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THE FAMILY CIRCLE

A JOURNAL OF HEALTH AND INSTRUCTION AMUSEMENT CHOICE LITERATURE

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NO. 1.

Love's Duration.

FROM THE GERMAN OF FERDINAND FREILIGRATH.

Oh, love, whilst thou to love hast power!
Oh, love, bid love with thee abide!
There comes an hour—there comes an hour—
Thou'lt kneel and weep a grave beside.

Oh, keep thy heart in constant glow,
Lit by the flame of love divine!
So long's another's heart-beats flow
In loving unison with thine

And he who trusts him to your breast,
Oh, make his happiness your chief!
Let every hour of his be blest,
Without a moment known to grief!

And be each thoughtless word confined!
They're said so soon—the words that smart:
"I meant not, love, to be unkind!"
Ah! thou hast pained a gentle heart!

Oh, love, whilst thou to love hast power!
Oh, love, bid love with thee abide!
There comes an hour—there comes an hour—
Thou'lt kneel and weep a grave beside.

Ah! prone beside that grave thou'lt weep;
And from thy hidden eyes will pass
(His eyes are closed in lasting sleep)
Hot tears upon the church-yard grass.

Thou'lt cry aloud: "Look down below—
A contrite spirit's prayer receive!
Forgive that I e'er pained thee so!
Oh, love, I meant not thee to grieve!"

He sees not—hears not! Ah! he can
Not come to thee, to heal thy woe;
The lips that kissed, can ne'er again
Say: "I forgave thee long ago!"

He did forgive; though love's excess
With greater sorrow filled his breast,
Till tears washed out thy heartlessness:
But hush! He sleeps—he is at rest!

Oh, love, whilst thou to love hast power!
Oh, love, bid love with thee abide!
There comes an hour—there comes an hour—
Thou'lt kneel and grieve a grave beside!

—George Birdseye.

[Written for *The Family Circle*.]

The Old Library at Home.

BY E. T. PATERSON.

CHAPTER I.

I WANDERED one afternoon into the library—the dear, quaint old library, that I loved more than any other room in my quaint old home. It was not a very large apartment, but it looked more spacious than it really was, on account of its recesses, its deep bay windows, and, above all, its high dome-shaped ceiling, from the centre of which depended the bronze gasaliers. Three sides of the room were lined almost from ceiling to floor with books; many of them grim law books bound in yellow calf, and which my father regarded with special pride, but into which, of late years, he had but seldom glanced, as he gave up his profession when he came into his inheritance. Then there were the historians, the biographers, the scientists, the poets and novelists, a goodly collection altogether; such a one as is rarely met with in a country house. As I, in my child-like simplicity and pride, used to say—“Ours is no mere apology for a library, but a real library in every way.” And even now, although I have seen many magnificent libraries beside which ours shrinks to insignificance; yet even now I take a great pride in the old library at home; for it is endeared to me by many pleasant recollections and not a few sad ones.

As I have said, three sides of the room were lined with books. On the South side, a door opened into the drawing room which was the usual mode of ingress to the library; at one end of the room another door led into a passage from which other passages branched off into various directions; at the opposite end were two deep bay windows, midway between which a French window opened on a flight of steps which led direct to the lawn and gardens. As the North side of the library will prove of most interest, I have reserved the description of it till the last. In the centre was the fire-place and mantle-piece, on either side of which, and built into a deep square recess, was a mahogany cupboard, standing about three feet high. The tops of these cupboards were smooth and flat, like a table; there were two doors to each, and these were usually locked, the key hanging on a brass hook within reach. In these closets were stored away heaps of magazines and old documents and letters, yellow and musty from age, worthless old papers, most of them, but my father kept them, intending always to look them over. They had belonged, for the most part, to my grandfather.

Above these cupboards were ranged rows and rows of books, and many a time have I climbed to the top of one, to reach a book from the higher shelves, and there, curled up like a kitten, in the corner, I have sat for hours, lost in the dazzling splendors of the Arabian Nights, or wandering through Wonderland with the giants and dwarfs, the good and the bad faeries of old; anon, dipping into the poet's lore, or tasting the sweets of modern fiction, when I should have been puzzling

over Lindley, Murray, Collier, Anderson and other aids to the young idea. But dear me, where have I strayed to? We must go back to the beginning.

As I said, I wandered into the library one afternoon, and after listlessly gazing about me for a few moments, I unlocked one of the little cupboards and throwing open the door, sat down on the floor and commenced to drag forth bundles of old magazines tied together with pink tape; and others that were not tied I took out one by one, glanced at their titles, and threw them down in a rapidly increasing heap beside me. *Bow Bells, London Society, Sunday Magazine, Family Herald, Household Words, Cassell's Magazine, Scribner* were all there. And oh! how dusty they were! Some of them had lain there for years. Then I attacked the manuscripts. They were even dustier than the magazines; dusty and yellow and smelling so musty that it seemed to me they must have lain there a hundred years or more. Dear! Dear! What heaps there were! Would I ever come to the end of them? Faster, faster I drew them out and threw them down, but still there were so many, such heaps and heaps remaining. I turned to look at the pile beside me on the floor, and discovered that I was regularly hemmed in by a wall of old magazines and discolored documents; then I looked toward the window and saw that the short winter afternoon was waning and gloom was already filling the recesses and corners of the library. I turned in a panic to my work again, frantically pulling out papers and papers and papers, and threw them behind me, helterskelter, anywhere, everywhere, but still the little cupboard seemed stuffed with hideous, musty papers.

What did I want? For what was I seeking? I knew not. There was no definite object in this delirious search; only in my mind there seemed a vague something hidden away amongst those musty old papers—something it was essential I should discover before the darkness of evening came upon me.

"Faster, faster, faster yet I flung them out! I got upon my knees, my face flushed. My brain reeled with the intense excitement; I trembled with the horrible fascination that kept me at my seemingly endless task.

Faster, faster; pull them out and scatter them around me! hideous, ghastly, awful papers!

"Enis! Enis! Goodness gracious! What is the matter Enis? What are you dreaming about? Do you know it is time to get up? it is a quarter to eight! I have been up and out this two hours; it's a lovely morning; wake up Enis.

I woke up; trembling in every limb, my face damp with a cold perspiration, my head aching as it had never ached in all my life before. I woke up to find my sister Hetty standing at my bedside, amazement, fear and laughter curiously blended in her fresh, round face.

With a heavy sigh, I fell back on my pillow and lay quite still without even closing my eyes again. I felt weak and exhausted by that terrible dream, for when I looked back upon it there was something haunting and ghastly in it, to my excited mind. A dream? Of course it was a dream reader; my old home and the old library in it are far away in the pleasant country, and this little shabby home to which Hetty has awakened me was in the crowded, unlovely city, where man's work had well nigh obliterated all trace of God's work.

"What is it Hetty? Is it morning?" I asked languidly.

"Morning! Well I declare!" cried my vivacious sister.

"Why can't you see it is morning? You have had your eyes open for the last ten minutes I'm sure. Whatever were you dreaming about, Enis? I have been watching you for the last quarter of an hour."

"Have you? What did I do? What did I say?"

"Oh you did not say much that I could make out; but you got upon your knees and clawed the bed-clothes, till I thought you'd gone clean crazy."

"How entertaining the spectacle must have been, to induce you to watch it for fifteen minutes," I said with languid sarcasm.

"Oh yes! it was quite funny I assure you," answered Hetty cheerfully, "but you had better hurry and get up Enis; for mamma has one of her terrific headaches this morning, so you must take her place at breakfast as she cannot come down; and do make haste, or we shall be late at school. But you, did not tell me what your dream was, Enis." And my loquacious sister paused at the door.

"I—oh! It was nothing much. I was dreaming about home."

"Oh! well you acted very queerly anyway."

When Hetty was gone I arose and dressed myself as speedily as possible! When I looked into the glass, I almost started in amazement at the wan face it showed me. So pale, with dark circles beneath the heavy eyes. *Could that be me, Enis Godfrey?* How silly of me to be so knocked up by that absurd dream! I laughed, but stopped suddenly, for it made my head feel as though some one had been performing on it with a sledge hammer during the night.

Before going down stairs, I went to mamma's room. Poor, dear mother, if her frequent headache was anything like the one I had this morning I could sympathise with her as I had never been able to do thoroughly before. It was such a new experience to me to have any aches or pains.

"Is your head very bad, dear mamma?" I asked, bending over her. "Yes darling! I am afraid I cannot get up this morning; you will see to things, Enis?"

"Of course I will, and you must not think of getting up; I will send you up a cup of strong tea, and when the children are off to school I will come and bathe your head with some of the liniment Dr. James gave you." As I was speaking, I softly drew in the green shutter and so darkened the room, at the same time letting in plenty of soft summer air; for we were now in the middle of July, although in my dream it had been winter time.

When I reached the dining room I found them all awaiting me and as soon as I entered, papa commenced to read prayers. This ceremony over, there ensued a scramble amongst the children for their places at the table, for they were always inclined to be a bit unruly in the absence of our low-voiced, gentle mother. A word from papa, however, was sufficient to bring them to order, and by the time Jane brought in the coffee and eggs we were all sitting sedately in our places. I poured out mamma's tea and despatched Jane upstairs with it. As she left the room I caught the wistful look in papa's eyes and the half smothered sigh that escaped him. I knew well, of what he was thinking; I knew well that his poor harassed mind went back to a time, that was not so very long ago—only three years—when our little mother was as blithe and gay as any of her children; when her merry laugh and light footstep through the house, had been the sweetest music in papa's life. But that was when we lived at our dear old home at Upsfield, before the usurpers thrust us out. Ah me! how changed was everything now. Mamma's health was broken down and she was regarded by the whole household in the light of an invalid, and I knew that that fact alone, weighed upon papa's mind far more than the loss of lands and money. Oh! was it anything to wonder at that I hated those who had come between us and happiness, who, having sufficient wealth of their own, must needs wrest our home and our money from us, and there were so many of us to keep and so little to keep us on.

So my thoughts ran on as I poured out coffee and silently handed the cups to their owners. I was at length aroused from my reverie by my eldest brother Herbert, asking me what was the matter, as I looked as pale as a ghost.

"There is nothing the matter, thank you," I answered quickly. Not for anything would I have owned to a headache—I, who had been wont to boast that I never had an ache nor a pain from year's end to year's end; I gloried in my superb health, and yet, with shame let me confess it, I was this morning, so absurdly weak as to allow a foolish dream, to not only give me a headache, but also to affect my spirits, in so much that my dejection was remarked by others. Oh Enis! What a goose you are!

"Oh papa!" cried Hetty, all but choking herself with a crust of bread, in her eagerness. "I must tell you about the funny sight I saw this morning when I went to wake Enis. Do you know she was kneeling up in bed with her hair all tumbling around her shoulders, and muttering 'faster, faster, faster' and she was pulling and clawing the bed clothes in the funniest way you ever saw! I could not help laughing at first, and then I got a little bit frightened so I wakened her. She said she was dreaming—"

With a warning look I stopped Hetty before she could complete her sentence, and with a little blush she confusedly took refuge in her cup. Home, was a forbidden topic in papa's presence; of course by home I mean Upsfield. We

always called it home, though it had passed into other hands than ours.

"What was your dream about, Enis?" asked my father looking at me in the listless way that had now become habitual to him, and which always made my head ache to see.

"Oh! it was only some foolish dream about my childish days, papa; I do not know what made me claw the bed-clothes as Hetty says." "Now children" I said "you had better be off to school; do you see what time it is?"

"Twenty minutes to nine" cried a chorus of voices, and there followed a general upheaval from the table as boys and girls rushed off in search of books and hats.

"Quiet, quiet, children! Remember mamma is sick" said papa, raising his hand, and then, with Hetty leading as usual, the whole six went quietly away.

"I must be off too," said Herbert, rising and standing for a moment by the window. He was very handsome, my brother; at least so I thought; perhaps it was only a sister's partiality, and Herbert was my favorite brother. He was just twenty-two, three years my senior. Poor Herbert! The change in our fortune, which happened three years ago, had been a grievous one for him. He was studying for the ministry; and when poverty like an armed man, came upon us and drove us out from our inheritance, Herbert, without a murmur, without a moment's hesitation, gave up his cherished hopes, and seeing the strong necessity there was for earning money at once, set to work resolutely and manfully to obtain employment; and so, here he was, our clever, talented Herbert, a clerk in a wholesale dry goods establishment. Dear old boy! He was always so cheerful and light-hearted before our father and mother, striving with all his manly strength of will not to grieve them by letting them see that he was not quite happy. Again I ask; what wonder was it, if in my girlish impetuosity and through my great love for these three especially—papa, mamma and Herbert, I hated those who had taken our home from us. Even my mother's gentle remonstrance failed to make me feel any contrition for my unholy hatred of the usurpers, as I delighted in calling my aunt, Mrs Godfrey and my cousin Helen.

"How do your chances stand for the managership of the business Herbert?" asked my father. "does the firm hold out any prospect of your obtaining it?"

"Well no; not much prospect sir; you see Crampton has been longer with the firm than I; besides he is older. However, father, I am not dependent on that account; and if my salary is raised next month, I shall not have much to complain of. Well, I must be off; you are not ready to come just yet I suppose? No; well, good morning sis, I'm off." He left the room, and I heard him run lightly upstairs to mamma's room, to kiss her good morning, I knew; for Herbert was passionately fond of our little mother. When he was gone Papa got up from his chair and stood by the window, looking out on to the busy street below just as Herbert had done a few minutes before.

"My poor boy!" he muttered, more to himself than to me. "It was a sad blow to him, a sad blow to all his hopes; and he is so clever; he would have been a great man some day, had things turned out differently."

"But Herbert is not unhappy Papa," I said.

"Nonsense; how do you know Enis," answered my father sharply; "he is not one to speak of his disappointments to others, not even to me; he is very reserved but it is the reserve, of a mind that refuses to flaunt its griefs in the face of the world; he would rather help his fellow men to bear their burdens than to let them suspect that he has one of his own to carry. But he cannot altogether hide his feelings from me; and I know how my dear boy's heart was bound up in that profession which was to have been his."

"Yes, but father," I said timidly, "I do not think he is unhappy; he has his regrets of course; but as you say, dear, he is a noble minded fellow and to such as he, a great disappointment, bravely borne, often leaves behind it a deeper and more lasting happiness than hopes fulfilled would ever have done."

"Yes, yes, child I dare say you are right; but still I know that Herbert suffers in secret very often, and it is the thought of that which wrings my heart; that and your mother's ill health, together, unman me more than the mere loss of Upfield. God knows," he continued, "if these two

women, my brother's wife and daughter had been poor themselves when they took our home from us, I would not murmur nor grudge it to them; but they were rich, they had more wealth than they could spend; and then—." Here my father commenced to pace nervously up and down the little dining-room. It was very seldom he spoke of Upfield but whenever he did so, it agitated him as nothing else ever did.

As I looked at him that morning the truth struck with a chill to my heart; his health too was failing; surely the people who had known him for years at Upfield, as the hale, hearty master of the manor, would never recognize the old man, with stooping shoulders and white hair and faded sunken cheeks, as the stalwart man who had been wont to ride for miles and miles about the country on his long limbed horse, Monarch. The tears sprang to my eyes and I looked from the shrunken figure pacing to and fro.

"And then," he said. "I cannot help feeling positive that my father made a second will before his death—a will, in which I, his eldest son, was reinstated in my rights—yet that will was not to be found when the time came. Strange! Strange!"

"The will! What a curious, bewildering feeling came over me at the mention of the will. I leaned my head on my hand, when my father was gone and tried to fathom the nature of the strange tumult that had taken possession of me; and through all my thoughts, like an ugly tangled thread ran the recollection of my dream of the night before. Again and again did I put it from me, half laughing at the pertinacity with which it always turned uppermost in my mind as I strove to fix my thoughts on other things. The will. Is it possible that Grandpa did make a second will, revoking that first and most unjust one, in which he left all his wealth, with Upfield Manor and estate to his younger son Edward Godfrey, my Uncle, and utterly ignoring my father, who was the elder son and rightful heir. Certainly the quarrel between them had been made up previous to my Grandfather's sudden illness and death; and he (Grandpa) told my father during the one interview they had between the reconciliation, and the death of the former, that he had made another will, reinstating Alex. Godfrey, my father, in his rights. Was that will ever made? And if so, where was it? Ah!—I sprang to my feet and pressed my hands over my beating heart; a wild tumult filled my mind. I went to the window and leaned my hot forehead against the cool glass.

Herbert was wont to say that I had two distinct natures; one practical, prosaic, sensible; the other romantic, fantastical and unpractical to the last degree. Now, as I asked myself the question—"Can it be? Is it possible?" my practical nature cried out in derision "no, no; it is folly, folly." While on the other hand my romantic nature took the idea into its arms and hugged it; seeing sense and probability where my prosaic nature derided it as folly. And now what was this wonderful idea that had leaped all at once into my mind and refused utterly to be ejected. It was this: Was my dream of the previous night sent me as a warning—a revelation? and could it be possible that the will was concealed in one of the little cupboards in the old library at home? Here reader, you have the thought that filled my mind, and over which my two natures were doing such fierce battle. You, I have little doubt, will be inclined to take a common-sense view of the matter and cry "it is folly! it is folly!"

Could it be possible, I thought, that my Grandfather had hidden the will in some secret recess within one of the cupboards? Not that any of us were aware of a secret recess; indeed we had never dreamed of such a thing being in existence; but on my part, the wish being father to the thought, I argued, that because we had never dreamed of such a romantic thing as a secret recess, where a lost will might be concealed, was no reason why a secret recess should not exist. Such things had happened in other houses, why not in ours? And as I thought it over, there recurred to my mind many a fascinating tale I had read, of lost wills turning up after the lapse of years, having been hidden away by the testator in some unheard-of secret drawer or recess.

The more I thought about it, the more the idea grew upon me, and giving the reins to fancy I held common-sense in check, the consequence being that I was quite unfitted for the prosaic duties of the day, and my duties were not few, I being the eldest daughter of the house and my mother an

invalid the greater part of the time. However, I got through with my morning's work, somehow, though mamma remarked in surprise upon my abstraction and unusual awkwardness when I was bathing her head and assisting her to dress. Jane too, regarded me with eyes of suspicion when I had for the third time requested her to repeat something she was saying about household matters; finally I covered myself with confusion, by gravely asking our worthy butcher to send us a will for dinner, and was only recalled to my senses by perceiving the amazement depicted upon his face, and upon those of the other customers who happened to be in the store.

Day by day this idea of the will's being concealed somewhere in the old library at home, took a stronger and deeper hold upon my mind, to the exclusion of almost every other thought.

At last there came a night when the same dream came to me again in my sleep. In this second dream, everything happened precisely as in the first; only that on this occasion the force of my own excitement awoke me and I started up in bed trembling all over, and with a half-uttered cry upon my lips, to find that it was the middle of the night and all was darkness and silence around me. After this nothing could have shaken my belief that the dream had been sent me as a revelation. Hitherto I had laughed at superstition in others, but now I was yielding myself heart and soul, to a wild superstition which was already influencing my whole character; for as Hetty remarked in her characteristic way—"Enis has changed all at once; she used to be as gay as a lark, now she is as mopey as an old owl." And Hetty was right; my whole being was filled with the intense desire to fathom the secret of the will, my whole life turned now upon the pivot of one grand idea, one solemn purpose; namely, to win back Upfield, to establish my father's right to be master there, in fact, to eject the usurpers and bring back my father and mother, my brothers and sisters in triumph to the home from which they had been thrust out so ignominiously three years ago. With this daring scheme filling my mind by day and by night, it is little wonder if all my girlish brightness vanished and a settled gloom and thoughtfulness took its place. But, strange as it may appear, I never once mentioned my scheme to the others, not even to Herbert, who was my confidant upon all ordinary occasions.

Meantime I laid my plans; they were simple and few. I must go to Upfield—go there as an inmate of the manor; and then I must find or make an opportunity of thoroughly examining the two cupboards in the library; if I discovered nothing in either of these, I would search elsewhere in the room, examine every volume separately if necessary, till I found the will, which I was now convinced had been made in favor of Alex. Godfrey, my father. My only fear was, that it had been discovered and destroyed already; for hating my aunt as I did, I was quite ready to credit her with any enormity. Yes, I must go to Upfield; but how?

(To be Continued.)

Total Annihilation.

O, he was a Bowery boot-black bold,
And his years they numbered nine;
Rough and unpolished was he, albeit
He constantly aimed to shine.

As proud as a king on his box he sat,
Munching an apple red,
While the boys of his set looked wistfully on,
And "Give us a bite!" they said.

But the boot-black smiled a lordly smile;
"No free bites here!" he cried.
Then the boys they sadly walked away,
Save one who stood at his side.

"Bill, give us the core," he whispered low.
That boot-black smiled once more,
And a mischievous dimple grew in his cheek—
"There ain't goin' to be no core!"

[Written for The Family Circle.]

Wounded Hearts.

A TALE OF PASSION AND PAIN FROM REAL LIFE.

BY JOE LAWNBROOK.

CHAPTER XI. (Continued.)

FOR a moment my companion looked steadily at the point where Sweeman had disappeared, and then turned slowly and looked curiously at me.

"Do you never try to think out his reason? Do mysteries come before you and awake no curiosity to fathom them?"

"I can't tell why I've not been more active in this matter," I replied slowly; "but I've felt a curiosity which I thought must be stifled. I have scarcely hoped to unravel the secrets of the case, and I have always felt strangely passive and somewhat cautious in venturing to acquire information in regard to it."

"If you are as cautious in the matter of finding your brother, I'm afraid you'll never fulfil the mission left you to perform."

"Instead of speaking in riddles, you might tell me what you know," I exclaimed, irritably. "Do you know anything about him?"

"Listen," he said; "we may have to wait long before Sweeman's return, so we may as well sit down by the roadside and talk. I may know something that will interest you."

All eagerness, I took a seat on the ground beside him. There was no sign of emotion nor even an uncommon expression on his countenance.

For a few seconds we sat in silence, my companion complacently chewing the end of a straw, as he looked at me with something of a superior air.

"You're not much used to the ways of the world, and you're rather a senseless fellow, anyway, to try to find your brother."

I could not understand him, and he knew it and went on:

"Do you know how much you're worth?"

"I've never troubled myself much about that."

"Well, you're worth enough to live on, anyway, and that you know, I'll warrant you."

"Yes; and more."

"Well, what would you do if your possessions were taken from you, which your ungrateful elder brother would be likely to do if he should be found? Remember they're his legally. Now, what do you think you'd do if you should find him?"

I was dazed and could not reply for a moment.

"He may not be living." And I eagerly sought in the expression of Werbletree's face for a solution of the circumstances surrounding me.

"Do you wish him dead?"

"No! No!"

"You surely do not wish to be driven from your home: you cannot make a living."

"If I can't, I don't deserve one."

"Nobly said; but my dear friend, you never knew, as your brother has, the coldness of the world, the hard and rugged road of a moneyless man."

"Then he might help me, knowing how himself 'twas hard to battle with a cold, relentless world. Come; at any rate if you know of him, 'tis but fair that he should have his rights."

"Keep cool my friend; you are excited now and speak from impulse. You talk as though the law can but be just."

I sat in silent meditation for a time and he quietly watched me. I sank into a sort of reverie and started up, half unconscious, as he pulled me by the arm and whispered—

"He is fooled again."

"Who?"

"Sweeman."

Still in a state of half stupor, with a heavy heart, I looked and saw the miller pass by, not seeing us in the darkness. But an indistinct vision of him and our walking home comes before me, and then I remember getting into bed and sleeping among troubled dreams till morning dawned.

Many a weary day, with many a pleasant hour, has passed since the time of which I write, but still, in dreary meditation, I feel as if but yesterday the circumstances transpired.

A drowsy, tired sensation had quiet possession of me as I awoke, and my heart lay heavily within me. As the day was breaking and I turned restlessly from side to side, my eyes closed, and in a dream I had stepped one foot over a bottomless precipice, and losing my balance, threw my hands half hopelessly out and suddenly struck the bed and was awake. When I dressed and went down stairs Werbletree was gone, and a vague loneliness came over me. I had still, however, something to occupy my mind besides the melancholy thoughts that his words had prompted. Arthur Drammel was still with me, and he had to be looked after. Werbletree had stated that he would be gone a day or two at least, and I knew he expected me to take charge of Arthur in his absence. But where had this strange man gone? Would he never come back? Why had he gone?

CHAPTER XII.

Talk not of grief till thou hast seen the tears of warlike men.—*Mrs. Hemans.*

THE hills and valleys and the winding stream about the miller's house were grander as the autumn days came on; and as the mellow sun looked longingly over the tree-tops, playing with the water as it trickled through the motionless wheel, the wanderer there must, from intoxication at the scene, have wished to end his days on that beautiful spot.

The miller sat and gazed idly out of his window at the after noon sun, and the ripple of the shadows on the wheel, as if unconscious of the grand effect. No; there he sat, and, wrapt in his own griefs and undefined fears, saw nothing there to cheer or to raise one from the care and vague uncertainty of fortune. There he sat with no one by him; and yet the heavy, stolid look upon his face showed that he was not alone. A host of frightful thoughts were haunting him. A flood of all the circumstances of his life dashed on him there, and even his hardened conscience cringed beneath it. Oh! sad reflection where guilt weighs on the heart.

The sun, after a long delay above the western horizon, as if loath to depart, had gone to rest; and still the miller sat unheeding in silent meditation. Suddenly he started at a sound, and scarce had reached the door, when a strong arm opened it before him and Richard Warbletree stood towering at the entrance.

Sweeman stood back in amazement and fear.

"You wonder at my coming."

"What brought you here?"

"You. I came on purpose to talk with you and am gratified to see you are alone and can, therefore, the more easily converse on matters that I want to speak of."

"But what right have you here?"

"There's lots of time to talk of that. The fact that I am here is enough just now."

"But I say it's not enough."

"Then let me tell you. Give me a seat and take one yourself."

The miller's first impulse was to resent this audacity with blows, but he was in too passive a state of mind for that now, and reluctantly led Werbletree into the room he had come from, where a light was burning, now, for it was after dark.

They sat facing each other across a small table.

"Now," growled Sweeman; "What is your business?"

"Take your time, I'm coming to that presently." And with complacency the audacious Werbletree threw one leg over the arm of his chair and gazed serenely at the miller, who showed signs of great uneasiness, and with anxiety awaited his visitor's words.

"I've followed you from Hazelgrove to have a chat with you, so just be patient and you'll hear what I came for."

The miller's signs of impatience grew more and more apparent.

"Do you wish to hear something of the boy, Tagberg—Drammel I mean. You understand the mistake."

The miller's face grew deadly pale.

"Don't be frightened, he's safe enough as yet away from his mother. Come cheer up I have learned well the history of your life, and not with prejudice do I condemn you. I

rather pity you, and curse the circumstances that have balked your hopes."

A heavy gulping sound, a sort of grunt, was all Charles Sweeman's answer, while an expression of gratitude, combined with the look of one asking for mercy, shone from his eyes.

"I suppose you failed as usual to see her."

"Yes; yes; of course I failed and if you pity me you must understand what that failing means. I have been crushing my heart with deepest pain in order to wound hers more. And she will never know it."

Here the great heavy-set man paused and the look on his face betokened an anguish seldom seen. A great, large man, weakened by foiled schemes, is indeed a spectacle for pity. He moved restlessly about, like many a man otherwise circumstanced, dreading what he was inviting, his visitor's critical gaze.

"Would you wish me to bring this woman to you?"

The miller looked up with expectant surprise and gave decided signs of assent.

"Well I'll do it provided I know what will transpire if I should; that is, at least, on your part."

The miller sat silent, and then essayed to speak, but only gasped inarticulately.

The powerful Werbletree with great compassion gazed long and quietly on the stalwart Sweeman weak with conflicting passions.

CHAPTER XIII.

If thou hast never sat as I do now,
Wearing thy hearer in thy mistress' praise,
Thou hast not loved:
Or, if thou hast not broke from company,
Abruptly as my passion now makes me,
Thou hast not loved.—*Shakespeare.*

THE second day from the events narrated in the chapter previous to the last an event happened which was calculated to change very much the aspect of affairs—an event which, though always thought probable, at any time for years back, came of a sudden at last.

Mr. Elson died, and a time of mournful quietness prevailed. Poor Nellie was left alone with the woman I hated, her mother. Seeing her in this situation during the weeks that followed, awoke my affection for her again and I forgot what I had considered as Jessie Harle's heartlessness, nor questioned why I had thus thought of her conduct.

But weightier matters than love—no; there are none weightier, none so grand,—more practical matters than love were agitating my mind, and when Werbletree at length returned he was more welcome to me than any one of the fair sex could have been.

I had pondered over the question of giving up my property to my lost brother, and indefinitely the matter was after all left unsettled in my mind. But Werbletree must tell me what he knew. This I was determined to find out and when he came I urgently questioned him.

"The time has come," he answered, "when I am enabled to tell you what I wished. It's a long story and will interest you much; for you may be connected with it in more ways than you think."

As I had often sat before, anxiously listening for every word, I sat before him then.

"I have just come from Shulton, where I left the poor miller a subject for pity."

I would have exclaimed, "a subject for condemnation," with perhaps a more commonly-used epithet to express my meaning, but for the tone of my companion, which made my hatred lapse into surprise.

"If you knew the circumstances of his life," went on Werbletree, as if guessing my thoughts; "if you knew the circumstances of his life you would pity him too."

A look of interest was my only answer.

"When Charles Sweeman was a young man he respected himself and was respected. His aspirations were, for the most part, of a noble nature, and but for a woman whom he loved passionately—loved with a fervor that called out his every energy and his best talents, but to kill them, he would have been a benevolent man to-day.

"Who was this woman?"

"She was the mother of Arthur Drammel."

(To be Continued.)

SPARKS OF MIRTH.

"Jog on, jog on the foot-path way
And merrily heat the stove;
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a."

A writ of attachment—A love letter.

Women's temper and the stock market are very uncertain. Clergymen pretend to discourage lying, and yet ask women their ages.

"Such stuff as dreams are made of"—Heavy suppers, bottled stout.

A man does not necessarily talk cents when he speaks in money syllables.

Food for reflection—Mince pie, cheese, lobster salad. No sleep. Time to think.

The "tender leaves of hope" are those taken when she hopes he will come again.

"Was she a white woman or a colored lady?" is a new nonsense question current in the South.

All sorts of sleeves are admissible for ladies' dresses, but the coat sleeve around the waist remains the favorite.

Passing around the hat, says a humorist, is an old and excellent method of getting at the cents of the meeting.

A Chicago paper says of a contemporary that "it has doubled its circulation. Another man takes a copy now."

In a Western mine there is this advice: "Do not fall down this shaft, as there are men at work at the bottom of it."

The average man will never hesitate to take ten cents, worth of time to look for five cents' worth of lost money.

Let a man start out to commit suicide, and on his way to the river be murderously assaulted, and he'll fight like a fiend for his life.

An exchange has an article headed. "Get Hold of a Boy's Heart." Bah! The place to get hold of a boy is the scuff of the neck.

Wife (reading "Another Disappearance")—O, dear! a woman missed her husband again! Husband—Ah, what did she try to hit him with?

A lecturer is telling "How we hear." It is easily told. Somebody tells a friend of ours and tells him not to tell. That's the way we hear.

Never be at your place of business when a friend wants to borrow money of you: because if you are in, you will be out; but if you are out, you will be in.

Wife—"But, my dear, I shall catch cold coming down so late to let you in." Husband—"Oh no my love, I'll rap you up well before you come down."

Collector: "How many more times do you wish me to call for this money?" Debtor: "My dear sir, you need never call again. I shall not be offended."

A Nevada editor, in response to a subscriber who grumbled that his morning paper was intolerably damp, says "that is because there's so much due on it."

The most stingy man I ever knew lived in Alion. He walked seven rods beyond his own woodpile to his neighbor's fence and got a sliver for a tooth pick.

When a father chastises his unruly son with a stout switch, he thinks he has done a smart thing. (P. S.—The boy as he rubs that sore place, thinks so, too.)—*The Judge*.

It does aggravate a man to think that while his wife isn't afraid to tackle him and nearly yank his head off, she is madly terrorized by a cow that he can chase out of the yard any time.

"Pat, my boy," said a sympathizing friend to a dying man "we must all die once." "That's just what bothers me," responded the sick man. "If we could die half-a-dozen times a piece, I shouldn't mind once, at all, at all."

"My frens," said the officiating clergyman at the marriage of two colored persons near Cincinnati, a few Sundays ago, "my frens, it am a serious ting to get married, specially when bofe parties is orphans an' hain't got no parents to fall back on, as am de present case."

A western editor thus retorts a critic: "We are sorry that you don't like our paper. We would ask you to come to the office and edit it, but some iniquitous idiot might write and tell you how much better he could do it himself, and that would annoy a nervous person like you."

"How do you contrive to amuse yourself?" "Amuse?" said the other woman, starting; "do you know I have my household work to do?" "Yes" was the answer, "I see you have it to do; but as it is never done, I concluded you must have some other way of passing your time."

The poet Dryden was so engrossed with his books that he found little time to devote to his family. Upon one occasion his wife said to him: "I wish I was a book, and then you'd pay me some attention." Whereupon, it is said, that the poet ungallantly replied: "I wish you were an almanac, my dear, I then could change you every year."

He was fishing, and a fish-warden stood and watched him, and a man came along and said to that warden: "It's out of season to catch fish. why don't you arrest that man?" And the warden replied: "True, it's against the law to catch fish; but there's no law against a man's holding a pole with a cord attached dangling in the water. That's all he has done, or is likely to do."

"You ain't taking any stock in woman's love, eh?" "No," he answered despondently, "it's all flummery." "Very strange," added his friend. "You didn't use to talk that way." "Perhaps not," he replied, "but I've been married nearly two years, and there are four pair of trowsers hanging up in my closet waiting to be patched, and not a stitch taken in them yet."

Once upon a time George Sand having a lively desire to see the interior of a Trappist monastery, donned male attire and accompanied a party of her friends who were about to visit it. At the portal the party passed in single file before a meek but keen-eyed monk. "Pardon me sir," said the monk when George Sand undertook to enter; "I am sorry, sir, but ladies are not admitted!"

They had returned from a Sunday evening conference meeting, and were sitting in the parlor enjoying each other's presence and their good clothes. "Mary," said he, in a timorous sort of way, "do you think you could love me well enough to—to—marry me?" "Henry! You are so sudden! I really—I cannot tell you until I find out whether the new minister is married or not." Henry went out beneath the stars and vowed eternal vengeance against all divinity students.

Judge W—, of the State of Maine, was absent-mindedly putting on his overcoat to go out, when his wife said to him! "I want a spool of silk, letter C." Please go down town and get it." With his mind busy with the law points involved in his last jury trial, he went, and innocently told the counter-man that his wife wanted him to "let her see" some black silk. His amiable wife was quite startled when he came back with numerous samples of black silk dress goods. "There," she said, "that is just like a man!"

Years ago, when David Crockett was a member of Congress, and had returned home at the close of the first session, several of his neighbors gathered around him one day and asked questions about Washington. "What time do they dine in the city?" asked one. "Common people, such as we have here, dine at one. The big ones dine at three, we representatives at four, the aristocracy and the Senators eat at five." "Well, when does the President fodder?" "Old Hickory!" exclaimed the colonel. "Well, he don't dine till next day."

"Sir!" began a Detroitter, as he entered a grocery the other morning. "Sir! I ordered some butter of you yesterday!" "Yes—ah—I know, meant to have it sent up, but forgot it. You shall have it right away." "Sir! the butter came up on time." "Oh—ah—it did, eh! Well, I am sorry it was poor, but we shall have some better in a day or two." "Sir! the butter came up on time and was all right, best I've seen in a year." "You don't say so! Certainly—just so—I'll make up the weight on the next lot." "Sir! the butter was good, the weight correct, and I called to order six pounds more." "Is it possible! Well, I do declare! Then that was it? Well, well; but accidents will happen in the best regulated groceries, you know. Sorry, but will do better next time."—*Detroit Free Press*.

It is all very well for health journals to tell people who are restless and unable to sleep at night to place the head of their bed toward the north, but it does no good unless you take the baby to the other end of the house and place its head against the south.

Theodore Hook addressed the following lines "To Mr. Blank, who put over his door 'Pen and Quill Manufacturer.:'"

"You put above your door and in your bills,
You're manufacturer of pens and quills;
And for the first, you well may feel a pride;
Your pens are better far than most I've tried;
But for the quills, your words are somewhat loose;
Who manufactures quills must be a Goose!"

A correspondent from Boston writes us to know what the word "Nihilist" is derived from. We are surprised that such ignorance should exist in such a town as Boston. The Russian assassins are called Nihilists from the river Nile. They are dirty, like the water of the Nile, and have sudden up-risings. Like the Nile, their sources are unknown. Nobody knows where their head is, and it is not healthy to try to find out. If you do not think this is the right answer you had better hunt up a Nihilist and make him tell you all he knows.—*Texas Sitings.*

A young man in a train was making fun of a lady's hat to an elderly gentleman in the seat with him. "Yes," said his seat-mate, "that's my wife, and I told her if she wore that bonnet that some fool would make fun of it." The young man slid out. At the next station the old man poured out his hot coffee into the saucer to cool. "Look, ma," said a snickering girl, "at that old-fashioned way of drinking." "Yes," said the elderly gentleman, "and it was old-fashioned manners not to notice it." The elderly gentleman finished his journey in peace.—*Detroit Free Press.*

"I ain't got enough sense to vote at a ward election," remarked old Isom, yesterday. "Why?" asked a bystander. "Yer see, a nigger what keeps a bacon store at the udder end ob town give fifty cents premium on a silver dollar made last year. I tuk a dollar wid de correck date, an' going to de store, handed it ter him, and tole him ter gin me de premium. He looked at de dollar, handed me fifty cents, an' drapped it in de draw'r. I tuk de fifty cents, an' co. on up town. I have just discovered dat I'as out fifty cents. I repeats dat I ain't got sense enough ter vote, an' de Newnited States can hab my freedom back at any time de Secretary of War will notify me ob dat back."—*Little Rock Gazette.*

"The truth is," said Mr. Haberdasher, as he leaned back in his easy chair and put his feet up on the desk, "the girls are lazy, and if we gave them stools to sit on they would shirk their work and loll around half the time. I never encourage habits of idleness. 'By industry we thrive,' you know. Jack here; hand me the paper and then run over to Maduro's and get me half a dozen of his best Havanas;" and then he leaned back so the cushion would fit well in the small of his back and proceeded to look over the "Political Outlook" while the head clerk said, "Certainly, sir," and went back to his desk.

"Pardon me for troubling you, sir, but did you drop a twenty-dollar gold piece?" asked a man with an earnest look on his face and a memorandum book in his hand, of a well-dressed individual. The man addressed ran his hand nervously into various pockets and replied—"Well, now, I declare! Can it be possible that I was so careless as to drop that coin? Yes, it's gone. I must have lost it right here, where we stand." The man opened his memorandum book, took from his vest pocket the stub of a lead pencil, and said—"Will you favor me with your name and address?" They were given, and the questioner started on, when the well-dressed man cried—"Hi, there! Where's the money? give me my gold piece." "Oh I didn't find any money. I took a notion this morning that in a city like this where thousands of dollars are handled every hour, there must be great losses, and started out to investigate the matter. Between here and the river I found seven men that lost twenty-dollar gold pieces, and I expect to run the list up to two hundred before I reach the City Hall. Good-day, sir."

LITERARY LINKLETS.

"Honor to the men who bring honor to us—glory to the country dignity to character, wings to thought, knowledge of things, precision to principles, sweetness to feeling, happiness to the bedside—Authors."

Mr. Tennyson's eye sight is so impaired that he cannot read much.

Mr. Julian Hawthorne intends to take up his abode in New York next fall.

The next volume in the English Men of Letters series will be "Gray," by Edmund W. Gosse.

"Ouida" thinks that the serial form of publishing a novel compels the writer to sacrifice form and harmony.

Jacob Abbott wrote alone one hundred and eighty volumes, and was editor or joint author of thirty-one more.

A memorial volume on the late D. G. Rossetti, as artist and author, will be published by Macmillan & Co. next winter.

One of the longest literary careers was that of William Ainsworth, whose first novel was printed in 1825 and his last in 1881.

None of Longfellow's children, all of whom are now in adult life, have ever shown any indication of following the literary life.

Bret Harte has written a paper of reminiscences of Longfellow, which appears in German in a Vienna newspaper, and in English in *Good Words*.

Mr. Darwin's life is to be written by his son. Darwin left an autobiography, and a sketch of his father. Prof. Huxley is also going to write a biography.

Rev. Samuel Longfellow, brother of the poet, has resigned the pastorate of the Unitarian Church in Germantown, Philadelphia, in order to write the authorized life of Longfellow.

Mr. John Morley, who has been trying to do too much, and whose work has, therefore, suffered, will retire from the editorship of the *Fortnightly Review* in November, but will retain the editorship of the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

Mr. James Thomson, one of the English "consummate" poets who received much extravagant praise a few years ago lately died in an English hospital. Mr. Thomson's chief poem was called "The City of Dreadful Night."

John Bright and Mr. Chamberlain, President of the Board of Trade, were present at the opening of the Birmingham Central Library. The former, in a speech, dwelt particularly upon the growth of literature in America. He recommended the study of the American poets, especially Whittier, the best gifts of whose genius were on the side of freedom. He also recommended the study of Bancroft's History of the United States.

A *Boston Herald* writer says that Mrs. Stowe "composes with perfect facility, her thoughts flowing so freely and uninterruptedly, and her pen being so obedient to their course that her manuscript always goes to the printers in its first draft. She never goes back to revise or correct, and does not even take the trouble to read over what she has written." No writer ever lived who could pursue this course with impunity.

The seventieth birthday of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe was celebrated on June 14, by a garden party given at ex-Governor William Claflin's home in Newtonville, Mass., by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., her publishers. The good lady had the pleasure of listening to poems by Mr. Whittier, Dr. Holmes, Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, Miss Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, J. T. Trowbridge, Rev. H. F. Allen (her son-in-law), Miss Charlotte F. Bates, Rev. E. Paxton Hood, and Mrs. James T. Fields; speeches by H. O. Houghton, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher and Judge A. W. Tourgee; and letters by G. W. Curtis, P. J. A. Harrison, G. W. Cable (formerly of the Confederate army), Mrs. R. H. Davis, Dr. S. I. Prime, Judge Neilson, of the Beecher-Tilton trial, T. K. Beecher, editor Richard Smith, of Cincinnati, Olive Johnson; and J. W. De Forest. At the conclusion Mrs. Stowe made a little speech, closing with the following sentiment: "Let us never doubt of the future of this people, but believe that anything that ought to happen is going to happen."

THE FAMILY CIRCLE

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FRANK LAWSON, - - - EDITOR.

At the opening of another volume we greet our readers with promises of a better and more successful year than any yet. Lists from agents varying from five to fifty names are literally pouring in and our magazine is, like a stream impelled by the force of its fountain, rushing in all directions over the land. Agents are still wanted in many sections and almost any young person can make ready cash quicker by canvassing for us than in any other way.

Begin with the new volume and get the first of our new, interesting story, "The Old Library at Home."

PERIODICALS, ETC.

INGERSOLL UNMASKED.—A copy of "Ingersoll Unmasked," a publication of Clark Braden, New York running in its second ten thousand, has been received. The work is written in clear and forcible language and deserves attention for its literary merits as well as its undoubted unveiling of the character of probably the most cowardly, vulgar and unprincipled man of our time. The price of the work is only ten cents which of course adds greatly to the rapidity of its sale.

THE VERDICT.—We have received a copy of a most popular piece of music called the "Verdict March," composed by Eugene L. Blake. It is written in an easy style, so that it can be played on either piano or organ. The title page is very handsome, containing correct portraits of Hon. Geo. B. Corkhill, J. K. Porter, Judge W. S. Cox; also a correct picture of the twelve jurymen who convicted the assassin of the late beloved President. This piece of music should be found in every household throughout the entire country. Price, 40 cents per copy, or 3 copies for \$1 Postage stamps taken as currency. Address all orders to F. W. Helmick, Music Publisher, 180 Elm Street, Cincinnati, O.

RESPONSES TO READERS.

H. J.—We allow the same commission for renewals as for new subscribers.

C. M.—Those who make the fewest promises are generally the most reliable, and if you make but few resolutions you will keep them the easier and thereby build up a character powerful for good, the more surely.

K. D.—(1) Whether long courtships are desirable or not depends on circumstances and the natures of the parties concerned. It is nonsense to think that persons in love become better acquainted with each other's natures, as regards faults, by a long courtship. (2) Lovers should be the perfect gentleman and lady, with all that those terms imply, to each other.

J. S.—The situation of your cellar is doubtless the cause of its dampness and to cure it the land should be drained properly, or perhaps a cistern, in the immediate vicinity, repaired.

Maggie I.—(1) It is very inadvisable to make use of a letter-writer for various reasons, not the least of which is that you cannot say what you want to. A letter should be written for the person, only, who is to receive it, and it matters not how strange it may appear to anyone else. It is fashionable to omit the "th" or "st" in the date; as July 15, '82. In letters of friendship begin with a compliment; and if in harmony better conclude your letter with praise to your correspondent. It gives the letter much better effect than throwing compliments in anywhere. Never send part of a sheet of paper; it shows disrespect to the receiver, as also do *Post Scripts*. (2) In love letters ladies may use tinted pink paper, but it is not fashionable for gentlemen to use anything but plain white.

OUR GEM CASKET.

"But words are things, and a small drop of ink
Falling like dew upon a thought produces
That which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think."

The silence often of pure innocence
Persuades, when speaking fails.—*Shakespeare*.

Nothing overcomes passion more than silence.

Better a diamond with a flaw than a pebble without.

Children have more need of models than of critics.—*Joubert*.

Wounds of the heart are the only ones that are healed by opening.

Conscious and confessed ignorance is better than fancied knowledge.

Jealousy is the sentiment of property; but envy is the instinct of theft.

In love women go the length of folly, and men to the extreme of silliness.

Be not content with the literature of virtue, but carry the essence of the article.

Never let your zeal outrun your charity; the former is but human, the latter is divine.

Learn what is true, in order to do what is right, is the summing up of the whole duty of man.

Ignorance is the curse of God. Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to Heaven.—*Shakespeare*.

Without woman the two extremities of life would be without help, and the middle of it without pleasure.

The charity which thinketh no evil is a wiser statesmanship than the misanthropy that thinketh no good.

Character is higher than intellect. A great soul will be strong to live as well as strong to think.—*Emerson*.

"It seems as if them as aren't wanted here are the only folks as aren't wanted in the other world."—*George Eliot*.

Who by repentance is not satisfied
Is nor of heaven, nor earth.—*Shakespeare*.

We judge ourselves by what we feel capable of doing, while others judge us by what we have already done.—*Longfellow*.

Scientific discoveries and demonstrated principles, contain naught that is contradictory to a rational religious belief.—*Isaac Taylor*.

To do good, which is really good, a man must act from the love of good, and not with a view to reward here or hereafter.—*Swedenborg*.

Selfishness mars the loveliest actions; it stains the fairest beauty; it dims the brightest lustre; it blotches the most magnificent charity.

Depravity and misery are of brief duration, but joy and bliss grow and augment through the endless cycles of the soul's immortal existence.

There is no motive so calculated to clog the mind as that of selfishness, especially when clear thinking and decided action are requisite.—*Edith Paterson*.

He who turns against one who has done him personal favors and oft befriended him is worse than the one turned against, no matter how bad the latter may be.

The devotee of truth contents himself with its exposition holding it up in contrast with error; well knowing that in the outcome truth will be accepted by, and error banished from, every human mind.

It is neither safe, respectable, nor wise to bring any youth to manhood without a regular calling. Industry, like idleness, is a matter of habit. No idle boy will make an active and industrious and useful man.

It was a favorite saying of Confucius when cursing on the virtue of industry; "You cannot polish rotten wood;" meaning thereby to enforce the precept that the idle man cannot become worthy of esteem.

HEALTH AND DISEASE.

Mens sana in corpore sano.

Fraudulent Infant Foods.

Not content with humbugging their parents, human sharks, greedy after gain, have taken to cheating the babies—little helpless innocents, who ought to be honestly treated if fair dealing is to be received by anybody. The little one gets its digestion deranged by a slight cold or some other cause, perhaps overfeeding, or feeding too frequently. The doctor at once orders that its natural food be discontinued, and recommends the use of some popular "infant food." A patent food, put up in nice packages and sold at from fifty to seventy-five cents a pound, is procured at the store. The little one gets no better, and so some other "food" is tried. One kind after another is experimented with until often the whole list of twenty or thirty patent "baby foods" have been tried. Each one is recommended by a long list of physicians as the very best thing of the kind which has been, or can be made, a perfect substitute for, or a little better than, mother's milk; when the fact is, not more than one or two of the whole list, is fit to go into an infant's stomach at all, and all are vastly inferior to almost any one of the usual substitutes which mothers and nurses are accustomed to prepare for infants who are unable to take their natural food, such as oatmeal or graham gruel, barely gruel, etc.

Abstinence in Health.

Most children have an instinctive dislike to alcohol in any shape; unless, indeed, there be a hereditary predisposition toward it—of all predispositions the most fatal. Any one who knows the strong pureness of a good constitution which has received from two or three temperate generations an absolute indifference to stimulants, can hardly overvalue the blessing it is to a child, boy or girl, to bring it up from babyhood in the firm faith that wine, beer, and spirits are only medicines, not drinks; that when you are thirsty, be you man, woman, or child, the right and natural beverage for you is water, and only water. If you require them, if you have been corrupted by the evil influences of your youth or by the luxurious taste of your after years, that you "cannot drink water," either there is something radically diseased in your constitution, or you will soon bring yourself to that condition.

To "drink no wine or strong drink," to be absolutely independent of the need for it or the temptation to it—any young man or woman brought up on this principle, has not only a defence against many moral evils, but a physical stronghold always in reserve to fall back upon, when accidental sickness and the certain feebleness of old age call for that resource, which I do not deny is at times a most valuable one. But the advice I would give to the young and healthy is this: Save yourselves from all spirituous drinks, as drinks, as long as ever you can; even as you would resist using a crutch as long as you had your own two legs to walk upon. If you like wine—well, say honestly you take it because you like it, that you prefer indulging your palate at the expense of your health; but never delude yourself, nor suffer others to delude you, that alcohol is a necessity, any more than stays, or strong medicinal poisons, or other sad helps which nature and science provide to sustain us in our slow but sure decay.—*Mrs. Mulock Craik.*

Prevention of Hydrophobia.

M. Pasteur, the eminent French scientist, whose researches into the nature of germs have been of almost inestimable value in several departments of agriculture and other practical science branches, has recently determined the important fact that hydrophobia is a germ disease and that one attack is protection from another. He has also made a series of investigations respecting the possibility of protection from small-pox, and has attained success. Sheep, which are very susceptible to the disease, after having been inoculated cannot be made to take the disease even by the most thorough exposure. There are those who think that the time will come when nearly all diseases may be prevented by this

plan. We hope we may live never to see the day when it will be considered the duty of every man to see that his children have all been properly vaccinated for each one of the various dangerous maladies which afflict the human race. Such a course of vaccination repeated as often as would be necessary to insure safety every time a new epidemic made its appearance would occupy a good share of one's lifetime.

What is Luxury?

"Do you believe in luxury?" will you say? I do. It depends, my friend, a good deal upon what idea you have of luxury. Your idea and mine may not be the same. There is the luxury which consists in over-feeding the natural appetite. I don't believe in that—in gorging one's self with dainty meats, sitting at banquets, craving for richer and rarer wines, until one's whole life turns on sensuous physical enjoyment. I don't believe in that; but I also don't believe that it makes no difference what a man chooses to eat and drink. I believe that there is a difference—all the difference between the Kingdom of Heaven and the Kingdom of the Devil. One man eats intelligently and moderately of properly prepared well chosen food, and has grace; the other of abominable food fried in fat, and has the devil. I tell you indigestion is the kingdom of darkness in this world, and good health is next akin to grace. I think when the reformation comes in, that cleans up all the odds and ends of society, it will very likely come in at the kitchen. We shall learn how to get wholesome food in moderate amounts, and above all, properly prepared food, and we shall no longer bolt it as though we were shoveling coal into a coal cellar. I sometimes contend about men not being dainty in their food. I would that they were more dainty, and that they would feed the sight as well in a daintier manner on the beautiful.

What do I consider luxury? is then a proper question. In a Christian sense it is the devopment through our property of those elements of the beautiful and pleasurable that feed the higher sense instead of the lower. An old farmer may complain "My children are all the time wanting all sorts of things that I've done very well without. My daughters stand by, and they are wanting pictures, and books, and one thing and another, and I don't see as they need 'em. I'm perfectly willing to give my family all the substantial things they want; but these fol-de-rols I don't believe in." What does the man mean by "substantials" when he says he is willing to give them all the necessaries of life? Why, he means beef, pork and cabbage, bread, a comfortable bed, warm clothes. That's pig fare. Its just what he gives his pigs. He's willing to feed his animals and he is willing to feed his family; but when it comes to things higher than those of mere animal life—when beautiful clothes are desired as well as warm clothing, when beautiful things are craved for in the house as well as the house itself that turns the rain and snow—why, then, "he has no idea of that sort." He speaks the truth; there are some men who have no idea of anything higher than the mouth. I say that there is hunger of greater imperiousness than that of the mouth, there is the hunger of the ear for all that is sweet in sound, the hunger of the eye for all that is blessed in beauty throughout the realm of God; there is the hunger of the affections for love and sympathy in our daily lives; the hunger of the tastes, the moral sensibilities, as well as the appetites. "Well," says he, "You have all the necessaries of life, and what do you want more?" Don't you want to feed the highest qualities as well as the corporeal? Are they the parts you want to starve? There is many a man in whom the great upper chambers of a vast inner spiritual life lies unawakened, neglected, and ungarished. All that is divinest and noblest in his nature has lapsed through desuetude. Willing, prompt, and eager, there is none to hear his cries of hunger; naught that feed. It—the man is too busied with his bodily self.

That is luxury which feeds the spiritual man. With it man is fed with higher reason and higher spiritual sense. It is all that is noble and pure in the higher range of externals. That is what I call luxury.—*Beecher.*

It is a mistake for young ladies to think that they increase their attractiveness by trying to improve on the beauty of form which nature gave them. It is suicide.

THE PARLOR AND KITCHEN.

LATEST FASHIONS.

Red satin parasols remain in favor.

Baugled jet is the novelty for trimming black dresses.

Red lace mitts and red silk stockings are worn by little girls.

The trim-fitting plaited waist is revived for summer dresses.

Detachable bows of ribbon are now used for trimming night-dresses.

The Jersey silk glove of fine quality promises to be the favorite for summer use.

A dark red parasol for general wear, a white parasol for dress, and a black one for use are the popular choice.

The deep apron overskirt, that never goes entirely out of fashion, now forms part of some of the most admired French dresses.

Little girls wear hats, sashes, stockings and ribbons all matching each other in color, the favorite hue being a deep shade of china red.

White lilacs or clematis are said to trim swell black straw bonnets. Straight roses without foliage are worn on wide-brimmed garden hats.

The old fashioned style is revived in the mode of finishing off the pointed bodice. A thick cord is set at the very edge of the corsage, and the tunic and paniers are set just underneath the cord.

USEFUL RECIPES.

LADY GRAHAM'S PUDDING.—Boil a pint of good cream. Mix with yolks of twelve eggs, a glass of Maraschino or white wine, and some pounded sugar. Pass it through a sieve. Put it into a plain mould, and place the mould into a steaming pan that will hold a pint of water. Cover it close, and let it simmer one-half hour. When you are going to dish it, whip up the white of the eggs, which must be kept in a cool place. Cover the pudding with them, sifting plenty of powdered sugar over.

FRIED BREAD PUDDING.—Cut cold bread pudding in small slices half an inch thick; dip them first in powdered crackers or cracker dust, then in beaten egg, and again in cracker dust, and fry them light brown in sufficient smoking hot fat to float them; when they are fried take them out of the fat with a skimmer; lay them on brown paper for a moment to free them from fat, and serve them hot, dusted with powdered sugar.

ORANGE PUDDING.—Cut up three oranges, put in a pudding-dish, sprinkle with sugar; make a custard of a pint of milk and three heaping spoonfuls of sugar. When the milk comes to a boil, slowly add a tablespoonful of corn starch, (previously wet), and then the yolks of two eggs; pour the custard over the oranges, then beat the whites to a stiff froth, adding three tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, and a teaspoonful of vanilla. Put in a hot oven, and let it remain long enough to become a rich yellow or brown.

PLAIN BISCUITS.—The way in which grease is devoured by Americans, is gradually devouring them. In nothing is it considered more indispensable than in the flaky biscuit with which good housekeepers pride themselves on poisoning their guests. To make biscuits whose flaky snowiness casts theirs away into shadow, make yours in this way: One pint of flour finely sieved, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder and milk or water sufficient for paste; roll and cut rapidly; bake in a quick oven.

CHERRY PIE.—Line a pie-tin with rich crust; nearly fill with the carefully-seeded fruit, sweeten to taste, and sprinkle evenly with a teaspoonful of flour; add a teaspoonful of butter cut into small bits and scattered over the top; wet the edge of the crust, put on upper crust, and press the edges closely together, taking care to provide holes in the centres for the escape of the air. Pies from blackberries, raspberries etc., are all made in the same way, regulating the quantity of sugar by the tartness of the fruit.

LEMON PIE.—Moisten a heaping tablespoonful of cornstarch with a little cold water, then add a cupful of boiling water; stir this over the fire for two or three minutes, allowing it to boil and cook the starch, then add a teaspoonful of butter and a cupful of sugar. Remove the mixture from the fire, and, when slightly cooled, add an egg well beaten and the juice and grated rind of a fresh lemon. This makes a small pie, which should be baked with a bottom crust alone.

RICE CREAM.—To a pint of new milk add a quarter of a pound of ground rice, a lump of butter the size of a walnut, a little lemon peel, and a tablespoonful of powdered sugar. Boil them together for five minutes, then add half an ounce of isinglass which has been dissolved, let the mixture cool. Then add half a pint of sweet cream whisked to a froth, mix all together, and set it for a time in a very cool place, or on ice. When used, turn it into a fruit dish and pour fruit juice around it, or some stewed apples or pears may be served with it.

FRESH FISH.—In buying fish one test applies to all, whether large or small. If fresh the eyes are full and clear, the fins are stiff, and the skin and scales bright. If the eyes are dim and sunken it is not fit for use, and no protestation from the fish-man should induce one to buy.

RASP BERRY VINEGAR.—Cover with vinegar and let stand twenty-four hours; squeeze the juice and put pound for pound and boil.

Open Secrets In Cookery.

Both doctors and epicures agree upon rare meat—the former for digestion the latter for taste, and that all meats and game are the better for slight cooking, with the exception of veal and pork—that, they do not recommend at all. It is quite common, now, for the physician to order a sandwich of beef—that is, a slice of uncooked beef, minced fine, seasoned, and spread between two thin slices of bread, as far more nourishing for weak digestion than cooked meats. It is only the idea of rawness, it seems, that is in the way, and not the taste, as when it is out of sight most people can learn to like this, rarest of beef. The same reason that ordains that the juice must run in the leg of mutton when the knife goes in, and the game must only "fly past, the kitchen fire," is behind this, and herein is why broiled meats are so delicate and palatable.

The outside is so quickly cooked that the juices within are not affected by the fire. Just what happens to milk when it is boiled, the thickening of the skin on top, and what is seen also in a hard egg, occurs in meats, the albumen—the nourishing quality—is hardened and toughened when meat is too long exposed to heat. So the careful housewife who puts her meat in the oven early, well salted, and watches it from time to time as all the juice is drawn out of it with the salt and the heat, until a hard brown round or rib is ready to be put upon the table, has really extracted from the meat almost all its nourishment, and gives the family a mass of dried fibres to chew. This also explains why much (and most) frying spoils good meat. The "surprise," as a French cook says, is the main thing. You must have a hot oven for whatever is to be roasted, and a bed of very hot coals for broiling, or fat that is hot enough to send up a blue smoke for whatever is to be fried. Then the outside is immediately hardened over, and the rest of the process must depend on the size of the piece. The trouble with most frying is that the fat is not hot, the meat, or fish, or mush, or oysters are left to sizzle a long time, until they gradually brown, by which time they are dry and tasteless. But the sudden plunge into smoking—not burning—fat, which the quick change of color on the surface shows, keeps all the taste and freshness in the article to be cooked. So with all roasts—a very hot oven at first, and no seasoning until the meat browns, keeps the juices intact. But the joints must not be suffered to burn, and the oven must be cooled off a little as soon as the outside is well coated. After this the old rule of fifteen minutes to a pound can be varied to suit taste, and the household can take its meat rare. But the meat must be elastic to the pressure of the finger, or it is "done to death." Fish also must be rapidly cooked; oysters require to be merely dropped for a minute into the boiling liquor, because the juices of all these must not be suffered to toughen into leather, but kept as nearly as possible uncooked.—[Housekeeper.

OUR BIOGRAPHICAL BUREAU.

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing, leave behind us
Foot-prints on the sands of time."

The Death of Poe.

"An unhappy master, whom unmerciful disaster,
Followed fast and followed faster, till his song one burden
bore,
Till the dirges of his hope that melancholy burden bore
Of never—nevermore!"

IN the western extremity of Newgate street, and directly opposite Old Bailey, frowns darkly skyward the venerable edifice of Newgate prison. Its aged walls, begrimed by the smoke of the great metropolis, could tell sad tales of misery and sin, had they but human tongues. To what scenes have they not been witness? What sounds of woe have they not heard? Innocent men have languished there, from whose vision that last solace of all men, bright Hope, has faded. Life-long prisoners have there sobbed themselves to sleep in their hopeless captivity. Condemned criminals have counted within those gloomy walls the few quickly flying hours, that still intervened between life, with all its throbbing activity, and a shameful death.

Sad, however, as are the records of this dismal place, a great thinker of our time, Thomas Carlyle, has likened to them the biographies of authors.

"Nothing," says he, in his preface to a work on Schiller, "but the Newgate Calendar is sadder than the history of authors."

While the fate of Burns, and many another ill-starred genius, prominently attest the truth of this statement, pre-eminently does that of Edgar Allan Poe, whose life was a tragedy, from the rising of the curtain on an orphaned outcast to its falling on that pitiable *denouement* in the gutters of Baltimore.

It is of this culminating catastrophe to a most unhappy life, of which I propose now to speak, feeling that to it are especially applicable the lines of the "cunning Wizard of the North:"

"By many a death-bed I have been,
And many a sinner's parting seen,
But never aught like this."

On the 6th of October, 1849, the unfortunate poet left Richmond for the North, for the purpose of bringing his foster-mother to his approaching wedding with Mrs. Shelton. Brighter days seemed in store for him. The marriage with Mrs. Shelton was likely to prove a most desirable union; while his abstinence from the fatal cup, for some years past, was an earnest of future sobriety.

"But, who can control his fate?"

At Baltimore he unfortunately met with some so-called friends, who, in accordance with the unfortunate drinking custom of our country, invited him to take a social glass. Ah! if he could have seen the lurking demon in that glass, which "at the last bit him like a serpent and stung him like an adder," he would have dashed it into a thousand fragments at his feet, rather than have tasted a drop thereof. But, in accordance perhaps with that "destiny, which shapes our ends, rough hew them as we may," Poe drank, with the invariable result to his excessively sensitive organization of total stupefaction. At Havre de Grace the car conductor found him lying unconscious on his seat. Recognizing the eminent poet, and knowing that he had relatives in Baltimore, the humane man sent him back on a passing train.

From the time when he arrived in Baltimore to the following morning, when he was found lying in the street insensible, the greatest uncertainty exists as to his movements. It was the eve of an exciting municipal election; and, according to some, he was found wandering deranged through the streets by a crowd of political ruffians, who inhumanely took him and locked him up in the party headquarters, for use on the following day. At its dawn, these despicable wretches, who would verily seem to be.

"Neither man nor woman,
Neither beast nor human,
But ghoul!"

drugged him with opiates and dragged him from poll to poll, forcing him to vote the ballot which they thrust into his hand. Then, having accomplished their inhuman purposes, they left him in the gutter to die.

According to others, and both accounts seem to be well attested, after leaving the cars he wavered through the streets. As evening approached, an unkind fate drove him into the lower quarters of Baltimore, where he was forced into a vile den, by a crowd of L'assomoir rowdies—drugged, robbed, and stripped of his apparel—and then, clad in some filthy rags, thrust forth into the streets, along which he helplessly staggered, until finally he stumbled over some obstacle that lay in his path and fell insensible to the pavement.

Whichever of these accounts may be true, and we may readily believe both, for there is nothing incongruous between them, certain it is that no tongue can tell the sufferings and cruel agonies which the hapless poet suffered. It was the effects of these, as well as the exposure to the cutting October air, and the drugs and opiates that were administered to him, that killed Edgar Allan Poe, and robbed us of one of the brightest geniuses that ever illumined the world of letters.

When, therefore, his biographical enemies—far worse than even the despicable L'assomoir ruffians who murdered him—assert that he died of intoxication, they assert, knowingly, an outrageous falsehood! Nothing is more contrary to the facts. Were we to need any other proof than that adduced from the attending circumstances, the positive statements of his physicians, Dr. Moran and Professor Monkur, who both affirm that he died of ill-usage and exposure, should be conclusive to every reasonable mind.

From the early dawn of that cutting October day, to ten o'clock a. m., Poe lay in the streets insensible. Hundreds must have passed him, and never raised a hand to help the unfortunate man. Truly this was a modern rendering of the beautiful parable of the Master, and shows that human nature is much the same, in the broad light of the nineteenth century, as it was nine hundred and ninety-nine years ago, when that other man "went down from Jerusalem to Jerico, and fell among thieves, which stripped him of his raiment, and wounded him, and departed, leaving him half dead." Verily, on that keen October morning, of the year 1849, there were many modern priests and Levites who "passed by on the other side;" but, thank God, and to the credit of our human nature, there was likewise a good Samaritan, an unknown gentleman, who, recognizing the eminent poet, secured a hack and drove him to the Washington Hospital.

Here he was carefully cared for. In about an hour he regained his consciousness, and feebly asked:

"Where am I?"

Dr. Moran sat down beside him, stroked the dark, raven curls from his forehead, and asked him how he felt?

"Miserable!" was the sad reply.

Then a little later, he continued:

"You are very kind, doctor; where am I?"

"You are in the care of friends."

To this Poe replied, sadly and bitterly:

"My best friend would be the man who would blow my brains out"

Dr. Moran told him to be quite and not to excite himself.

"Oh! wretch that I am!" cried he, in despair. "Oh, God! the terrible strait I am in! Is there no ransom for the deathless spirit?"

With the belief it would soothe him, Dr. Moran asked him if he would have a glass of wine?

"He opened wide his large eyes," says the doctor, in his official memoranda, "and fixed them so steadily upon me, and with such anguish in them, that I looked from him to the wall beyond the bed. Then he said:

"Sir, if its potency would transport me to the Elysian bowers of the undiscovered spirit-world, I would not taste it! Of its horrors, who can tell?"

Then a little later, he continued, in heart-rending tones:

"Doctor, am I ill. Is there no hope?"

Alas! the seal of death, was already on his brow. The doctor could only reply :

"The chances are against you."

"How long, oh! how long," said he, thinking of his dead wife, "before I see my dear Virginia? My dear Lenore? I would like to see my love—my dear love!"

And thus he continued, with language widely poetical in its character, and tragically sad in its awful despair.

Verily, that poetry, which as he once said was "with him a *passion*, not a *purpose*," proved his "ruling passion strong in death."

Under the effects of his exposure and humiliation, this ill-starred genius sank rapidly. He gave the friends, that surrounded his bedside the addresses of his relatives, with the request that they might be notified of his death. So doing, and without a further struggle, he resigned himself to that current of death that was swiftly bearing him out to the ocean of eternity.

He sank into a period of unconsciousness, but was revived by a glass of beef tea. He then tried to articulate something; and, as the doctor bent over him, he feebly said :

"Doctor, it is all over! Write, 'Eddie is no more.'"

"Mr. Poe," said the doctor, "permit me to say that you are near your end. Have you any wish or word for friends?"

"The unhappy man raised his fading eyes, and briefly said : "Nevermore!"

Oh! strange eventuality of fate! that

"The dirges of his hope that melancholy burden bore

Of never—nevermore!"

With a bitter sense of his humiliation, with a deep contrition for his past excesses, which were terribly exaggerated in his dying eyes by their frightful culmination, poor Poe had no hope for the illimitable future.

When Doctor Moran said to him : "Look to your Saviour, there is mercy for you and for all mankind; God is love!" he rejoined, with despairing energy :

"The arched heavens encompass me, and God has his decrees written on the forefront of every human being and demons incarnate : their goal will be the seething waves of black despair!"

"Hope, and trust Him!"

To this the only reply was some incoherent mutterings, whose meaning will never be rightly understood. Finally he said, and these were the last words that passed his lips :

"Rest—shore—no more!"

Soon after this, shortly after midnight, on the 7th of October, 1849, with a convulsive movement of the arm and a gentle sigh, all that was immortal of the sufferer, burst the bars of this earthly prison and winged its eternal flight; and thus perished, in the forty-first year of his age, and the zenith of his genius, Edgar Allan Poe.

Death, though it come under the brightest auspices, softened by the blessed hope of immortality, is, at best, stern, hard, inexorable. To the tragic horror of this death, the annals of biography can scarcely furnish a parallel. Such a death, so undeserved and so tragic, should awaken for Poe the pitying sympathy of posterity.

In a corner of the Westminster churchyard, in Baltimore, happily reposes all that is mortal of the author of "The Raven" and "The Bells." To it and to him we think no other epitaph so fitting as the exquisite lines from Gray's elegy :

"Here rests his head upon a lap of earth,
A youth to fortune and to fame well known;
Fair science frowned not on his humble birth
And melancholy marked him for her own.

"Large was his bounty and his soul sincere;
Heaven did a recompense as largely send;
He gave to misery (all he had) a tear;
He gained from Heaven ('twas all he wished) a friend.

No further seek his merits to disclose,
Nor draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose),
The bosom of his Father and his God."

James M. Beck, in the *Oriental Casket*.

SELECTED.

"Stippin' only what is sweet:
Leave the chaff and take the wheat."

The Mother's Prayer.

Hark! hark! the mother prayeth
In tender pleadings low;
Low bowed her head in meekness,
And fast the tear-drops flow.
Tread lightly as we enter,
For all is sacred there;
The angels bright are waiting
To Heaven the mother's prayer.

Soft, like pure cooling water
Upon the fevered brow;
Sweet, like its gentle ripples,
It stealth o'er me now.
Like the flower's dewy breath,
On wings of new-born air,
It fills my soul with fragrance—
That mother's holy prayer.

Time hath twined his silver threads,
'Mid locks of raven hue,
Bowed the sprightly form of youth,
Yet not her spirit true.
But as time and grief wore on,
And traced the lines of care,
E'er, in low sweet tones, was heard
The mother's holy prayer.

She prays for him, the father,
The shepherd of the fold,
That he may find that pure gem—
More precious far than gold,
And oh, her child! the erring,
Oh, would that he were there!
His heart, though stone, would soften
To hear that mother's prayer.

O pilgrim, on time's highway,
Recall the fleeting years
When knelt you by her joyous,
And kissed away her tears.
And e'er when clouds of sorrow
O'er shade life's pathway fair,
Oh trust in God! He for thee
Will hear the mother's prayer.

Is Mars Inhabited?

There is no other place in the solar system, says a scientific paper, which offers so close an analogy to the earth as the planet Mars. The telescope reveals to us broad tracts of lands, and expanses of sea upon his surface. The durations of his day and night almost coincide with our own. His exterior experiences the alternating changes of the seasons. His nights are illumined by two satellites which present all the phenomena of our own moon, and oftener, owing to their greater velocity. An atmosphere probably surrounds this planet; in fact the existence of one is indispensable to his own features. Hence, the inference that Mars is a habitable globe appears a very obvious and fair conclusion, and it would be inconsistent to imagine that the planet, provided apparently with all the requisites to render life a necessary and desirable feature of his surface, is a sphere of desolation, a mass of inert matter, which, though conforming to the laws of gravitation, is otherwise serving no useful end as the abode and sustenance of animated creatures. It is fair in accord with analogy and rational speculation to conclude that Mars is the centre of life and activity, and that his surface is teeming with living beings.

It has been clearly established by the evidence presented at London police courts that the "penny dreadfuls," or cheap novelettes, of which boy-highwaymen are the heroes, have produced an abundant crop of young thieves, who have only imitated the adventures described with devilish ingenuity by the romance writers.

A Midnight Call.

Last Summer I lived on the outskirts of the town, where I could keep chickens and not have them roosting in the bedroom window of my next door neighbor. Therefore I kept them—not for profit—but for the pleasure of having my garden seeds scratched up every morning before sunrise: it was good exercise to plant them over every day, you know.

One night, about half-past eleven o'clock, I was gently aroused from my peaceful slumbers, by the blunt end of Mrs. Acker's left elbow seeking for my short ribs, with her mellifluous voice sounding in my ear:

"Wake up! Wake up! Some one is stealing our chickens!"

I slid out upon the floor in the dark, and reached for my clothing. In my haste I hopped and floundered around, like a shark on dry land, upsetting the wash-pitcher and bowl—one taking a carrom on my best corn, and the other dropping, gracefully upon the top of my boot, making a trout-pond of the interior. After tumbling over a chair, wash-stand, towel-rack, etc., I sat down on the floor—not through any desire of my own—but because of the tangled condition of my wearing gear and legs. Soon, however, I had myself in condition to sally forth—minus boots—accompanied by my shot-gun.

The night was darker than the mind of the benighted heathen, and I groped my way along as quietly as possible, hoping to surprise the stealer of fowls.

All of a sudden I stretched myself at full length upon the ground, and began to murmur, soft and low, a little article of prose, which arises irresistibly to my mind at times. While repeating the words, I took my left foot in both hands, and detached a piece of glass from the heel of my stocking.

Mrs. Acker came rushing out, and began to urge some one not to kill me, but take the chickens in welcome. So much interested was I, in repeating the little story, that I may have been somewhat abrupt in my remarks to her—for she closed the door with a bang, after saying:

"I don't care if you do get murdered! and the chickens stolen, too! So there!"

This reply arousing my ire, I sprang up and rushed in the direction of the hen-house, urged on by the loud clamor of the hen community.

In my hurried progress I encountered the dog-kennel, upset it, and sought the bosom of mother earth; sprang up again, with the dog fastened to my trousers; tried to coax him into the belief that I was his master, by persuasively using the butt end of my gun; succeeded in tearing loose after he had gone the length of his chain, and finally reached the door of the hen-house.

I cocked my gun, opened the door, and, in my most commanding tone, ordered the thief to come out and be shot.

I received no reply, save a monotonous "squawk! squawk! squawk!"

I became bold, stepped inside the door, closed it, and determined to have revenge for my mishaps.

I struck a match, and saw—the old rooster dangling, head downward, from the perch, having slipped his foot through a small knot-hole, lost his balance in his struggles, and now being unable to extricate himself.

I returned to the house repeating my little prose lesson, put a court plaster on my heel, and retired.

In the morning I serenely watched Mrs. Acker obliterate Towser's trade mark from my pantaloons.—*N. Y. Acker.*

Wedding Anniversaries.

For the benefit of a large number of lady friends we publish a list of wedding anniversaries:

First anniversary.....	Iron
Second.....	Paper
Fifth.....	Wooden
Tenth.....	Tin
Fifteenth.....	Crystal
Twentieth.....	China
Twenty-fifth.....	Silver
Thirtieth.....	Cotton
Thirty-fifth.....	Linen
Fortieth.....	Wollen
Forty-fifth.....	Silk
Fiftieth.....	Golden
Seventy-fifth.....	Diamond

Weaving The Web.

"This morn I will weave my web," she said
As she stood by her loom in the rosy light,
And her young eyes, hopefully glad and clear,
Followed after the swallow's flight.

"As soon as the day's first tasks are done,
While yet I am fresh and strong," said she,
"I will hasten to weave the beautiful web
Whose pattern is known to none but me!"

"I will weave it fine, I will weave it fair,
And ah! how the colors will glow!" she said;
"So fadeless and strong will I weave my web
That perhaps it will live after I am dead."
But the morning hours sped on apace,
The air grew sweet with the breath of June;
And young Love hid by the waiting loom,
Tangling the threads as he hummed a tune.

"Ah! life is so rich and full," she cried,
"And morn is short, though the days are long
This noon I will weave my beautiful web,
I will weave it carefully fine and strong."
But the sun rose high in the cloudless sky;
The burden and heat of the day she bore;
And hither and thither she came and went,
While the loom stood still as it stood before.

"Ah life is too busy at noon," she said;
"My web must wait till the eventide,
Till the common work of the day is done,
And my heart grows calm in the silence wide!"
So, one by one, the hours passed on,
Till the creeping shadows had longer grown;
Till the house was still, and the breezes slept,
And the singing birds to their nests had flown.

"And now I will weave my web," she said
As she turned to her loom ere set of sun,
And laid her hand on the shining threads
To set them in order, one by one.
But hand was tired, and heart was weak;
"I am not as strong as I was," sighed she,
"And the pattern is blurred, and the colors rare
Are not so bright, or so fair to see!"

"I must wait, I think, till another morn;
I must go to my rest with my work undone.
It is growing too dark to weave!" she cried,
As lower and lower sank the sun.
She dropped the shuttle; the loom stood still;
The weaver slept in the twilight gray.
Dear heart! Will she weave her beautiful web
In the golden light of a longer day?

—*Julia C. Dorr.*

Stout Men of Genius.

Ought a man of genius to be fat or lean? The latter, if the proverbs are to be credited, which assert that the blade uses the scabbard, and that the mind breaks the body. A philosopher remarks that men of genius had a yellowish and parchment look formerly, because they, being underpaid, were consequently underfed. That type has disappeared as effectually as the race of King Charles' dogs or the dodo. No "litterateur" of the nineteenth century wears shoes without soles, none resemble Scudery, who flavored his crust with a morsel of bacon prigged from a mousetrap. Balzac was so stout that it was a day's exercise to walk round him; the Riot Act could not disperse him, and he was encircled with bandages, as if a hoghead. Rossini was a veritable Jumbo, since six years he never saw his knees; ordinarily he was called by the small boys hippopotamus in pantaloons. Jules Janin, the prince of critics, broke every sofa he sat upon; his chin and his cheeks protruded beyond his beard and his whiskers. Lablanche was charged three fares wherever he travelled, and it was in a horse-box, elegantly fitted up with all the comforts of a home, plus an opening outside, that he voyaged before his death; when he appeared on the stage the wags swore the latter had to be specially propped up, just as is the case when elephants don the sock and buskin. Dumas

pere never was stouter than a drum-major; Sainte-Beuve regarded his grinning Falstaffian stomach as his greatest misery in life. Eugene Sue, like Byron, dreaded getting fat, and indulged also in vinegar and lemons, as the pre-Bantam cure. Modern men of genius are great trencher men; Hugo mixes fish, flesh, vegetables, sweets, etc., upon his plate, and devotes an hour to excavating his tunnel through the "olla podrida;" *Dumas pere* ate three rumpsteaks, but then he said that was from foresight, as he could never count upon the next day for a meal; Rossini devoured as much macaroni as would give indigestion to ten lazzarones; he preferred the rattle of a "batterie de cuisine" to the finest orchestra. The lean men of genius do not count such as Lamartine, De Musset, etc., their bones pierced their skin, and did not at all flatter the French goddess Glory. Besides, such celebrities belong to the schools of "Sorrows of Werther," and the "Nouvelle Holoise." They thought too much and never laughed.—*Paris Correspondent of Belgian News.*

The Fall.

Here is a boy's composition on fall: This is fall, because it falls on this season of the year. Leaves fall, too, as well as thermometers and the price of straw hats. Old toppers, who sign the pledge in summer, are liable to fall when fall cider-making opens, for straws show which way the cider goes. Husking corn is one of the pleasures of fall, but pleasure isn't good for boys, I don't think. Old men want a little fun; let them husk. A husky old man can go through a good deal of corn sometimes. Digging taters is another of our fall amusements. The way I like to dig taters is to wait until they are baked nicely, and then dig them out of their skins. Most winter schools open in the fall. The best winter school I went to didn't open until spring, and the first day it opened the teacher took sick, and the school house was locked up for the season. Once in a while we have a very severe fall, but nothing like the fall of Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden. Summer is misnamed. It should be called pride, for doesn't pride go before a fall?

Men At Church Fairs.

The lords of creation make the appropriations and run the church. But wait till the interest day comes, or the old church needs a new roof, or the steeple blows down, or the furnace-flues need treatment, and see how they come purring around the ladies, gently hinting, "Hadn't we better have a fair?" And how they promise! They would put to shame an insurance-agent. O, yes they will attend to every-thing; fix up the tables, twine the decorations, get the tickets printed. But, come to the pinch, the lazy fellows can't be coaxed to even bring sawdust to stuff a pin-cushion. Men attend to fairs! Pshaw! Why, they won't come to a sewing-circle, unless it is to eat up the refreshments. They turn up their noses if you ask them to do so simple a thing as to take a day from business to match a shade of worsted, when they know that the sofa-pillow for the fancy-table is unfinished; and so far as tending tables is concerned, they are always nibbling the high-priced caramels, giving over-weight to the young ladies, don't know a pillow sham from a slipper-case, and are not competent to superintend a grab-bag.—*Chapin Home Advocate.*

A Good Sermon.

"That was a good sermon, was it not that we heard last Sunday."

"True, for you, yer honor an illigant one! It done me a power of good, intirely."

"I'm glad of that, Can you tell me what particularly struck you? What was it about?"

"Sorra a bit of me knows what it was about at all."

"And yet you say it did you a power of good."

"So it did, sir; I'll stick to that."

"I don't see how."

"Well, now yer honor, look here. There is my shirt that the wife is often washing; and clean and white it is, by reason of all the water and soap, and starch that is gone through it. But not a drop of 'em all—water or soap, or starch, or blue, has stayed in, d'ye see? And that's just the same with me and that sermon. It's run through me, yer honor, an' it's dried out of me; but all the same, just like my Sunday shirt, I'm the better and the cleaner after it."

Love.

BY EDGAR M. CHIPMAN.

The heart condemned to sigh in vain
For human love and sympathy,
Has reached the depths of mortal pain,
And drained the cup of misery.
No life can be more desolate,
Or woesome, wretched, or forlorn;
No other has such bitter cause
To curse the day when it was born.

The heart will fly for sympathy
E'en to the meanest loving thing;
And happier far, the slave beloved,
Than is the loathed and hated king!
We strive to win each other's love;
The heart craves love, as flowers the dew;
When dew drops fall, the flower dies;
If love prove false, hearts wither too!

Love draws the monarch from his throne,
And lifts the peasant to his place;
Has conquered worlds, and lost them, too
And blessed and cursed the human race.
It wins the scholar from his book,
The miser from his hoarded gold;
Is never forced, but comes unsought;
Is always given—never sold.

Our lives were aimless, useless, void,
Were there no love to lure us on;
Like shipwrecked mariners, we leave
A heaven of stars, to follow one!
It is by words, and looks, and smiles
Love prompted, and so freely given,
Our world is made most beautiful,
The bright epitome of Heaven!

A Queer Story.

Charles Fox told us of an American friend who once felt a concern to get somewhere, he did not know where. He ordered his gig, his servant asking where he was to drive. "Up and down the road," said the master. At last they met a funeral. "Follow this funeral," said the master. They followed in the procession until they came to the churchyard. While the service was being performed the friend sat in the gig; at its conclusion he walked to the grave, and exclaimed solemnly: "The person now buried is innocent of the crime laid to her charge," and then returned to his gig. An elderly gentleman in deep mourning came up to him in great agitation and said: "Sir, what you have said surprises me very much." "I can't help it; I can't help it," replied the other; "I only said what I was obliged to say." "Well," said the mourner, "the person just buried is my wife, who for some years had lain under the suspicion of infidelity to me. No one else knew of it, and on her death-bed she again protested her innocence, and said that if I would believe her then, a witness to it would be raised up even at her grave-side."—*Memories of Old Friends—Caroline Fox.*

A SENSIBLE LAWYER.—Some time ago a man went into a Baltimore lawyer's office in a state of great excitement and asked him to commence proceedings for a divorce. Mr. Dobbin heard him through, and then said, "I think I have something that will exactly suit your case; sit still and I will read it to you." The man remained seated, all ears, supposing he was to listen to Blackstone or Kent, when Mr. Dobbin began to read "Betsey and I are Out." By the time he had ended the man's eyes were full of tears. "I believe I will go home," he said. And he and his wife have lived happily ever since.

The fact comes out in an investigation of the State Agricultural College of Pennsylvania that the ways of the students are wonderfully free and easy. Witnesses swear that boys of ten and twelve drink and smoke; that "some little fellows had pipes in their mouths all day long, and would frequently swagger into the class room in a state of intoxication;" that the fumes of rum and tobacco were strong in the hall, and that one lad had an attack of delirium tremens.

CURIOUS AND SCIENTIFIC.

Printers' Errors.

In reading the daily newspapers one sometimes meets with most ludicrous errors, which are clearly the fault of the printer rather than the author. The small papers published at some of our offices often contain very many such mistakes in a single number. But even our first-class periodicals are sometimes in fault.

At the time of the Crimean War it was one day announced by a leading paper that in a recent attack the enemy had been 'repulsed with great laughter.' Obviously, it should have stood 'great slaughter.' The omission of a single letter makes a great difference. This was very clear when another paper announced that a certain officer had been found dead on the field of battle with a long word in his mouth. The 'word' must have been a 'sword.' A pick-pocket, who had robbed a lady in an omnibus, was stated by the constable who captured him to have had (according to one newspaper) 'a small oz in his waistcoat pocket.' But it must surely have been a 'box.' A sportsman was said to have shot fifty *peasants* in a certain wood, when he had only been bagging pheasants. The agony of writers must sometimes be great on seeing the printer's handiwork. To find 'freshly-blown roses' converted into 'fleshy-brown noses,' and that 'in some parts of France the people collect and eat snails' reads 'collect and eat *nails*,' must be very trying. But such things do happen.—A. R. H.

Paper Plates.

The latest application of paper is said to be the adoption of plates by some of the great restaurants, and *cafes* in Berlin. The innovation was first introduced during the summer of last year by the enterprising landlord of a much-frequented open-air restaurant. Every customer who ordered bread and butter, rolls, cakes, buns, or similar articles, had them served to him upon a little paper plate, made of light papier-mache, adorned with a pretty border in relief, and having at the first glance a great similarity to porcelain. Guests, waiters, and host were pleased with the novelty; it saved the waiters many a deduction from their wages on account of breakages, which the deftest and cleverest can scarcely avoid when he handles hundreds of pieces of crockery during a single afternoon and evening. The paper plates were so cheap that the landlord did not care to assert his ownership over them, and his customers were allowed to carry them away, like the pretty serviettes of thin paper used in so many restaurants in Holland.

Writing with Lemon-juice.

Father John Gerard, of the Society of Jesus, who was confined and cruelly tortured in the Tower of London at the end, of Queen Elizabeth's reign, was in the habit of writing letters in orange or lemon juice to his friends. The manner in which he thus baffled the vigilance of his jailers is described in detail in his highly interesting autobiography, published a few years ago by the Rev. Father John Morris. Father Gerard says:

"Now lemon-juice has this property, that what is written in it can be read in water quite as well as by fire, and when the paper is dried the writing disappears again till it is steeped afresh, or again held to the fire. But anything written with orange-juice is at once washed out by water and cannot be read at all in that way; and if held to the fire, though the characters are thus made to appear, they will not disappear; so that a letter of this sort, once read, can never be delivered to any one as if it had not been read. The party will see at once that it has been read, and will certainly refuse and disown it if should contain anything dangerous."

One result of Father Gerard's orange-juice correspondence was that, with the aid of zealous friends outside, he effected his escape from the Tower in 1597. The last ten years of his life were spent in the English College at Rome, where he closed a long, arduous, and meritorious career on July 27, 1630, aged seventy-three.—*The Budget*.

A company can be amused by the balancing of an egg on its end. To do this simply break the yolk by shaking the egg, and a steady hand is required.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

To be young is to be one of the immortals.—HAZLITT.

OUR PUZZLE PRIZE.

More interest than ever has been shown this month by our young friends, and the competition was close indeed. Several have answered all the puzzles correctly, but some have been somewhat careless about the form and general appearance of their letters, which, together with correct spelling, was all that we could award the prize for. Hartley J. Doane, Thornton, has been successful and deserves credit for excellence in literary style.

A prize of a beautifully bound story book, full of interest, will be given for the best set of answers to this month's puzzles, and a similar prize will be given to every boy and girl who sends us three new subscribers with \$1.50.

All letters must be in before the 8th of August.

Correct answers have been received from

- Laura Tretheway, Stratford.
- Richard L. Eedy, London.
- C. M. Stewart, St. Catharines.
- Constance H. Stiff, Hamilton.
- Mary Sheppard, Berlin.
- W. Cunningham, London East.
- John E. Gow, Windsor.
- H. L. Johnson, Toronto.
- Maggie Hewitt, Kippen.
- "Bertie," Brooklyn, N.Y.
- James A. Wilson, Walkerton.
- Henry Edmunds, Montreal.
- Bertha Miller, Windsor.
- George H., Toronto.
- S. Morton, Kars.
- W. Wilson, Ottawa.

Charles Walton, Hamilton, and another correspondent, who forgot either to date his letter or sign his name.

JULY PUZZLES.

I.

DECAPITATIONS.

I

Whole I mean to begin; behead me I mean acid; behead again and I show men's designs.

II

I am to be found in the dairy; behead me and I am a parcel of paper; transpose and I am an animal; behead now and I am part of the verb to be.

2.

REBUS.

M
E

3.

EASY SQUARE WORDS.

I

- To strike.
- Wrath.
- A number.
- II
- A quarrel.
- A product of mines.
- Not dry.

4

Two drovers, A and B, were going to market with sheep. A said to B, give me one of your sheep and I will have three times as many as you have. But B says no; you give me one and we will be even. How many had each? R. L. Eedy.

ANSWERS TO JUNE PUZZLES

- 1. Square Word:— D O M E
O M E N
M E N D
E N D S

2. Riddle:—Jonah.

3. Enigma:—Condense.

- 4. Easy square Words:— I
L O G
O R E
G E T
II
M A N
A L E
N E T

Always Learning.

Waste not your precious hours in play—
Nou. ht can recall life's morning;
The seeds now sown will cheer your way;
'The Wise' are always learning.

Nor think, when all school days are o'er,
You've bid adieu to learning;
Life's deepest lessons are in store;
'The Meek' are always learning.

When, strong in hope, you first launch forth,
A name intent on earning,
Scorn not the voice of age and worth;
'The Great' are always learning.

When, right and wrong within you strive,
And passions fierce are burning
Oh, then you'll know how, while they live,
'The Good' are always learning.

A Grateful Cat.

I was once on a visit to a friend in the country, who had a favorite cat and dog, which lived together on the best possible terms, eating from the same plate, and sleeping on the same rug. Puss had a young family, and Pincher was in the habit of making a daily visit to the kittens, whose nursery was at the top of the house. One morning there was a tremendous storm of thunder and lightning. Pincher was in the drawing-room, and puss was attending to her family in the garret. Pincher seemed annoyed by the vivid flashes of lightning; and, just as he had crept nearer to my feet, some one entered the room, followed by puss, who walked in with a disturbed air, and mewing with all her might. She came to Pincher, rubbed her face against his cheek, touched him gently with her paw, walked to the door, stopped, looked back, and mewed—all of which said, as plainly as words could have done, 'Come with me, Pincher,' but the dog was too much alarmed himself to give any consolation to her, and took no notice of the invitation.

The cat then returned, and renewed her application with increased energy; but the dog was immovable, though it was evident that he understood her meaning, for he turned away his head with a half-conscious look, and crept closer to me, and puss soon left the room. Not long after this the mewing became so piteous that I could no longer resist going to see what was the matter. I met the cat at the top of the stairs, close by the door of my chamber. She ran to me, rubbed herself against me, and then went into the room, and crept under the wardrobe. I then heard two voices, and discovered that she had brought down one of her kittens, and lodged it there for safety, but her fears and cares being so divided between the kitten above and this little one below, I suppose she wanted Pincher to watch by this one while she went for the other, for, having confided it to my protection, she hastened upstairs. Not, however, wishing to have charge of the young family, I followed her up, taking the kitten with me, placed it beside her, and moved the little bed farther from the window, through which the lightning flashed so vividly as to alarm poor puss for the safety of her progeny. I then remained in the garret till the storm had passed away.

On the following morning, much to my surprise, I found puss waiting for me at the door of my apartment. She accompanied me down to breakfast, sat by me, and caressed me in every possible way. She had always been in the habit of going down to breakfast with the lady of the house; but on this morning she had resisted all her coaxing to leave my door, and would not move a step till I had made my appearance. She had never done this before, and never did it again. She had shown her gratitude to me for the care of her little ones, and her duty was done.

About Saving.

Children who have a little money ought to practise saving something. Many boys of to-day hardly know a higher use for any money that comes into their hands than spending it for some foolish thing as quickly as possible. To such, a lesson of self-denial and economy is important. As go the

boy's pennies and dimes, so, very likely, will go the man's dollars and hundreds, by and by. Without having the spirit of a miser, the person accustomed to save has more pleasure in laying up than the spendthrift ever knows.

The way to keep money is to earn it fairly and honestly. Money so obtained is pretty certain to abide with its possessor. But money that is inherited, or that in any way comes in without a fair and just equivalent, is almost certain to go as it came. The young man who begins by saving a few dollars a month, and thriftily increases his store—every coin being a representative of solid work, honestly and manfully done—stands a better chance to spend the last days of his life in affluence than he who, in his haste to become rich, obtains money by dashing speculations by the devious means which abound in the foggy regions which lie between fair dealing and fraud. Let the young make a note of this.

Bruno.

He was only a little lad,
Barefoot and brown,
With large eyes wistful and sad,
And dark hair waving down.
Over the vine-clad hills,
From the golden Tuscan land,
By olive groves, and by singing rills,
With a lute in his little hand.
He sang; but his heart was sad
At the heedless, hurrying town;
He was only a little lad,
Barefoot and brown!

There were tears in his little voice,
He sang and played.
No mother had ever heard
The sad sweet songs he made.
But only in dreams to him,
On the vine-clad hills, she sang,
And ever sweetest when day grew dim,
And the bells at vesper rang.
None knew the dreams he had,
In the friendless, pitiless town;
He was only a little lad,
Barefoot and brown!

F. E. Weatherly.

The Secret of Genius.

"They talk," said Tom Marshall, of Pennsylvania, the brilliant lawyer and orator, "of my astonishing bursts of eloquence, and doubtless imagine it is my genius bubbling over. It is nothing of the sort. I'll tell you how I do it. I select a subject and study it from the ground up. When I master it fully I write a speech on it. Then I take a walk and come back and revise and correct. In a few days I subject it to another pruning and then recopy it. Next I add the finishing touches, round it off with graceful periods, and commit it to memory. Then I speak it in the field, on my father's lawn and before my mirror, until gesture and delivery are perfect. It sometimes takes me six weeks or two months to get up a speech. When I have one prepared I come to town. I generally select my own subject. I speak my piece. It astonishes the people, as I intend it shall, and they go away marvelling at my power of oratory. They call it genius, but it is the hardest kind of work."

The finer the nature, the more flaws will it show through the clearness of it. The best things are seldomest seen in their best form. The wild grass grows well and strongly one year with another; but the wheat is, by reason of its greater nobleness, liable to a bitter blight.—*Ruskin*.

The actions of the boy or girl show what the actions of the man or woman will be and no matter what age a person is they should try to improve on their habits and by continually weeding out bad traits they may look forward to a time when their lives will be a clear field for the enjoyment of such luxuries of manhood or womanhood as only pure, moral development can cause them to appreciate.