is observed? They are strewn in the path of the bride; they are laid on the bier of the dead; the merry-maker selects from the floral tribes the emblem of his joy; and the mourner, the insignia of his grief. Everywhere, and under all circumstances, flowers are eagerly sought after and affectionately cherished; and when the living and growing are not to be obtained, then is their place filled by some substitute or other, according to the taste or circumstances of the wearer; but whether that substitute be a wreath of gorgeous gems for the brow of royalty, or a bunch of coloured

cambric for the adornment of a servant-girl it is usually wrought into the form of flowers. The very furniture of our houses vouches for the prevalence of this passion; for we seldom see a carpet, a chintz, or a paper, that does not include flowers in its pattern. Our china tea and dinner services are richly enamelled with groups of these graceful objects; and on our Parian jugs and butter-coolers, our vases and chimney-ornaments, we find the moulded forms of lilies and snow-drops, and other such delicate floral imagery. Whence comes this all-prevailing taste? Surely it is a gift from God, planted by him in the heart of his creatures; for the capability of the heart to enjoy it belongs as much to the peasant as to the prince, and the means of gratifying it as free to the one as the other. This taste depends not on wealth or on education, but is given, if not to all individuals, yet to some of every class. From the infant's first gleam of intelligence, a flower will suffice to still its cries; and even in old age, the mind which has not been perverted from its natural instincts, can find a calm and soothing pleasure in the contemplation of these gems of creation. The little peasant-boy who basks on the bank in the corn-field, while his parents are busied in gathering in the golden grain, amuses himself by weaving a bright crown of the glowing scarlet poppy, and the brilliant blue corn botter, wherewith to bind the auburn curls of the tiny sister whom he has been left to watch; and the feeble old woman will totter on her crutch at early day to inhale the scent of her sweet double gillyflowers, and mark the unfolding of the clustering petals. The sick and dying love flowers; for they remind them of that sweet home at which they are hoping soon to arrive, where, as sings an old poet—

Thy gardens and thy goodly walks
Continually are green—
Where grow such sweet and lovely flowers
As nowhere else are seen.

And the young and healthy love flowers—oh, how dearly!—and delight to ramble through the lanes at the sweet April-time in search of the first young violets

That strew the green lap of the new-come spring;

or in July to wander in the dewy meadows by the river's side, and stretch far over its waters—even at the risk of getting an untimely and unwelcome bath—for the sake of attaining some of the pearly cups of the delicate water-lily (*Nymphaea alba*), or gathering a bunch of the turquoise clusters of the lovely water 'forget-me-not' (*Myosotis palustris*). The costly gems which adorn the prince or the noble are obtained only by the few; but those more pure, more fragrant ones, may be had freely, abundantly, without asking them at the hand of men.

Flowers are the subject of poet's dreams: we may cite in token Chaucer's sweet tale of *The Flower and the Leaf*, and Dunbar's—

Methought sweet May before my bed up stood,
In weed deparit of many diverse hue, &c.:

and plenty of other instances. They are emblems of nations. They serve as badges of clans, and display themselves in the blazonry of heraldic devices. They have formed the insignia of party strife and hatred, as in the fatal and long-sustained wars between the houses of York and Lancaster. They have been used as indications of renewed amity and friendship, as when the reunion of these two houses did 'unite the white rose with the red;' and as Drayton sang—

In one stalk did happily unite
The pure vermilion rose and purer white:

and the striped red and white rose, called at this day 'The York and Lancaster,' was worn peacefully by both parties alike.

That the love of flowers of which we speak is a true thing, and that it has pervaded all nations, and existed throughout all times, the many legends in which we find flowers bearing a prominent part, and forming the basis for traditions and fabulous tales, supply prove sufficient.

The tulip, albeit in its own characteristics not especially suggestive of poetic thoughts, has, nevertheless, been the subject of more interest in later days than perhaps any other flower of modern or ancient celebrity. The facts, however,

about tulips are well known; but we have one of the prettiest of all *fables* concerning them to narrate—a real fairy tale, quite worth the hearing. Down in the south and west of that fair county, Devonshire, lies a wild and desolate tract of hill-country, called Dartmoor. This district remains in almost primeval simplicity, its deep solitudes but seldom invaded by the foot of man, its few and simple inhabitants almost as uncultured as its wild mountains and morasses. Here, amidst, the rough relics of the homes of our ancient British forefathers, linger the remains of the dress and habits of former days; and here, too, are found remnants of the superstitions which prevailed of old.

In one of the sylvan glens which lie amongst these Tor-crowned hills, there lived, once on a time, an old woman, who was the happy owner of a pleasant rustic cottage, with a garden full of sweet flowers. There was the 'brave carnation,' rich with its clove-like fragrance; there was the clustering rose, forcing its way over the little porch, and climbing on the dark brown thatch; there, too, was a little rill coursing along the side of the cottage, its rushing waters making sweet melody as they broke over the stony bed through which they ran, and mixing their tones with the song of many birds, and the clear hum of the good old woman's bees, as they gathered honey from the wild-thyme and the dewy foxglove on the hills around. But although, no doubt, all her flowers were charming to the old lady, there was one treasure in the garden which was her chief delight, and exceeded all the others. This was a fine bed of most beautiful, streaked tulips, over which she watched with warmest interest. One fine moonlight night it seems the dame sallied forth to view her property, when her attention was arrested by a sweet gush of soft music, which rose and fell on the air in gentle cadence. It was as if a thousand tiny voices had joined in unison; clear and shrill, as if from the throats of so many grasshoppers, but as soft as if it had been produced by as many little feathered moths. With wonder and delight, the old woman gently drew near to the point whence the harmony seemed to arise, and found that it all emanated from the bells of her own many-coloured tulips, which she could now see bending and waving in the night-breeze. She watched her darling flowers with intense interest, and at last she saw by the light of the moon, then just at its full, that it was not the wind that swayed her tulips, but that there were thousands of lovely little beings climbing on the stems and leaves, and clustering amongst the powdery anthers of the blossoms, and that each of these tiny creatures held one tinier than itself in its arms. They were the pixies—or fairies, as they are called elsewhere than in Devonshire—who had brought their elfin babes to lay them to sleep in the chambers which those lovely blossoms afforded, and the music was the lullaby with which they were composing their infants for their rest. As soon as the little ones were fast asleep, the old woman saw the parent fays speed away to gambol in the fields around, where they spent the rest of the night in dancing in rings, and other fairy-like diversions, to which the marks on the grass the next morning bore testimony. At the earliest dawn, the old woman—who, of course, kept on her watch all night—saw the elves return to the tulip-bed, and taking up their babies with many kisses and caresses, bear them away to their own domains. Some say that the watcher did not see these things, but only heard the sweet music, and the caresses of the parent fays; but on this subject we can give no opinion, for the one statement seems as likely to be true as the other. However it may be, it is said that these favoured flowers retained their beauty much longer than others of their tribe, which is no more than was to be expected; as also that, from the pixies breathing over them, they became as odorous as the Rose of Cashmere.

Whilst the old woman lived, she would not even allow a blossom to be gathered; but at last she died, and her less romantic and more utilitarian successors transmogrified the bed of tulips into a parsley-bed, much to the disgust of the fairies, who caused it to fade and die; and not only so, but they so managed that nothing would grow in that garden for years. But it seems they bore the memory of the old woman, who had thus protected their nursery, in affectionate remembrance—no weed was ever suffered to spring on her grave, but the greenest turf and the fairest flowers were ever found there, though no mortal hand tended the place where she

lay; and this state of things continued until it might be supposed that the remains of their friend were wholly decayed, and resolved into the elements out of which they were created; and every month, on the night before the moon was at the full, the grateful sprites might be heard lamenting her loss in tuneful dirges at her grave.

Cutting Through the Nile.

I have made inquiries, and find that Baker cut through some eighty miles of the "sudd" or vegetable barrier; the other day my steamer found this quite closed up. A curious little cabbage-like aquatic plant comes floating down having a little root ready to attach itself to any thing; he meets a friend and they go together, and soon join roots, and so on. When they get to a lake the current is less strong, and so, no longer constrained to move on, they go off to the sides; others do the same, idle and loitering, like every thing up here. After a time, winds drive a whole fleet of them against the narrow outlet of the lake and stop it up. Then no more passenger plants can pass through the outlet, while plenty come in at the upper end of the lake; these eventually fill up all the passage which may have been made. Supposing I cut through the vegetation, I may have it closed any day by a wind blowing a floe of these weeds from one side of the lake to the other; so that the only way would be to clear out the lake of vegetation all together, or to anchor the banks of "sudd" so as to prevent the winds blowing them together.

Below Gondokoro it spreads out into lakes; on the edge of these lakes an aquatic plant, with roots extending five feet into the water, flourishes. The natives burn the top parts when dry; the ashes form mold, and fresh grasses grow, till it becomes like terra firma. The Nile rises and floats out the masses; they come down to a curve and there stop. More of these islands float down, and at last the river is blocked. Though under them the water flows, no communication can take place, for they bridge the river for several miles.

Last year the Governor went up, and with three companies and two steamers he cut large blocks of the vegetation away. At last one night the water burst the remaining part, and, sweeping down on the vessels, dragged the steamers down some four miles, and cleared the passage. The Governor says the scene was terrible. The hippopotami were carried down, screaming and snorting; crocodiles were whirled round and round, and the river was covered with dead and dying hippopotami, crocodiles, and fish who had been crushed by the mass. One hippopotamus was carried against the bows of the steamer and killed; one crocodile, thirty-five feet long, was also killed. The Governor, who was in the marsh, had to go five miles on a raft to get to his steamer.—*Col. Gordon in Central Africa.*

Making Money.

Some people can hardly make a living, and some lay up money. Why is it? Into a village of a few hundred inhabitants a young man came and was employed as clerk in the store; he lived there fifty years, and laid up \$100,000. Other men worked as hard, but did not lay up money.

Near that village was a large and beautiful farm. The owner of it had it from his father. He did not drink nor gamble, and yet he could not make a living, and so borrowed money, and to secure it gave a mortgage on the farm. In a few years the farm was sold, and he obliged to move away. A Scotchman, with but little money, and with a large family, passed by and saw the house was vacant, and struck a bargain with the owner. He began to work, to save, and to pay; and in ten or twelve years he was the entire owner. Then he went on and laid up money, and is now a rich man.

The art of making money is one that should be carefully studied. If you take a dollar and lend it out at six per cent. interest, it will double itself in sixteen years. If you take a dollar and buy something with it, and then sell that at a profit, and so keep doing, you increase your capital. These two ways are the foundation ways of money making. All business is in one of these two forms. Those who succeed the best are those who know the most about what they do.—*School Journal.*

Alexander and the Africans.

On his way to conquer the world, Alexander, the Macedonian, reached a country in Africa where the people, separated from the rest of the world, dwelt peacefully in huts, and knew nothing of wars and conquerors. Alexander was led into the presence of the ruler of this people, who received him hospitably. The ruler placed before him dates, figs, and bread, but all of gold.

"Do you eat gold here?" asked Alexander.

"I put it before you," replied the ruler, "because you have nourishing food in your own country, and could not have come here to seek it."

"Your gold did not entice me here," replied Alexander, "but I would learn your customs."

"Indeed!" replied the other; "then stay with us as long as you will."

While they were conversing, two citizens came to ask for judgment.

The plaintiff said: "I bought a piece of land of this man, and in digging it I have found a treasure. This is not mine; I only purchased the land, and not the treasures which were hidden in it; but still he from whom I bought it will not receive it back."

The defendant answered: "I am not as conscientious as my fellow-citizen. I sold the land and all that it contained, and, therefore, the treasure."

The judge repeated their words, that he might be certain he had understood the case, and after some reflection he said: "You have a son, my friend, have you not?"

"Yes."

"And you have a daughter?"

"Yes."

"Well, your son shall marry his daughter, and the treasure shall be given to the pair for a marriage portion."

Alexander appeared surprised.

"Is my decision unrighteous?" asked the ruler.

"Oh, no," replied Alexander: "but it surprises me."

"How would the case have been settled in your country?"

"To tell the truth," answered Alexander, "the two men would have been put under guard, and the treasure seized for the king."

"For the king?" asked the ruler, in astonishment. "Does the sun shine in your country?"

"Oh, yes."

"Does it rain there?"

"Certainly."

"Singular! are there tame, grass-eating animals there?"

"Of many kinds."

"Then," said the ruler, "it must be on account of these innocent animals that the all-good Being allows the sun to shine and the rain to fall. You men do not deserve it."

WONDERFUL TESTS.

HOW PEOPLE CAN BREATHE AND LIVE IN NOXIOUS GASES.

Mr. Fleuss has recently given at Portsmouth, before officers of the Admiralty, an exhibiton of his new diving dress and apparatus for enabling persons to live and work in noxious gases. A diving dress and helmet are only used by Mr. Fleuss for the sake of warmth and personal comfort when below the water, neither being in any way necessary to enable him to breathe. He carries below with him the raw material of life, in the shape of a supply of concentrated oxygen contained in a small reservoir or tank, which he slings over his shoulder like a knapsack. At every respiration he draws from his stock by means of a tube and mouthpiece; the exhausted gas, after being strained through a sponge saturated with caustic soda, returns to replenish the tank, the impure ingredients alone being permitted to escape. In this way the diver can remain under water for three hours, and can penetrate into situations which are impossible to the ordinary diver, who is compelled to drag a lengthening pipe at every step, and is always liable to the danger of getting entangled with the means which supply him with air. Mr. Fleuss descended into the Steam Basin, which he traversed from end to end without experiencing any difficulty, either as regards locomotion or breathing. On the following day he demonstrated his ability to work in smoke and poisonous gases. The test on this occasion was a remarkably severe one. A fire was

kindled in the wastehouse with all kinds of dockyard refuse, the smoke given off being of the densest and most pungent description. Mr. Fleuss carried the same magazine with him as before, but divested himself of the diving-dress, his only protection being a pair of goggles which covered his eyes and fitted tightly upon his nostrils. Thus armed and provided he entered the smoke, in which he was willing to remain an hour or more, but at the end of half an hour he was desired to come out, as it was considered if he could remain in the midst of such fumes for that length of time, a longer trial was superfluous. On emerging Mr. Fleuss was apparently as fresh as when he began.—[From a London Letter.]

Mother Carey's Chickens.

The stormy petrel, known to sailors as the Mother Carey's chicken, is hated by them after a most illogical manner because it foretells an approaching storm, and, therefore, by a curious process of reasoning, is taken for its cause.

This bird, says Woods' Natural History, has long been celebrated for the manner in which it passes over the waves, pattering with its webbed feet and flapping its wings so as to keep itself just above the surface. It thus traverses the ocean with wonderful ease, the billows rolling beneath its feet and passing away under the bird without in the least disturbing it. It is mostly on the move in windy weather, because the marine creatures are flung to the surface by the chopping waves, and can be easily picked up as the bird pursues its course. It feeds on the little fish, crustaceans, and mollusks which are found in abundance on the surface of the sea, especially on the floating masses of algae, and will for days keep pace with a ship for the purpose of picking up the refuse food thrown overboard. Indeed, to throw the garbage of fish into the sea is a tolerably certain method of attracting these birds, who are sharp-sighted, and seldom fail to perceive any thing eatable.

It is believed that the petrel does not dive. The word petrel is given to the bird on account of its powers of walking on the water, as is related of St. Peter. It does not frequent land, except during the breeding season, and can repose on the surface of the ocean, settling itself just at the mean level of the waves, and rising and falling quietly with the swell. The petrel breeds on the northern coasts of England, laying a white egg in some convenient recess, a rabbit burrow being often employed for the purpose.

This bird possesses a singular amount of oil, and has the power of throwing it from the mouth when terrified. It is said that this oil, which is very pure, is collected largely in St. Kilda by catching the bird on its egg, where it sits very closely, and making it discharge the oil into a vessel. The bird is then released, and another taken. The inhabitants of the Faroe Islands make a curious use of this bird when young and very fat, by simply drawing a wick through the body and lighting it at the end which projects from the beak. This unique lamp will burn for a considerable period.

Sometimes the petrel appears in flocks, and has been driven southwards by violent storms, some having been shot on the Thames, others in Oxfordshire, and some near Birmingham. The general color of this bird is sooty black, and the outer edge of the tertials and the upper tail coverts are white. Its length is barely six inches.

Asbestos.

Asbestos—from a Greek word meaning inconsumable—is a variety of the horriblende group of minerals, and the chemical composition of the whole family is chiefly silica, magnesia, alumina, and ferrous oxide; but the qualities vary widely. In colour it is usually from white to grey and green—sometimes yellow, when impregnated with iron—with fine crystalline flexible fibres of silky lustre, feels somewhat oily to the touch, although in its native state it is little suggestive of the use for which it may be made available as the rough iron ore is of a chronometer. A few years ago asbestos was supposed to be very rare; but, since there has been a demand for it in considerable quantities, new sources of supply have been opened up, and it is now found in many parts of Europe and America.

WATER MUSIC.

'Twas in summer—glorious summer—
Far beyond the smoky town.
Weary with a long day's ramble
Through the fern and blooming bramble,
Needing rest, I sat me down.
Beetling crags hang high above me,
Ever looking grandly rude;
Still there was some trace of mildness
In this scene so weird: its wildness
Might be sought for solitude.

Birds and flowers, song and beauty,
Seemed this rugged realm to fill;
That which was my soul's entrancing
Was the music and the glancing
Of a rock-born splashing rill.
Lingerling there, I was delighted,
Musing on the days gone by,
Watching its bright spray-pearls sprinkled,
Every silvery tone that tinkled
Touch'd some chord of memory.

'Twas as if sweet spirit-voices
Threw a spell around me there;
Now, in lightest notes of gladness,
Now, in deeper tones of sadness,
Wafting whispers to my ear.
Memory, hope, imagination:
Seemed to have usurp'd my will;
And my thoughts kept on a-dreaming
Till the bright stars were a gleaming
To the music of the rill.

What a world of strange reflections
Came upon me then unsought!
Strange that sounds should find responses—
Where e'er mystery ensconces—
In the corridors of thought!
Then emotions were awakened,
Making my heart wildly thrill.
As I lingered there and listened,
Whilst the dew around me glistened,
To the music of the rill.

—Household Words.

The Cost of Carelessness.

How often do we hear an excuse for some harm done or wrong committed, "I did not mean to do it. I had no thought of causing any such trouble." Certainly "want of thought" draws after it a great train of evils, and leaves behind it a broad trail of cost and sorrow. We see the result of carelessness in all departments of life, and in all degrees, from the most trivial, causing only inconvenience and confusion, to the most far-reaching, casting a shadow into eternity.

A nurse fell down stairs with an infant in her arms, and fifty years afterwards there was a hump-backed man creeping along the street. A child threw a piece of lemon-peel on the sidewalk, and there was an accident an hour after, in which an old lady was severely injured—so severely that she will never be able to walk again. A switch-tender opened the wrong switch, and the heavy train dashed into a big building, that stood at the end of the short side track, and lives were lost amid the wreck. An operator gave a careless touch to his instrument, and there was a terrible collision on the rail. A boy shot an arrow from his bow; it went whizzing away from the string, and a comrade is blind for the rest of his life. A woman poured oil from a can into her stove to hasten her fire, and there was an explosion, and an outburst of flame, which burnt down the building about her. A young man pointed a gun, in sport, at his best friend, playfully saying he would shoot him, and one noble youth was carried to his grave, and another goes through life with an awful shadow of memory hanging over him, which quenches all his joy and makes all his joy and makes all life dark to him. A druggist's clerk compounded the prescription in haste, and in an hour a sick girl was dying in terrible pain and convulsions, from the poison in the prescription. A beauti-

ful young lady danced at a party one chill midnight, and then raised a window in a side room to let the fresh air fan her hot cheeks, and in a little while they followed her to an untimely grave. What long chapters of incidents are every year recorded, all of which result from carelessness! A little careful thought on the part of the responsible persons would have prevented all of them, with their attendant horrors and their long train of suffering and sorrow.—S. S. Times.

A Significant Story.

A wealthy banker in one of our large cities, who is noted for his large private subscriptions to charities and for his kindly habits of benevolence, was called on by his pastor one evening lately and asked to go with him to the help of a man who had attempted suicide. They found the man in a wretched house, in an alley, not far from the banker's dwelling. The front room was a cobbler's shop; behind it, on a miserable bed in the kitchen, lay the poor shoe-maker with a gaping gash in his throat, while his wife and children were gathered around him.

"These people are starving," exclaimed the banker as soon as he caught sight of their pinched, wan faces; and while the doctor was busy sewing up the cobbler's wound he hurried away to procure fuel and food.

"We have been without food for days," said the woman, when he returned. "It's not my husband's fault. He is a hard-working, sober man. But he could neither get work nor pay for that which he had done. To-day he went for the last time to collect a debt due him by a rich family, but the gentleman was not at home. My husband was weak from fasting, and seeing us starving drove him mad. So it ended that way," turning to the fainting, motionless figure on the bed.

The banker having fed and warmed the family, hurried home, opened his desk and took out a file of little bills. All his large debts are met quarterly, but he was apt to be careless about the accounts for milk, bread, etc, because they were so petty.

He found there a bill of Michael Goodlow's for repairing children's shoes, ten dollars. Michael Goodlow was the suicide. It was the banker's unpaid debt which had brought these people to the verge of the grave and driven this man to desperation, while at the very time the banker had been giving away thousands in charity.

The cobbler recovered and will never want a friend while the banker lives, nor will a small bill ever again be found on the banker's table.

How Coffee Came to be Used.

It is somewhat singular to trace the manner in which arose the use of the common beverage of coffee, without which few persons, in any half or wholly civilized country in the world, now make breakfast. At the time Columbus discovered America, it had never known or used. It only grew in Arabia and Upper Ethiopia. The discovery of its use as a beverage is ascribed to the superior of a monastery in Arabia, who, desirous of preventing the monks from sleeping at their nocturnal services, made them drink the infusion of coffee, upon the report of shepherds, who observed that their flocks were more lively after browsing on the fruit of that plant. Its reputation spread through the adjacent countries, and in about two hundred years it had reached Paris. A single plant brought there in 1714, became the parent stock of all the French coffee plantations in the West Indies. The Dutch introduced it into Java and the East Indies, and the East Indies, and the French and Spanish all over South America and West Indies. The extent of the consumption can now hardly be realized. The United States alone annually consume it at the cost, on its landing, of from fifteen to sixteen millions of dollars.

THE COMPASS PLANT.—This curious plant has its leaves on edge; that is, instead of the edges setting toward the horizon, as other plants do, the apex rises toward the meridian, while one edge inclines toward the north and the other toward the south. When old or when blown about by the wind, these directions may be changed, but the north or south direction of the edges are always thus except when induced to take other directions by the wind-storms or overweight.

Not the Best Way.

"Our own way" is not always the best way. It is too often a secret way which is known only to ourselves. There is incomparably more depth and deceit in the human heart than we give it credit for possessing. The processes of reasoning which go on within the innermost recesses of the conscience are strongly intelligent in their wickedness and treachery. If a man will deal honestly by himself in secret, he will find that he is rarely ever the dupe of his own folly or the victim of his weakness. When what is called a "temptation" assails him, he is not overcome—he really and unconsciously yields; he is fully aware of the course he is pursuing, and has his wits about him as he goes. If any one doubts this, he cannot have studied his own mind-processes to any good purpose. We say, and say fearlessly, that no adult or young person falls a second time by the same or similar form of temptation without being aware of the precise moment that he or she knowingly and intentionally determines to go wrong. This will seem a strong—perhaps it may even be deemed a rash and erroneous—statement, but it is simple assertion of fact, which, although it may be gainsaid, cannot be controverted. It is "our own way" we take when we do amiss and go astray, and we know it is so when we thus act. Infinite moral harm is done by the wilful denial of this position. It is not an honorable position, and it is one of which we may well be heartily ashamed: but it is the position we occupy, and the truth ought to be told. Those who plead the overmastering power of impulse or passion, or who to find refuge behind the pretence of "temptation," are playing false to themselves and their consciences. They cannot plead this excuse. No man falls a second time into the same snare without perceiving that it is a trap; and human nature is neither so weak as to yield nor so foolish as to be led astray. It goes wrong and does wrong of its own motion and consciously. We walk in "our own way" to destruction. Impulse is superseded by reason, our own way is apt to be a dangerous one.

How Plate Glass is Made.

To cast, roll, polish and burnish plate glass requires machinery of peculiar construction, and a "plant" that is costly by reason of its complex nature. The pouring of liquid glass from the furnace upon the cast iron plates, and the subsequent rolling, are processes comparatively simple. Any housekeeper who has used a rolling-pin on a batch of pie-crust dough, performs an operation very similar to this stage of plate glass making. It is the succeeding processes of grinding and polishing and final burnishing that requires time and costly mechanism. After leaving the rolls and bed plate the glass is rippled and rough, and only fit for gratings and skylights. Each plate must be transferred to machines that resemble the turn-tables of a railway. On the revolving platform the glass is cemented into a bed of plaster of Paris, and the machine starts.

Bearing heavily on the surface of the glass are blocks of metal, and while in motion the surfaces are kept supplied with sharp sand and a constant stream of water. The next stage of the glass grinding process is the same as to machinery, but instead of sand coarse emery is used. The finer emery is used in another revolving table, and so on for half a dozen times. The final polishing is done by heavy reciprocating devices, fed with rouge, and maintaining a constant back and forward motion, and also lateral movement over the surface of the crystal. All this requires the assistance of a large force of men, many of them skilled laborers. After going through these different grindings and polishing, the plate that measured an inch in thickness is only three-quarters of an inch thick, has lost all its roughness, and is ready for the show window of the purchaser.—*Pittsburg Telegraph.*

A WONDERFUL LAKE IN IOWA.—The greatest wonder in the State or Iowa, and perhaps in any other State, is what is called the Walled Lake, in Wright County, twelve miles north of the Dubuque and Pacific Railway, and 150 miles west of Dubuque City. The lake is two or three feet higher than the earth's surface. In some places the wall is ten feet high, fifteen feet wide at the bottom, and five feet wide on the top. Another fact is the size of the stone used in the construction,

the whole of them varying in weight from three tons down to 100 pounds. There is an abundance of stones in Wright County, but surrounding the lake, to the extent of five or ten miles, there are none. No one can form an idea of the means employed to bring them to the spot, or who constructed it. Around the entire lake is a belt of woodland half a mile in length composed of oak. With this exception, the country is a rolling prairie. The trees must have been planted there at the time of the building of the wall. In the spring of the year 1856 there was a great storm, and the ice on the lake broke the wall in several places, and the farmers in the vicinity were obliged to repair the damages to prevent inundation. The lake occupies a ground surface of 2,800 acres; depth of water as great as 25 feet. The water is clear and cold, soil sandy and loamy. It is singular that no one has been able to ascertain where the water comes from nor where it goes, yet it is always clear and fresh.

THE CHANGES IN THE FROG.—Nowhere in the animal kingdom is there so favorable an opportunity for peeping into Nature's workshop as in the metamorphoses of the frog. This animal is a worm when it comes from the egg, and remains so the first four days of its life, having neither eyes nor ears, nostrils, nor respiratory organs. It crawls, and it breathes through its skin. After a while a neck is grooved into the flesh, and its soft lips are hardened into a horny beak. The different organs one after another, bud out; then a pair of branching gills; and last, a long and limber tail. The worm has become a fish. Three or four days more elapse, and the gills sink back into the body, while in their place others come much more complex, arranged in vascular tufts, 112 in each,—yet they, too, have their day, and are absorbed, together with their framework of bone and cartilage, to be succeeded by an entirely different breathing apparatus, the initial of a second correlated group of radical changes. Lungs are developed, the mouth widened, the horny beak converted into rows of teeth, the stomach and the intestines prepared for the reception of animal food instead of vegetable. Four limbs, fully equipped with hip and shoulder bones, with nerves and bloodvessels, push out through the skin, while the tail, being now supplanted by them as a means of locomotion, is carried away piecemeal by the absorbents, and the animal passes the rest of its life as an air-breathing and a flesh-feeding batrachian.

"Old Dominion."

This term, which is so expressive and significant to every Virginian, is said to have had its origin as follows: During the protectorate of Cromwell the colony of Virginia refused to acknowledge his authority, and declared itself independent. Shortly after, when Cromwell threatened to send a fleet and army to reduce Virginia to subjection, the Virginians sent a message to Charles II., who was then an exile in Flanders, inviting him to return on the the ship with the message, and be king of Virginia. Charles accepted this invitation, and was on the eve of embarkation, when he was called to the throne of England. As soon as he was fairly seated on the throne, in gratitude for and recognition of the loyalty of Virginia, he caused her coat-of-arms to be quartered with those of England, Scotland, and Ireland, as an independent member of the empire, a distant portion of the Old Dominion. Hence arose the origin of the term. Copper coins of Virginia were issued even as late as the reign of George II., which bore on one side the coat-of-arms of England, Ireland, Scotland, and Virginia.—*Potter's Monthly.*

PARENTAL PARTIALITY.—There is a fatal danger in family government, from which we would warn every parent; and that is, partiality. It is too often the case that fathers and mothers have their favorite child. From this, two evils result. In the first place, the pet usually becomes a spoiled child; and the "flower of the family" seldom yields any other than bitter fruit. In the second place, the neglected part of the household feel envy toward the parent that makes the odious distinction. Disunion is thus sown in what ought to be the Eden of life a sense of wrong is planted by the parent's hand in the heart of a part of his family, an example of injustice is written on the soul of the offspring by him who should instill into it, by every word and deed, the holy principles of equality.