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THE FAMILY CIRCLE

HEALTH AND INSTRUCTION AMUSEMENT AND CHOICE LITERATURE

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NO. 3.

THE TWO VOICES.

Two solemn voices, in a funeral strain,
Met as rich sunbeams and dark bursts of rain
Meet in the sky;
"Thou art gone hence!" one sang, "our light is flown,
Our beautiful, that seem'd too much our own,
Ever to die!

"Thou art gone hence! our joyous hills among
Never again to pour thy soul in song,
When spring flowers rise
Never the friends familiar step to meet
With loving laughter, and the welcome sweet
Of thy glad eyes.

"Thou art gone home, gone home!" then high and clear,
Warbled that other voice: "Thou hast no tear
Again to shed.
Never to fold the robe o'er secret pain,
Never, weigh'd down by memory's clouds, again
To bow thy head."

"Thou art gone home! oh! early crown'd and blest!
Where could the love of that deep heart find rest
With aught below?
Thou must have seen rich dream by dream decay,
All the bright rose-leaves drop from life away—
Thrice blest to go!"

Yet sigh'd again that breeze-like voice of grief
"Thou art gone hence! alas! that aught so brief,
So loved should be!
Thou tak'st our summer hence!—the flower, the tone,
The music of our being, all in one,
Depart with thee!

"Fair form, young spirit, morning vision fled!
Canst thou be of the dead, the awful dead?
The dark unknown?
Yes! to the dwelling where no footsteps fall,
Never again to light up hearth or hall,
Thy smile is gone!"

"Home, home!" once more th' exulting voice arose;
"Thou art gone home! from that divine repose
Never to roam!
Never to say farewell, to weep in vain,
To read of change, in eyes beloved, again—
Thou art gone home!

"By the bright waters now thy lot is cast,—
Joy for thee, happy friend! thy bark hath past
The rough sea's foam!
Now the long yearnings of thy soul are still'd—
Home, home!—thy peace is won, thy heart is fill'd,
Thou art gone home!"

—FELICIA HEMANS.

[Written for THE FAMILY CIRCLE.]

MOLLIE'S TRUST.

BY ELSPETH CRAIG.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER XVIII.

"But yesterday's tears and yesterday's smiles—
Can never come back again
sweet friend,
Can never come back again."
Anon.

Sybil stood before the mirror, engaged in putting the finishing touches to her toilette.

"Ah, it is you Arthur!" she exclaimed, looking round with a smile as he entered. "You are late; what a long drive you must have had. Was the sleighing good out of town?"

"Excellent," he answered, looking dubiously at her and giving an impatient kick to an unoffending foot-stool that lay in his way, as he advanced to the fire-place, where he took up his stand, with one elbow resting on the mantelpiece and his other hand in his coat pocket; a favorite posture of his.

"Where is Kenneth?" asked his wife, as she took up a gold bracelet from the table and put it on.

"The kid is all right; I sent him to the nursery to have his tea," was the brief reply.

He was debating within himself, how he should tell her that which he had to tell. It did not seem such an easy matter now that he was confronting her. She looked so beautiful as she stood before him, her plain black velvet gown falling in straight folds about her perfect form. Her arms were bare to the elbow, except for the soft white lace that covered, but scarcely concealed them. There was some of the same lace about her neck; and her ruddy hair arranged in its usual coil, low at the back of the head, rested upon it gracefully. She wore no ornaments but the plain gold bands around her arms and a brooch that fastened the lace at her throat. Sybil always dressed beautifully; for they entertained a great deal and Arthur often brought friends home to dinner unexpectedly and as we have stated he liked to see his wife well dressed.

But to return to the theme in question.

If Arthur had himself experienced any emotions other than grateful at what had occurred, he would have found but little difficulty in breaking it to his wife, for then they could have sympathised with one another. He knew that she would be shocked and grieved and he felt a sort of reluctant shame that he could not feel the same. Sybil would be pained and shocked first on Mollie's account and then on her own—for this man who was dead had been her friend and report said—her lover—years ago. She would expect him (Arthur) to feel and express some regret for the man who had once been his friend and fellow-worker. And he would have to be hypocritical and make believe to feel the very opposite of that which he really *did* feel.

"All things considered it was a deucedly unpleasant task that lay before him," so he told himself.

What ever remorse had been in his heart before was now completely swallowed up in the feeling of intense thankfulness at his release from the haunting fear of that exposure which he justly merited. Alas! Must it be over so, that the same wind which wafts peace and joy to one, brings to another tumult and wild unrest? Perhaps what his wife that morning had told him of Mollie's belief in her lover's innocence, had served to intensify the relief he experienced at the news he had received in the afternoon. For a new, sharp fear had pierced him that perhaps Mollie had some glimmering of suspicion as to the truth, though not sufficient to act upon. Ah! He need not have feared a blow from this gentle girl, for had she not *known* the truth for more than six years, and yet had not used her knowledge against him. At any rate he felt he was safe now and could defy her. Meantime he felt it incumbent upon him to act a part before his wife.

Sybil fancying something had happened to annoy him, went and laid her hand caressingly on his arm.

"What is the matter Arthur?" she asked pleasantly. "You look rather put out about something."

"Well I am so; that's a fact Sybil," he replied in a tone that was meant to convey to her mind the impression that he was seriously upset by something. She looked anxiously at him and waited in silence for him to continue. When he spoke there had darted into her mind one thought and that was—*debt*—for Arthur had more than once since their marriage got into troubles of that nature; and it was tolerably safe to assume that he had succeeded already in making a pretty deep hole in his wife's fortune, large as it was.

"You remember Dick Stanley?" he asked after a pause; and she, looking puzzled at this abrupt question answered

"Yes, I remember him very well; but what of him?"

"Well you know he went home to England about two years ago and now he is in India."

"Yes."

"I received this letter from him to-day,"—drawing a letter from his pocket as he spoke—"it is the news of Neal Despard's death."

"Dead! Oh no, no, no!"

"Pale as the lace about her neck, and with wide, staring eyes, she had drawn back a pace or two as she uttered that passionate cry.

"Neal dead—it cannot be," and she burst into tears.

"Sybil my dearest," said Arthur throwing his arm about her. "Do not take it so much to heart; why is it not much better to know something definite about the poor fellow—even this"—hesitatingly—"than to live on in doubt and uncertainty as to his fate, as has been the case for the last five years or more?"

"Oh yes! But—but it is so sad to die in a foreign land amongst utter strangers, with not one friend near him—oh Arthur it breaks my heart to think of it."

"Well of course it is rather hard lines; but he brought it on himself."

Truly he had brought it on himself and only Arthur knew that the words he had spoken held a deeper meaning than the one conveyed to Sybil's mind.

"Oh! Arthur how can you be so cruel to cast that up against him—now he is dead, poor, poor Neal."

"Well," said he, a pang of remorse seizing him, as Sybil burst into another fit of sobbing—"you have nothing to blame yourself with."

"And Mollie, ah! poor Mollie!" cried his wife suddenly remembering her, who had been the dead man's betrothed.

"All her hopes of seeing him again are gone now; gone forever. My poor Mollie!"

There was a pause after this, during which she lay back in the chair where Arthur had placed her, with her hands over her face, while he stood leaning against the mantel-piece, sulkily pulling his moustache and staring into the fire. His frame of mind was not an enviable one at that moment. A fresh wave of remorse had surged over his heart and he was struggling with might and main to drive it back. At that moment he was thinking—"What if she knew; what if Sybil were to find out!" And the very thought filled him with horror. For he loved his beautiful wife—next to himself. "Let me see the letter, Arthur please; if you have no

objection. Are there any of the particulars in it of—of Neal's death?" she asked with quivering lips.

Here is the letter, you can see what he says about it." He handed it to her and pointing out the paragraph relating to the subject, left the room, saying something about dressing for dinner.

And she sat there with the letter in her hand endeavoring through blinding tears to read the words which told of the death of that old, old lover of hers. The boy who had wooed her under the blue skies of Italy, the man who had pleaded so often and so passionately for her love. There are few women who do not always think kindly—perhaps a trifle tenderly of the men who once loved them. The paragraph in Mr. Stanley's letter which her husband had pointed out to her ran as follows:

"By the way have you heard of poor Neal Despard's death? I was awfully shocked when I heard of it. I came across him in Ireland about two years ago; but he did not seem over-anxious to renew our old acquaintance. He was looking very ill then I thought. He was secretary or something of that sort to Lord A—. I heard some five months later that he had left Ireland and gone to Spain. Then I saw and heard nothing more of him until about three weeks ago I happened to meet a friend of mine here in Calcutta. He had known Despard, and from him I heard that the poor fellow had died of fever at Madrid. I never could understand the cause of his sudden departure from Canada that time. Everyone seemed to think it was on account of the rupture of his engagement to Miss Stuart. But the mystery is, if he was so fond of her as all that, why the affair was broken off at all. Poor old Neal! he was as good a fellow and as true a gentleman as you would meet anywhere, and I for one am heartily sorry for his death. How will Miss Stuart take the news do you think? She was an awfully pretty girl I recollect."

"I am so glad no one but ourselves ever knew the real cause of his leaving Canada," murmured Sybil to herself as she dried her eyes with a cobwebby handkerchief; and then she glanced down at the letter again and those words at the end of the paragraph caught her eyes again—"How will Miss Stuart take the news do you think?"

"Oh! heaven help her to bear it!" cried Sybil involuntarily, clasping her hands. A tremor of fear, of nervousness went through her whole frame at the thought that upon her would devolve the task of telling Mollie the ill news.

"Will it break her heart altogether I wonder," thought she sadly. Ah! she did not calculate the strength of the pale, gentle girl who had already borne so much. 'Tis the gentle ones who are the strongest after all.

Then she remembered a conversation she had once had with Mollie about Neal, one of the rare occasions on which his name was ever mentioned between them; and Mollie had inadvertently let fall some words, which betrayed her trust in Neal's innocence. But no harm had been done for the conviction of his guilt was so firmly rooted in Sybil's mind that this "vain hope" as she termed it, of Mollie's had not had power to disturb that conviction. It only made her pity the poor girl the more. But now, the thought of the anguish it would give Mollie to relinquish this dream of seeing her lover righted made Sybil's tears flow afresh. She of course naturally thought that Mollie's only desire was to prove Neal innocent since she deemed him so.

"But oh my poor Mollie!" she cried, "it was an idle dream; for who could be guilty but Neal?"

Ah! it is often thus; we seek the truth and the truth lies on the threshold of our own door and we pass in and out daily and see it not!

Nevertheless, she could more than half realize the pain it would be to Mollie to give up forever the hope of re-union with her lover. All that was done away with now; the joys and sorrows of that brief love dream were past and gone never to return again. Ah! that is the saddest thought of all; that no power on earth can bring back what is past and gone. Can we bring back our beloved ones when the grave has closed over them? Oh no! though our hearts are numb with pain and longing they cannot come back to us; for God has taken them. Others will come by and by to fill up the empty places; other voices will charm us, other eyes look

love to ours; but they can never be quite the same as those dear ones who have gone. God forbid that they should. The flowers that bloom this summer are not the same that bloomed the summer before; for they withered and died when the Autumn came. It was a very silent meal, the dinner, that evening, for Sybil was far too grieved and heart sick to even make a pretence of eating, or talking either; and Arthur felt that it would not be good policy to appear in anything like good spirits. As they arose from the table, Sybil announced her intention of going over to see Mollie that evening.

"Good heavens Sybil! can't you let the matter rest for to-night?" he cried irritably.

"There is no necessity for Miss Stuart knowing the news immediately."

"But then she might hear it suddenly from some stranger, who would not be like to spare her feelings, and it would be terrible for her, poor child!"

"She's not likely to hear of it between this and to-morrow."

"Did you tell anyone else about it before you came home this evening?" she asked in a low tone.

"Oh—yes, one or two fellows know it."

"Then it will be all over town by to-morrow, you know how well known and liked he was here, poor—poor Neal!"—she fluttered a little and then went on—"Mollie would be sure to hear it from some one and it would be cruel to let her learn it in such a way, though God knows it will be hard for me to tell her."

She sighed deeply as she spoke, and then advancing nearer to him, said hesitatingly:

"Arthur—what is the reason you dislike poor Mollie so much? she has never harmed you, has she?"

"No," he answered, coloring redly and frowning as he spoke—"she has never harmed me. I think I have told you several times that I never have particularly liked Miss Stuart; one cannot always account for ones likes and dislikes, and as she evidently reciprocates the dislike I don't at all see why you should trouble yourself about it," he added with a short laugh. "Well at least you will send her a few kind words of sympathy to-night; won't you Arthur dear? You do feel sorry for her, do you not? and you were his friend. May I tell her that you are sorry for her, and that the news of poor Neal's death has grieved you?"

"You may tell her so if you choose. I don't suppose she will care whether I send her a message of condolence or not; I guess she'll take it for what it is worth." Sybil did not answer but she sighed as she crossed the room and rang the bell. When the servant appeared she ordered the sleigh to be brought round at once, and then, with a few words to her husband left the room to prepare for her drive.

It was no easy task she had imposed on herself and her heart almost failed her as she stepped into the sleigh Arthur came out to see her off. Suddenly a thought struck her.

"Arthur," she said, "will you let me have that letter Mollie may wish to see what Mr. Stanley says about Neal."

He took it from his pocket and handed it to her, at the same time begging her to return as soon as possible.

"You know Graham is coming up this evening, and he promised to bring his friend Greaton with him; I particularly wished you to know Greaton: he is a splendid fellow."

"Very well dear; I shall endeavour to be home in time to meet Mr. Greaton. Will you tell Peter to drive on now."

When the sleigh drew up at the modest gate of the cottage, Sybil got out and walked up the path leading to the door. She rang the bell gently; her heart was beating painfully and she was trembling with nervousness.

Christie opened the door and curtsied with a broad smile as she saw who it was stood without.

"Oh! Mrs. Macdonald ma'am it's you: please to walk in ma'am, Miss Mollie is up-stairs, I'll tell her you are here." She ushered her into the little parlor and went away to inform her mistress of her visitor's presence in the house.

In the few minutes that she was left alone, Sybil nerved herself for her task, and had succeeded in controlling her nervousness in some degree by the time Mollie appeared.

"Sybil! I am very glad to see you," cried the latter as she came into the room, with outstretched hands to meet her visitor.

"I was wondering when you would be around to see me

again; it seems a long time since you were here last, and I—well you know how busy I always am."

"Indeed you must have very little time for calling, dear Mollie," answered Sybil. "I only wish there was not the necessity for your working as you do and that we could be more frequently together."

"Ah well! that cannot be helped," sighed Mollie sadly.

"But now tell me what has brought you here to-night? anything important, or is it just a friendly call? the latter I hope, so that we can have a good long, cozy talk, before the fire here."

Mrs. Macdonald gasped and turned pale; this was too good an opportunity of breaking the news to Mollie, to allow it to pass; but she absolutely could not speak; a great lump had risen up in her throat preventing her utterance; she could only clasp her hands and gaze at Mollie with fearful eyes.

"Sybil!" cried Mollie with a ring of anxiety in her tones.

"What is the matter? Why do you sit and look me so. For heaven's sake tell me what is the matter."

She was about to rise from her chair when Sybil sprang to her side and kneeling down laid her two clasped hands in the girl's lap and looked up at her with deep pity shining from her violet eyes. Then she said brokenly:

"Oh! Mollie, my darling! cannot you guess what I have come to tell you?"

The other started and said:—

"You have heard something of Neal?"—in a hard, steady voice, and looked down upon the kneeling woman at her side, with dark eyes that were full of a stony horror.

"Mollie, he is dead!"

There was a deep, deep silence after these words were spoken; both women remained in the same positions, gazing into each other's faces with a fearful fixedness; scarcely conscious for the time being of their own existence in the horror which had seized upon them. Mollie turned into stone by what she had heard, Sybil mute with terror at the effect of the news upon her friend.

Does it seem strange that the woman for whose sake alone, Neal Despard had gone into exile and met his death in a foreign land, should be the one from whose lips his betrothed wife learned the tidings of his death? But do not think as strange and as seemingly incongruous happen daily in the midst of our lives?

At last the dreadful silence between them was broken. With a low cry, almost of horror, Mollie flung Sybil's clinging hands from her and sprang up, standing a little apart with her hands pressed close to her bosom and her eyes fixed stonily on the startled face of the elder woman.

"Mollie"—cried the latter, rising and approaching her—"Oh my dear! do not look like that, you frighten me; for God's sake cry or speak." She laid her hand gently on her shoulder, but the girl shrank away, trembling and crying—

"Oh! no, no, no do not touch me!"

Sybil immediately drew back looking hurt at this unexpected repulse. She thought that Mollie shrank from her because she had been the one to tell her the fatal news. Instantly her noble heart forgave the repulse and found ready excuses for the much tried girl. Ah! how appalled she would have been could she but have read the thought that was in Mollie's mind.

"She killed him! It was for this woman's sake Neal died!" It was that thought which had caused Mollie to shrink from the very touch of Sybil's hand. And who shall blame her? She was but human this heroine of mine; and what woman would have acted differently?

Sybil hesitated a moment and then tried to say something comforting to her, if indeed there could be anything comforting to say at such a time; but Mollie only turned away with a strange new dread of the woman who spoke to her, without answering or permitting her to approach near enough to touch her.

Suddenly Sybil bethought herself of the letter and drew it from her pocket.

"Mollie, you have not asked me how I came to know of this sad news; it was from this letter, written to my husband by a friend of his now in India; would you like to read it yourself my dear?"

Mollie held out her hand mutely for the letter and then went slowly over to the table where the lamp stood, to read

it Sybil's tears fell fast as she saw how the paper shook in the poor trembling hands, as the girl bent her head slightly and read the fatal words which told the sorrowful story of how Neal had died in that strange land without one friend near him.

When she had finished reading a low moan burst from her pale lips, the letter fluttered from her hand to the floor, and she, sinking on her knees by the table hid her face in her hands.

"Leave me, oh! leave me now," she cried piteously when Sybil spoke to her and tried to raise her.

So kissing her forehead tenderly and picking up the letter Mrs. Macdonald went softly from the room.

She paused for a minute in the hall and then quietly turned in the direction of the kitchen.

Christie was there busy ironing and singing softly to herself as she passed the iron over the damp linen, she looked up in astonishment as Sybil came in.

"Law ma'am! I beg your pardon—I didn't hear you comin', but—there isn't anything the matter I hope ma'am," catching sight of Sybil's pale, tear-stained face.

"Yes Christie there is," she replied quietly—"your mistress is in sore trouble just now, she wishes to be left alone for the present, but I feel very anxious about her and I wish you would go in to the parlor in about an hour just to see that she is all right; do not speak to her unnecessarily, you know, but I am afraid she will be ill, she may faint or something."

"Oh! Mrs Macdonald what is it? excuse me for asking you ma'am, but I do love my mistress and she has had so much trouble, oh my poor dear Miss Mollie!"

"You are a faithful girl Christie, and your love for Miss Mollie has been well tested, so I will tell you what this new grief is. Mr. Despard died in Spain about two months ago."

Christie gasped and then her apron went up to her face and she sobbed in genuine distress.

"Has Master Bertie gone to bed Christie?"

"Ye-yes ma'am."

"When is Miss Lesley expected home?"

"She is com—ing home to—to-morrow," answered the faithful servant striving to gulp down her sobs and answer the questions put to her.

"Well remember what I told you, look after your mistress and do not cry when you go into the parlor."

She left the kitchen followed by Christie and together they stood outside the parlor door listening for a sound from within; but none came, and with a deep sigh Sybil turned away and passed out of the hall door which Christie held open for her.

With a kind good night to the girl, she walked down the narrow path and entering her luxurious sleigh was whirled away towards her home, where guests awaited her whom she would entertain with smiles and talk and music, for the remainder of the evening and all the while her heart would be with the sorrowing girl in that little cottage home she had just quitted.

Christie went back to her ironing stopping every now and then to wipe away the tears that gathered thick and fast in her honest eyes.

"Oh dear! oh dear! to think of him dyin' away off in that strange country without ever settin' eyes on Miss Mollie again, he that loved her so well; and she, though she never would own to it, has been hopin' and hopin' in her heart all these years to see him again, and now he's dead."

At this thought she fairly gave way and sitting down covered her face with the inevitable apron and cried aloud.

Oh dear! when I think of that dreadful night when he left Buxly it makes me feel that bad. Poor Miss Mollie near broke her heart and he—oh his face—his face, now dreadful white and stern it looked to be sure, when he spoke to me at the gate and give me the letter for my mistress. That was six years ago, and now he's dead! oh me! oh me!"

"But I'll no more believe that he took that money, than Miss Mollie herself does; though who could have taken it, is a mystery."

Christie was one of the few who were acquainted with the story of the robbery and influenced by her mistress's steady trust in Mr. Despard's innocence—for she had involuntarily betrayed herself to her servant in the same way that she had done to her friend—the girl had come to believe as

implicitly in the young man's innocence as Mollie herself.

In little more than an hour's time Christie crept to the parlor and listened; there was a sound within. She knocked, there was no answer, again she knocked and with the same result. Growing alarmed at this silence she opened the door and went in. The sight that met her eyes brought a cry from her lips. Her mistress lay, face downward, stretched on the floor a little way from the table. She knelt down and lifted her head, her face was deathly in its stillness and its awful pallor, the heavy dark lashes rested on the colorless cheeks and in the sweet sad lips there was not a vestige of color.

Raising the slight form in her strong arms Christie carried her at once up to her bedroom and laid her on the bed. She then tried every means she could think of to restore her to consciousness, but in vain. At last she gave up the attempt and with a sinking heart went into Bertie's room and gently roused the boy from his sleep. Telling him that his auntie had been taken suddenly ill, she begged him to dress himself at once and go for the doctor. She was obliged to soothe the boy's agonized alarm by assuring him that it was nothing more than an obstinate fainting fit, and intreated him to be calm and brave for his aunt's sake.

Bertie mastered his fear and though pale and trembling quickly dressed and set off for the doctor, while Christie returned to Mollie.

In a few minutes the doctor came. He looked grave when he saw Mollie, but said little; for hours he laboured patiently at the sick girl's bedside before she unclosed her eyes. But alas! when she did open them it was with a wild, vacant look in them which told that she was not in her right mind.

Before morning came she was raving in delirium and the doctor said she was suffering under an attack of brain fever.

(To be Continued.)

Imaginary Evils.

Let to-morrow take care of to-morrow;

Leave things of the future to fate,

What's the use to anticipate sorrow?

Life's troubles come never too late!

If to hope over much be an error,

'Tis one that the wise have preferred;

And how often have hearts beat in terror

Of evils that never occurred.

Have faith—and thy faith will sustain thee—

Permit not suspicion and care

With invisible bonds to embrace thee,

But bear what God gives thee to bear.

Thy spirit supported and gladdened

Be ne'er by "forbodings" deterred!

But think how oft hearts have been saddened

By fear—of what never occurred.

Let to-morrow take care of to-morrow;

Short and dark as our life may appear,

We may make it still shorter by sorrow—

Still shorter by folly and fear.

Half our troubles are half our invention,

And often from blessing conferred

Have we shrunk in wild apprehension

Of evils—that never occurred.

[Written for THE FAMILY CIRCLE.]

UP THE LAKES.

"What do you think, Charlie," (said I to the doctor, as we embarked at Sarnia on board the fine steamer Manitoba, of the N. W. Transportation Company's Line,) "of the prospect of a pleasant night on the lake?"

"Well," said the doctor, "that depends upon circumstances that have not yet announced themselves, and therefore I cannot speak positively; we shall certainly have a fine steady boat, commanded by a careful and skillful captain, and, as report says good fare is the order of the day on board this boat, I am cultivating my appetite so as to do justice to the steward's good taste by exercising my own; however, we want

fair weather, and a fair sprinkling of the fair sex—you know my weakness—to make the evening thoroughly enjoyable, and with all due *Venoratio* for the prophets, I think it only requires a peep at the face of the sky and at the faces of the ladies to assure ourselves of serenity on that point."

"Well doctor," said I, "what do people go to sea for but to see; doctors may go to *sea-sick* people, but I go to secure health and to do that I propose to be as *reck-less* as possible."

"We will *wave* that question," said the doctor, as it is a professional one, and I want to be relieved of all thoughts of aches, ills and weaknesses, and pills and poultices, unless it be a bread and milk poultice to be applied internally for weakness of the stomach."

"You may dismiss aches and weaknesses from your thoughts said I, "but as for *ales* I confess to a doubt about that, though if that is one of your weaknesses, perhaps a bottle of stout would not be suggestive of business."

"I protest," exclaimed the doctor, "against puns, during this trip they must be considered *pun-ishable* of-fenses, *wire* they not."

"You speak *iron-ically*," said I, "but now let us take time by the forelock and secure berths lest some other parties should exercise their selfish propensities by taking all the rooms and leaving us without any."

"We will not be accessory to their committing that sin," said the doctor, as he started for the steward's room.

Our party consisted of six, one of whom we styled the doctor, another the colonel, and Mac, Arthur, Charlie and myself, and Snider, Charlie's dog. We were fortunate enough to secure comfortable berths, and so, as the doctor put it, prevented others, who came on later, exercising their selfish propensities by appropriating them and leaving us out in the cold.

But as my space is limited I must not particularize. Suffice it to say here, the weather was delightful, the company jolly, the provisions good and abundant, Captain Morrison, the commander, and the mate, purser and steward, were uniformly courteous and obliging and spared no pains to render the passengers as comfortable as possible.

Our experience of the first night was what might be expected under the circumstances, with the external advantages of a beautiful sunset, bright moonlight, balmy air, and brilliant starlight. Early on the following morning we found ourselves at Goderich, after leaving which we had an opportunity to form some new acquaintances with our fellow passengers. Some of these were seeking health, which, judging from the practical way in which they praised the cook, you would think superfluous; some were in the pursuit of wealth or pleasure, and many were bound for the prairie province, which like the land of promise of old, always looks well from the Pisgah of a fertile imagination. As for ourselves, our object was a mixed one; recreation, relaxation, recuperation and curiosity combined, would perhaps express the motives of our journey. It was something analogous to the indefinite prayers we sometimes hear, that might all be summed up in the phrase "Lord bless us." We touched at Kincardine, Southampton, and "the Ducks." At the latter, a fishing station, I counted nineteen fishing smacks and two tugs, showing that fishing operations are here carried on on a somewhat extensive scale.

When we arrived at the Sault, our little troubles began. We required a boat for coasting, and no such boat as we wanted could be found. One party offered to accompany us with his boat for four dollars a day, but this not suiting either our tastes or our purses, we declined his kind offer, and finally took a boat which we afterward found to be too small for our purpose, this we took on board and continued our journey to Michipicoton island.

"What do you think, doctor," said I, after a general rush to dinner, about this practice of crowding to the first table so prevalent on the boats, when all cannot be accommodated with seats, do you not think it an unseemly practice?"

"Well," said the doctor, "people are hungry, and for my part I feel disposed to take the most *chair-at-table* view of the whole matter. Of course I am always ready to retire in favor of the ladies, but you see the handsome steward looks well after them, and so does the head waiter, especially if they are good looking; now if the steward or the waiters were ladies, some of us who are pretty attractive, and especially the colonel, would stand a fair chance, but as it is, it will not

do to stand too much upon ceremony, and as an amiable widow and her charming daughter sit next me at table, I feel in duty bound to see that they are properly waited upon."

"Now, doctor," said I, "I thought there was to be no punning on this trip, but that is the way with you doctors, you prescribe medicines and make pills for others, who make dolorous faces as they swallow them, and still more *dollar-ous* faces when they pay the bills, but when you want *toning* up you take lake breezes, flirtations and good dinners; you know what is palatable medicine!"

At Michipicoton island we found evidences of extensive preparations for copper mining, in the shape of a portable saw mill, a fine tug, portions of heavy machinery, tramway iron, and telephone wire. The company, I was informed, had commenced operations with a paid up capital of £300,000 sterling.

The following forenoon we arrived at the end of our journey out, and were let down from the steamer about a mile from shore, opposite the Pukiswa river, and here we experienced our first mishap by the loss of one of our oarlocks, which was a patent affair, and not being properly secured, slipped from its place and went to the bottom, in consequence we had to paddle to the shore, and I am sure must have presented a curious spectacle to those on board the steamer, piled up as our luggage was in promiscuous confusion, and we piled up in a similar manner on top of it, slowly paddling for the shore.

Soon the steamer was lost to view, and we found ourselves in the little valley which extends back about a quarter of a mile up the little river known by the euphonious appellation of the Pukiswa or Pukasquaw, and known to some others as the location of a gigantic tin swindle some few years ago. We chose this location as the starting point of our operations on account of the reputation it had as a trout stream, and certainly its appearance as we entered the harbor did not belie the report. No finer stream for speckled trout could be imagined; but appearances are often deceptive. Some one else must have discovered that the finny tribe luxuriated in these waters, and it was the opinion of some of our party that they had been netted, and if what we heard of the plentifulness of trout there in former times were true, the *net* proceeds must have been considerable. One thing at least is certain, there are not many trout there now, or they were quite disinclined to accept such invitations to dinner as we were prepared to offer though we dropped them a *line* of invitation repeatedly. We did however have the pleasure of landing a few one and two pounders, which we need not say maintained their reputation for excellency when laid upon our primitive table of unsawn boards.

I was not greatly impressed with the section as a mineral region, though I confess my examination of it was exceedingly superficial. It is remarkable, however, what a variety of natural productions we here discovered in the small space of an acre or two, constituting the level area of the valley. Here were wild peas, some of which I gathered and cooked, and found very palatable, wild onions (not leeks), red cherries, sand cherries, raspberries, strawberries (out of date), bilberries, an abundance of gooseberries, blueberries, and trout, pickerel, pike and partridge (in rather limited quantity).

We pitched our tent on a slightly inclining, smooth sandy beach at a reasonable distance from the water; but as we found, reason in the matter of locating a tent is not always as safe a guide as experience, for, on the second day of our stay the river became wonderfully troubled, and as if dissatisfied with the ordinary course of nature, suddenly began to run up stream, then, as if nature had coaxed her into obedience to natural law, the flow would again resume its course outward. For a while we watched this playful caprice of the waters, but took the precaution to draw our boat up higher, and retired to our tent as it commenced raining, lazily enjoying the scene, and were just singing, "Shall we gather at the river," when suddenly the water again rushed up in a surging mass, took forcible possession of our tent, felt of our blankets, crept into our valises, set our boat and oars afloat, and began to carry off all movable things it could lay hands on. The Colonel and Charlie seeing one of the oars floating out jumped into the boat and endeavored to overtake it, but the water was too quick for them, the current had turned, and down the stream the oar went and the boat after it with the speed of a mill race, heading for the white capped breakers, which seemed

like the outposts of the fortress of the sea. Our gallant oar-pursuers fearing it would soon be all *o'er* with them, retreated before this formidable enemy, but found it impossible to re-ascend the stream, and finding themselves drifting among the boulders shouted for help; and we, who had been removing our goods from the flooded tent rushed to the rescue, and at the expense of a good wetting soon had the boat high and dry upon the beach, but the oar had gone to sea on its own account. The next morning, the storm having somewhat subsided, three of us rowed a couple of miles up the beach, where we luckily found the missing oar, and so discarded a cedar one which Charlie had spent the morning in making. Fishing not proving satisfactory we started on our coasting journey toward Michipicoton river, but had only gone about 8 miles when the water became too rough to proceed, and we ran into a little bay from which we found a narrow channel leading into a beautiful and commodious harbor, where we pitched our tent for the night, and as we had caught three fine salmon on our way we had the luxury of fine fresh fish for supper. At our next resting place near Ghost river we also found a safe harbor, and here we were obliged to remain two days, on account of wind, which time we improved in exploring the rocky hills inland, which we found covered with raspberries and blueberries, with cranberries and a delicate white berry of the cranberry species termed by the French *decapellaire*, in the low grounds; the latter is esteemed such a delicacy that our captain said they were worth in the market \$1.00 a quart. I purposed preserving a few of these as a rarity, but for want of paying sufficient heed to the uncompromising laws of contraction and expansion, spoiled the undertaking, and this is the way it happened. The berries with some sugar and a little water were placed in an empty bottle, which was put in a pot of cold water, and this placed over a fire so as to heat it gradually, and all went on well, till becoming somewhat impatient with the length of time consumed in the process, I thought I might raise the bottle long enough to give it a little shake, to settle the contents, when on striking the cold air the bottle went to pieces with a loud report, sadly demoralizing my preserve enterprise, and our only consolation was that we had tea *a la decapellaire* flavor for our beverage that morning.

The bears are quite numerous in this section at this season, an Indian, as we were informed, having seen eleven together a few days ago, out of which he managed to kill three. Our next stretch brought us to Dog River, a beautiful stream, in which from its appearance we would naturally expect to have fine sport; but while Mac (the captain) and I went among the fern brakes and rocks on a voyage of discovery, others of the party tried fishing with such poor luck, that, after dinner, as the weather was very favorable we resumed our journey toward Michipicoton River about 16 miles distant, halting only at the terraces for a few minutes. The terraces are among the most wonderful things on the northern coast of Lake Superior. Rising from the beach is a bank of coarse sand, about 120 or 125 feet high, the top of which or perhaps a mile along the lake is perfectly level. From the top a level plateau extends back about $\frac{1}{2}$ of a mile to a second terrace of a similar character and height, followed by another plateau of apparently greater depth, and then a third terrace, back of which bare rugged mountains rise, the different colored patches of which in the more remote ones, presented an appearance not unlike a distant city. How did these terraces originate? this is a question asked by almost every tourist passing along this coast sufficiently near to have a distinct view. Some suggest the possibility that they may have been constructed by some giant race of prehistoric times; some imagine that they have been elevated to their present position by some convulsion of nature; but their perfect regularity, and the evidences of the action of water presented by the rounded pebbles on the summits, to my mind admit of no other solution than that these terraces constituted at some distant period, the margin of the water. The only difficulty in the question is in the steep front presented by these terraces, indicating the sudden subsidence of the waters to the extent of 120 feet at successive periods. When this took place the greater part of Ontario must have been beneath the sea, and the falls of Niagara must have been some 300 feet below the surface of the waters. But what could have occasioned such a sudden subsidence? The only possible solution that suggests itself to my mind is, that at that period there must have

been a sudden and extensive upheaval constituting mountain ranges elsewhere, possibly the Rocky Mountain range, as the depression of such a vast body of water to such an extent could not be accounted for by anything less than the elevation of extensive mountain ranges or vast areas of land from the depths of the sea.

It was after dark when we passed the little *Gros Cap*, and after rowing between two and three miles farther we entered the Michipicoton river where we soon found a sandy beach on an island at its mouth, on which we landed, pitched our tent, boiled the kettle, refreshed the inner man and sought repose, which we much needed and greatly enjoyed after the hard rowing of the afternoon. Before retiring, however, we were visited by an Indian chief and his son who answered our salutation with a *bon jour* and a grin of no ordinary dimensions, but who either could not or would not enter into conversation with us in English, and as we were not familiar with his tongue we generally maintained a golden silence. We learned, however, the next day that the chief and his son came a long distance to discharge an old debt, (contracted by the son in a rather unbusiness-like manner), by constructing a large canoe for the Hudson's Bay Company, in which both as to contracting the debt and building the canoe, the colonel declared they manifested a great deal of *Indian-uity*.

As the wind was too strong for our diminutive craft the following day, we remained on the river, but at the suggestion of our captain, and with the consent of the officers at the Hudson's Bay post, removed our tent to their grounds, and the colonel and myself remained with it, and most of the heavier luggage, so that by lightening the boat, the rest of the party could proceed with greater expedition and safety, so as if possible to reach the Sault in time to catch the *Manitoba* on her arrival there.

We therefore parted towards evening, and the Colonel and I on making the acquaintance of Mr. Spence, the officer in charge, were invited to occupy a very comfortable apartment during our stay, and to use the kitchen stove, and such utensils as we required in our culinary operations. This kindness was also supplemented by Mrs. Spence sending us a loaf of fresh bread, some buns and other edibles, which alike testified to her skill as a *cuisinier*, and did honor to the kindness of heart and generous hospitality that prompted the gift. We shall not easily forget the kindness we experienced here, which rendered our stay a holiday outing, instead of an anxious waiting for the arrival of the steamer. About two A. M. on the 21st of August we were aroused from our slumber just as we had settled down for our Sunday morning nap, and hurriedly packed our luggage, and regretfully taking leave of our newly made acquaintances, were transferred by the *batteau* to the company to the *Manitoba*, which lay awaiting us outside the bar that prevented her entrance into the river. We found several on board with whom we had parted two weeks before, as well as several Londoners who had gone up on her last trip, and were thus agreeably surprised and pleased at meeting with old acquaintances.

We called at the Gargantua fishing station on our way down, and arrived at the Sault in the evening, where we found the balance of our party had not yet arrived, so they had to take the next boat, which came down on the third day after. I met them at Kincardine, where I had the pleasure of being accidentally left by the *Manitoba*, where I improved the time by visiting old acquaintances, and attending to a little business.

The next morning we arrived home safe and sound, and satisfied that the only thing that could have added materially to our enjoyment would have been a longer time to stay.

THOUGHT AND ACTION.—Just as the seed that is sown in the earth reproduces its own kind, not merely once or twice, but a hundredfold, so every thought and act tends to repeat itself and bring forth a harvest of its own. This is a consequence which, if for good, never will disappoint. A fraud may escape detection, but no art can keep it from sullying the character and degrading the man. A generous sentiment or an heroic deed may pass unnoticed, unheard by human ear, unseen by human eye, but no privacy can prevent it from entering into the very texture of character and helping to make it true and strong.

SELECTED.

How to Live Happy.

Harmony in the married state is the first thing to be aimed at. Nothing can preserve affections uninterrupted but a firm resolution never to differ in will, and a determination in each to consider the love of others of more value than any object whatever on which a wish had been fixed. How light, in fact, is the sacrifice of any other wish, when weighed against the affections of one with whom we are to pass our whole life! And though opposition in a single instance will hardly of itself produce alienation, yet everyone has his pouch, into which all these little oppositions are put; while this is filling the alienation is insensibly going on, and when filled it is complete. It would puzzle either to say why; because no one difference of opinion has been marked enough to produce a serious effect by itself.

Other sources of discontent, very common indeed, are the little cross purposes of husband and wife in common conversation; a disposition in either to criticise and question whatever the other says, a desire always to demonstrate, and make him feel himself in the wrong, especially in company. Nothing is so goading. It is much better, therefore, if our companion views a thing in a different light from what we do, to leave him in quiet possession of his views. What is the use of rectifying him if the thing be unimportant? Let it pass for the present, and wait a softer moment and more conciliatory occasions of rehearsing the subject together. It is wonderful how many persons are rendered unhappy by inattention to these rules of prudence.

A Place of Rest.

Happy is the wife whose husband regards his home as a place of rest. The drawback of home life, its contained possibilities of insipidity, sameness, and consequent weariness, is never present to such a man. He no more tires of his wife than of his own happier moods. He is no more bored with home than with sleep. He is no more plagued with his children than with his own lighter thoughts. All the monotony and weariness of life he encounters outside. It is the pleasure-loving man, the merry companion, who requires constant excitement, and finds home life unendurable. He soon grows weary of it, and considers everything so very tame that it is impossible for him not only to be happy, but to feel that he is less unhappy there than elsewhere. We do not mean that the domestic man in the wife's sense, will be always at home. The man always at home has not half the chance of the man whose duty is outside it, for he must sometimes be in the way. The point for the wife is, that he should like home while he is there; and that liking, we contend, belongs, first of all, to the active and strong, and deeply engaged, and not to the lounging, or even the easy-minded man. The husband who when at home enjoys mental repose, is the best partner in life a woman can choose.

HOME GOVERNMENT—WHAT IS IT?

It is not to watch children with a suspicious eye, to frown at the merry outbursts of innocent hilarity, to suppress their joyous laughter, and to mould them into melancholy little models of octogenarian gravity. And when they have been in fault, it is not simply to punish them on account of the personal injury that you have chance to suffer in consequence of their fault, while disobedience unattended by inconvenience to yourself, passes without rebuke.

Nor is it to overwhelm the little culprit with angry words; to call him by hard names, which do not express his misdeeds; to load him with epithets which would be extravagant if applied to a fault of tenfold enormity; or to declare, with passionate vehemence, that he is "the worst child in the world," and destined for the gallows.

But it is to watch anxiously for the first risings of sin, and to repress them; to counteract the earliest workings of selfishness; to repress the first beginnings of rebellion against rightful authority; to teach an implicit and unquestioning obedience to the parent, as the best preparation for a future allegiance to the requirements of the civil magistrate, and

the laws of the great Ruler and Father in heaven.

It is to punish a fault because it is a fault, because it is sinful, and contrary to the command of God, without reference to whether it may or may not have been productive of immediate injury to the parent or others. It is to reprove with calmness and composure, and not with angry irritation,—in a few words, fitly chosen, and not with a torrent of abuse; to punish as often as you threaten, and threaten only when you intend and can remember to perform; to say what you mean, and infallibly do as you say.

It is to govern your family as in the sight of Him who gave you authority, and who will reward your strict fidelity with such blessings as He bestowed on Abraham, or punish your criminal neglect with such curses as He visited on Eli.—*Mother's Treasury.*

JOHN KNOX'S COURTSHIP:

HOW THE GREAT SCOTTISH REFORMER GOT HIS WIFE.

John Knox, before the light of the reformation broke, travelled among several honest families in the west of Scotland, who were converts to the Protestant religion. Particularly he often visited Steward Lord Ochiltree's family, preaching the gospel privately to those who were willing to receive it. The lady and some of the family were converts. Her ladyship had a chamber table, stool, and candlestick for the prophet, and one night she said to him, "Mr. Knox, I think that you are at a loss by want of a wife." To which he said, "Madam, I think nobody will take such a wanderer as I." To which she replied, "Sir, if that be your objection, I'll make inquiry to find an answer against our next meeting."

The lady accordingly addressed herself to her eldest daughter, telling her she might be very happy if she could marry Mr. Knox, who would be a great reformer and credit to the church; but she despised the proposal, hoping her ladyship wished her better than to marry a poor wanderer. Then the lady addressed her second daughter, who answered as the eldest. Then the lady spoke to her third daughter, about nineteen years of age who very faintly said, "Madam, I'll be very willing to marry him, but I fear he'll not take me." To which the lady replied, "If that be all your objection, I'll soon get you an answer."

Next night at supper the lady said, "Sir, I have been considering upon a wife for you, and find one very willing." To which Knox inquired, "Who is it, madam?" She answered, "My youngest daughter, sitting by your side at the table." Then, addressing himself to the young lady, he said, "My bird, are you willing to marry me?" She answered, "Yes, sir; only I fear you will not be willing to take me." He said, "My bird, if you be willing to take me, you must take your venture of God's providence as I do. I go through the country, sometimes on foot, with a wallet on my arm and a Bible in it. You may put some things in for yourself, and if I bid you take the wallet you must do it, and go where I go, and lodge where I lodge." "Sir," said she, "I'll do all this." "Will you be as good as your word?" "Yes, I will." Upon which the marriage was concluded.

She went with him to Geneva, and as he was ascending a hill she got up to the top of it before him, and took the wallet on her arm, and sitting down, said, "Now, good man, am I not as good as my word?"

UNCHARITABLE JUDGMENTS.—Mr. Lecky says that "the great majority of uncharitable judgments in the world, may be traced to a deficiency of imagination." The respectable man, surrounded by every incentive to virtue, and beset by few temptations to gross vice or crimes, does not enter into the state of mind of the drunkard or the violent man of passions, the housebreaker or the forger. He witnesses with just displeasure their actions—these he comprehends and rightly condemns—but he has no adequate idea of their real guiltiness, for he cannot stand in their place, feel their emotions, endure their temptations, realize their condition. Thus he estimates their culpability by what his own would be in committing a similar crime, and in so doing he usually does them great injustice. In the same manner the old often misjudge the young and the young misapprehend the old, the rich and the poor censure each other undeservedly, and antagonistic parties indulge in unqualified disapproval and unmerited abuse.

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HEALTH AND DISEASE.

Regularity in Exercise.

Regularity and constancy in the pursuit of exercise are important if perfect health is expected to result from its employment. It is far better for men to lead altogether a sedentary life than to be irregularly active. This caution is the more needed since the transition from sedentary habits to arduous and exhausting physical labor is of frequent occurrence. Again, the transition from active habits to sedentary pursuits is generally accompanied by a marked disturbance of health, since organs roused to full activity by the stimulus exercise gives to them are liable to be functionally deranged when that stimulus is withdrawn. This, perhaps, would not be so frequently observed if, instead of relapsing immediately, as is frequently the case, into idle habits as far as exercise is concerned, an attempt was made to engage regularly, for however short a time, in some pursuit which would insure brisk muscular movement, so that the health acquired by exercise during the vacation should not be lost; and, moreover, that the body when the next holiday period comes round should be found in fair condition to undertake the increased physical strain thrown upon it.

Household Remedies.

Very few young mothers are able to control their nerves so completely as to keep from being startled when confronted with a cut finger with dripping blood, and the loud cries which announce a catastrophe. Sometimes she cannot collect her thoughts sufficiently to recall any of the good remedies with which she is acquainted. One way to avoid this is to write out a list of helps in trouble, and tack it up on the door of your room, after the manner of hotel regulations.

There is nothing better for a cut than powdered rosin. Get a few cents worth of rosin, pound it until it is fine, and put it in an empty, clean pepper or spice box with perforated top; then you can easily sift it out on the cut; put a soft cloth around the injured member and wet it with cold water once in a while. It will prevent inflammation and soreness. In doing up a burn, the main point is to keep the air from it. If sweet oil and cotton are not at hand, take a cloth and spread dry flour over it, and wrap the burned part in it. It

is always well to have some simple remedies in the house where you can get them without a moment's loss of time; a little bottle of peppermint in case of colic, chlorate of potash for sore throat, pepsin for indigestion, and a bottle of brandy. Have them arranged so that you could go to them in the dark, and reach the right remedy, but be sure never do it even if you know they have not been disturbed: always light the lamp or the gas, and make sure you have what you are after. Remember that pistols are always loaded, and that poison may be put in place of peppermint.

Toothsome Hints.

It is natural for some people to have better teeth than others, but all must give attention to their cleansing and other treatment if they would have good teeth in old age. A moderately stiff brush should be used thoroughly at least twice a day—morning and night. Soft water (blood-warm) and a mere taste of the best soap—white castile, for instance—are the only requisites besides the brush. Powders are generally injurious to the enamel, and so are the much advertised liquid mixtures. Strong acids, like lemon-juice, are destructive, and the mingling of hot and cold food or drink at meals is very harmful. Use, however, on hard, nutritious food, like well-baked Graham bread and crackers, promotes tooth growth; while soft, watery food tends to weaken the teeth. It is now the opinion of leading dentists in Europe and this country that the reason there is so much tooth decay in early life, is in a large degree owing to the soft materials given to children as food, which are swallowed with scarcely any chewing. On the appearance of decay a dentist should be employed. Much toothache is due to indigestion and constitutional debility, and much so-called "neuralgia" may be traced to decayed, carious teeth. Care in the matter of diet, and watchfulness with regard to the condition of the teeth, would save people a vast deal of suffering and expense.

A Triumph of Dentistry.

At the last meeting of the Medical Society of Strasburg, reported in the Medical Gazette of Strasburg, Dr. Jules Bœckel presented, in the name of M. Sauval, dentist, a lady for whom the latter had extracted a small molar tooth for dental caries, with violent pain; and having found it slightly carious to the bottom of its root, he saved off the points of the root, filled it with gold carefully throughout the carious channel, and then reimplanted the tooth. The lady was freed from all her pain; the tooth re-established itself solidly in the mouth, and, at the date at which she appeared at the society (three weeks after the operation), the tooth served for mastication as well as her other teeth. This is certainly a remarkable example of what is technically described as dental autoprosthesis with aurification.—*British Medical Journal*.

Koumiss.

The koumiss which President Garfield used so much of was supplied by a druggist in Philadelphia. It is frequently prescribed now by physicians, and is readily prepared. The Russian original was of mare's milk, which contains more sugar than cow's milk. To make it of cow's milk, ordinary beer bottles with patent stoppers are filled with fresh milk, and into each one teaspoonful of sugar and another of yeast is put. They are then stopped and left in summer heat. In a day or two a curd will rise filling half of the bottle, but at a subsequent stage the whey and the mixture resumes the appearance in a week of ordinary milk charged with carbonic acid. It is then to be drank, after cooling. When the bottles are opened, the contents are the most furious of all corked stuffs, and it will be hardly safe to attempt it in the White House. It contains any works of art. The bottle must be turned neck down into a big pitcher the top covered tightly with a napkin, and then the stopper loosened by pressing the bare hand into the pitcher. Otherwise it will be all over the clothing, wall paper, ceiling, and other objects of interest. The drink itself is a palatable acid, covered with a fine froth like beaten egg. It is a kind of champagne milk and is very favorable to persons who need an acid but nutritious beverage.

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

HOW TO COOK CAULIFLOWER.—Unless carefully cooked, a cauliflower is a tasteless vegetable, but, with a properly prepared sauce it can be made a delicious addition to every dinner table. Wash the flower well in strong salt and water. Then tie in floured cloth and boil for forty minutes, putting it into salted boiling water and keeping it in the boil all the time. Dish into a deep vegetable dish and pour over it a sauce, made with one-half pint of sweet milk, boiled with half a small teacupful of water the cauliflower was boiled in. Stir to a thin paste with cold water a small teaspoonful of corn starch; add to the boiling milk and water. Put in a piece of butter as large as an egg, and one teaspoonful of sharp cider vinegar; stir till the butter melts. Pour over the cauliflower and serve it at once. There are very few palates that will not be pleased with such a succulent dish; if there is any left, chop it up with as much cold boiled potato and serve very hot with the sauce mixed in it for breakfast.

CHEAP SPONGE CAKE.—Three eggs, two tablespoonfuls of water and a teacupful of sugar mixed together; a teacupful and a half of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, and a pinch of salt stirred quickly in; season with a teaspoonful of essence of vanilla, or half a lemon; bake in a quick oven. It can be baked in jelly-cake pan, and have pastry cook's cream, lemon, icing, or chocolate between.

BISCUIT.—Five cups even full of flour, two cups of sweet milk, four teaspoonfuls of good yeast powder, and a little salt and butter. Mix and knead until smooth, roll out about three-fourths of an inch thick, and bake as quickly as possible.

WHEAT MUFFINS.—One teaspoonful melted butter, one egg, one and a half cups flour, one teaspoonful cream tartar, half teaspoonful soda, half cup sweet milk. Bake quickly in muffin-pans.

RICE MUFFINS.—Boil soft and dry one-half cup rice, stir in three spoonfuls sugar, piece of butter size of an egg, and a little salt, one pint of sweet milk, one cup yeast, two quarts flour. Let it rise all night. If sour in the morning, add a little soda dissolved in milk, and bake in muffin-rings.

BAKED SPONGE Pudding.—Three eggs, their weight each in butter, sugar, and flour; beat the eggs very light, and the butter beaten to a cream, and sugar and flour; this will make four large cups; fill them half full, and bake in a moderate oven ten minutes. Wine sauce.

CHOCOLATE CAKE.—Two cups sugar, one cup butter, three and one-half cups flour, five eggs, one teaspoonful cream tartar, half teaspoonful soda; leave out the whites of two eggs for the frosting. Make this of the whites with one and one-half cups sugar and six large spoonfuls grated chocolate. Spread it on while the cake is hot.

LUNCHEON CAKE.—Take one and a half pounds of dough, one-half ounce caraway seeds, six ounces sugar, two or three eggs and one-half pound clarified drippings of butter. Spread out the dough on the paste-board, roll it well out, rub in the currants and sugar, then add the dripping or butter, and lastly the eggs. Mix all well together, leave it to rise, put it into tins and bake about an hour in a moderate oven.

RHUBARB JELLY.—Take some rhubarb, wipe it with a clean wet cloth, peel it and cut it into pieces an inch long. To each pound of rhubarb add three-quarters of a pound white sugar. Put it to boil for about ten minutes, or until the juice is well drawn. Strain it into a preserving pan, let it boil quickly until it clings to the spoon, skim it and pour it into jam pots or molds. The quickest way to know if it will set is to drop a little on a plate to cool.

LEMON BUTTER FOR TARTS.—Lemon butter is excellent for tarts. It is made as follows: One pound pulverized white sugar, whites of six eggs and yolks of two, three lemons, including grated rind and juice. Cook twenty minutes over a slow fire, stirring all the while.

THE YELLOW STAIN made by the oil used on sowing-machines can be removed if, before washing in soapsuds, you rub the spot carefully with a bit of cloth with ammonia.

A Durable Whitewash.

A correspondent of *The Scientific American* gives the following directions for a good wash: For one barrel of color wash—Half a bushel white lime, three pecks hydraulic cement, ten pounds umber, ten pounds ochre, one pound Venetian red, quarter pound lampblack. Slake the lime; cut the lampblack with vinegar; mix well together; add the cement, and fill the barrel with water. Let it stand twelve hours before using, and stir frequently while putting it on. This is not white, but of a light stone color, without the unpleasant glare of white. The color may be changed by adding more or less of the colors named or other colors. This wash covers well, needing only one coat, and is superior to anything known, excepting oil paint. I have known a rough board barn washed with this to look well for five years, and even longer, without renewing. The cement hardens, but on a rough surface will not scale.

PARAGRAPHICAL AND HUMOROUS.

Loading on the Street.

“Standing on the sidewalk
Smoking my cigar,
Nothing under heaven
My delight can mar;
Staring at the the ladies,
Surely such a treat—
Bless me! this is pleasant,
Loading on the street.

It is presumable that these words voice very fairly the feelings of the average young man who is seen standing on the sidewalk smoking his cigar. But the public have a different opinion.

Men have work to do
Work in every station,
Puppies roam about the street,
That is their vocation.
Do not think the girls
See you lounge with pleasure
Or they think you are
Gentlemen at leisure.
“Young and pretty maidens
Tripping down the street,
Know a noble man
From the pups they meet.

“Ralph,” said a mother, to her seven-year-old boy, “you must not interrupt me when I am talking with ladies. You must wait till we stop, and then you can talk.” “You never stop,” said the boy.—*Portland Times*.

OLD BEN JOHNSON was right when he said that no man is so foolish but that he may give another good advice sometimes, and no man is so wise but that he may easily err if he takes no other counsel than his own. He who is taught only by himself has a fool for a master.

A LOVER'S PEN.—“Maggie, dear, if I should attempt to spell Cupid, why could I not get beyond the first syllable?” Maggie gave it up, whereupon William said, “Because when I come to c u, of course I cannot go farther.” Maggie said she thought that was the nicest conundrum she had ever heard.

At dinner with Farragut, and after the meal was over, a bishop, about to select a cigar, offered the bunch to the sailor. “Have a cigar, admiral?” said he. “No, bishop,” said the admiral, with a quizzical glance; “I don't smoke—I swear a little, sometimes.”

A country correspondent sends us the following soul-harrowing conundrum: Why do pigs thrive better on sour milk than they do on sweet? And the answer is, because they get more of it.

Of course the office should seek the man, but the trouble is that the men are always tending to their business and the office can't find them; so it has to take up with some fellow that is seeking the office.

Happiness is a legitimate object, but not the first or leading object of life, and whenever it is made so, it defeats its own purpose and happiness is lost in the very effort to gain it.

"Much sickness about the city, doctor?" was asked a physician, yesterday. "Well, you can say the business is improving," he answered the smiling interrogator.—*New Haven Register*.

A farmer who was boasting of his "respect for man—for man pure and simple," was nonplussed by his wife's saying: "And yet you always count your cattle by the head, while your hired men are only your hands."

"Bridget," said the mistress to her servant, "put a little nutmeg in the custard this afternoon," and Bridget picked out the smallest nutmeg she could find and threw it in the custard, where it was found entire at the evening meal.

Little Phil, a bright five-years-old, is afraid of thunder. During the recent hot spell his mother would remark, "O, I pray for rain." One day when she said it Phil thus addressed her: "O, mamma, I will tell you why it don't rain. When I say my prayers, I des say, 'Please don't pay any 'tention to what mamma says, cos I am 'fraid of thunder.'"—*Wit and Wisdom*.

When Disraeli first came forward at Wycombe as a parliamentary candidate, he was opposed by a territorial magnate. Of course the friends of the latter made much of the connection of the magnate with the county, etc., at the hustings. "On what do you stand?" shouted a man in the crowd to Disraeli. "I stand," he replied, "on what you never will—on my head."

Pliny states that the coffin of the ancient Romans was generally of stone. In some cases it was made of a certain stone of Troas, which had, or was believed to have, the peculiar faculty of destroying all the body, the teeth excepted, in forty days. Hence the name "sarcophagus," which literally means flesh-eater. This stone was probably a species of limestone.

"Well," said Bliikins, majestically, "we mustn't be too severe on the young fellows. I suppose I was as big a fool as any of them when I was young." "Yes," replied Fogg, "and you are not an old man now, Bliikins."

A Lowell school-teacher, who deserves a purse equal to her wit, says she is in a quandary whether to get ready to go away on a vacation and stay at home, or not to get ready and go. She can afford to do one or the other, but not both.

House-cleaning item: A Cambridge man, going down Harvard square yesterday, met a negro with a carpet on his shoulder. He thought a carpet beater who could make a carpet look like new was the man he wanted to tackle his carpet. So he opened the negotiations by asking: "Hello, Sam I been beating the dust out of that carpet?" "No, massa—ki, yi!" chuckled the "man and brother"—"no, massa; been beatin' a dealer out of it." The coy citizen is looking for a carpet-beater of another sort.

A dry-goods clerk, who had a most outlandish way of walking, had to go to a distant part of the store to find some rods that a party of feminine customers desired to see. "Walk this way, ladies!" he called, as he swung himself off. "But we can't walk that way!" cried a pert miss: "we've learned that style, you know." The clerk is now drilling his tibi in the motion of a new gait.

A country clergyman, who on Sunday was more indebted to his manuscript than to his memory, called at a cottage while its possessor, a pious parishioner, was engaged reading the prophecies of Isaiah. "Weel, John," familiarly inquired the clerical visitant, "What's this you are about?" "I am prophesying," was the prompt reply. "Prophesying!" exclaimed the astonished divine. "I doubt you are only reading a prophesy." "Weel," urged the religious rustic, "if reading a sermon be preachin', is na reading a prophesy prophesying?"

A tramp with his arm in a sling called on Gilhooly for a quarter, alleging that his arm had been injured in the recent railroad accident near San Antonio. "But yesterday you had the other arm in a sling," replied Gilhooly. "Well snopposin' I had. Don't you think a feller's arm gets tired of being tied up all day? Besides, I have got concussion of the brain, and can't remember half the time which arm was broken."—*Texas Siftings*.

A colored witness was asked if he knew and used his Bible. He replied in the affirmative. It afterward appeared that the man couldn't read. "Now, sir," thundered the attorney on the other side, "didn't you swear that you used your Bible?" "Yes—yes, sah," faltered the witness, "I done stropped my razor on it." The court decided that this was equal to the general knowledge of the Bible, and was sufficient.

Metaphysical Discussion.

Sheridan had a great distaste to anything like metaphysical discussions, whereas his son Tom had taken a liking for them. Tom one day tried to discuss with his father the doctrine of necessity.

"Pray, my good father," said he, "did you ever do anything in a state of perfect indifference—without motive, I mean, of some kind or other?"

Sheridan, who saw what was coming, and by no means relished such subjects, even from Tom or any one else, said:

"Yes, certainly."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, indeed."

"What, total indifference—total, entire, thorough indifference?"

"Yes—total, entire, thorough indifference."

"My dear father, tell me what it is you can do with—mind!—total, entire, thorough indifference?"

"Why, listen to you, Tom," said Sheridan.

This rebuff so disconcerted Tom that he never forgot it, nor did he ever again trouble his father with any of his metaphysics.

Hadn't Any Objections.

A lightning-rod man drove up to a fine new house, out West, and told the man sitting at the door that he ought to have lightning rods on it. The man said he had not thought on it, but had no objections. So the lightning-rod man put up a rod on one corner, and asked the man, who was still reading the newspaper if he had any objections to his putting up the rods on the other corners, and the man said no. When the job was done, the peddler presented his bill.

"What's this?" said the man, yawning and folding up his paper.

"Bill for the rods," explained the peddler.

"Rods! I didn't order any rods!"

"Why, certainly you did."

"Not at all. I only said I had no objections to your putting them up. And I hadn't. This is the County Court House. I don't even live in this house. Of course I had no objections."

In the town of K—, a certain minister whose zeal was perhaps not always tempered with discretion, meeting a couple of ladies crossing a bridge, addressed the more elderly of the two somewhat abruptly:—"Margaret have you found the Lord Jesus yet?"

"Found the Lord Jesus?" said Margaret. "Na, na, I did na ken he was lost, I thoct it was pur bodies like you and me that were lost, and not he." And Margaret walked on, leaving the minister to his own reflections.

Who Stole the Pig ?

There lived in the parish of Auldearn, in the good old time, when the good old customs flourished, a rather near-going carle, whose sympathy with the customs of the day was of a kind not altogether unknown in the present day—namely, he "liked to tak' but no to gie." Saunders was about to kill a well-fed pig, which, according to his calculation, would satisfy his own porky desires for a considerable time to come; but if he conformed to the custom of giving this neighbor a nice bit, and that neighbor a better bit, his well-fed pig would soon disappear. Saunders, therefore, thought he would take advice on the matter, and accordingly consulted a clever, or rather a wide-awake neighbor, who advised Saunders to kill the pig forthwith, and let everybody know that he was going to do so, and, added his counsellor, "Ye can bing it in the outhouse a' nicht, an' in the morning say somebody ran awa' wif through the nicht." This sage advice was accordingly adopted. On the following morning Saunders was up betimes and proceeded to the outhouse to remove the pig, when lo! to the utter horror and bewilderment of Saunders, his grumpship was nowhere to be seen. As his counsellor duly appeared, Saunders, with a long and rueful countenance, thus broke forth—"It's awa'!" "Ay, Saunders," replied the counsellor, "just say ye that." "But," replied Saunders, "it is really awa', an' I dinna ken whaur it's gane tae." "The very thing, Saunders," said the adviser, "the very thing; stick to that, an' folk will be sure to believe you."

Changed by a Compliment.

Count Jaubert was wonderfully happy at repartee, and in his sallies was utterly indifferent as to whether it was a friend or an enemy who suffered. If, however, he happened to compromise himself, he had a happy knack of setting himself right in a moment. On one occasion, having been highly displeased with Marshal Soult, he made the illustrious soldier the butt of innumerable epigrams. The marshal, hearing of this at one of Louis Philippe's receptions, turned his back upon the count just as he was stepping forward to salute him, some thirty gentlemen being present.

"Monsieur le Marechal," said Count Jaubert, with the utmost *sang-froid*, "I have been told you do not look upon me as one of your friends. I'm delighted to find that there is no ground for the rumor."

"How so, monsieur?"

"Because," replied the count, "you are not in the habit of turning your back to the enemy."

The marshal, it is perhaps needless to say, at once held out his hand to Count Jaubert.

A Non-Committal Man Rewarded.

On one of Capt. Morgan's voyages from America to England, he had under his care a very attractive young lady, who speedily distinguished herself by reducing five young gentlemen to the verge of distraction. She was quite ready to marry one; but what could she do with five? In the embarrassment of her riches she sought the captain, who, after a minute's thought, said,—

"It's a fine, calm day; suppose by accident you should fall overboard; I'll have a boat lowered to pick you up, and you can take the man who loves you well enough to jump after you."

This novel proposition met the lady's views, and the programme was accordingly carried out, with the trifling exception that four of the young men took the plunge, and, being picked up by the boat, presented themselves, a dripping quartette, on the deck of the ship. The object of their undampened ardor, no less wet than themselves, fled to her room and sent for the captain.

"Now, captain," cried she in despair, "what am I to do?"

"Ah, my dear," replied the captain, "if you want a sensible husband, just take the dry one"—which she did.

A woman may offer in excuse for her red nose that she jaces too tightly, but what shall a man say?—*Exchange*. O, he can offer the same excuse. He also gets too "tightly" by so-lacing himself.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

"The Boy Who Would Sit Up."

He would sit up, he would sit up
No matter what any one said:
This sad little, bad little, mad little boy
Objected to go to bed.
Crows might wing their latest flight,
Sparrows cheep the world "Good-night,"
And the sun in western skies
Hide 'neath quilts of gorgeous dyes,
Yet the sor of whom we tell,
At hint of bed-time, would rebel,
For he would sit up, he would sit up,
No matter what any one said;
This sad little, bad little, mad little boy
Objected to go to bed.

Tick! tock! the kitchen-clock
Is busy counting *nine*,
The sand-man says: "Were all like you,
My job I would resign."
The crickets chirp, and seem to say:
"This sitting up is jolly—hey?"
The fire is fading by degrees,
The moon peeps in, and hints: "You'll freeze,
You silly boy. What pranks are these?
It's cold enough to make me sneeze."
Mice are scampering up and down
The pantry shelves, no puss to frown.

Tick! tock! *Twelve, one, then two!*
That boy's awake. His nose is blue,
His hands are red, his eyes the same;
The lamp burns with a feeble flame,
And e'en the crickets go to sleep,
When hist! a voice that makes them creep,
So ghostly, 'tis so loud and deep.

"Tu-whit! Tu-who!"

Now who are you,

Queer little chap, with nose so blue?!

Say can't you see

That night's for me?"

The frightened urchin screams "Boo-hoo!"

And, looking round, he spies an owl

Perched at his elbow.

Such a foul
Proceeding drives his wits away
He doesn't have a word to say;
But his companion, wise, says he:
"I'm glad I've such good company.
Inquisitiveness though I hate,
Pray what has kept you up so late?
What, never shall again? Good-night!"
The trembling boy yells with affright,
And, scampering to his cosy bed,
In muffled tones—quilts round his head—
"No more late hours for me!" he said.

Now, he won't sit up, he won't sit up;
"Though owls are fine," says he,
"Yet to have one to talk to, all by yourself,
Is stupid company."
—*Independent*.

She Will Need Them no More.

Some days since a man noticed a ragged little boot-black culling some bright blossoms from a bruised and faded bouquet which a chambermaid had thrown from a chamber window into the alley. "What are you doing with that bouquet, my lad?" asked the disseminator; "Nawthing," was the lad's reply, as he kept on at his work. "But do you love flowers so well that you are willing to pick them out of the mud?" "I s'pose that's my bizness, an' none o' yourn."
"Oh, certainly, but you surely cannot expect to sell those faded flowers?" "Sell 'em! who wants to sell 'em? I'm going to take 'em to Lil." "Oh, oh! Lil's your sweetheart

I see." "No, Lil is not my sweetheart; she is my sick sister," said the boy, as his eyes flashed and his dirty chin quivered. "Lil's been sick for a long time, an' lately she talks of nothin' but flowers an' birds, mother told me this mornin' that Lil would die b-b-before the birds and flowers came back."

The boy burst into tears. "Come with me to the florist's, and your sister will have a bouquet." The little fellow was soon bounding home with his treasure. Next day he appeared, and said, "I came to thank you, sir, for Lil. That bouquet done her so much good, and she hugged and hugged it till she set herself a-coughing again. She says she will come bime-by and work for you, soon's she gets well." An order was sent to the florist to give the boy every other day a bouquet for Lil.

It was only the day before yesterday that the boot-black appeared again. He stepped inside the office door and said: "Thank you sir, but Lil—Lil (tears were streaming from his eyes) won't—need—the flowers any more." He went quickly away, but his brief words had told the story. Lil won't need the flowers any more, but they will grow above her and the birds will sing around her just the same.—*Detroit Free Press.*

AUNT ABBY'S WINGS.

BY ETHEL LYNN.

"Well, children," the father spoke slowly,
As one who has had news to tell,
Looking round on the half-score of youngsters
And 'round at his help-meet as well,

"It appears Uncle Abram left nothing,
He died in the West a poor man;
Can we make a warm place for Aunt Abby?
Mother Ruth, do you think, dear, we can?"

Then the house-mother, shutting down softly
Some housekeeper's doubts out of sight,
Giving up in her heart the big closet,
The "spare room" draped newly in white.

Beating back all the questions she queried,
If Abby would worry at noise?
Was she nervous, or full of queer notions?
Would she lecture and scold the two boys?

Still answered, "We'll welcome Aunt Abby,
Won't we children?" as brave as could be:
And Jotham said softly, "God bless her,
I knew very well how 'twould be."

So she came with an October sunset,
(And the stage) to the wide open door,
A meek little form, clad in mourning,
A waif from Death's desolate shore.

You never would guess that an angel
Could come in a stage—without wings—
But the household of Jotham will tell you
'Tis one of life's possible things.

When the fever came stealthily creeping,
And touched, save herself, ev'ry one,
Did Abby need wings to proclaim her
A blessing as bright as the sun?

Didn't she hold the mother's head drooping?
Didn't she rock the baby to rest?
Didn't she kiss the boys ev'ry morning?
And cuddle Kit up on her breast?

And when the sad season was over,
And health came among them to stay,
When the circle at prayers rounded perfect,
And Jotham could say, "Let us pray."

Giving true, hearty thanks for all mercies
By which the dark hours had been blest,
Ruth whispered "Amen," while he counted
The chiefest and dearest their guest.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Vesper Prayer.

"If we die" so pray the children,
And the mother's head droops low,
(One from out the fold is sleeping
Deep beneath the winter's snow)—
"Take our souls"—and past the casement
Flits a gleam of crystal light,
Like the trailing of his garments
Walking evermore in light.

Little souls that stand expectant,
Listen at the gates of life;
Hearing far away the murmur
Of the tumult and the strife.
We, who fight beneath the banners,
Meeting ranks of foemen there,
Find a deeper broader meaning
In a simple vesper prayer

When our hands shall grasp the standard
Which to-day you watch from far,
When your deeds shall shape the conflict
In this universal war,
Pray to Him, the God of battles,
Whose strong eye can never sleep,
In the warning of temptation
Firm and true your souls to keep.

When the combat ends, and slowly
Clears the smoke from out the skies.
Then far down the purple distance
All the noise of battle die
When the last night's solemn shadows
Settle down on you and me,
May the love that never faileth
Take our souls eternally.

A Street Scene in Montreal.

Early the other morning a strong, ragged young fellow evidently of late importation, was seen sitting on the door step of the Bonaventure building near the *Witness* office. A Scotchman rushing past, stops abruptly in front of him. "What's up," says he, "that you're sitting idle at this time of day." Ragged one—"I'm waiting for my mate; he's getting shaved i' yon shop." "An' when he comes out what are you goin' to do." "The emigration man wants to send us tae a railway past o' Lake Superior. We're just out from England." "You're no English, anyway." "No, I'm Scotch, and just landed here frae Leith." "Do you drink?" "Hoot, sic a question! Na, I dinna drink, tho' I can tak' a gill at a time." "Is't no whiskey that put that fringe at the fit o' yer breeks, and tore the buttons frae your vest, and sent you out without a collar to your shirt? Man alive, I could tell your history the instant I clapped eyes on ye. How auld are ye?" "I'm no twenty, but I look a sight aulder." "What's yer name?" "You're fond of speering. My name's John May, frae the town o' Dundee. Ony thing meer ye would like to ken?" "Look here, John, how many souls do you have?" "Now you're laghan at me, ye ken fine na body has only a soul." "Yes, I ken that, and what I want to say is that if you dinna gie o'er drinking whiskey as sure's death you'll lose yours." "Na; fear, do ye think I have na read the Bible?" "An' what does it tell you about drink." "I dinna mind, its a gey while since I read it, but I believe every word o' it." "The devils also believe and tremble." "Y'er no gain to lippen me to the devil I hope." "No dear boy, I don't. God forbid, but I want to impress upon you that unless you possess such a belief in the Word of God, and such a grip of Jesus Christ by faith, as will lead you to abandon your cups, depend upon it whiskey will rob you of your soul." "Weel it's real kind o' you to speak to a chap that way. You may be right, I'll think about it, but there's my mate, as clean as a whistle, so I maun go, but if a' the Scotch folk here are like you you'll mak it gey het for the whiskey men."

They shake hands and go, one east the other west.—*Witness.*

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HUMOROUS RETORTS

BY BOTH LEARNED AND IGNORANT.

A retort may be either civil or uncivil, courteous or un-courteous, witty or severe. The simple meaning of the word is thus given by a well-known compiler: "To return an argument, accusation, censure, or incivility; to make a severe reply." A few examples may not be uninteresting to the reader.

We must not always infer, because a man takes to the army as a profession, or for pastime, or even under any other circumstances adopts a military uniform, that a plucky and courageous disposition has prompted him to the act, or we might never have heard of the following:

"Many days to your Honor, and may God bless you, for you once saved my life," said a tattered mendicant, to a captain under whom he had served.

"Indeed," replied the gallant-looking officer, with a smile; "I have no particular recollection of the heroic circumstance. Maybe you mistake me for a doctor?"

"No," answered the beggar; "I served under you at the famous battle of Corunna, in 1800, and when I saw you run away I thought it was high time for me to quit the scene of action, too, or otherwise I should certainly have been killed."

On the other hand, it is doubtful whether it is good policy to damp the ardor of a youthful aspirant to military honors, as was the case with the present writer, who, having joined the Thirty-seventh Middlesex Rifles some years ago, arrived home, one evening, in high glee, and told his father he had just got his arms.

"Arms, indeed!" muttered the old gentleman, dryly. "I am afraid your first thoughts on a battle-field would be how to make the best use of your legs."

Evidently, we cannot be too cautious when we "argue the point" with others, or too careful in the choice of an expression, especially with those who are reputedly known to be both sharp and clever. Sometimes the "tables are turned" when we least expect it. A severe home-thrust was once given to a young country clergyman, who happened at the time to be walking home from church with one of his elder parishioners. It was a very icy day, when the latter suddenly slipped and fell at full length on his back. The minister, at a glance, feeling assured that he was not much hurt, said to him:

"Ah, my good sir, pray give me your hand; sinners stand on slippery places."

The old gentleman looked up, and immediately answered: "So I perceive; you certainly keep your feet remarkably well."

A native of the Emerald Isle is credited with the well-known remark, "that he never opened his mouth but he put his foot in it." The subjoined example may be a case in point. An Irish member of Parliament boasting of his attachment to the jury system, in a room full of company, of whom Curran, the distinguished barrister and celebrated orator, was one, said:

"With trial by jury I have lived, and, by the blessing of God, with trial by jury I will die!"

"Why, then," said Curran, in mock amazement, "you've entirely made up your mind to be hanged, Dick!"

It is related of Lord Falkland, that in 1658, under the Commonwealth, his admission to the House of Commons was very much opposed by several members, he being barely of legal age. Some urged that he had not yet sown his wild oats. "Perhaps not," he quickly retorted; "but no doubt a good opportunity will be afforded me to sow them in this House, where evidently there are plenty of geese to pick them up." The petulance of youth was here most forcibly exhibited.

To be equal to the occasion is with some persons a natural gift. We may mention an incident in connection with the famous French Marshal Bossompierre. During his incarceration in the Bastille, he was observed by a friend one morning to be diligently turning over the leaves of a Bible, whereupon the friend inquired what particular passage he was looking for.

"One that I cannot find," was the reply—"a way to get out of this prison."

On his coming out of prison, Louis XIII. asked him his age. Fifty was all that the gallant soldier would own to.

To the surprised look of the king, Bossompierre answered: "Sire, I subtract ten years passed in the Bastille, because I did not employ them in your majesty's service."

Some years, however, before this, when serving in the capacity of ambassador to Spain, he was telling the court how he first entered Madrid.

"I was mounted on the very smallest mule in the world—"

"Ah!" interrupted the joke-loving king, "it must, indeed, have been an amusing sight to have seen the biggest ass in the place mounted on so small a quadruped."

With a profound obeisance came the quiet rejoinder:

"I was your majesty's representative."—*Sel.*

A Story of Nantucket.

Walter J——, the only son of a widow of Nantucket set sail when twelve years old with the captain of a whaler. One dark and rainy night when they were sailing on the China seas, it began to blow very hard, and all hands were ordered aloft to shorten sail. In the darkness and rain the boy fell from the mast. Had he fallen upon the deck he would in all probability have been killed; but he struck the back-stay—a rope drawn tight like the string of a violin—and rebounded into the water. Soon the cry came, "A man overboard!" The captain felt very sad when he learned it was Walter J——. He put the ship about and tacked back and forth, but nothing could be seen of the boy. Before giving up the search, however, he called the men aft and asked them whether anything else could be done, "for I don't want you to go back to Nantucket and say that if something else had been done Walter J—— could have been saved." No man, however, offered a suggestion, and, although the time had been long—perhaps half an hour—since the lad had fallen overboard, the captain made a few turns more and called on the men for a final decision whether anything more could be done. He finally concluded to hold on his course, when one of the men said that he heard a cry. They listened and soon heard a call, "Keep her away or you'll run over me." Half a dozen ropes were thrown out by as many different persons, when the boy said, "Make a bow line. I'm too weak to hold on." A bow line is a rope with a large loop firmly tied in it. It was thrown out, the lad put it over one leg, held on by his hands and was drawn on board. He had fallen into the water with a suit of clothes, tarpaulin overalls and shoes on. He was drawn out naked as when he first appeared in the world, having managed, in spite of the great exertion of swimming, to divest himself of all his clothes in order that they might not impede his movements. When asked how he had been able to endure so long, he answered that he was on the point of giving up from fatigue and letting his feet go down, preparatory to sinking, when he thought of his mother and kept on. He is still living in Nantucket.

Business before Pleasure.

There is a sagacious Newfoundland dog in Norwich. He will take the basket, in which is a note, and go to the market, get meat, vegetables, or whatever the note calls for, and carry it safely home. But he has a daily task assigned him which he performs, rain or shine, and that is to carry his mistress her dinner. She keeps a millinery establishment, and does not go home to her noonday meal. Regularly as the day comes around, the dog may be seen trotting along Main Street at about 11:30 with the basket in his mouth, looking neither to the right nor left, but going straight to the store, where he sets it down and watches it until his mistress comes for it. And he is so well-known, too, among the Norwich dogs that he is never molested. But on Monday a stranger dog undertook to have a little racket with him while he was loaded with his commissary stores. He hung to the basket, but stopped long enough to get a good look at the cowardly cur that had interfered with him, and then started off on a run to the store, where he dropped the basket and immediately returned to the street and began to search for his assailant. He found him on Franklin Avenue, and proceeded to chastise him in true canine style. In about half a minute he sat down and watched that cur put in his best jumps for the nuptials of Voluntown, giving a ki-hi at every step.—*Tartford (Conn.) Courant.*

Rothschild's Maxims.

Baron Rothschild had the following maxims framed and hung up in his banking house

Attend carefully to the details of your business.
 Be prompt in all things.
 Consider well, then decide positively.
 Dare to do right. Fear to do wrong.
 Endure trials patiently.
 Fight life's battle bravely, manfully.
 Go not into the society of the vicious.
 Hold integrity sacred.
 Injure not another's reputation or business.
 Join hands only with the virtuous.
 Keep your mind from evil thoughts.
 Lie not for consideration.
 Make few acquaintance.
 Never try to appear what you are not.
 Observe good manners.
 Pay your debts promptly.
 Question not the varacity of a friend.
 Respect the counsel of your parents.
 Sacrifice money rather than principle.
 Touch not, taste not, handle not intoxicating drinks.
 Use your leisure time for improvement.
 Venture not upon the threshold of wrong.
 Watch carefully over your passions.
 Extend to every one a kindly salutation.
 Yield not to discouragements.
 Zealously labor for the right.
 And success is yours.

The Day is at Hand.

The following beautiful passage is from a recent discourse on the words, "And there was no more sea," by the Rev. C. H. Parkhurst, D. D., pastor of the Madison Square Presbyterian Church, New York.

"And then how strangely we are isolated from the dear ones that have gone into the future before us. No word of tidings comes to us from across the sea. By night, we send up deep, strong thoughts into the spirit land, but feel no answer, and our sigh dies away among the silence and the stars. Not one dear word has passed between us since away back in the months and the years the fluttering spirit breathed its last, long good-bye, and looked its last love-look out of eyes that were clouding and closing. And the hand fell, and the pulse faltered; and it was done; and the spirit was fled, the spirit that was woven into ours as if with meshes of steel. And now not one lisp out of the sky, not one whisper out of the night, to tell us and comfort us. Mystic orphanage of spirits that are filial! Mystic divorce of spirits that are wedded! And the years move on. We remember them and they remember us, we think. They worship there, and we worship here—a broken chorus rendering one psalm; they with eyes from which all tears have been tenderly wiped, and with faces beautiful with looking upon the front of God; we with eyes all tear-dimmed, stumbling over the roughness of life, wondering, hoping, and waiting waiting till our exile shall be repealed, our little island of loneliness and expectation be made continuous with the continent of the redeemed, and no more sea in the new city of God."

IN A WEAK WAY.—The Bulgarian Exchequer contains, at the present moment, something like £100 in specie, we have been informed. It is also to be remarked that the new Minister for Foreign Affairs is one M. Stoikoff. Taking, then, the evident weakness manifested in the Bulgarian "chest" with the fact that its Government possesses a 'koff' we are led to fear serious consequences. A weak chest aggravated by a cough points to a gradual decline, if not to galloping consumption.

The Charms of Music.

A very curious story is told of Sir John Hawkins in support of the theory that insects, as well as animals are susceptible to the charms of music. He begins by stating that a French captain had assured him that during a tedious imprisonment he had obtained permission to practice upon his

lute, and that after he had played a few days, not only did some mice come out of their holes to listen, but the spiders descended from their webs to form as strange an audience as ever man had. "I did not cease doubting the truth of this story," writes Sir John, "until it was confirmed by a man of probity and merit, who played upon several instruments, and who told me that upon one occasion he went up to his chamber to refresh himself until supper time with playing, and he had not been playing more than a quarter of an hour when he saw several spiders descend from the ceiling and come and range themselves about the table, where they remained until he ceased to play, upon which they returned to their webs.

"A waiter in an Oxford Street restaurant had a pet spider which, he asserted, would always come out of a hole in the wall when he whistled, and several anecdotes are told which attest the fact that spiders are influenced by the sound of music, or singing, although it is not possible to ascertain whether these sensations are pleasurable or the reverse. A writer on the subject suggests that they may be thrown into a trance condition by music."—*N. Y. Mail.*

The Great Wall of China.

An American engineer who, being engaged in the construction of a railway in China, has had unusually favorable opportunities of examining the famous Great Wall, built to obstruct the incursions of the Tartars, gives the following account of the wonderful work: "The wall is 1,728 miles long, 18 feet wide and 15 feet thick at the top. The foundation, throughout, is solid granite, the remainder of compact masonry. At intervals of between two and three hundred yards towers rise up, 25 to 30 feet high, and 20 feet in diameter. On the top of the wall, and on both sides of it, are masonry parapets, to enable the defender to pass unseen from one tower to another. The wall itself is carried from point to point in a perfectly straight line, across valleys and plains and over hills, without the slightest regard to the configuration of the ground, sometimes plunging down into abysses a thousand feet deep. Brooks and rivers are bridged over by the wall, while on both banks of larger streams strong flanking towers are placed.

A Peculiar Sheet of Water.

Lake Tahoe is situated 6,220 feet above the level of the sea, is twenty-two miles long from north to south, and twelve and a half wide, the general contour being a parallelogram. The greatest measured depth that we have good authority for is 1,506 feet. The temperature never goes below 39 degrees Fahrenheit, and in summer never above 60 unless it be near the shore in some sheltered cove, or where a stream of sun-warmed water runs into it. At a depth of 500 feet the temperature never changes, being 39½ degrees. This fact accounts for another—that of drowned persons never rising, the water being so cold that no gases are generated; hence the body in time goes to pieces from the action of the water. It is as buoyant as any other pure water at the same altitude, there being no appreciable difference in the readiness of the hydrometer, hence the statement that if wood does not float for any time persons cannot swim, and the like are fallacies. The air being very light at this elevation above the sea, exercise of any kind, either on land or water cannot be so long continued as in lower and heavier atmospheres.

Wonders of the Microscope.

A thousand wonders in nature are lost to the human eye, and only revealed to us through the microscope. Think of dividing a single spider's web into a thousand strands, or counting the arteries and nerves in the wing of a gossamer moth. Yet, by the aid of the powerful lens of a microscope, it is found there are more than 4,000 muscles in a caterpillar. The eye of a drone contains 14,000 mirrors, and the body of every spider is furnished with four little lumps, pierced with tiny holes, from each of which issues a single thread; and when a thousand of these from each lump are joined together, they make the silk line of which the spider spins its web, and which we call a spider's thread.

Spiders have been seen as small as a grain of sand and these spin a thread so fine that it takes 4,000 of them put together to equal in size a single hair.