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THE FAMILY CIRCLE

HEALTH AND INSTRUCTION AMUSEMENT CHOICE LITERATURE

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NO. 12.

A Golden Memory.

We sat beside a ruined well
 With trailing grasses grown over;
 We heard the skylark's music swell;
 And fragrance sweet came up the dell,
 Of new-mown hay and clover.

A form of rare and winsome grace,
 My arms were fondly twining,
 And, as her inmost thoughts I'd trace,
 I lay and watched her angel-face,
 With radiant love-light shining.

'The glaucing sun-light kissed her hair,
 And made a glory golden
 To glimmer round her face so fair,
 The while she smiled—may she still wear
 That smile when we are olden!

What vows the breeze that afternoon,
 Bore free across the meadows;
 What loving words that day in June
 Flew with the hours that flew too soon,
 And brought the creeping shadows;

Ah, yes, too soon each mellow ray,
 Foretold the dark'ning even,
 And made us seek our homeward way;
 But often since I've thought that day,
 Passed like an hour of heaven.

Jas. Brown.

(Written for THE FAMILY CIRCLE.)

WOUNDED HEARTS.

A TALE OF PASSION AND PAIN FROM REAL LIFE.

BY JOE LAWNBROOK.

CHAPTER X.

Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike.

—Pope

The most romantic adventures, the most unlooked-for events seem always, when dwelling in memory, to have transpired in a most natural manner; but while we are yet under the excitement of a wonderful event, a startling occurrence, we fail to realize its naturalness or credit its truth. To us who see it, it seems like a dream, and to the listener to whom we report it, it seems like an affair of fiction.

Before entering into the details of this chapter, I would warn my gentle readers not to too quickly condemn it as not real. If you will turn to your newspapers you will see that murders have been committed and are continually being committed in all parts of the world, and in many cases suffi-

cient reason to warrant such an act is not discovered. Now, in the course of this narrative, I have begun and will continue to attempt the portraiture of a real man, an unnatural human being he may be, but nevertheless, he, Charles Sweeman, was a person of real flesh and blood; and if you should deem his process of murder—for his treatment was nothing less—of Arthur Drammel—if you should deem this, I say, unnatural, I can only say, wait until you see his motives for such conduct and the cause of those motives. "Intemperance," say our friends, who advocate total abstinence—"Intemperance is the cause of many deadly sins." So it is; and may the demon, alcohol, be swept away from the earth. But there is yet a deeper cause of more deadly sins—a frequent cause of intemperance itself, which, in asserting as the cause of Charles Sweeman's conduct, I will, supported by philosophy, defy reasonable contradiction.

It seems not unnatural to me, now, that Charles Sweeman treated Arthur Drammel as he did, though at the time of which I write, if I had reflected upon it at all, I would have been at a loss to account for his reasons. But the contemplation of actual and instant murder was more natural because less cruel. The cowardly villain was not afraid to perpetrate the gradual murder, because he felt safe from the law; but to accomplish the actual crime, he had apparently brought an accomplished ruffian from a distance.

Arthur Drammel, the pale, worn-out boy whose face I could see upturned on the bed, expressing all the nobleness of a pure and sinless heart, was all unconscious of impending harm. I watched the stranger, whom I could see plainly now, bending over the boy's bed and binding him with cords, and I read in his face the character of a lifetime dyed with deadly sin. Such a contrast! I did not see it then or even think about it; but I've often meditated on it since. Innocence knows no danger from guilt, because it has no conception of the powers of evil.

With as little comprehension of what was to befall him did Arthur Drammel look into the future, as a child has of the temptations and sins of the life before it.

The stranger bound his helpless victim and carried him from the room. As if exactly knowing his intentions, Werbletree caught me by the arm and drew me back below the little hill behind us, where we could watch the two men emerge from the dwelling, bearing in their arms the luckless boy.

"Now," whispered my companion; "have all your wits about you, we will likely have to take the lad from them."

I felt timid for a few seconds, but I soon gained courage from the force of his determination and resolved to do my best to assist him.

"We have the advantage," he went on; "we know they are here and it will surprise them to see us."

We followed towards the mill in silence. I anxiously awaited his signal to attack them; for all excited now, no movement seemed unnatural.

But my expectations were to be blighted and nothing wonderful happened.

When Arthur Drammel had been conveyed to the mill, Sweeman and the stranger had a conversation which I could

not hear and the purport of which I am yet partially ignorant of.

Then the stranger sulkily carried the boy back to the house. I heard him utter some dreadful oaths as he passed near us. The intention I believe was to have thrown the lad in the mill race; but the miller, either by reason of changing his mind or through fear, had ordered the villain to spare the poor boy's life. It was a relief to me, I confess, to see the matter thus disposed of, but, with Werbletree, I was satisfied that something should be done speedily to get the boy out of his present circumstances and the dangers that surrounded him. And through my friend's devices the feat was soon accomplished.

Before two weeks had passed Arthur Drammel as well as Werbletree and myself were back in my father's old summer residence near Hazelgrove.

CHAPTER XI.

If you to me be cold,
And I be false to you,
The world will go on, I think,
Just as it used to do.

—Will Carleton.

Shortly after my return to the old country homestead I called on a young friend in town, of whom it is not necessary to the ends of my narrative that I mention anything in particular, nor is he, by reason of his slight connection to these events, worth even being designated by a name. But this friend, as was customary with him, invited me out to see some of his friends. On the occasion in question, however, I met more friends than I bargained for. We went together to a club of which he was a member, and there I met Walter Marston, whom I had not seen since the night on the river shore, when I had poured out such a flood of confessions.

I had not seen Jessie Harle since, and I was anxious to know whether he had, and if so what her manners had been.

Strange I took such an interest in Walter Marston's wellfare—or was it Jessie Harle's?

Poor, pretty little Jessie! The idea of her beauty never leaves me. I am still in meditation repeating that merited praise, "Pretty little Jessie." Her beauty haunts me still, and if it does now, ten thousand times more so did it then. With breathless anticipation did I listen to his answers as I questioned him as to the girl's health, etc., in an apparently light manner, intending to laugh with him at his reply. But I might have known Walter Marston better than that. He had been unsuccessful in his attempts to meet Jessie again, two occasions of his visiting her she having been from home. From the circumstances of his previous visit Walter suspected that her aunt's stating that she was not home only meant she did not wish to see him, and so I construed it when he freely told me of his difficulties.

I tried to make myself believe that I intended acting for his interest when I suggested that I would go to her and try to discover her feelings.

He blushed slightly at my suggestion, and then as a drowning man catches at straws he agreed to it as an only hope of seeing the girl again.

Now that I had gained such an object—of seeing Jessie again, and by Walter's approval—I was eager to get away; and that very night before I returned home I walked along the street past the sweet girl's dwelling. The house was still lit up, but at such an hour and with positively no excuse that I could frame in any way I held back from entering, and in spite of my desire the demands of propriety rather than the laws of etiquette restrained me from calling.

But the following evening I called and Jessie was home alone, and as I followed at her bidding into the little parlor I felt agitated and awkward, an uncouth feeling with me I can assure you.

Jessie's hair was flowing loosely over her shoulders as I always admired it, and as she looked up archly at me from beneath her heavy silken lashes the mischievousness of her character was exhibited as I had often seen it before in happy hours long gone by.

I could see no sorrow in her expression indicative of any such feeling for Walter Marston.

Was she yet to be mine? Fate, I meditated, seemed working toward that end;

So long as her bashful reserve continued did my awkwardness increase, and her case now seemed as mine in her company when she was so young that I considered her a little girl. But that time had passed, and though I felt still a pity for her beauty, and that it devolved on me as a duty to protect it, I had still a perfect knowledge that she was not the same in beauty, in form, or in disposition that she was when I first met her. The rounded, healthy cheeks were not so plump or red, and the effect produced upon me by her bounding, frolicking movements no longer existed. Her whole bearing, in short, exhibited not the buoyant spirit of a school girl, but the stately beauty and dignity of a developed woman. Two years had changed her wonderfully, but still she was the same to me. Her mental beauty, her magnetic influence and her easy, graceful manners were alike powers which led me up out of the common track of life, and made my very flesh tingle with pleasure in her presence. Oh the divine ecstasies of love, and the pain of unrequited affection! Jessie was not the same to me to-night. Walter Marston's appeal had been agitating her, and the longer friendship that had existed between them had gained a stronger hold upon her, together with his assiduous attentions and evident affection, than my passionate, though never-expressed fondness, and my seeming coldness in not taking pains to meet her oftener.

Was I really beginning to view Walter Marston as a rival? Until now I had never looked at it in that way. But such seemed now to be the case. I had never suspected that it would result in this—I had never dreamed that my fondness for her, by reason of my previous circumstances, could end thus.

I had forgotten my mission to see Jessie. Walter Marston was not thought of again till I was about to depart, and then I discovered that she had been entirely ignorant of his calling on her, owing to her being absent and her aunt's not wishing her to receive his attentions, contrary to the wish of her sister at Shulton. For as already hinted, she had sent Jessie to her sister, for no other purpose than to give Walter ample opportunity to pursue his object, which she, with that match-making instinct, so common in woman, had seen for some time past.

Poor Jessie was without a mother to advise and govern her, and left thus to her aunts' guidance the best traits of her character were left undeveloped.

Too common is this state of affairs in girls with the advantage of a mother and a home. It is indeed remarkable how little most mothers realize the power they are capable of exerting in moulding out their children's characters. Only a father's influence could be greater in a daughter's development, and that too poor Jessie had scarcely known. I have wondered that the warmth of her nature had still kept so warm in spite of the cold, repellant aspect the world must have always presented to her.

But those matters were not thought of on the night of which I write. They are the outgrowth of present reflection.

I soon became accustomed to the girl's manners, and, like my old self, easy in her company. We conversed of various very uninteresting things for a while with a cold formality that chilled me, but as the evening progressed our thoughts flowed backward, and we talked as we were wont to do, and Jessie became more friendly; but as much as I would try to bring to her mind her former feelings, she never intimated that she had any recollection of them, or that I had ever been more than a mere acquaintance. Not till I was leaving did I see any of the old-time fondness, and then, as I said good-night and warmly pressed her hand her bright eyes that had so lately assumed such a cold expression, filled with tears, that sparkling, showed her heart's real tenderness. As we stood thus, her soft hand still in mine, my left hand involuntarily crept over her drooping shoulder beneath her heavy mass of hair.

"Good-night, Jessie," I said again, and was drawing her face to mine, when she suddenly drew herself up in an indignant attitude and her eyes gleamed with all their power of resentment.

How different to her former passive deportment!

"I beg your pardon, Miss Harle," I said, assuming some of her own dignity. "You have grown cold toward me since we last met; may I enquire the cause?"

Her features quickly relaxed, and she muttered something which I think she could hardly have understood herself more than I did. Her voice was gentle and conciliatory, and that was all I could gather from it. I squeezed her hand gently again and departed to leave her standing in the doorway in silent reverie for several minutes, when she closed the door, and going into the parlor, lay down on the sofa, and amid mingled emotions of sorrow and joy passed several hours. The clock struck three as she retired.

Jessie's thoughts that night were of a passive nature. Her whole soul was longing for some one to love, and yet her ambition and dignity prevented her affections from centering on any individual for fear that affection might not be returned.

Alone she had been brought up, though among many, like a flower growing in the midst of weeds. No one had she for a friend, an adviser, or a far greater need of a girl of her disposition and beauty—no one for a lover. She did not reason thus, but passively felt sorrowful in spite of her active, joyous nature. When she slept, her eye lashes were sealed gently down with tears, and all unconscious of the sins of life she calmly breathed with gently heaving breast, and dreamed of curious lands and people until far into the day.

CHAPTER XI

Crowds of men and women attired in the usual costumes!
how curious you are to me!

—Walt Whitman

When I left Jessie thus at the door and passed out into the darkness, I noticed neither house nor object, nor the chilly dampness of the wind from the eastward. Few people were on the streets, and those that were, passed me like so many automatic things urged on by forces irresistible. Presently I paused and gazed from a little eminence at the few silent stragglers. Some with uneven steps that spoke intoxication came along, and others firmly forced by energetic wills would strike their heels and roll their feet with a determined tread, and hurry by. Some, I mused, as viewing closely 'neath a gas lamp near, were going homeward to a welcomed hearth from innocent amusement, while others, flushed with stimulating drink, negligent of duties to their homes, were pressing on to fierce heart wounding quarrels with bosom friends; pursuing quickly misery intense. Some young men walked with light expectant tread, yet half-reluctant were, at going from by a dear one's side. These would protrude their chests and clench their fists with a determined vigor in their eyes which told of honest and most firm resolve to work with double strength for one they loved. And others were perhaps, who like myself had lost all eager hopes of future fame or happiness of home, because spurned coldly by some thoughtless girl, whose beauty unsurpassed to them and lenient smile had led them on to hope of undivided bliss and peace through all their lives. As each one passed me standing silent there some would pass on too occupied with thought to notice me, while others passed me curiously by, and off I thought they guessed my very thoughts. At length I passed along and slowly took my way from out the city to the old homestead rejoicing at my solitude and quiet and sought my bed in silence.

That night I lay awake and meditated upon the pain that one of a warm heart can inflict without experiencing any sense of cruelty. Had I forgotten Nellie Elson? What matter though I had? Had I ever felt that she was devotedly fond of me? Her bearing in my presence was dignified yet lively, with never a touch of romance in it, exhibiting no warmth of sentiment that bursts right from the heart of a deep-loving girl, forth from her eyes and words and every act. Surely she could not love me when I had never seen any of those traits in her which characterize sincere, unbounded confidence and love. Or perhaps I had been blind to these signs in her because I had never loved her as I should. Could it be that I had sought Nellie Elson's hand because of my having the hatred of her mother to overcome, and only, in my youthful heat, for the desire of victory? I would hardly admit the possibility of this to myself. My misstep, if indeed it were such, was too galling to my spirit, and even yet I tried to fight the thought off and cry within myself that I would marry her despite my feelings.

Thus the night wore on and feverishly I lay awake till morning. When the refreshing early sun stole in and I pulled down my windows from the top and let the balmy air creep in, I slept. But not half refreshed I arose soon after, and, quickly summoned by the breakfast bell, I went down stairs and was diverted from my previous thoughts by a conversation with Arthur Drammel who seemed to possess more reason than I had ever seen him evince before. As previously stated Arthur Drammel and Werbletree had come to live with me, and the morning of which I am now speaking was not long after our return from Shulton.

But a greater cause to divert my attention soon appeared from Werbletree's statement that Sweeman was prowling around the neighborhood.

"Do you think he is here to get Arthur away from us?" I asked, unthinkingly, and I had scarce spoken when the boy grew pale and almost instantly sank senseless in Werbletree's arms.

A servant, at my bidding, brought some brandy, and Werbletree gave me a gentle, reproving look.

"He's weak, very weak yet," he said, "and I'm afraid his mind is going to give way."

I felt a cold shiver come over me at his words.

"I've seen no evidence of anything but improvement in that respect," I rejoined, incredulously.

"But you've not been with him much."

This was all that was said on the subject at the time, as Arthur Drammel was beginning to speak incoherently, and the agony and misery emanating from those sounds still sink heavily into my heart.

Like a mother, the great strong Werbletree attended the lad all day—a thorough proof of his real manliness.

That night we carefully secured the doors of the quiet old homestead and walked in the direction of "Hazelgrove."

I was eagerly expecting, yet half afraid of meeting, the miller, and I knew that my companion was expecting him too. By this time I had become accustomed to Werbletree's ways, and could talk with more ease in his company. By my own desire, the conversation turned to my father and the mission he had given me to perform.

"Did you ever know my father?" I questioned, after a while.

"Yes; I knew him many years ago, before you were born," he said slowly, taking a quiet survey of the surrounding country, and after a long pause, during which we steadily paced along the road; "I saw him once soon after you were born, and I saw you too while you were yet in your cradle."

I felt a sense of bewilderment at his words and his manner of expressing them.

We had reached "Hazelgrove" now, and as we looked along the winding avenue which led up to the dwelling, we could discern a man disappearing round the bushes.

"It's the miller trying to see her again; he's bound to see her in spite of anything."

"Why do you think he is so anxious?"

(To be Continued.)

An Epitaph.

The following epitaph on a railroad engineer is found in an English cemetery:

My engine now is cold and still,
No water does my boiler fill;
My coke affords its flame no more;
My days of usefulness are o'er;
My wheels deny their wonted speed,
No more my guiding hand they need;
My whistle, too, has lost its tone,
Its shrill and thrilling sounds are gone.
My valves are now thrown open wide,
My flanges all refuse to guide,
My clacks also, though once so strong,
Refuse to aid the busy throng;
No more I feel each surging breath,
My steam is now condensed in death,
Life's railway o'er, each station's passed;
In death I'm stopped, and rest at last.
Farewell, dear friends, and cease to weep;
In Christ I'm safe, in him I sleep.

SELECTED.

"The Chinese Must Go."

BY ELLA W. RICKER.

"We hold these truths to be self-evident; that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

We open our doors in welcome,
That all may come who choose:

To Ireland's famished peasants,
To Muscovy's banished Jews,
To Italy's strolling players,
To men from the Zuyder Zee,
To African, Arab, Moslem,
To Barbarian, bond or free.

We point to our rolling prairies,
Where sleeping harvests lie,
At the touch of their hands to waken—

"There is room for you all," we cry.
"Come, follow the plough and reaper,
Come, stand at the forge and loom,
And fashion our tools and garments;
We will lighten your lives of gloom."

Uncouth are their garb and manner;
They speak in an unknown tongue;
And yet to our land of plenty

We welcome them, old and young,
And say, "You shall learn of freedom
As you bow to its peaceful sway;
Your ignorance all shall vanish

In the land of the bright to-day.
From shackles of superstition,
Of vice and crime set free,

At the touch of our Lord and Master
Your blinded eyes shall see."

But hark! o'er the rushing waters,
O'er the spindles' busy hum,
Above the myriad voices

That call to the stranger "Come,"
Rings in harsh, discordant accents

A word that is like a blow;
With fierce, imperative mandate,
It cries to a people "Go!"

"You have finished our miles of railroad
Built firm on the shifting sands;
You have lifted the heavy burdens

We dropped from our wearied hands,
You have worked where work was needed
With never a thought of pride;

You have dared to gather the fragments
We scornfully tossed aside,
We have found you teachable, gentle,
And ready to be of use;

Submitting in patient silence
To hatred, contempt, abuse.

But now that our need is over
We have others to take your place;

You are crowding our native workmen,
Begone, O accursed race!

Go back to your crowded hill-sides,
Whence, over an unknown way,

You sailed, that for wife and children
Might open a brighter day.

Go back to your heathen darkness—
Not for you hath our light been shed—

And live on a pitiful pittance,
The life that your fathers led.

But when to your idols bowing
O tell them on bended knee

That this is a Christian nation,
This is the land of the free!"

—Boston Transcript.

A Canary Bird at Kingston, N. Y., imitates the notes of a bobolink so exactly and with such liquid sweetness, that, unless seen, a person would suppose that a bobolink was singing. This is remarkable, as even mocking birds, it is said, cannot reproduce a bobolink's peculiar liquid melody. The canary learned it by being associated when young with a bobolink.

We Two.

A PENCIL SKETCH BY M. QUAD.

"It's we two, and we two, It's we two for aye,
All the world and we two, and heaven be our stay."

It was a gay, rollicking party that boarded the fast express train going east, and, as it was late, and the cars crowded, the noise made by the intruders stirred every body to anger, and their ill-timed witticisms were received with wrath and indignation. The leader of the company was a noisy youth overflowing with an abundance of animal spirits, and he gave the passengers a saucy rejoinder when they reproved him for disturbing their repose. When he had traversed the entire line of cars without finding a vacant seat, he noticed an old man sitting alone but apparently guarding a reserved space next to him. Rapping him smartly on the shoulder the presumptuous youth asked if he might sit down.

"Eh! eh!" said the old man, in a feeble voice, "we two have these seats; there isn't any room for you!"

The young man sauntered back to find his friends all provided for, and after strolling through the baggage and smoking cars he returned and saw the seat of the old man still vacant. The aged passenger seemed to be dozing, but he responded feebly to the energetic touch of the other.

"Look here!" said the young man, "let me have a seat; you haven't anyone with you!"

"Hush!" answered the other, "you'll frighten her away! Can't you see her sitting their smilin', with her long yeller curls, and with the white dress that she was married in! Mebbe it was a fancy, but I could ha' touched her before you come—no, no, she's in there, and I'm here—we two have lived together for fifty years; it's hard to be separated now!"

The young man had seated himself and he paid no attention to the old man's maundering till he heard him saying softly over and over to himself, "Katy! my Katy! Katy Idalin'!"

Then he listened, for Katy was the name of the sweet faced, blue-eyed girl he loved, and even now he was on his way to make her his own.

"Was she your wife?" he asked, with more respect in his voice, nor could he have told why he used the past tense in the way he did.

"My wife—my love—my bride!" was the almost incoherent answer. Oh! it was a hard world, but we two traveled it together; I never had a pleasure but Katy shared it with me; nor a sorrow that she didn't help bear. I wish you could ha' seen her, young man. She was as straight as a young sapling, and that fair-complected like a child; her hair was yeller, like buttercups in the meadow. I'd take you out yonder to see her if they'd a let me, but they wouldn't. They say she's changed—she never changed in my eyes till her hair just turned white like the blossoms of the snow-drop. Then I knew she was a ripenin' for glory—there never was any but we two. God didn't send any children to bind our hearts or break 'em—it's cold here," and he sank back and shivered.

"I wish I could think so" answered the young man, yawning, and feeling life and strength in every throb of his riotous blood. "Are you going east?" he continued, for want of something else to say.

"Yes, and it's a long journey. I'm goin' clear back to the sunrise—back to Maine. There won't be a soul I know livin', but Katy she bankered after the old buryin' ground where her folks are, Say!" as the conductor passed along, "is she all right out there alone?"

"She's all right," answered the man, swinging his lantern. "There ain't nothing that'll disturb her, I reckon!"

"She's with the Lord," said the old man solemnly; "with Him she loved and served all the days of her life. I 'spose she hasn't missed me or thought of me onc't, but it would be a hard trial for me if Heaven's glory made her forget—if we two didn't go hand in hand there, as we have here—dear! dear! it wouldn't seem like Heaven to me less Katy was along."

The young traveler passed into the land of sleep and walked with his beloved in the fair bower of love's young dream. The old man gathered his feeble limbs together and he, too, slept; but his lips moved, and broken, incoherent sentences fell on the ears of those who were awake and listening all the night long. He, too, was walking in his dreams

with his beloved; he babbled of still waters and green pastures; he sung of golden streets and gates of pearl; of the beauties and mysteries of the mansions of the peace that floweth as a river—he held her small, soft hand in his, and called up the love-light in her beautiful eyes, and played with her yellow hair; and all the time the train went on flying through the night, and out in the baggage car an old, old woman, wan and wrinkled, lay peacefully in her coffin, her vained and withered hands crossed over a heart that was at rest, and that was all that was mortal of Katy.

"Like a laverock in the lift, sing O bonny bride;
It's we two, and we two, happy side by side."

When the young traveler woke in the bright light of early day, he stretched his cramped limbs and felt like a giant refreshed with wine, and out of his strength and happiness gave the old man at his side a gay "good morning!" But when, getting no response, he turned to look at him, he saw that he had reached the new sunrise, the morning that has never a noon.

"It's we two, it's we two, while the world's away
Sitting by the golden sheaves on our wedding day."

Early Marriages.

In a recent sermon on domestic life, Henry Ward Beecher represented the power of children on society and the advantages of early marriages with some force. After noticing the children's important part in the founding of homes he went on to show their influence over parents. A father had to govern children—had to decide their disputes and put them into proper relations with each other. In all this he was learning law and justice and government, and that too from the standpoint of a judge. Men would be surprised if they could trace back and see how many of their ideas of justice in after life had their origin in the ruling of the family circle. Children in the household forced men to learn thrift. It is on this account, said the preacher, I am disposed to advocate early marriages and humble ways of life. If a man will not marry until he has a fortune he will not marry until midlife. If the woman whom he wishes to marry has an ambition for distinction in society and will take no one until he can bring her the means of living as finely as she was brought up in her father's family, she subjects herself to the choice of ambition or of expediency or of money—of almost anything but love. Early marriages are the salvation of young men, and if a young woman doesn't love you enough to go down and live humbly with you and help you to work your way up, she doesn't love you—leave the torment to somebody else! But of all things, cried Mr. Beecher, with a gesture of abhorrence, to marry and to go into a hotel on a flat—(laughter)—or any other thing which is not a home; to begin where one ought to end; to know nothing of the generous education of want; to know nothing of that early striving together, there is nothing more demoralizing to-day than that! An ambition to stand high at once is an immoral ambition, and one that runs past and avoids this formative influence that makes the best and the ripest men. Marry early; marry poor. Let your poverty and your love strive together, that you may together build the platform, and the house, and the household.

Tall Men.

The New York doctors have had the question put to them whether a man can add a cubit to his stature, can be affected. People who drink limestone water like the Kentuckians and Tennesseans, who are famous for being tall, owe it perhaps to the fact that they absorb so much lime which goes to the making of their bones. So oatmeal builds up the bone and muscle of the Scotch, and makes them tall. Dr. Mott said: "Folks who feed upon good, healthy and simple food have the best chance for growing to be tall. Tallness seems sometimes to be a family trait, and runs along through generation after generation; but, on the other hand, tall children very often grow from short parents, and vice versa. There doesn't seem to be any positive rule about it, and I don't think that there is any mode of determining from the height of a child at any given age what it will grow to at maturity." There is a belief, however well or ill founded, that the height of the child at the age of two years is just half the height to which it will attain at maturity.

An Austrian Thief.

The following story exhibits the cool audacity of Austrian rogue, who secured a pocket-book thereby:

A carriage in the train bound from Vienna to Pesth contained, one evening lately, five passengers—an Englishman, two Magyars, a mild-looking man of sixty, and a handsome young German, who seemed dreadful sleepy.

The Englishman observed that the sexagenarian essayer to chat with the young German, who, however, yawned, and soon slumbered.

The sexagenarian became garrulous, and lamented his son's carelessness in money matters.

"See him now, going to sleep in a carriage full of strangers. I think I'll give the young man a fright for once in his life;" and lifting up the lapel of his coat, he laughingly drew out a pocket-book.

At Pressburg the careful father said he must get out for a minute, but when the train moved on he didn't return.

When the young man woke up they told him that his father had got out and taken his pocket-book.

"My father!" he shrieked, and clutching his empty pocket, burst into a volley of most unfilial imprecation. "I haven't got a father," he bawled out. "I never saw the old scoundrel before. That pocket-book contained three thousand florins. He must have seen it when I took my ticket."

Not unlikely. That genial parent has not yet been heard from.

One cannot be too careful among strangers.

The Canary's Little Friend.

A very fine canary bird is owned by gentleman in Nevada county, Cal. Recently unusual quantities of food disappeared from its cage, and there, snugly stowed away in one of the seed boxes, was a mouse as fat as butter. Upon attempts to remove the mouse the canary made a chivalrous fight for the little animal. A singular fact is that while the mouse was in the cage the bird kept up a constant singing all day, but since the mouse has been removed the bird has refused to warble.

A Pioneer's Will.

The will of John T. Pantlind, an old California pioneer, was filed in the Probate Court of San Francisco, recently, and is a curious document. After stating that he is in sound mind and in full use of all his faculties, he adds, "I wish it understood that I am in my clear level-headed sense and know just what I'm about, and I don't want any one-horse lawyer business fooling around." He then provides that his remains shall be taken to Newark, Ohio, and that the bodies of his parents and brothers be taken from Fort Wayne, Ind., and buried in the same lot with him, and one costly monument erected over the four. He forbids the burial of any of his half-sisters or brothers in the same lot, and says of them; "There was a chasm during life. Let it be even wider in death."

One of the Roads to Ruin.

"Any letters here for me?" asked a laughing, buxom girl of about sixteen, as she placed her pretty, curved nose on a level with the ladies' delivery window at the post office.

"Let's see; where do you live?" inquired the smiling clerk, whose chief aim is to captivate feminine hearts, as they appear at that particular window.

"None of your business," retorted the damsel, a cloud of anger quickly overspreading her pretty face.

"All right," replied the official; "we have a letter here, but it is addressed to a certain street and number. We cannot, of course, tell whether or not it belongs to you, as you will not give your address."

The girl's anxiety to get her letter was so great that she did not discover the postmaster's ruse, and gave her number, the address of a good family. Of course the letter was not for her, but the official, having found out her address, told her that in the future he would have her letters sent to her parents' residence. With a look on her face which meant, "No, you won't," the girl flirted out of the post office.

She, like scores of young girls, is keeping up a clandestine correspondence with some scapegrace. Saturday

red letter day with these clandestine correspondents, many of whom are school-girls whose parents never dream that their children are following in the footsteps of so many girls who have been taught the art of deception and disloyalty by means of clandestine correspondence.

Two young and well-dressed girls followed the first applicant. Unlike her, they had not called at the delivery window many times, and the post official handed one of them two letters. She hurriedly burst one open, blushed scarlet as she devoured its contents, and then tearing it up, went away. The very look on her face indicated that it contained something which no girl of her age ought to read.

A *Messenger* reporter stood and watched those girls as they came and went. It was very easy to distinguish those that came to the office for a legitimate purpose.

One young lady approached the delivery window and inquired for a letter in a manner which seemed to indicate that she didn't care whether she got one or not. She was good-looking, but there was a restless and uneasy look about her face, and scarcely heeding the delivery clerk's reply to her question, she glanced furtively about the post office. Suddenly a young man entered the office, and with her soul in her eyes she met him, and held a hurried conversation, the last words of which were:

"To-morrow evening in the usual place."

"Lots of women call regularly at this office who have never received a letter in their lives," said the post-office official, "and many of them don't expect any letters. We have done all we could to get rid of them, and of these young girls who come to get letters from clandestine correspondents, but we cannot. We do not deliver letters at the general delivery addressed to initials, but scores of them are received."

Then the official showed a long list of those letters which had been sent to the dead letter office.—*Jamestown Messenger*.

To the Girls.

Don't think it necessary for your happiness that every afternoon be spent in making calls or on the street shopping. Home is not a mere hotel wherein to eat and sleep—too dreary to be endured without company from abroad; home work is not mere drudgery, but useful ministrations to those we love.

Don't mistake giggling for cheerfulness, slang phrases for wit, boisterous rudeness for frank gayety, impertinent speeches for repartees. On the other hand, don't be prim, formal, stiff, nor assume a "country face" eloquent of "prunes, potatoes, prisms," nor sit bolt upright in a corner, hands, feet, eyes and lips carefully posed for effect by which an effect will be produced, but not the one you wish. Nor yet sit scornfully reserved, criticising the dress, manners, looks, etc., of those around you. Make up your mind that your companions are, on the whole, a pretty nice set of people—if they are not, you had no business to come among them—that there is something to respect and like in each of them. Determine to have a nice time anyhow; then do your part to make it so. Be genial, cordial and frank. If you can play and sing ordinarily well, do not refuse to take your share in entertaining your companions in that way. You cannot be expected to sing like a Nillon or Kellogg. If you cannot play or sing, say so frankly, and do not feel humiliated. You probably excel in some accomplishment. Even if no other, you can possess that one grand accomplishment to which all others are accessories, that of being "a lady"—a true woman, gentle and gracious, modest and lovable.

A Skeleton in a Tree.

Two men in the northern part of Gilmer county chased a fox to his covert, which proved to be an immense hollow trunk, charred and blackened by forest fires. It was comparatively but a huge stump, being not more than twenty feet high. The wily robber of the henry had entered an aperture near the base of the tree, and all efforts at smoking him out had proved futile. As a last resort one of them suggested barring the fox's mode of entrance and then felling the tree. This plan was adopted, and a few vigorous strokes

of their axes sent the old shell crashing to the earth, and Reynard, in endeavoring to make his escape, was summarily dispatched with an axe. As they were preparing to take their departure one of the men discerned something white gleaming in the old, hollow stump, and, upon examination, was horrified to behold the bleached bones of a dismembered human skeleton. On closer inspection a powderhorn and bullet-pouch were brought to light, together with a few moldering articles of raiment, but nothing else was found that would testify as to who the person had been.—*North Georgia Citizen*.

How a Log Jam is Broken.

The first thing to be done is to find out where the jam occurred, and then to discover what is called the "key log" that is to say, the log which holds the base of the "jam." An old experience "steam driver" is soon on the spot; for the news is soon carried up stream that there is a "jam" below. Every minute is of consequence, as logs are coming down and the "jam" increases in strength. The "key log" being found, there is a cry for volunteers to cut it. Now, when you consider that there are some hundred big logs of timber forming a dam, and the instant the key log is cut the whole fabric comes rushing down with a crush, you will see that unless the axeman gets instantly away he is crushed to death. There are usually in a camp plenty of men ready to volunteer; for a man who cuts a key log is looked upon by the rest of the loggers just as a soldier is by his regiment when he has done any act of bravery. The man I saw cut away a log which brought down the whole jam of logs was a quiet young fellow, some twenty years of age. He stripped everything save his drawers; a strong rope was placed under his arms, and a gang of smart young fellows held the end. The man shook hands with the his comrades, and quietly walked out upon the logs, axe in hand. I do not know how the loggy-road one felt, but I shall never forget my feelings. The man was quietly walking to what very likely might be his death. At any moment the jam might break of its own accord, and also, if he cut the key log, unless he instantly got out of the way, he would be crushed by the falling timber. There was a dead silence while the keen axe was dropped with force and skill on the pine log. Now the notch was near half through the log: one or two more blows, and a crack was heard. The men got in all the slack of the line that held the axe-man; one more blow and there was a crash like thunder, and down came the wall of timber, to all appearances on the axe-man. Like many others, I rushed to help haul away the poor fellow, but to my great joy I saw him safe on the bank, certainly sadly bruised and bleeding from sundry wounds.—*The Field*.

School Education.

We cannot afford to leave this school business entirely to the teachers and the school committee. Perhaps they would "educate" our children to death. What is the proper object of education? To develop the human faculties, and to put a person into possession of those powers with which nature has endowed him, so that he can have them for use and enjoyment all through life. Not long ago it was generally believed that the object of education was the acquisition of knowledge and I once heard a school superintendent tell the children that their minds were like baskets, which they were to fill as full as possible with facts while they were young. Ideas of this kind are passing away, and we no longer hear the memory lauded as the most important faculty of the human mind. We are more inclined to heed and ascert the oft-repeated advice of King Solomon: "Get understanding," and "Get wisdom." How trifling, comparatively, is any amount of mere knowledge or information about things, if in gaining it the faculty for study and investigation, and right thinking, is used up or broken down? This not unfrequently occurs. The bright scholar, who is the pride of his teacher and the hope of his parents breaks down in the race, used up before the real battle is begun. I have known this to befall children of naturally strong constitution. The custom seems so widespread and the calamity so great, that parents need to be thoroughly warned.—*Faith Rochester*.

Bring Flowers.

BY MRS. G. W. FLANDERS.

Bring flowers, bright flowers when my soul is sad,
They ever in cheerful tones are clad;
They whisper of Him, who these gems hath made,
I can see His hand in each varying shade,
They tell of His Love, His mighty power;
Beautiful emblems—bring flowers, bright flowers.

Bring flowers, bright flowers, from the shady dell
A tale of my early youth they tell,—
Of the bright green lanes, the oak-tree shade
Where the violets grew in the opening glade,
And the rippling brook, where in summer hours,
We oftimes waded; bring flowers, bright flowers.

Bring flowers, bright flowers, their fragrance recall,
The vines that clambered the garden wall;
They were planted there by my mother's hand,
While we gathered near, her little band,
To watch their growth with the passing hours—
How sweet the remembrance! bring flowers, bright flowers.

Bring flowers, bright flowers, their sweet perfumes
My heart to holier thoughts attunes;
They tell of the land of immortal birth,
Where the weary find rest from the toils of earth,
Where the glorified spirit receives its dowers—
O, when I am weary, bring flowers, bright flowers.

Bring flowers, bring flowers, to lay on my breast,
When my form is shrouded for its final rest,
And, when mother earth shall pillow my head,
May sweet flowers brighten my lowly bed,
Though my spirit ascended to holier bowers,
Of my dust the emblems; bring flowers, bright flowers.

Simple Trust.

BY ERNEST GILMORE.

During the burning of a mill recently in our town there was a strong threatening of a large conflagration. People even two blocks off began to pack their household treasures. For many blocks around the coals from the flaming building were scattered over the white snow. From my window the scene was really magnificent. The wild, hot flames soaring aloft, the burning elevator looking as if suspended in the heavens, the countless millions of sparks ascending, the sway and surge of this terrible power of fire. It seemed to me that a row of cottages within my sight must soon be swallowed up too, and as I thought of an elderly friend—helpless in her bed—I wrapped myself up warmly, and went out in the night to her. She was white and trembling with excitement, for fire was only two buildings distant, and her room was light as day, illuminated by the flames.

"I was just wondering whether it was best to get her up upon her chair," said the girl to me.

"No, don't," I said, "I do not believe there is any danger, and if there is, she shall not suffer."

"Don't you believe there is any danger?" asked the invalid as I reached her bedside.

"No, I do not, unless the wind should change. Just lie still and don't worry. If the next house should catch fire, we will come for you the first thing."

She accepted our word and kept her bed, thus escaping a cold; for her outer door kept being opened and closed; and morning found her all right. I wondered then why we could not accept our loving, helpful Father's word as unquestioningly as she did the word of a mortal. Why we will persist in borrowing trouble when He has promised "As thy day so shall thy strength be." Why we do not always assert proudly yet humbly, "I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress: In him will I trust."—*Christian at Work.*

Some of Longfellow's Poems.

The "Psalm of Life" came into existence on a bright summer morning in July, 1838, in Cambridge, as the poet sat between two windows, at a small table in the corner of his chamber. It came from his inmost heart, and he kept it

unpublished for a long time. It expressed his own feelings at that time, when recovering from a deep affliction. The poem of "The Reaper Death" came without effort, crystallized into his mind. "The Light of the Stars" was composed on a serene and beautiful summer evening exactly suggestive of the poem. The "Wreck of the Hesperus" one night after a violent storm had occurred, and, as the poet sat smoking his pipe, the "Hesperus" came sailing in his mind. He went to bed, but could not sleep, and wrote the celebrated verses. It hardly cost him an effort, but flowed on without let or hindrance. On a summer afternoon in 1849, as he was riding on the beach, "The Skeleton in Armour" rose as out of the deep before him, and would not be laid. The single word "excelsior" happened to catch his eye one autumn evening on a torn piece of newspaper, and straightway took fire at it. Taking up a piece of paper which happened to be the back of a letter received that day from Charles Sumner, he crowded it with verses. As first down, "Excelsior" differs from the perfected and published version, but it shows a rush and glow worthy of its author. The story of "Evangeline" was suggested to Hawthorne by a friend who wished him to found a romance on it. Hawthorne did not quite coincide with the idea, and he handed it over to Longfellow, who saw in it all the elements of a deep and tender idyl.—*J. T. Fields.*

Modest Charity.

In a discussion on ostentation in giving to charitable institutions one of the gentlemen spoke with sarcasm of the benevolent people who make donations to have their names published in the papers.

"Nearly all charitable acts," he said eloquently, "have vanity as their motive. For my part I hate ostentation. I remember once, when I was travelling through a part of the country where I was not known, I came upon a lonely little station, where, in the waiting-room, there was fastened to the wall a contribution-box for the benefit of the sufferers through recent inundations. There was not a soul there; not a person in the neighborhood knew of my presence or was acquainted with my name; and I went quietly and put a twenty dollar bill into the box and slipped away without being seen, now sir, what I contend is that my secret offering was a more meritorious one than if it had been made in a public subscription list, with a loud flourish of trumpets."

"You are right," said a listener. "That was genuine modest charity, and I don't wonder you brag of it."

Discoveries in Pompeii.

Some relics of tortured humanity, recently discovered at Pompeii, tell the story, with mute but touching eloquence, of a sad little episode in the terrific cataclysm which resulted so fatally to the inhabitants of that luckless city. While excavating in one of the narrower streets a party of workmen came upon a hollow in the bed of dried mud covering the stratum of lapilli which reaches to the second story of the houses. A casting of this hollow, obtained in the usual manner by filling the vacuum with wet plaster of Paris, assumed the form of a baby boy; and within the house, close to the second floor of which the child had manifestly met its death, was found the skeleton of a woman in an attitude of supplication, the arms stretched out toward the window from which in all probability, a despairing woman had dropped her little one into the street, just as the stream of boiling mud began to flow, in the vain hope of saving its life. One of the arm-bones was encircled by a massive golden bracelet, and the scene of the tragical incident, indicated by the skeleton's position, was a handsomely-decorated apartment, presumably the sleeping-chamber or boudoir of a Pompeian lady of condition. Since the patrician dame, distracted by terror and yielding to a wild impulse of maternal love, dropped her infant son into the roadway, only to see his tiny form engulfed in a torrent of liquid fire, eighteen centuries have elapsed. Human enterprise and perseverance have compelled the entombed city to give up its ghastly secrets, however; amongst them this pitiful tale of a mother's death-agony. It is intended to place the cast above alluded to in the little museum erected near the entrance to Pompeii. At present it is on view, as we are informed, in a house recently excavated in the neighborhood of the Temple of Iris.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE

Is published on the 15th of every month, at the London East Printing and Publishing House, London East, Ont., by Messrs. Lawson & Jones.

This number ends the fifth volume of the FAMILY CIRCLE and a more prosperous year than the one just closed cannot be chronicled in its favor. Its recent improvements have been duly appreciated and the names that have poured in from the Northern States and every portion of Canada have been surprising.

Applications for regular agencies and OUR LIBERAL TERMS to agents have been continually received, while many are anxious to canvass their own town. This, however, we can only allow in certain sections where one of our regular canvassers have not the first right.

Those who have canvassed for the FAMILY CIRCLE since its establishment state that they have never before met with the same success that they have recently.

A NEW CHANCE FOR CANVASSERS NOW presents itself in the fact that we are just about to open a new volume, and that volume will begin with improvements and throughout the year no pains will be spared to obtain the very choicest and liveliest, most interesting and moral literature that can be procured.

We wish cordially to thank all our patrons, so many of whom send us expressions of the most complete satisfaction with our journal, and the proof of their appreciation generally accompanying their words of praise, viz: the renewal of their subscriptions.

No letters are overlooked. Anyone applying for terms to agents will be answered cordially.

RESPONSES TO READERS.

J. F.—See answer in note at the end of sketch on Ralph Waldo Emerson.

J. D.—In the April number, in response to "Kate E. J." you will see what regular agents for the FAMILY CIRCLE make. We allow the same for renewals as for new subscribers.

M. K.—Though an almost universal belief, quarrels between lovers are not conducive to greater affection, and jealousy rather tends to consume love than develop it. Quarrels during courtship are naturally enough followed by fiercer disputes after marriage.

SUBSCRIBER.—Our system of dealing with agents is to let them retain a commission in cash on every subscription. We find it the most satisfactory method.

H. H.—You should beware of following the advice of every medical book you see, particularly those affecting such a vital subject. Many of those works are the productions of physicians who are not talented enough to make a living from their practice, and seek to foist on the public, works with startling names rather than sterling merit to gain a livelihood. "Creative and Sexual Science" by Prof. O. S. Fowler is a reliable work of the nature you want.

H. L.—"Gems of Fancy Cookery" sells very rapidly; we only charge fifteen cents a copy, and agents get their commission at the same rate as for the FAMILY CIRCLE. Every recipe in the book has been experimented on.

LIZZIE J.—(1) The population of Canada is about 4,400,000. With regard to its relative standing in civilization with other nations its, educational system is second to none, while in religion it is equally in the foremost rank. In commercial importance it is third or fourth, the foremost being England, France, Canada, United States, Italy and Norway. (2) Various recipes have been given for removing freckles. Sour buttermilk and grated horse-radish, or sour buttermilk and tansay applied frequently are good.

HEALTH AND DISEASE.

Some Good Advice

A quaint poet has crowded a deal of good sense into the following few lines:—

"If thou to health and vigor wouldst attain,
Shun weighty cares, all anger deem profane,
From heavy suppers and much wine abstain,
Nor trivial count it after pompous fare,
To rise from table and to take the air.
Shun idle noontday slumbers, nor delay
The urgent call of nature to obey.
These rules, if thou wilt follow to the end,
Thy life to greater length thou mayst extend.
Shouldst doctors need? Be this in doctors stead,
Rest, cheerfulness, and table thinly spread."

Ventilated Boots.

BY DR. J. H. HANDFORD.

It is more than probable that greater care of our feet would not only improve their condition, but promote the general health. The pores of the feet throw off a greater amount of waste matter than the average of the skin surface. The time is not far in the future, it is hoped, when our boots of all kinds will be ventilated in some manner, so that the constant flow of worn-out matters may escape, preventing re-absorption, an unpleasant and unfavorable moisture, odors, tenderness and various other evils.

In warm weather, especially, the use of unventilated rubbers must produce more or less disease of the feet; while some of our boots are not much better as to retaining perspiration. Congress gaiters with a firm elastic that keeps the tops tightly drawn about the ankle, are more objectionable than the high boot, heating and dampening the feet.—*Watchman*.

TRICHINÆ IN HUMAN BODIES.—Dr. Horatio C. Wood, Jr., the eminent microscopist and lecturer at the Pennsylvania University Hospital, says that bodies for dissection are constantly turning up which are filled with the hog parasites. "The students, in cutting, the other day," Dr. Wood remarked, "found the flesh of a man knotty, and upon examination the muscles were found full of the trichinæ. The symptoms are like scarlet fever, and are often mistaken for it. The attending physicians fail to diagnose the disease, about which little is known, and death is attributed to other causes. It almost invariably occurs among the lowest and most ignorant class of people, who eat the worst kind of meat and often fail to cook it properly. The boiling point of two hundred will probably kill the parasites, and no meat ought to be eaten by any one which has not been subjected to that temperature. I ate raw ham once when I was lost on a mountain and in danger of starvation, but it was a last resort."—*Philadelphia Times*.

EFFECTS OF LAGER BEER ON GOATS.—Recently some Pennsylvania beer-sellers tried the effects of beer on a goat. Whether the experiment was for the purpose of determining the quality of the beer, or the constitutional toughness of the goat is not recorded; but the result was fatal to the goat, notwithstanding the hardihood for which he is proverbial. Just how many glasses were required to extinguish him is not mentioned, but he died, and the high quality of the beer was established beyond the possibility of cavil.

But this is not the end of the story. The Humane Society learned of the proceeding, and immediately began an action against the beer vendors for cruelty to animals. The action was undoubtedly justifiable, but it is a matter of wonderment that the same law-makers who have made it an offence to kill goats with beer, have never once thought of its being a crime to destroy human beings by the same means, although there are a hundred thousand human beings sacrificed thus to one goat. It is to be hoped that the question of prohibition will be agitated until human beings are at least as well protected as goats.

THE PARLOR AND KITCHEN.

LATEST FASHIONS.

The latest Old London rage is for gray.

Buttoned boots are going out of fashion.

Archery bids fair to be as fashionable as ever.

Silk skirts are preferred to all others for underwear.

Stockings have become marvels of lace and open work.

The wildest combinations of color are the most popular.

It is said to be fashionable nowadays to be unfashionable. Flowers are extravagantly used for hat and bonnet trimmings.

Lace frills are worn around the neck and wrists as much as ever.

Underskirts are short, and trimmed with heavy lace or embroidery.

New mown hay and putty are two new shades lately brought out.

Stamped gold-figured stockings come to imitate the gold embroidered ones.

Street costumes and walking suits should never be made with panier draperies.

Black stockings are worn with all kinds of dresses, even with white and tinted ones.

The old-fashioned battledoor and shuttlecock and cupstick and shuttlecock game is revived.

Half-inch wide strips of color on white grounds are a feature in muslin, gingham and printed lawns.

Very low embroidered slippers are worn with embroidered stockings; the embroideries should match.

USEFUL RECIPES.

BEEF STEAK.—In cooking a beef steak, have your frying-pan very hot, wipe the steak dry, place it in the pan and cover up tightly, turning frequently, but keeping covered as much as possible; when it is done add to the gravy one tablespoonful of hot coffee, a good-sized lump of butter and salt and pepper to the taste; pour over the steak and serve hot.

HOW TO COOK RICE.—Rice is becoming a much more popular article of food than heretofore. It is frequently substituted for potatoes as the chief meal of the day, being more nutritious and much more readily digested. At its present cost, it is relatively cheaper than potatoes, oatmeal or grain-grits of any kind. In preparing it only just enough cold water should be poured on to prevent the rice from burning at the bottom of the pot, which should have a close-fitting cover, and with a moderate fire the rice is steamed rather than boiled until it is nearly done; then the cover is taken off, the surplus steam and moisture allowed to escape, and the rice turns out a mass of snow-white kernels, each separate from the other, and as much superior to the usual soggy mass, as a fine mealy potato is superior to the water-soaked article.

TO BOIL TROUGH BEEF.—Beef tending to be tough can be made very palatable by stewing gently for two hours with pepper and salt, taking out about a pint of the liquid when half done, and letting the rest boil into the meat. Brown the meat in the pot. After taking up, make a gravy of the pint of liquid saved.

SOUP.—In making soup, it is better to boil the vegetables separately from the meat, and strain both meat and vegetable water, and mince the vegetables before putting them with the so-strained liquors. Soups are more wholesome, and far more palatable for hot weather than meats, but a good piece of meat is required to make nourishing soup.

CHILI SAUCE.—Thirty ripe tomatoes, eight red peppers, ten onions, ten cups vinegar, five tablespoonfuls salt, twenty tablespoonfuls sugar, boil together one hour.

GRAPE CATSUP.—Eight pounds grapes boiled and strained, two and a-half pounds sugar, one pint vinegar, two tablespoonfuls each of cinnamon, cloves, allspice, pepper, two tablespoonfuls salt, boil half an hour.

FRENCH PICKLES.—One peck green tomatoes, six large onions, sliced; throw over them one cup salt and let stand over night; drain, and boil ten minutes in vinegar and water; then take one quart vinegar, two pounds brown sugar, two and a-half tablespoonfuls mustard seed, two tablespoonfuls cloves, two of cinnamon, two of allspice, one cayenne pepper; boil with tomatoes ten minutes.

SWEET TOMATO PICKLES.—Half bushel ripe tomatoes, one pint vinegar, four pounds sugar, one and a-half teaspoonfuls each of cloves, cinnamon, one tablespoonful pepper, one tablespoonful salt; the spices to be whole, and boil fast one hour.

BREAKFAST JOHNNIE CAKE.—Stir fresh ground rather coarse meal with good buttermilk and a little salt to a stiff batter; do this over night; in the morning when your oven is hot, dissolve enough soda to sweeten the batter in a little warm water, add to the batter and beat well, put it about two inches deep in the baking dish, spread two large spoonfuls of sweet cream (enough to cover evenly the top), sprinkle on a little fine salt bake immediately.

MINNIE HA HA CAKE.—Yolks of six eggs, one and a-half cups white sugar, one-half cup sweet milk, one large tablespoonful butter, one and a-half cups flour, one teaspoonful soda, two teaspoonfuls cream tartar. Mixture—One cup loaf sugar, with enough water on to dissolve, boil to syrup, whisk quick into it the well-beaten white of one egg, five cents worth almond nuts, well chopped; add to this enough chopped raisins to fill the cup, stir in the sugar, let stand until cold, then spread.

STRIPED JELLY CAKE.—Two cups white sugar, one-half cup butter, one cup milk, two and a-half cups flour, whites of five eggs, one teaspoonful soda, two teaspoonfuls cream tartar, one teaspoonful lemon; take four tablespoonfuls of this, one-half cup molasses, one-half cup flour, two-thirds cup chopped raisins, yolks of four eggs, a little soda; flavoring.

SPANISH BUNS.—Two eggs, one cup butter, one cup milk, two cups flour, two tablespoonfuls spices, one teaspoonful soda, two teaspoonfuls cream tartar; put frosting on top and put in oven to brown.

GEMS.—One pint water, one and a-half cups of flour, a little sugar, half teaspoonful soda, one teaspoonful cream tartar; stir like stirred cake.

PEACH PRESERVES.—Take your peaches and scald them, a few at once, and put them in jars; then take a quarter pound sugar to a pound of fruit, and dissolve it and pour over them; then put the jars in cold water, and let boil fifteen minutes; fill up with a little more syrup and put away.

PEANUT CAKES.—Pound one pint of roasted peanuts to a paste in a mortar; mix in one pint of light brown sugar and the whites of five eggs beaten to a stiff froth; put the mixture into small buttered pans, and bake the cake light brown in a moderate oven.

ONE EGG CAKE.—One cup of sugar, one cup of milk, one egg, butter the size of an egg, one heaping teaspoonful of cream of tartar, two-thirds teaspoonful of soda, two even cups of flour and flavor with lemon.

PEANUT CANDY.—The thick peanut candy sold by the confectionery is made by removing the shells and skin from roasted nuts, putting them an inch thick in a buttered tin pan, and pouring over them sufficient sugar boiled to a caramel point to hold the nuts together, but not to cover them; directly after the sugar has reached the degree of boiling until it becomes brittle when dropped in cold water, it begins to burn; at this moment the sugar-boiler must be taken from the fire, set at once into a pan of cold water to check the boiling, and the caramels, as the boiled sugar is now called, is poured over the nuts; white sugar is to be used in making the candy.

CARDINAL DYE.—Take magenta crystal and dip goods in when dissolved; the goods must be wet.

HAIR RESTORER.—It is said that equal parts of butternut bark and black tea, with water, in which a few rusty nails have been thrown, will restore hair that is prematurely turning gray to its original color. Steep well and saturate the hair once a day. There is nothing injurious in the mixture at any rate, and it is, perhaps, worthy of trial.

OUR BIOGRAPHICAL BUREAU.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

[Written for the Family Circle.]

By ROBERT ELLIOTT.

On the evening of April 27th 1882, in an old mansion, at the quaint town of Concord, Mass. a man lay cold and still and dead, and as soon as the world was apprised of the fact it at once began to talk of the acts of that man during life and the probable affect that his works might have on the futurity of time. There is assuredly something unusual in the personage who thus claims alike the attention of the bustling American and the more conservative European, making the one pause in the pursuit of wealth to speak a word of praise, and the other to start in pity and admiration at the news that a great man has passed away from earth.

Ralph Waldo Emerson the person of whom we write was born in Boston, May 25th, 1803, and therefore at the time of his death had attained the age of seventy-nine years. He was the son of the Rev. Wm Emerson, pastor of the First Unitarian Church in that city. Losing his father at an early age, he was prematurely deprived of the aid of a loving friend and counsellor. However, combining all the requirements of a student, at the age of eighteen, Ralph graduated from Harvard College, and after teaching school for a few years, entered the ministry of his father. While pastor of the Second Unitarian Church of Boston he determined, after careful consideration, to sever his connection with his church and all churches. Thenceforward he chose to call himself a Christian Theist and at once began his life-work. He immediately came into prominence as a luminous lecturer, essayist and poet. Throughout his long life nothing of interest occurred beyond the daily routine of literary work and increasing fame. He early espoused the cause of Abolition and by earnest and able appeals to the honor and humanity of the people did much in bringing about the final liberation of the slaves.

As an essayist and lecturer, his English reputation was something phenomenal. Ladies carried with them every place, copies of his essays on beauty and ideality. Preachers, especially young ones, decked their sermons with quotations from his startling lectures, and, in fact, all England went "quite mad" over "the new light of literature," as he was called. So prominent did he at once become, that even Carlyle, then thundering the war notes of his famous fight against a world of wrong, was for the time eclipsed by the "rather æsthetic," "ethereal" young transcendentalist. But the world he had conquered soon lapsed into the darkness of indifference; and he who had been extolled to the skies by popular applause, was left alone on his dazzling height. Scarcely alone, for when the blaze of triumph was flickering, his constancy to his cause and the sincerity of his opinions gathered around him a small but brilliant "coterie" of admirers. Foremost amongst these may be mentioned, Tennyson, Hawthorne, and Carlyle who, each in their way, testified to him their appreciation for what they considered his noble gifts to mankind.

A comparison between Emerson and Carlyle may be made without doing injustice to either. The New Englander perhaps, presents a more perfect specimen of manhood: the Scotchman, stronger points of character. The genius of the former cannot for a moment compare with that of the latter; but what Emerson lacked in gifts from the gods, he made up in the aid which he thankfully received from his fellow-creatures. His all-absorbing sympathy, his innate goodness of heart, his smiling hopes for the world in general, shine clear as a cameo against the dark cloud drawn by Carlyle across the firmament of earthly life. Carlyle longed for the advent of the Will that could mould the minds of the "rabble" into glorious forms. Emerson worked to the end that all minds might rise to the height of the great argument of Life. On the other hand the feverish energy, the sad sincerity of Carlyle, has exerted and shall continue to exert, an influence more powerful than that of many Emersons—turning the thoughts of the world to the stupendous problem of man's destiny, and proving past peradventure, that if the darkness is dense with which all are surrounded the time will come when the Dawn will burst in Glory. The prose writings

of Emerson extend over a larger area. His aim in all his books was to improve the condition of mankind, lighten the burdens under which he saw all laboring and smooth the road which leads to serene repose. Long and earnestly he labored against the hardening influences of social life, of commercial ideas, and even intellectual supremacy. Under the dense strata of artificiality, he sought for the golden vein of Truth and Beauty. Visionary at times though his work may seem to have been, and unsuccessful in immediate results, he still presented the ennobling spectacle of a man working to win what he in conscience felt to be a grand result. Thus, as in all great men, his greatest work was his own life.

Emerson also entered the domain of poetry, and when wearied at the apathy of the world, he drew from the pellucid springs of poetry, draughts of a vintage which had "been cool'd a long age in the deep-delv'd earth." Taken altogether, the poetry of Emerson presents a conflicting mass of words. In some parts it is all that the most fastidious could desire; in others, it exhibits phases which none but the most careless could tolerate. Defective rhymes, unlooked-for conceits, and unnecessary descents to the most prosaic of levels, continually appear in the midst of the most charming of poems. But a love of nature, a concentrated form of expression, an appropriateness of imagery are as equally prominent, and nothing but what appears the effect of studious negligence of style could keep the poetry of Emerson from being universally read and admired.

The following quotations may be taken as affording a fair specimen of what the Sage of Concord could do in the poetical line.

LETTERS.

{ "Every day brings a ship;
Every ship brings a word;
Well for those who have no fear,
Looking seaward well assured
That the word the vessel brings
Is the word they wish to hear."

From lines to "The Humblebee."

Aught unsavory or unclean
Hath my insect never seen
But violets, and bilberry bells,
Maple sap, and daffodils,
Grass with green flag half-mast high,
Succory to match the sky,
Columbines with horn of honey,
Scented fern, and agrimony,
Clover, catchfly, adder's-tongue,
And brier-roses, dwelt among;
Seeing only what is fair,
Sipping only what is sweet,
Thou dost mock at fate and care,
Leave the chaff and take the wheat

From "Good By"

Good by, proud world, I'm going home:
Thou'rt not my friend, and I'm not thine.
Long through thy weary crowds I roam
A river-ark on the ocean brine,
Loag I've been tossed like the driven foam,
But now, proud world, I'm going home.

Good by to Flattery's fawning face;
To Grandeur with his wise grimace;
To upstart Wealth's averted eye;
To supple Office, low and high;
To crowded halls, to court and street;
To frozen hearts and hasting feet;
To those who go and those who come:
Good by, proud world! I'm going home.

I'm going to my own hearth-stone
Bosomed in yon green hills alone,—
A secret nook in a pleasant land,
Where groves the frolic fairies planned,
Where arches green, the livelong day,
Echo the blackbird's roundelay,
And vulgar feet have never trod
A spot that is sacred to thought and God."

Emerson's claim to immortality, though confidently asserted by a few, is at present in abeyance, and perhaps his

death by reviving the interest early manifested in the young lecturer on idealty, may cause judgment to be passed in his favor. But before that time the world, must be willing to forget, among other things his apparent desire to stand aloof from the champions of Christianity and there to muse in sad perplexity on the problem of life while the gallant warriors of the Cross battled against the dark ranks of Infidelity.

Saddest of all the sad things in the world, and more to be deplored than any, is the spectacle of indecision in a man, who, however brilliant in intellect cannot claim to have been better than thousands of his fellows in life, who, having trusted and still continue to trust an unseen power, cry while walking the paths of this world:

"Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead thou me on!
The night is dark and I am far from home,—
Lead thou me on!
Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene,—one step's enough for me."

WINGHAM, June 4th, 1882.

[A correspondent asks, "Did you publish the sketch on Walt Whitman "for what it was worth." Certainly we did as indeed we do all other articles, and we might state that if we considered it immoral or that it advocated immorality in any form it would never have appeared in our columns. We do not, however, necessarily concur in all the opinions of our contributors, and in this connection we might state that in the above sketch, with the deepest respect for Christianity we cannot think with our excellent contributor, Mr. Elliott, that Emerson's "apparent desire to stand aloof from the "champions of Christianity" will bar out his claim to immortality, from the fact that so many who rank high on the roll of fame have held similar positions respecting faith.—Ed.]

Literary Curiosities.

An English paper gives some of the curious and startling answers returned by the pupils in a high school at a recent written examination. Here are a few of the more ludicrous. "Magna Carta was ordered by the king to be beheaded. He fled to Italy, but was captured and executed." "Magna Carta was so as the people should not worship the place where Moses died." "Buenos is in Germany: Ayres in France." "Free trade means not connected with any other establishment, and charging no discount." "The Old World naturally was Europe, and now the New World is Europe, Asia," &c. "I think Chaucer lived in the reign of George III. But it might have been in any other reign." Wordsworth is my favorite poet; you can read him and go asleep."

Q.—"What was the origin of the Church of England?"

A.—"Sir Martin Luther introduced Christianity into England."

Q.—"What is a trap-rock?"

A.—"One that has opened to let some other rock in, and then shut up again."

Q.—"What is a monsoon?"

A.—"A monsoon is a sort of sunstroke caused by the moon."

Q.—"What is the use of insects?"

A.—"To eat up the worms."

Q.—"Who was Herod's son?"

A.—"Herodotus."

"Those people who live near the pole, where the day is three months long, go blind, though they wear spectacles; they cannot do without the night." Demosthenes shaved off half his head, that he might not be tempted to leave a subterranean cave where he used to study; and to improve himself in eloquence would stand by the seashore and imitate the rumbling of the waves." "The South Sea scheme was a scheme to catch all the whales in the Mediterranean. Everybody took shares, and all who did so were beheaded."

Another showed such small signs of intelligence that his master, as a last resource, told him to write the names of various animals, saying what were their characteristic noises. This is part of his list; "A girria: snort; a jador cors; a lyon zors; a bare hugs.

LITERARY LINKLETS.

Mr. Thomas Hughes has been appointed Governor of the Isle of Man.

Lowell, Harte, Stedman, Aldrich and Howells are in Europe this summer.

Mr. Tennyson persists in believing that he can write a drama; he has just completed a play on Robin Hood.

Dr. Holmes has just completed his thirty-fifth year of service as Hersey Professor of Anatomy in Harvard University.

Col. Paul H. Hayne is supervising, from his Georgia home, the publication of the complete edition of his poems, which is in press.

The diary of Daniel O'Connell, from his seventeenth to his twenty-second year, is now in course of publication in the Irish Monthly.

Longfellow's "Christus" has been issued in a two-dollar "Household edition," uniform with the similar edition of his other poetical works.

A bust of Thackeray, from a cast made when the novelist was only fifteen years old, has been added to the National Portrait Gallery, London.

Mr. Robert Browning has never owned a complete set of his books, and the Browning Society will reverently supply the deficiency on his seventieth birthday.

George William Curtis has an article on Longfellow in the June Harper's. He wrote an elaborate article on Longfellow for the *North American Review* some years ago.

"Lewis Carroll," author of "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland," "Through the Looking-glass," etc., is Professor Charles Ludwidge Hodgson, of Cambridge University.

It is said that many of the odd names in Dickens' stories came from Kent, where a man who was recently arrested gave his name as Judas Maccabeus Alive.

Longfellow is commemorated in the June Atlantic by a steel portrait, a poem by Dr Holmes, and a critical article by Rev. O. B. Frothingham. The same number contains an unpublished poem by the dead poet, on "Decoration Day."

The house in which John Milton wrote the greater part of "Paradise Lost"—No. 19 York street, Westminster—has been almost wholly taken down, the only remains of it now visible from the street being the front door and its adjacent parts.

Miss Dora Greenwell, the religious poet and prose writer, whose "Present Heaven," "Two Friends," and "Patience of Hope" were popular in this country twenty years ago, but hardly retained their place in public favor, died at Clifton, England, April 29, aged sixty. She had for years been an invalid, writing little.

S. Miller Hageman, who has won considerable renown through his poems "Greenwood," and "Silence," the latter of which contains some of the loftiest imagery and most beautiful conceptions of American poetry, has just completed a new poem entitled "Egyptian Mary." Mr. D. S. Holmes, of Brooklyn, will shortly publish the new work.

Mr. E. C. Stedman will spend the summer in Italy and Switzerland, at his "Rise of American Poetry," of which several chapters have already appeared in Scribner's and the Century.

The London *Spectator* says that the poet looks through lower things upwards; the humorist looks through higher things downward. The poet has more intellectual sympathy; the humorist emotional. The poet in his work deals with the loftiest things to which his vision attains; the humorist uses his loftiest attainments to illustrate what is humblest. The humorist includes the poet in his view; the poet is rather shy of the humorist. The poet dreads and resents ridicule, but who can ridicule the humorist? The poet in his poetic frenzy aims at gravity; the humorist can not but smile, even at the breaking of his own heart.

A writer who visited Darwin some years ago says: "A place of great recreation for him was his conservatory, with an outlying series of hothouses. In most of them there were

no flowers, but everything was of the moss order. At my last visit he was absorbingly interested in the experiment of planting a shrub with the top down and roots up, to further illustrate his theory of 'reverse growth.' Long before he had the branch of a peculiar tree put with its leaf-end into the ground and top root rising as the highest bough, and curious enough he succeeded in perpetuating life, showing, as he philosophized, that light and heat and warmth are the essential conditions of growth."

At a late London meeting of the Wordsworth Society, it was stated that the poet's poorer neighbors thought Wordsworth was a poor creature beside Hartley Coleridge, "the philosopher," as he was called. The poet never made himself at home with his neighbors; whereas Hartley was the oracle of all the taverns in the district. No one read his poetry; his real line was "chimneys"—he had ideas about their being built round—and trees, which he did not like to be cut down. He also objected to stones being broken up or moved. He was no good at wrestling, or any other sport except skating, and was generally of not much account. His wife was "terrible sharp on the butcher-book." His sister used to put down the scraps of his "pomes" as he "hummed 'em out."

A Story of Mark Twain.

The New Orleans *Times-Democrat* says: "A misguided but enthusiastic young man who managed after some difficulty, to secure an introduction to Mark Twain on the steamer, just before the latter's departure for St. Louis last evening, said, I have read all of your writings, Mr. Twain, but I think I like the Heathen Chinee the best of them all." Mr. Clemens shook the young man's hand with tremendous enthusiasm, 'My dear s r,' he remarked, 'I am pretty well used to compliments, but I must say I never yet received one which gave me equal satisfaction, and showed so kindly an appreciation of efforts to please the public.' "You are perfectly welcome, Mr. Twain, I am sure you deserve it."—*Tableau.*"

Mendelssohn's Wooing.

A story is told of Moses Mendelssohn, the founder of the family whose name has a sound of music in it. He was a hunchback, and a young Hamburg maiden rejected him because he was mis-shapen. He went to bid her good-bye, and while he was making a last supreme effort at persuasion, she did not lift her eyes from her sewing. "Do you really think marriages are made in heaven?" she asked. "Yes indeed," he replied, "and something especially wonderful, happened to me. At the birth of a child proclamation is made in heaven that he or she shall marry such and such a one. When I was born my future wife was also named, but at the same time it was also said—"Alas, she will have a dreadful hump on her back!" "Oh, God," I said then, "a deformed girl will become embittered and unhappy, whereas she should be beautiful! Dear Lord, give me the hump, and let the maid be well-favored and agreeable!" The girl could not resist such wooing as that, and threw her arms around his neck.

A Philosophical Professor.

London Society relates the following:—A very good story is told of an eminent Oxford professor who at one time had very considerable influence over the University, and was supposed to pursue a Socratic method in eliciting the dormant power of the young men. The professor knew how to be silent, and also how to talk, especially in the saloons of the great and wealthy. One day he invited a promising undergraduate of the great intellectual college to take a walk with him. The young gentleman was slightly flustered with the honor of the invitation, and was prepared to pick up any golden grains of truth which might be let fall on his account. They walked out as far as Ifley, but to his great surprise a stolid silence was consistently maintained by the mighty being whom he was prepared to accept as his guide, philosopher and friend. At last, as they turned back from Ifley, Lock, the undergraduate ventured to observe; "A fine day, Professor." The professor vouchsafed no reply, but strode back silent into Quod, and the young fellow did not have strength of mind to renew his attempt. As they entered beneath the archway the professor fixed his keen philosophic glance upon him, and mildly said: "I did not think much of that remark of yours."

GOLDEN GEMS.

"Speak gently, 'tis a little thing,
Dropp'd in the heart's deep well;
The good, the joy that it will bring,
Eternity will tell."

We count by changes and events within us. Not by years.
A mind once cultivated will not lie fallow for half an hour.

Patience, the second bravery of man, is, perhaps, greater than the first.

The public mind is educated quickly by events—slowly by arguments.

By trying to kill calumny it is kept alive; leave it to itself, and it dies a natural death.

In this commonplace world, every one is said to be romantic who either admires a fine thing or does one.

Common sense does not ask an impossible chess-board, but takes the one before it and plays the game.

Be courageous and noble minded; our own heart, and not other men's opinions of us, forms our true honor.

The greatest pleasure I know is to do a good action by stealth, and to have it found out by accident.—*Lamb.*

Excess of ceremony is always the companion of weak minds; it is a plant that will never grow in a strong soil.

The whole universe of God will crumble to pieces before God will overlook or despise one single tear of genuine repentance.

The man that works at home, helps society at large with somewhat more of certainty than he who devotes himself to charities.

Lasting reputations are slow of growth. The man who wakes up famous some morning, is very apt to go to bed some night and sleep it off.

There are truths which some men despise because they have not examined them, and which they will not examine because they despise them.

Make work but a secondary thing, and you will make but secondary work. Have your mind in your work, and you will have your work in your mind.

Nature is upheld by antagonism. Passions, resistance, danger are educators. We acquire the strength we have overcome.—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

If we loose a friend's esteem we ourselves are to blame and if our own faults were cured there would be nothing to complain of in such a friend's character.

Gossip is a sort of smoke that comes from the dirty tobacco-pipes of those who diffuse it; it proves nothing but the bad taste of the smoker.—*George Eliot.*

People seem not to see that their opinion of the world is also a confession of character. We can only see what we are, and if we misbehave we suspect others.

Actions speak more forcibly than words; they are the test of character. Like fruit upon the tree, they show the nature of the man; while motives, like the sap, are hidden from our view.

In peace, love tunes the shepherd's reed;
In war, he mounts the warrior's steed;
In halls, in gay attire is seen;
In hamlets dances on the green.
Love rules the court, the camp, the grove
And men below and saints above,
For love is Heaven and Heaven is love.—*Scott.*

Education does not commence with the alphabet; it begins with a mother's looks, with a father's nod of approbation or sign of reproof, with a sister's gentle pressure of the hand or a brother's act of forbearance, with bird's nests admired but not touched, and with thoughts directed in sweet and kindly tones and words, to mature to acts of benevolence and deeds of virtue.

Bad Literature is blamed for educating John Tibbett, a lad of fifteen in Minnesota until he has fallen under suspicion of being the author of a double murder just discovered. There is not enough effort made to direct and train the thirst for information in most young people into proper literary taste. It is all very well to apply the "thou shalt not" to dime novels. It will probably keep them out of the hands of good boys and send bad boys after them. What is wanted is plenty of bright and good reading.—*Montreal Witness.*

When you see a fellow mortal
Without fixed and fearless views;
Hanging on the skirts of others,
Walking in their cast-off shoes:
Bowing low to wealth and favor
With abject, uncovered head,
Ready to retreat or waver,
Willing to be drove or lead;
Walk yourself with firmer bearing.
Throw your moral shoulders back,
Show your spine has nerve and marrow—
Just the thing that his must lack.

—*Grip.*

REST SEASONS.—Yes, thank God! there is rest—many an interval of saddest, sweetest rest—even here, when it seems as if evening breezes from that other land, laden with fragrance, played upon the cheeks and lulled the heart. There are times, even on the stormy sea, when a gentle whisper breathes softly as of heaven and sends into the soul a dream of ecstasy which can never again wholly die, even amidst the jar and whirl of waking life. How such whispers make the blood stop and the very flesh creep with a sense of mysterious communion! How singularly such moments are in the epoch of life—the few points that stand out prominently in the recollection of the flood of years has buried all the rest, as all the low shore disappears, leaving only a few rock points visible at high tide.

THE QUEEN OF HOME.—Said Dr. Talmage, in a sermon recently: "When you think of a queen you do not think of Catharine of Russia, or Maria Theresa of Germany, or Mary Queen of Scots. When you think of a queen you think of a plain woman who set opposite your father at the table, or walked with him down the path of life arm in arm—sometimes to the thanksgiving banquet, sometimes to the grave, but always side by side, soothing your little sorrows and adjusting your little quarrels, listening to your evening prayer, toiling with the needle or at the spinning wheel, and on cold nights tucking you up snug and warm. And then on that dark day when she lay a-dying, putting those thin hands that had toiled for you so long, putting them together in a dying prayer commending you to that God in whom she had taught you to trust. O! she was the queen—she was the queen. You cannot think of her now without having the deepest emotions of your soul stirred and you feel as if you could cry as though you were now sitting in infancy on her lap and if you could call her back to speak your name with the tenderness with which she once spoke, you would be willing now to throw yourself on the sod that covers her grave, crying, 'Mother, mother!' Ah! she was the queen. Your father knew it. You knew it. She was the queen, but the queen in disguise. The world did not recognize it."

Silence in Sorrow.

You have trouble—your feelings are injured, your husband is unkind, your wife frets, your home is not pleasant, your friends do not treat you fairly, and things in general do not move pleasantly. Well, what of it? Keep it to yourself. A smouldering fire can be found and extinguished; but when the coals are scattered, who can pick them up? Bury your sorrow. The place for sad and distrusting things is under the ground. A cut finger is never benefitted by pulling off the plaster and exposing it to somebody's eye. Tie it up and let it alone. Charity covereth a multitude of sins. Things thus covered are often covered without a scar, but once published and confided to meddling friends, there is no end to the trouble they may cause. Keep it to yourself. Troubles are transient, and when a sorrow is healed and passed, what a comfort it is to say: "No one knew it until the trouble was all over."

GEMS IN JEST.

What to him was love or hope?

What to him was joy or care?

He stepped on a plug of Irish soap

The girl had left on the topmost stair;
and his feet flew out like wild fierce things,
And he struck each stair with a sound like a drum;
And the girl below with the scrubbing things
Laughed aloud to see him come.

Little difficulties—naughty babies

There seems to be quite a difference between a variable and a very able man.

We are told to "take care," but most of us have too much of it for our comfort already.

Is it a runaway match in the insect or animal world when you see one ant-clope with another.

Men like to see themselves in print. Men are modest. Women like to see themselves in silk or velvet.

The most difficult thing to which a man is ever subjected is finding a name good enough for his first baby.

"There," said the dealer, "is a carpet that can't be beat." And the man bought it. He hates carpet-beating.

By the use of the microphone you can hear the rope walk, the butter fly, the gum drop, or the fall of the year.

A writer states that "the evening wore on." But what the evening wore we are not told. Was it the *close* of day?

"Your Honor is right and I was wrong, as your honor is very apt to be," said an Irish counsellor to a presiding judge.

A boy who was kept after school for bad orthography excused himself to his parents by saying he was spell bound.

A gentleman who did not trust to his memory, wrote in his memorandum book, "Must be married when I get to town."

A reporter, in describing a railway disaster, says: "This unlooked-for accident came upon the community unawares."

"Marriage," said an unfortunate husband, "is the graveyard of love." "And you men," retorted his wife, "are the grave-diggers."

Why is a church bell more affable than a church organ?—because one will go when it is tolled, but the other will be "blowed" first.

A Cleveland Alderman smokes to make himself thin, and the town is unanimous that he shall be allowed to use all the tobacco there is.

"Father," said an inquisitive boy, "what is meant by close relations?" "Close relations, my son," replied the father, "are relations who never give you a cent."

A man who wants his wife to love and respect him, will never make the mistake of putting his feet into her slippers. Years of devotion will not wipe out the insult.

"What! only five policemen for a town like this?" exclaimed a traveller. "Oh," replied the native calmly, "they have no difficulty in keeping what little peace we have."

An inebriated man, walking along the street, regarded the moon with sovereign contempt. "You needn't feel so proud," he said, "you are full only once a month, and I am every night."

Said Mrs. Gallagher, "I think it is wrong to make these soda fountains so shiny, white and dazzling. They don't trouble me, but I've observed that my husband can never look at one without winking."—*Boston Post.*

A Girton College girl recently stumped a professor, with this conundrum:—"What did I die of?" The professor, after puzzling his brain awhile, gave it up, when he was stumped by the answer—"I-o-dide of potassium."

"For twenty long years," says a paper, "the wolf stood at the poor widow's door." To keep a wolf standing that long is nothing less than cruelty to animals, and the attention of the society is called to the circumstance.

"I never pretend to know a thing that I do not," remarked Brown. "When I don't know a thing I say at once, 'I don't know.'" "A very proper course," said Fogg; "but how monotonous your conversation must be."—*Boston Transcript.*

* Nothing frustrates a thief more than to snatch a woman's purse after keeping track of it a half mile, and then find that it contains nothing but a recipe for spiced peaches and a faded photograph of her grandmother.

"There's my hand!" he exclaimed in a moment of courage and candor, "and my heart is in it." She glanced at the empty palm extended toward her and wickedly replied, "Just as I supposed; you have no heart."

Our little Caddie, four years old, was accused by her mother of having lost her memory, and the child looked bewildered for a moment, and then light seemed to dawn upon her, for she exclaimed; "I dess I know what memory is. It's the ting I fordet wiv."

When an old backwoodsman was asked to take his first ride on a Mississippi steamer he was asked whether he would take deck or cabin passage. "Well," said he, in a resigned sort of a way. "I've lived all my life in a cabin, and I guess cabin passage will be good enough for a rough chap like me." —Quiz.

Professor to classical student: "If Atlas supported the world, who supported Atlas?" Student. "The question, sir, has often been asked, but never, so far as I am aware, been satisfactorily answered. I have always been of the opinion that Atlas must have married a rich wife, and got his support from her father."

A contemporary has been asked: "Can a man belong to a brass band and be a Christian?" It replies: "We see no impediment in the way, but if he is a member of a brass band and is given to practising on his cornet or trombone at home, it is an impossibility for the man living next door to be a Christian."

Country Newspapers contain many naive bits, but the following from a New Hampshire paper of the current week rather puts simplicity to the blush: "— came home with a new wife on Friday evening. A very sensible proceeding on his part, and all other lone men would do well to go and do likewise, for life is uncertain, and no man can tell how soon he will need a wife to support him."

A letter mailed in 1853 was recently found behind a shelf in a country post office, and forwarded to its destination. It was addressed to a young lady, and contained a marriage proposal. When the lady read it she looked pleased, and exclaimed, "Law me! I didn't expect to hear from John so soon. But what a wonderful thing is the fast-mail service!"

Post Office: Mrs Malloy—"Shure, Mrs. McGinnis an' it's rather poorly yer looking this morning."

Mrs. McGinnis—"Indade, thin, Mrs. Malloy, an' it's good raison I'm havin' to look poorly. Here's the postman just been to the door to tell me there's a dead letter waitin' fur me at the post office; an' I can't fur the life c' me think who it is that's dead."

DEFINITION OF A COLD.—Supposing you begin by sneezing so hard you nearly break your neck and bite your tongue terribly. Then your nose gets stuffed up and you need about fourteen handkerchiefs a day and the end of your nose is more tender than a boil. Your eyes ache and are watery, and you begin to cough so that folks across the way can't sleep and you feel lame all over as though you had been under a fire engine, and you are ugly and kick the dog and chase the cat with a boot-jack; tell your wife she can't cook and make the household a Gehenna for ten days. Then you have a cold.

HOW THEY ARE TAKEN IN.—A woman was buying tea at a place in Washington where, on certain days, diamonds, rings and purses of money are given away as prizes in a certain number of packages sold. The other day a lady stepped forward and invested her dollar. "I'll give you \$5 for your package before opening," said the clerk. She declined. It was opened. There were only fifteen cents in it. She bought another package; the same offer was made and declined. There were only fifteen cents in that one. She bought a third package. "I'll give you \$35." She hesitated, then consented. It was opened and found to contain \$500 in gold pieces. This attracted attention, and the buying of one dollar packages became very brisk. A gentleman followed the lady to her hotel and asked her name. Mrs. — said the clerk. It was the wife of the proprietor of the tea store.

The other day a colored lady of standing, Mrs. Simpson purchased a Gainsborough and visited Mrs. Fennel. It was evident that Mrs. Simpson possessed a few airs which she wished to display over Mrs. Fennel. "My husband," said Mrs. Simpson, "wanted me ter get a finer hat den dis, but reflecting dat de \$20 bills in the bottom of de drawer was gotten saunter scarce like, I concluded to content myself wid a \$5 hat." "Well, yer was savin'" remarked Mrs. Fennel, and then stepping to the door, exclaimed, "Tidy, take dat \$1,000 bill away from dat chile. He tore up two yesterday. Dar ain't no sense in allowin' chillun ter stroy money in dat way." Mrs. Simpson retired, realizing that her hat was a failure.

A Better Bite.

An ingenious tramp, thinking to wring tears and genuine assistance from the stoniest hearts with a new scheme, gave it an experimental trial. He has decided not to patent the invention. He told a lady of his unfortunate condition, and asked if he might eat some of the grass in the yard. The lady, not less amused than surprised, said:

"Certainly."

He went out, and getting down on all fours commenced on the grass after the neglected and never-popular fashion of Nebuchadnezzar, and apparently not enjoying the diet any more than that ancient sinner of olden time. Presently the tramp's anxious eye caught sight of the servant girl beckoning to him from the back yard. He thought a rich reward for his humility was in store, and instantly responded.

"Did you motion to me?" said he.

"Yes."

"What did you want?" He now wore a look of most hopeful expectancy.

"You may go in the back yard if you want to. The grass is taller there."

A Little Difficulty.

On a Paris boulevard a crowd gathered round a lady and a coacher who were engaged in a lively discussion over the question of the fare. Suddenly, a gentleman of rigid countenance and official bearing cleaved his passage through the mass, and said, sternly:

"Here! here! What's all this row about? What's the matter?"

"The matter is that this woman owes me for driving her about for two hours, and won't pay me for more than an hour and a-half."

"Ah! Well, madame, what have you to say to this? Let us hear your side of the question."

"I took this man's carriage just an hour and a half ago and I'm willing to pay him for that, but not a centime more."

"Hum! Well, driver, you are sure that there's no mistake—that it is two hours?"

"Quite sure, monsieur."

Good for his Business.

The proprietors of a prominent shoe store in this city have noticed of late a sad-looking and scedy man, who stops before their windows every day and gazes in at the stock of fashionable foot coverings for a half hour at a time. As he looks his expression of settled mild melancholy changes, by slow degrees, to one of resignation, then to calm and peaceful satisfaction, after that to joyful hope, and finally to wild exhilaration. Then he goes away, chuckling and rubbing his hands with every appearance of delight. The members of the firm have been much puzzled by this person, and yesterday the senior partner went out and spoke to him. "What do you mean," said the shoe man, "by coming here every day and staring in at our windows?" "Don't be hard on a fellow, boss," said the strange man, deprecatingly; "I'm only anticipating a little. I've tried all sorts of ways to get work and can't catch on to none at all. But I sees them tooth-pick shoes in the winder, and I looks at them 'ere walkin' sandwiches as carries around the corndoctor's advertisements, and I says to myself, says I; 'Hold on, old feller, 'twon't be a great while before every young chap 'll be a limpin' around with bunions and things, and the toe-sharps 'll have to get a lot more men to tote their placards, and then I'll get a job.' Oh, the good time's a comin' an' 'tain't fur off, neither!"—and with a hollow laugh he went on his way. —Boston Journal.

"Well, and you won't pay him more than an hour and a-half, madame?"
 "Not a single solitary moment more than an hour and a-half."

The stranger reflected a moment, and then said, severely, "Well, settle it between yourselves; it is none of my business," and walked rapidly away.

Address to Young Men.

Young man, what are you living for? Have you an object to your life, and without the attainment of which you feel that your life will have been a wide, shoreless waste of shadow, peopled by the spectres of dead ambition? You can take your choice in the great battle of life, whether you will bristle up and win a deathless name and owe almost everybody, or be satisfied with scars and mediocrity. Many of those who now stand at the head of the nation as statesmen and logicians were once unknown, unhonored and unsung. Now, they see the air in the halls of Congress and their names are plastered on the temples of fame. You can win some laurels, too, if you will brace up and secure them when they are ripe. Daniel Webster and James A. Garfield and George Eliot were all, at one time, poor boys. They had to start at the foot of the ladder, and toil upward. They struggled against poverty and public opinion bravely until they won a name the annals of history and secured their loved ones palatial homes with many lightning rods and mortgages on them. So may you if you try. All these things are within your reach. Live temperately on nine dollars a month. That's the way we got our start. Burn the midnight oil if necessary. Get some true, noble-minded young lady of your acquaintance to assist you. Tell her of your troubles and she will tell you what to do. She will gladly advise you. Then you can marry her, and she will advise you some more. After that she will lay aside her work any time to advise you. You needn't be out of advice at all unless you want to. She, too, will tell you when you have made a mistake. She will come to you frankly and acknowledge that you have made a jackass of yourself. As she gets more acquainted with you she will be more candid with you, and in her studied, girlish way, she will point out your errors, and gradually convince you, with an old chair leg and other arguments, that you were wrong, and your past life will come up before you like a panorama, and you will tell her so, and she will let you up again. Life is indeed a mighty struggle. It is business. We can't all be editors, and lounge around all the time and wear good clothes and have our names in the papers and draw a princely salary. Some one must do the work and drudgery of life or it won't be done.—*Bill Nye.*

An Ornament to the Profession.

A student applied the other day to one of the district courts for admission to practice, and an examination committee of one was appointed by the judge to ascertain his qualifications. The examination began with: "Do you smoke, sir?" "I do, sir!" "Have you a spare cigar?" "Yes." "Now, sir, what is the first duty of a lawyer?" "To collect fees." "Right. What is the second?" "To increase the number of his clients." "When does your position towards your client change?" "When making a bill of costs." "Explain." "We are then antagonistic. I assume the character of plaintiff and he becomes the defendant." "A suit decided, how do you stand with the lawyer conducting the other side?" "Check, by jowl." "Enough, sir: you promise to become an ornament to your profession, and I wish you success. Now, are you aware of the duty you owe me?" "Perfectly." "Describe it?" "It is to invite you to drink." "But suppose I decline?" Candidate scratches his head. "There is no instance of the kind on record in the books." "You are right; and the confidence with which you make the assertion shows you have read the law attentively. Let's take a drink, and I'll sign your certificate."

Pestered with "contributions in verse" from a persistent rhymester till his patience gave out, an American editor wrote to his correspondent thus:—"If you don't stop sending me your sloppy poetry, I'll print a piece of it some day, with your name appended in full, and send a copy to your sweetheart's father." That poetical fountain was spontaneously dried up.

THE YOUNG FOLKS.

OUR PUZZLE PRIZE.

We must thank the girls and boys for their labors in studying out the puzzles and sending along their answers. But we want more yet, a number who sent last month and the month before have dropped off the list and new ones are writing to us. We want all our young friends to show their interest by writing us more letters and sending all the answers they can get. The prize this month has been awarded to George H., Toronto.

For the best set of answers to the puzzles in this number we will give an interesting story book; beautifully bound. Answers must be in by the 8th of July.

Correct answers have been received from J. R., Kingston; James A. Wilson, Walkerton; Hattie Jones, Ealing; Annie Emery, London; W. C., London; Jennie Thomas, Montreal; "Bertie" Brooklyn; Henry Watts, Hamilton; Fred Wilson, Sarnia, and a correspondent, in Stratford, who forgot to sign his or her name.

JUNE PUZZLES.

1.

- SQUARE WORD.
- A covering.
- A sign.
- To remedy.
- Final parts.

2.

RIDDLE.

There was a man of Adam's race
 Who had a certain dwelling place,
 He had a roof well covered o'er,
 Where no man dwelt since nor before
 It was not built by human art,
 Nor brick, nor lime, in any part;
 Nor wood, nor nails, nor stone, nor kiln,
 But curiously was wrought within.
 'Twas not in Heaven nor yet in hell,
 Nor on the earth where mortals dwell.
 Now, if you know this man of fame,
 Tell where he lived and what's his name.

3.

ENIGMA.

I am composed of eight letters.
 My G, 2, 3, S' is nothing.
 My 1, 5, 4, 8 is to yield.
 My 3, 2, 7, 8 is a part of the face.
 My S, 3, 4 is the conclusion.
 My whole is to compress.

—W. C.

4.

EASY SQUARE WORDS.

1.

- A fallen tree
- A product of mines
- To obtain.

2.

- An individual
- A liquor
- Woven wires or thread.

ANSWERS TO MAY PUZZLES.

1. Square Word:—L A C K
 A V O N
 C O V E
 K N E E
2. I. Decapitation:—House, ouse, use. II. Shall, hall, all.
3. Diamond puzzle:—
 T
 S O T
 S T R U T
 T O R O N T O
 R E N T S
 A T E
 O
4. Charade:—King-Stone.
5. Enigma:—Longfellow.

The Squirrel's Lesson.

Two little squirrels, out in the sun,
One gathered nuts, and the other gathered none.
"Time enough yet," his constant refrain;
"Summer is still only just on the wane."

Listen, my child, while I tell you his fate;
He roused him at last, but he roused him too late.
Down fell the snow from a pitiless cloud,
And gave little squirrel a spotless white shroud.

Two little boys in a school-room were placed,
One always perfect, the other disgraced:
"Time enough yet for thy learning," he said,
"I will climb, by and by, from the foot to the head."

Listen, my darling; their locks are turned gray;
One as a governor sitteth to-day;
The other, a pauper, looks out at the door
Of the almshouse, and idles his days as of yore.

Two kinds of people we meet every day;
One is at work, the other at play,
Living uncare for, dying unknown—
The busiest hive hath ever a drone.

Tell me, my child, if the squirrels have taught
The lesson I longed to implant in your thought!
Answer me this, and my story is done—
Which of the two would you be, little one?

—*Growing World.*

Etiquette.

A young man, some days after becoming a student at college, was enjoying a row on a neighboring stream. Through mismanagement, the boat was upset within a few yards of the bank, and not being a swimmer he was in considerable danger.

A townsman on the bank, regarding his struggles, at last appealed in great excitement to another student near him, whose flannel dress seemed to point him out as no novice on the water, and who was also watching the issue in evident hesitation.

"For Heaven's sake, sir, if you can swim, give him a hand," he cried—"he's only a few yards' distant."

"Oh, I can swim well enough," was the slowly uttered reply; "but you see, the fellow has never been introduced to me."

Courtesy is a distinctive feature of civilized and intelligent society. It is the most beautiful illustration of the refining power which a higher development of humanity always exerts upon our race. By courtesy we mean that behavior of man towards man which he would ask for himself. It is but another and instinctive mode on the part of intelligent society of carrying out this great Christian motto, which lies at the base of good order and harmony among men; "Do unto others as ye would that others should do unto you."

ABOUT TALKING.—Language gives fullness under the eyes. It is very large in the head of Charles Dickens. Language gives the power of conversation—of communicating our ideas to others. This faculty does not give us the ability to learn other languages—only to talk our own. The ability to acquire other languages than our own depends upon other faculties, combined with this. A child brought up with Germans will talk German; with French, French; with English, English; with the Italians, Italian. We all learn to talk, and the child will learn to talk the language it hears, whatever that may be. And if the child hears low, vulgar, coarse, inelegant language, it will learn to use that language, and will use it. And it chaste, pure, elegant, elevated conversation, the child will imbibe the same taste. It behooves parents to take care of the manner and substance of what they say before their children, it is also very clear that the silly, nonsensical stuff talked to children is not only very silly, but equally injurious.—*Phrenological Journal.*

CURIOUS AND SCIENTIFIC.

Japan Varnish.

The beautiful black Japan varnish, so much admired by everybody, is the production of a tree which grows wild both in Japan and China. The yield of the tree is greatly increased by cultivation, and huge plantations of it are raised. It requires seven or eight years for a tree to reach maturity, when the varnish is gathered as follows: At midsummer, a number of laborers proceed to the plantations, each furnished with a crooked knife, and a quantity of hollow shells, larger than oyster shells. With their knives they make many incisions in the bark of the trees, about two inches in length and under each incision they force in the edge of the shell, which easily penetrates the soft bark and remains in the tree. This operation is performed in the evening; as the varnish flows only at night. The next morning, the workmen again proceed to the plantation. Each shell is then found to be either wholly or partially filled with varnish. This they scrape out carefully with their knives, depositing it in a vessel they carry with them, and throw the shells into a basket at the foot of the tree. In the evening, the shells are replaced, and the collection of the varnish is repeated the next morning. This process goes on the rest of the summer, or until the varnish ceases to flow. It is calculated that fifty trees, which can be attended to by a single workman, will yield a pound of varnish every night. When the gathering is over, the varnish is strained through a thin cloth, loosely suspended over an earthen vessel. The varnish has a corrosive property, very injurious to the workmen employed in its preparation, and the utmost care is taken to avoid its distressing effects. It causes a kind of tetter to appear on the face, which in the course of a few days, spreads over the whole body. The skin grows red and painful, the head swells, and the entire surface of the body becomes covered with troublesome sores. The artisans who use the varnish can work only in the season when the north wind blows.

VARNISH FOR DRAWINGS, MAPS.—A varnish for paper which produces no stains may be prepared, according to the *Polyt. Notizblatt*, as follows. Clear damar resin is covered, in a flask, with four and a half to six times its quantity of acetone, and allowed to stand for fourteen days at a moderate temperature, after which the clear solution is poured off. Three parts of this solution is mixed with four parts of thick collodion, and the mixture allowed to become clear by standing. It is applied with a soft camel's or beaver's hair-brush in vertical strokes. At first, the coating looks like a thin white film; but, on complete drying, it becomes transparent and shining. It should be laid on two or three times. It retains its elasticity under all circumstances, and remains glossy in every kind of weather.

A NEW PRESERVATIVE.—It seems that for some time past there has been extensively employed throughout Germany a peculiar fluid substance, which has received the name of Carbolineum, and which being almost a fluid, as water, is very readily applied, not alone to wood-work, but to hempen goods generally. Its peculiar recommendation is due to the fact that it forms an excellent preservative agent for articles liable to contact with damp soil, or for such as are purposely destined for prolonged immersion in water; for example, wooden piles and the mesh-work of fishing nets. The new preservative is an oil, apparently of the petroleum class, and has been found to contain, amongst other compounds, about ten per cent. of carbolic acid. One peculiar feature possessed by it is, that while it freely sinks into wood exposed to its action, and which it materially hardens, it does not close up the pores.—*Christian Union.*

A gentleman near Winchester made a rookery in front of his house in which he planted some beautiful ferns, and having put up the following notice, found it more efficient and less expensive than spring-guns or man-traps. The fear-inspiring inscription was: "Beggars beware; Scolopendriums and Polypodiums are set here." The wall of a gentleman's house near Edinburgh some years since exhibited a board on which was painted a threat quite as difficult for the trespasser so understand as the preceding: "Any person entering these inclosures will be shot and prosecuted."