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JULY, 1891.

VOL. V.

NO. 1.

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HEALTH AND CHOICE LITERATURE
 A JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTIONS AND AMUSEMENT
 PUBLISHED BY EDWARD DESJARDINS, LONDON

VOL. V.

LONDON, ONT., JULY, 1881.

NO. 1.

Light Through Clouds.

Because I hold it sinful to despond,
 And will not let the bitterness of life
 Blind me with burning tears, but look beyond
 Its tumult and its strife;—

Because I lift my head above the mist,—
 Where the sun shines and the broad breezes blow,
 By every ray and every raindrop kissed,
 That God's love doth bestow;—

Think you I find no bitterness at all,
 No burden to be borne, like Christian's pack?
 Think you there are no ready tears to fall,
 Because I keep them back?

Why should I hug life's ills with cold reserve,
 To curse myself and all who love me? Nay!
 A thousand times more good than I deserve,
 God gives me every day.

And in each one of these rebellious tears
 Kept bravely back, he makes a rainbow shine;
 Grateful I take his slightest gift; no fears
 Nor any doubts are mine.

Dark skies must clear, and when the clouds are past,
 One golden day redeems a weary year;
 Patient I listen, sure that sweet at last
 Will sound His voice of cheer.

Written for the Family Circle.

MOLLIE'S TRUST.

By Elspeth Craig.

(Continued).

CHAPTER XVII.

AUNT AND NEPH W.

It was about a week later, just the day following that on which Lesley had departed for Buxley under the care of the faithful Christie, who was to remain that night at her parents' house returning home on the next evening; that Mollie came in weary and a little despondent from her teaching. Her pupils that afternoon had been stupid and obstinate in the extreme and she, with an aching head and weary limbs had perhaps not been as patient and sweet-tempered as usual, and so, things had gone wrong; as things very frequently do in this contrary world, and now she was returning home with a nagging headache and a vague dissatisfied feeling with herself in particular and all the world in general. And is it not often thus with the best of us? the calmest, sereneest, sweetest-tempered of us are seized with unaccount-

able fits of irritability and ill-humor with everyone and everything around us; we wrinkle up our foreheads and look about us with gloomy eyes that refuse to see the beauty or brightness of anything, we go about our work without speaking except when necessity compels and then we either snap out our words as though they were fire-crackers or drag them forth in an intensely aggravating drawl that causes the fingers of our listeners to itch with the longing to box us on the ears. But thank Heaven! these fits never last long, they vanish we scarcely know how or when; we only know that they are gone because we feel the difference. In speaking of this subject, a well known writer says,—“ You cannot for the life of you, understand the depression with which your spirit is at times overcast. You may ascribe it to the weather or to some familiar physiological cause; but the true origin of it belongs to our immortal being, and like it baffles comprehension.” But this is a digression for which I must beg the reader's pardon.

When Mollie opened the parlor door and entered, a little curly brown head suddenly popped up from the hearth rug and Bertie's voice cried out cheerily:

“ Why Auntie! you are home rather early to-day, it is only twenty minutes past three, and generally you are not home till five on Fridays.”

“ Yes, I had such a dreadful headache to-day that I excused myself from two pupils; you have not been in very long have you dear?”

“ Oh no! I just got in from school a few minutes ago.”

“ Why are you not away playing out of doors with some of your friends, dear? I am afraid you stay too much in the house with your books.”

“ Ah well auntie! let me stay in with you this afternoon it is so seldom we have a cozy afternoon alone, just you and I together; you go up and take off your hat and jacket and I will make the fire burn brighter and draw the sofa close to the hearth then you shall lie down and I will sit beside you and we will have a nice little talk, or if your head aches too much for that you shall go to sleep and I'll lie on the rug and read to myself.”

“ Very well, my dear boy it shall be as you please,” answered his aunt with a half smile, for she could never be anything but gentle with this boy, who was always so patient and mild himself. When she had left the room, he bestirred himself to make it “ all cozy ” to quote his own words. He heaped more coals on the fire, for it was a cold day, swept the grate bright and clean, then drawing the lounge near the hearth, he shook and arranged the pillows with deft fingers; when he had finished he surveyed his arrangements with a satisfied smile and dropping down on the rug, where the gray cat had already unconcerned herself, he confided to that intelligent animal that it was tip-top, which puss acknowledged by purring louder and blinking her eyes. Bertie then propped his head upon his hands and commenced to read again while he waited for his aunt to reappear. He jumped up when she came in and motioned to her that she was to lie down on the sofa.

"Now isn't it all nice and cozy and bright in here Aunt Mollie?" he asked.

"Yes indeed, and my boy's face is the brightest of all," she replied, laying her hand fondly on his thick, soft curls.

"But I have such a lot of mending to do," she said with a slightly deprecating air and a longing look at the comfortable lounge and soft cushions which would be so grateful to her aching head and tired body.

"Oh! never mind the mending to-day auntie," exclaimed Bertie with true boyish improvidence. "It would make your headache worse to bend over your work, and see I've fixed everything for you." His pleading was irresistible and the vision of a heaping basket of unattended garments vanished at once, as she laid herself down with a sigh of content and Bertie sat beside her on the rug with one elbow resting upon the sofa and his book open on his knee. They were both silent for a few moments and then the boy said slowly and with the manner of one who was relieving his mind of some burden which had laid upon it for a long time:

"Aunt Mollie I have been thinking a good deal lately and I have made up my mind that perhaps it would be better for me not to be a minister at all."

"And what would you be then Bertie? What other profession would you choose?"

"No profession at all auntie; I would learn a trade."

"But do you mean that you would prefer a trade?" she asked gravely.

There was a struggle in the boy's mind before he answered and when his reply came it was spoken in a low, hesitating tone:

"No auntie."

"Then what put this idea into your head my dear?"

"Because aunt Mollie; it seems mean and unmanly of me to allow you to work so hard as you do just to save money to educate me for a profession, when if I went into trade, I would be old enough in two years to go into a situation and commence to earn a little money; it would be only a little at first but every year it would be more, and soon very soon I would be earning enough to keep you and Lesley without your having to work at all. On the other hand if I go into a profession it will be years before even my education is completed and all these years you will be obliged to work hard teaching and singing as you do now to get the money which will be necessary to educate me for the church. I'm a little fellow now, I know but long before my education was over I would be almost a man and so it would n't be fair to let a woman work for me and my little sister too." Mollie had listened to him without interrupting, but when he stopped she laid her hand upon his head caressingly and answered him:

"My darling, I thoroughly appreciate the generosity and manly sense of independence which prompted you to say this; especially as I know how your heart is set upon entering the church, but indeed I cannot permit you to make this sacrifice; it would be almost as great a disappointment to me as to you for the thought of your future Bertie is one of the dearest and brightest of my life. You need not fear for me that I shall work too hard; I know that my two children will repay me with their love."

"That we will Auntie," said the boy earnestly.

"So my boy you need think no more about trade and earning money for Lesley and me, we shall get on very well; I am young and strong and quite able to work; when you are a man you shall work for us. But I thank you my dear all the same for the unselfish offer you made."

"I won't let you do a thing when I'm a man, auntie you'll see."

"How shall I get through the time with nothing to do?" she asked smilingly.

"Oh you shall read a good deal, for I intend to have a famous library; and then you shall sing and play the piano whenever you feel inclined, just to amuse yourself you know, and oh! there are heaps of things you can do that are not work; you could easily get through the time. Don't you think we will be awfully happy, just you and I together auntie?"

"Yes dear, very happy; but what is to become of poor Lesley, you have left her out?"

"Oh! She'll get married I guess; but of course she will

live with us if she doesn't; but girls always do get married and our Lesley is very pretty, eh auntie?"

"Yes very, and you must always remember, my boy, that if your sister does not marry and if anything happens to me that you are her only protector; she is very fond and proud of you now; see that you never by word or deed forfeit her love and respect; she is naturally giddy and thoughtless and will therefore stand all the more in need of your watchful care. Too many brothers nowadays despise their sisters' love and hold their respect in light esteem; and though bound by so close a tie, they drift farther and farther apart, becoming little more than strangers to one other, until at last, perhaps years after, when every other love is dead or lost to them, the brother will turn to his sister, or the sister to her brother, but too late as it often happens for the gulf of years yawns between them and the utmost they can do, is to clasp hands across it."

Mollie stopped suddenly and smiled. "I forget very often, what a little boy you are and find myself talking to you as I would to one more than twice your age; but it only proves what a companion you are to me," she said fondly.

"I love to hear you talk, aunt Mollie, and indeed I quite understand what you say."

"Yes I think you do Bertie, for you are grave and thoughtful beyond your years. And will you keep in mind, dear boy, what I have said to you about Lesley?"

"I will, indeed I will auntie."

"She is a dear, affectionate little soul, and her love will be a blessing to you all your life Bertie." There fell a silence between the two, after this and the only sound in the room was the ticking of the little clock on the mantel-piece. Presently Bertie's book slipped from his lap to the floor, and in bending to pick it up, he observed that his aunt held her hand pressed to her forehead.

"Is your headache very bad auntie?" he asked softly.

"Shall I bathe it for you?"

"No thank you darling; it is not so bad as it was, and will be better soon I have no doubt. What book is that you are reading?"

"This? O the 'Old Curiosity Shop'" answered he, turning the leaves over slowly, as he spoke.

"Do you like Dickens?"

"Yes, very much; I think he must have been a very clever man to know so many different kinds of hearts and to describe them all so well. Don't you auntie?"

"So many different kinds of hearts?" repeated Mollie, looking puzzled; not knowing exactly how to understand his childishly expressed idea.

"Yes; noble hearts and mean hearts, rough and gentle ones, sad ones and merry ones, cowardly and brave; he seemed to be able to read them all equally well."

"You are right; he had certainly a remarkable insight into human nature; but I think, nevertheless that he very often verges upon exaggeration."

"So I think too; but may be, it is only because we cannot see things as he saw them that makes us think so. But don't you think he must have had a very good and gentle heart himself aunt Mollie?"

"Yes"—smilingly—"or he could never have created the character of 'Little Nell.'"

"Let me read you a little bit, auntie; this is what I was thinking about when I said he must have had a gentle heart." And the boy commenced reading:

"She was looking at a humble stone which told of a young man who had died at twenty-three years old, fifty-five years ago; when she heard a faltering step approaching and looking round saw a feeble woman, bent with the weight of years, who tottered to the foot of the same grave and asked her to read the writing on the stone. The old woman thanked her when she had done so, saying that she had had the words by heart for many a long, long year but could not see them now.

"Were you his mother?" said the child

"I was his wife my dear."

She the wife of a young man of three and twenty! Ah true! It was fifty-five years ago.

"You wonder to hear me say that," remarked the old woman shaking her head.

"You're not the first; older folk than you have wondered

at the same thing before now. Yes, I was his wife. Death does not change us more than life, my dear."

"Do you come here often?" asked the child.

"I sit here very often in the summer time," she answered. "I used to come here once to cry and mourn, but that was a weary while ago, bless God!"

"I pluck the daisies as they grow and take them home," said the old woman, after a short silence. "I like no flowers so well as these and have n't for five and fifty year, it's a long while and I am getting very old."

"Then growing garrulous upon a theme which was new to one listener, though it were but a child, she told how she had wept and moaned and prayed to die herself when this happened, and how, when she first came to that place, a young creature, strong in love and grief, she had hoped that her heart was breaking as it seemed to be. But that time passed by and although she continued to be sad when she came there, still she could bear to come and so went on until it was a pain no longer, but a solemn pleasure and a duty she had learned to like. And now that five and fifty years were gone, she spoke of the dead man as though he had been her son or grandson, with a kind of pity for his youth, growing out of her own old age and an exalting of his strength and manly beauty as compared with her own weakness and decay; and yet she spoke about him as her husband too, and thinking of herself in connexion with him as she used to be, and not as she was now, talked of their meeting in another world as if he were dead but yesterday, and she, separated from her former self, were thinking of the happiness of that comely girl who seemed to have died with him."

"Wasn't it sad for the poor old woman, auntie? Think of her coming year after year to weep and mourn at her husband's grave, until five and fifty long years had passed, more than have a century, changing her from a young girl into an old old woman." "There are sadder things than death, my boy," returned Mollie with a little quiver in her voice.

"I think it would be sadder for two people who loved one another very very dearly to say farewell and part, each living a separate life far from each other, loving and longing, day after day, year after year to meet again, yet knowing that they shall never meet one another or clasp hands again on earth. But if one were in heaven it seems to me he would be nearer to the living whom he had loved."

All unconsciously the child spoke; not knowing that he was treading on holy ground and that every word he uttered wrong her heart with the anguish of a never-to-be-forgotten sorrow.

"I have a silent sorrow here,
Which never will depart;
It heaves no sigh—it sheds no tear,
But—it consumes my heart."

Bertie knew—or rather divined in some vague, instinctive way, that some great grief had cast a shadow over his aunt's life, changing her from the gay, merry-faced girl, whose portrait hung over the mantel piece, to the pale, subdued, yet beautiful woman who had filled the place of a mother to him and Lesley for six long years, and whom he loved and revered with an intensity little short of adoration. Perhaps in his grave, old-fashioned way, he had wondered and speculated on the subject in his own mind; but he had never dreamed of asking questions.

Mollie had kept her hand over her eyes whilst her little nephew spoke, and even when he stopped, she lay in the same position without speaking, for several minutes, then looking at him, she said sadly:

"What you have said is very true Bertie; there is no sadder word—God knows—than that—farewell," and he saw that her eyes were filled with tears. With quick sympathy he laid his little hand upon hers and said: "Why do you cry auntie? Did you ever bid farewell to someone whom you loved?"

"Yes Bertie; yes; years ago."

"With a gravely thoughtful face, the boy sat gazing into the fire; softly stroking her hand the while. Dimly, vaguely there crept into his childish mind the half-forgotten memory

of a face—a kind, good face with frank, laughing eyes, that even now seemed to smile at him from out the shadows of the Past, and a pleasant, ringing voice seemed to sound in his ears. What connexion had the Face with his life? Where had he heard that voice? Sitting there with his eyes bent upon the fire, he pondered deeply the perplexing question. But he could make nothing of it, till at last there darted into his mind the memory of everything. He remembered Fernside, when grandpapa and grandmamma were alive, when aunt Mollie was like the girl over the mantel piece, and he and Lesley were little wee things; it was then—it was there he had seen the kind face and heard the pleasant voice, which belonged to some one who used to come very very often to Fernside and play rollicking, noisy games with Lesley and him, in the short, dark winter afternoons. Then again it was summer time. Instead of the dazzling snow, there was the cool, green grass dotted with dandelions, buttercups, field-daisies and wild violets; the trees no longer mourned in winter nakedness, but rejoiced triumphantly in their summer garb of rich foliage; and the sky no longer gray and overcast, but blue, serene and fair; then how beautiful, how cool, how fragrant it was in the woods beneath the shade of the ancient trees, where the scent of the wild flowers lingered in the air and the birds sang and twittered all day long, from morn to eve. Ah! What was it he remembered of these woods? Dreamily he let his mind dwell upon this little bit of the past, and slowly it all came back to him. Those happy, careless hours spent in the fragrant woods, playing and shouting so gaily; making wreaths of the flowers with which to crown aunt Mollie—not the aunt Mollie who lay so still upon the sofa—but the happy, smiling aunt Mollie over the mantel piece. And there was some one else who used to come to the woods to meet them, whose coming was always greeted with a shout of glee, and whose pleasant face and merry, genial voice seemed as though the sun's rays had pierced the thick foliage of the trees and lighted up the shade beneath.

Whose face was it? Whose face. Whose face? Strive as he would he could not remember. Had it anything to do with the sorrow of aunt Mollie's life? Perhaps it had; and that was the reason he could only see it through the dim shadows of the past. Poor auntie! He said nothing about what had just been passing through his mind; he only laid his little hand upon hers and kept it there quite still and did not speak.

The long silence between them was broken at last by the sound of the little clock striking the hour of five and as if this were the signal for a general stir, the embers in the fire place fell with a little crackling noise into the grate; while the cat, aroused from her sleep, yawned and stretched herself and lay blinking at the fire for a moment after which, she sat up and blinked at Bertie, as much as to say—"I have had a good sleep this afternoon Mr. Bertie, and I feel much refreshed thereby."

"Five," said Mollie, looking at the clock, "I think as we must get our tea ready ourselves to night, we had better have it now and get it over. Christy will not be home till ten."

"I'll help you to get it ready aunt Mollie, I can set the table; you know I often do it for Christy."

"We must light a lamp first of all," said she as she rose from the sofa. "It is almost dark out of doors."

"Why auntie, it is snowing quite hard," cried Bertie from the window, "see the flakes glistening in the light of the lamp over there; the ground will be quite white soon. Oh! I am so glad the snow has come at last; we will have such fun."

"In a few weeks you will be coming in complaining of that 'nasty wet snow,' and wishing the summer were here again," said Mollie laughingly.

"Well sometimes it is awfully slushy you know; but I like it when it is clean and crisp;—I like to hear it crunching under my feet when I walk and falling all around me in big white flakes."

"You and I shall take some nice long walks through the snow," said Mollie, as she stood beside him at the window.

She was very fond of going out in a snow storm and many a tramp had she and Bertie taken when the snow fell so fast and thick about them that they could scarcely see their way.

"And we will go snow-shoeing too," he replied eagerly. "Mrs. Howard has got such a nice new pair; have you seen them, auntie?"

"No, I have not seen them."

"They are regular beauties; Mr. Howard got them in Montreal the last time he was there; Mrs. Howard showed them to me yesterday when I was there; she said they were going to try and get a pair for little Tommie."

"I suppose Tommie is in great glee at the idea," said she smilingly. "But come, we must get our tea ready; I wonder if the kitchen fire is burning well."

"Oh! I guess it must be, because I put fresh coal on it just before you came in, and filled the kettle with water so as it would be boiling by tea time; but I'll run out and see anyway." He was off immediately and a moment after his cheery voice called from the little kitchen. "All right aunt Mollie; it's burning beautifully and the kettle is boiling like fun."

Truly the bright little kettle did look as though it meant fun, for it hissed and bubbled and steamed and did its very best to get the cover off, and when it could not manage that, it spattered drops of water on to the hot stove. Bertie stood looking at it, in the ruddy glare of the fire; his hands behind him and his eyes and lips both smiling their brightest.

"Isn't it a splendid fire aunt Mollie?" he asks.

"A beautiful fire" she replies as she fills the teapot with water and places it on the stove to draw.

"I wish the poor people all had fires like this in their homes to-night aunt Mollie; if they had, I think ours would be more beautiful than ever."

When tea was over and Bertie with the skill and neatness of a girl had helped his aunt to wash and put away the dishes, they sat down once more in the parlor; he poring over his lesson books and working out long sums for school on Monday. She, bending over her sewing and thinking of Neal as she always did at this hour. Faithful, loving heart! No shadow of mistrust has ever hovered o'er thy thoughts of him! Bertie finished his lessons early that night and after they had sung as usual he bade his aunt good night and went to bed.

Long and earnestly Mollie sat thinking of him, when he had left her. Thinking of his present boyhood and of his future manhood. When she remembered how grave and thoughtful beyond his years he was, she bitterly reproached herself for letting the gloom of her own life over-shadow his; she told herself she had been selfish in her sorrow. Yet what could she do? Could she laugh and be gay when there was no mirth, no joy in her heart, only a dull void and a ceaseless longing that never would be satisfied? Never on earth; for had they not parted long ago?

"Oh had we never loved so kindly,
Had we never loved so blindly!
Never met or never parted
We had ne'er been broken-hearted!"

"If I could only pretend to be happy and light-hearted so that Bertie would not know that I was sorrowful and troubled," murmured poor Mollie to herself as she paced slowly up and down the room, her small hand pressed together and the tears welling up in her eyes.

"Oh Neal, dearest Neal! Are you merry and careless as ever? Do you laugh and fret and smile as you used to do? My love! my love!" Sobbing, she threw herself down on the floor beside the sofa and buried her face in the cushions. "Oh! where is he? Where is he? If only I knew that he lived. If only I could lay my head on his breast and feel his dear arms around me once again, only once again oh my God!" She clasped her trembling hand and raised her face as though petitioning the Almighty for this boon which her heart craved.

(To be Continued.)

SELECTED.

A NEW ENGLAND STORY.

A father in a New England town had a son; a little,

large-headed boy of nervous intensity, with eyes of startling wonder, and long, curling eyelashes which started like his fawn-like eyes with quick apprehension and timidity; a boy who played with all intensity, kept doing something all day long, without the power to rest, walked off alone, and even when alone spokk with himself, chased the geese with little legs as lean and swift, and at the table, eating his meals, could not sit very still, nor bear to sit all the morning in church, hearing the sermon, because his heart was too rapid in his narrow little chest, where every rib could be counted against tender flesh and skin. In the morning he was awake at earliest light; at evening his tired nature yielded to the deep sleep of exhaustion. His mother feared she could never raise him to be a man. His father thought he was too long becoming a man in gravity, sobriety and formal obedience.

"What ails my son?" the father sternly asked. "He is rattle-headed, and without stability. I fear for him. Do you chastise him enough? Spare not the rod, lest he grow beyond you and your rule!"

"Alas!" exclaimed the mother, "he has his little world we cannot see, perhaps. He is growing and sensitive. The doctor says we must not push him at his studies, but let him play all he can, till his frame is equal to his brain."

The father shook his head and spoke sternly to the boy, and feared he was going to give them all trouble growing up so seldom moulded and restrained.

All day the little boy was doing something: carrying the cat by the tail, carrying the dog under his arm, making pictures, on paper, of engines and steamboats and Indians and fellows.

"He will be an artist," said his mother, hopefully.

"He will spoil the library," exclaimed the father, suspiciously.

Antagonism grew up between the father and boy, born, on the boy's part, of fear; on the father's of criticism and severity. The boy ran to his mother, and asked her protection from his father's suspecting eye. The father feared his wife was spoiling the son with mistaken generosity and allowance. At times the father's habitual suspicion broke away like the clouds above hard, humid Britain, and he laid his rigorous books of theology down to take his boy walking, and they grew a little nearer. Then again the father observed some voluptuous tendency in the son, which started his fears anew; some taste for wordly, passing modes and joys.

"Wife," said he, "do you ever give our boy money?"

"A little," she said; "a few pennies, to buy drawing-materials and colors; he will be an artist, I think."

"Money," exclaimed the sire, "is the root of every evil. You had better give him fire or poison. He will become a wild, ruined spendthrift."

The idea that his wife gave the child money operated in the father's head like jealousy or revenge; it tinted every thing about his son's conduct, and he believed his wife had deliberately set to work to indulge her child at the expense of his soul.

One morning, thinking of such things, the father lay awake in bed, and a gentle noise disturbed him. The sun was nearly up, though it was scarcely five o'clock, and the light and air striking through the chamber curtains showed a little boy in his night-gown, stealing along the floor toward the foot of his father's bed. Laying perfectly still, with eyes almost closed, the father saw that small, large-headed child, unable, perhaps, to sleep, yet careful not to awake his parents, turn an eye of timid covetousness upon his father's trousers and vest hanging upon a nail. He glanced sharply toward his father, to see if he was quite asleep and then swiftly, like a little bird, hopped upon a chair and ran his lean, white fingers into his father's vest-pocket.

"Ha!" thought the father. "My son in my pockets by stealth, before I am awake, and imitating the bad example of my wife, who often perhaps, searches unauthorizely there!"

As he said this a dreadful idea crossed his mind. That son, spoiled by the mother's indulgence, already corrupted by spending money, was a thief—a thief while yet a child! He rose in bed and awoke in a voice of thunder:

"Robert, you are stealing my money!"

Horror froze the boy: he dropped from the chair like a cat, and was into his own bed in the next room and covered his face with the sheets. Anguish and stern resolve possessed

at once the father's stricken heart. He had delayed too long to chastise his wayward son, now gliding into ruin. It must be done, hard though the thought should be. He awoke his wife, and suppressing her replies with an iron will, related the story of her depraved child. "Henceforth," he said, "I must be magistrate and mother instead of you! Robert, come dress yourself!"

He thrust the frightened mother back. The boy fell on his knees, but could not speak one word, so large the knot that gathered in his little throat, so resolute the startled, fawn-like eyes, as if agony and perversity worked together to make him obdurate. Down the stairs and into the orchard, away from sight, the father bore his child, and making him kneel upon the grass, struck hard and slow with a switch of the apple-tree, telling his boy to confess; yet dumb as Isaac upon the altar beneath his father's knife, the shrinking childhood of the boy received his hard chastisement. Carried back, all trembling as with a chill of death, to the house of mourning, the little boy was laid in his bed, still frozen tight of speech, and only the ointment of a mother's tear fell on his tortured back and famine-narrowed shoulders; but his large eyes turned to a little box that he kept his treasures in, and they placed it in his bed, where he lay all day sighing from his inarticulate soul.

The father's heart was wrenched to think of such a frail, dear son persisting in his wickedness, and turning from repentance. He sat by his side all that afternoon demanding his boy to confess and save them both the pain of another chastisement, which else he would feel required to enforce next day. The boy trembled, but did not speak, and put his arms around his little box as if it was his brother.

The long night through a sigh went through the chamber ever and anon from those suffering lips. Neither man nor woman slept. At early day the anguished father felt that the stern punishment must be meted out again, unless his boy spoke and repented. He rose and passed into the chamber where the son lay in his lowly bed, all strewn with his little drawings, and his arms around his box. He sighed no more but seemed asleep. Under his face a color paler than the snowy sheets extended. Another guest was in the bed; the guest that cometh like a real thief in the night.

"Mary," cried the father, "Mary, my wife, come here! Robert is dying."

The mother came on feet of doves' wings. She raised her son upon her breast. The little lips unclosed and spoke the last forever to this world.

"I love my papa. Mamma, I only wanted his pencil, not his money. Dear God, let papa love me!"

And so, among the little drawings he had been working at every dawn, till his pencils were worn to the wood and he would have borrowed his papa's noiselessly, whose sharpened pencil was in his waistcoat pocket, the little artist yielded up his broken heart. Only the room resounded with a childless father's cry:

"O! had I my son again, even though he were a thief!"
—Johnny Bouquet, in *N. Y. Tribune*.

A SHORT SERMON ABOUT MATRIMONY.

Dedicated to Young Women who want Husbands.

Girls, if any of you have made up your minds that you "wouldn't marry the best man that ever lived, there!" skip this little sermon, because it will have no interest for you:

Men will shut their ears if they have a spark of delicacy, for every word of this is *private and confidential*.

MY TEXT.

The text, or rather the occasion for what I am about to say on the subject of marriage was this:

About a week ago, a young woman of twenty-six (she said twenty-six, so I am sure about her age), came to me in regard to her health; and after our professional conversation we fell into a general and pleasant chat. She was delightfully frank, and said, while we were discussing the ever fruitful subject of matrimony:

"I wish I was little."

"That is too bad," I replied. "I have been admiring

your grand, queenly proportions ever since you entered; and now you spoil it all by showing that you are not grateful."

"I can't help it; I wish I didn't weigh more than eighty pounds, and wasn't more than four and a half feet high."

"I am shocked! Do tell me why you wish that."

"To be frank, the reason is just this: men are so fond of saying, 'My little wife.'"

I laughed, thinking it was intended as a bright speech; but her flushed face assured me that she was uttering her very heart. "Go on," I said, "tell me your thoughts."

"My thoughts are just these; and I believe they are the thoughts of all unmarried, marriageable women. I long for nothing this side of Heaven so much as to bury all my uncertainties and anxieties in the love of a husband. Eagerly would I make any sacrifice to secure this precious treasure. But I fear there is nothing left for me but to be sneered at as an old maid. So, while I might otherwise be grateful for what you choose to call my queenly proportions, I can only wish I was one of the little women whom men fancy."

"I will not repeat any more of this conversation, and my lady friend will excuse this, as it furnished a text for my little sermon. Only she and I will know to whom it refers.

I wonder if it is improper to speak plainly about that of which so many are thinking. I will venture a little. My hair is of a color which might introduce me to you in the character of a father. I shall speak very plainly. It cannot compromise anyone, for as I told you, this is all *private and confidential*.

YOU WANT HUSBANDS.

Don't deny it; it is silly. It is like the earnest declaration of the mother who is managing her daughters through Saratoga, Newport and an endless round of parties, but who constantly declares, in the most earnest way, that she has no more girls than she wants, that she could not consent to lose one of them, and who, at length, when pressed to part with dear Arabella, gives a reluctant and painful assent, and who may be seen on the wedding day penetrated with inconsolable grief at parting with that dear child. Girls, don't join in this farce. You think of them by day and dream of them by night. You talk of little else. Think on and dream on. Even if you never get them it will make you better and nobler to think about them. On our side of the house we are all thinking and dreaming of you, and, although we may never marry, our hearts will be warmer and purer for having been filled with thoughts of you.

WHY MEN DO NOT PROPOSE.

In entering upon this most important and delightful relation, we men are expected to take the overt initiative. You are perplexed and grieved that so many of us hold back, and wander about, homeless bachelors, all our lives, leaving you to die old maids. Let me whisper in your ear. *We are afraid of you!*

As I am out of the matrimonial market I will let my friend Robert, who is in said market, explain. Robert is a splendid fellow, and anxious to have a home of his own. He declared in my parlor the other evening that he would prefer ten years of happy married life to fifty years of unmarried.

"My wife said: 'Well, Robert, if you cannot find a wife, you had better give a commission to some one who can.'" With a flushed face, he replied:

"See here, Mrs. Lewis; I am a banker; my salary is two thousand dollars. I cannot marry a scrub. I must marry a wife of culture and refinement. My mother and sisters, to say nothing of myself, would break their hearts if my choice were below their idea. Just tell me how—with such a wife—I could pull through on two thousand a year? Why, her dress alone would cost half of it. Board for the two would cost at least fifty dollars a week, and even with that, you know we should not have first-class board. And then come the extras,—the little trips, the lectures, the concerts, the opera, etc.; one cannot live in society without a little of such things.

"Oh, no, unless I first make up my mind to rob the bank, I cannot think of matrimony. If I had five thousand a year I would venture; but with two thousand,—well, I am not quite a madman, and so I stay where I can pay my

debts My lady friends think I am so much in love with the Club that I have no time for them. One of them said to me the other day, when we were discussing this matter: "Why, what you spend in that miserable club would easily support a wife."

"It wouldn't pay for her bonnets," I replied.

Now, ladies, Robert is extravagant, so we will let him retire, and I will go on with my little sermon. I do not often preach, but in this case, nothing but a sermon will do.

BEAUTY OF WOMAN'S BODY.

Firstly. You are perfect idiots to go on in this way. Your bodies are the most beautiful of God's creation. In the continental galleries I constantly saw groups of people gathered about the pictures of women. It was not passion; the gazers were quite as likely to be women as men. It was the wondrous beauty of woman's body.

Now stand with me at my office window and see a lady pass. There goes one! Now isn't she a pretty looking object? A big hump, three big humps, a wilderness of crimps and frills, a hauling up of the dress here and there, an enormous, hideous mass of false hair or bark piled on the top of her head, and on the very top of that, a little nondescript thing, ornamented with bits of lace, birds' tails, etc.; while the shop windows tell us of the puddings, whalebones, and springs which occupy most of the space within that outer rig. In the name of all the simple, sweet sentiments which cluster about a home, I would ask how a man is to fall in love with such a comical, artificial, touch-me-not, wiggling curiosity.

THIS DRESS CHECKS YOUR MOVEMENTS.

Secondly. With that wasp waist, your lungs, stomach, liver and other organs squeezed down out of their place and into one half their natural size, and with that long trail dragging on the ground, how can any man of sense—who knows that life is made up of use, of service, of work—take such a partner? He must be desperate to unite himself for life with such a deformed, fettered, half-breathing ornament. If I were in the matrimonial market, I might marry a woman that had but one arm, or one eye, or no eyes at all, if she suited me otherwise; but so long as God permitted me to retain my senses, I could never join my fortunes with those of a woman with a *small waist*.

A small waist! I am a physiologist, and know what a small waist means. It means the organs of the abdomen jammed down into the pelvis; it means the organs of the chest stuffed up into the throat; it means a weak back; it means a delicate, nervous invalid; it means a suffering patient, and not a vigorous helpmate. Thousands of men dare not venture, because they wisely fear that, instead of a helpmate, they will get an invalid to take care of. Besides this, bad health in you, just as in men, makes the mind, as well as the body, weak and effeminate. You have no power, no magnetism. I know you giggle freely, and use big words, such as "splendid," "awful," etc.; but this does not deceive us; we see through all that. The fact is, you are superficial, affected and silly. You have none of that womanly strength and warmth which are so assuring and attractive to men.

Why, you have actually become so childish that you refuse to wear decent names, and insist upon little baby ones. Instead of Helen, Margaret and Elizabeth, you affect Nellie, Maggie and Lizzie. When your brothers were babies, you called them Bobbie, Dickie and Johnnie; but when they grow up to manhood, they would have no more of that silly trash, if you please. I know a woman, twenty-five years old, and as big as both my grandmothers put together, who insists upon being called *Kittie*, when her real name is *Catherine*; and although her brain is big enough to conduct affairs of State, she does nothing but giggle, cover up her face with her fan; and exclaim, "Don't, now, you are real mean." How can a sensible man propose a life partnership to such a silly goose?

My dear girls, if you would get husbands and sensible ones, you must dress in plain, neat, becoming garments, and talk like sensible, earnest sisters. You say you don't care, you won't dress to please men, etc. Then, as I said in opening this sermon, I am not speaking to you. I am speaking to such girls as want husbands and would like to know how

to get them. You say that the most sensible men are crazy after these butterflies of fashion. I beg your pardon, it is not so. Occasionally, even a brilliant man may marry a silly, weak woman. But to say, as I have heard women say a hundred times, that the most sensible men marry women without sense, is simply absurd. Nineteen times in twenty, sensible men choose sensible women. I grant you that in company men are very likely to gabble and toy with these over-dressed and forward creatures; but as to going to the altar with them, they beg to be excused.

Thirdly. Among the men in the matrimonial market, only a very small number are rich; and in America these very rarely make good husbands. But the number of those who are beginning life, who are filled with a noble ambition, who have a future, is very large. These are worth having. But such will not, dare not, ask you to join them while they see you so idle, silly and gorgeously attired.

Let them see that you are industrious, economical, with habits that secure health and strength, that your life is earnest and real, that you are willing to begin at the beginning of life with the man you marry, then marriage will become the rule, and not, as now among certain classes, the exception. Ah, if ever the time shall come when young women have occupations, and can sustain a healthy, dignified attitude toward men,—if ever the time shall come when women are not such pitiful dependents, then marriage will become universal, and we shall all be happier, better and nobler.

I hear some plucky, spirited young woman exclaim:

"That is all very well. No doubt your sermon, as you call it, contains a good deal of truth; but how about the young men who spend their time drinking, smoking, loafing about club-houses, and running after strange women? I suppose you think they are perfect angels."

My dear friend, have I said anything in this sermon, or do I say anything in this book which leads you to suppose that I think men better than women? It is because I believe that in the constitution of the race, you are the fountain-head of social, moral and religious influence, that I come directly to you. My mother taught me long ago, the great moral superiority of woman. She taught me that most of the good and pure in this world comes from women.

So far from thinking that man is an angel, and woman is nothing, and a bad nothing, the strongest article in my religious creed is, that when woman has been redeemed from the shilly-shally, lace, ribbon and feather life into which she has so unhappily drifted—when woman shall be restored to herself—she will be strong enough to take us men in her arms and carry us to heaven.

I beg you will not suppose that in my criticisms upon woman, I am prompted by the belief that she needs special exhortation on her own account. I appeal to her on account of us all, believing that the most direct and effective way to redeem the race is to induce woman to lay aside every weight and the special sins that beset her, and to run the race with the highest womanly heroism.—From *Dio Lewis' work*, "Our Girls."

A Touching Incident.

A mother's love is deep, abiding, and peculiar. The child, as soon as born, is taken up into her tenderest and most generous sympathies, and lives, as it were, a part of herself. This peculiar affection is as extensive as the race, for it is found among savage as well as civilized peoples. This affection was strikingly manifested by an Indian woman who had lost her child. Unable to find her own child, she entered the home of a white family, and, taking in her arms the pretty baby, lavished upon it her wealth of treasured sympathies. The mother was surprised at the peculiar exhibition, and sprang forward to rescue her child. When the poor Indian gathered up her blanket as one would a sick child, and, after clasping in her arms, uttered a low, mournful cry. Tears ran down her cheeks as the white mother put her pretty babe back into the Indian's arms. She passed her hands over it very tenderly and gratefully, and departed. In a week she came again, bringing a peck of ripe wild plums, and the necks of two buffalo tongues. She asked permission, by signs, to kiss the baby, and it was granted. Then she departed, and never came again.

Domineering Husbands.

In the good old times which have now happily passed away, the wife was considered little else than a chattel of the husband. At least this was almost, if not altogether, the status she held in law, though her lord and master might, out of the natural or acquired goodness of his heart, condescend to treat her as an equal and companion. Still this was always out of his mere good nature. She had no absolute right to it. It was like a social work of supererogation on his part. He was the head of the wife—as indeed in a measure he has a right to be, and the wrong thus would be, and is, when the case is any otherwise; and being such he did most of the thinking that was necessary to carry on the household economies. This thinking may have been of a quite indifferent quality, and not by any means a perennial spring in the matter of quantity either, but it was *his*, and therefore it had to do. The domineering husband of the present day is essentially the same creature as his tyrannical progenitor of 400 years ago. His nature remains the same, circumstances alone have changed. He is still at heart something of a bully, and not a little of a tyrant. Some wives have a hard time of it with fellows like these. They are not long married before their eyes are opened to the fact that they are joined for life to a pigheaded domineering tyrant who values his own opinions only a little less than his own precious personality. Husbands like these will crush any woman that hasn't got more than usually good stuff in her. It is *my* this, *my* that, *my* the 't'other thing with her good man, from day light to dark. His own opinion, when once he has adopted it, must override every other. He is mulish and obstinate to an insufferable extent very often, and thinks it a shame to him to take advice from a woman. His wife must be his humble servant, for he married her not so much for her sake as for his own. Such a man as this very often comes home to wreak his ill-nature on his poor victim who awaits him, and has no resource but to bear it as quietly as she can, if she hasn't fire and spirit enough to give him as good as she gets. If she does this once or twice she will perhaps find her lot get easier, for men like these have not seldom a good deal of the coward in their disposition, and don't care to meddle with those whom they fancy may have the power and will to pay them back in their own coin. So they will generally calm down if boldly met, and given to understand that they will get of what they are so ready to give to others.

Tired Mothers.

If there is any class of persons who need tenderness and encouragement it is the tired mothers; weary limbs, sad hearts, puzzled brains, all attest to the fact. There ought to be specified privileges granted to tired mothers as much as to invalids. Those who have passed through this trying ordeal know how to sympathize know how to excuse many of the shortcomings of those who are passing through the narrow gateways, the thorny paths and rough highways, where temptation holds high revelry, and the angel of peace sits in shadow.

Tired mothers! Always anxious, scheming, planning and economizing how they can manage every detail of domestic life with least expense, for children are such a drain upon the resources of one's time, heart and pocket.

Mothers doing double work, triple work themselves, to save for this, or that, until the nerves are strained and shattered to a degree unbearable to themselves, and particularly offensive to others. Let me entreat you, fathers and husbands, deal gently with the wife and mother; cheer and brighten her life by all the means in your power, for she needs your help in many ways to buoy her up and sustain her, that she may be nerved with fresh vigor to impart to the little ones who are a constant drain upon her life and energies.

HUSBANDS AND WIVES.—A good husband makes a good wife. Some men can neither do without wives nor with them; they are wretched alone in what is called single blessedness, and they make their homes miserable when they get married; they are like Tompkin's dog, which could not bear to be loose, and howled when it was tied up. Happyachelors are likely to be happy husbands; and a happy husband is the happiest of men. A well-matched couple carry a joy-

ful life between them, as the two spies carry the cluster of Eshcol. They are a brace of birds of Paradise. They multiply their joys by sharing them, and less in their troubles by dividing them. This is fine arithmetic. The wagon of care rolls lightly along as they pull together, and when it drags a little heavily, or there is a hitch any-where, they love each other all the more, and so lighten the labor.—*Spurgeon's John Ploughman.*

Silent Influence.

We are touching our fellow-beings on all sides. They are effected for good or for evil by what we are, by what we say and do, even by what we think and feel. May-flowers in the parlor breathe their fragrance through the atmosphere. We are each of us as silently saturating the atmosphere about us with the subtle aroma of our character. In the family circle, besides and beyond all the teaching, the daily life of each parent and child mysteriously modifies the life of every person in the household. The same process on a wider scale is going on through the community. No man liveth to himself and no man dieth to himself. Others are built up and strengthened by our unconscious deeds; and others may be wrenched out of their places and thrown down by our unconscious influence.—*Congregationalist.*

Too Much Salt.

We may in spiritual things disgust and repel men by an excessive and unmix'd use of religious conversation. A pious, but very refined and sensitive, minister recently declared that the greatest provocation to anger and intemperate speech that he ever encountered, was in the conduct of a rough and boisterous Christian, who used to shout at him across the street, or in the cars, or wherever he chanced to meet him, "Well, brother, how's your soul!" He declared that he was sometimes afraid of backsliding under these greetings. It was difficult, no doubt, for him always to answer the salutation "with grace," and the reason is obvious. This man's speech was not delicately seasoned with salt. It was too salt, and so was nauseous and intolerable, and produced disgust, when it might, if fitly seasoned, have proved refreshing. It is a great art to temper one's Christian conversation exactly to the occasion.

The "gracious words" that proceeded out of Christ's mouth were as wonderful in their adaptation to the time and circumstances of their utterances, as they were powerful in their relation to absolute and eternal truth. Modulated from the most awful vehemence of rebuke to the delicate silence that only wrote upon the ground, they furnish the deapest theme for our study as those that would be masters of fitting speech. "Seasoned with salt"—the evenly mingled and thoroughly transfused grace of the gospel; that flavor of godliness in our conversation that at once preserves it from the corruption of "foolish talking and jesting which are not convenient," and from the vice of sanctimoniousness and cant which are not palatable even to Christians, this is what, with the greatest carefulness, the believer should strive after. But our chief anxiety should be that the savor of godliness should never be absent from our conversation—that it should so permeate and sanctify our speech that, saying much or saying little, there should be that which should indicate that we had been with Jesus and learned of him.—*Dr. Gordon.*

NEVER GET ANGRY.—It does no good; some sins have a seeming recompensation or apology, a present gratification of some sort; but anger has none. A man feels no better for it. It is really a torment; and when the storm of passion has cleared away, it leaves one to see that he has been a fool, and that he has also made himself a fool in the eyes of others. Who thinks well of an ill-natured, churlish man, who has to be approached in the most guarded and cautious way? Who wishes him for a partner in business, or a neighbour? He keeps all about him in nearly the same state of mind as if they were living near a hornet's nest or a rabid animal. An angry man adds nothing to the welfare of society. He may do some good, but more hurt. Heated passion makes him a firebrand, and it is a wonder if he does not kindle flames of discord on every hand. He is a bad element in any community, and his removal would furnish occasion for a day of thanksgiving. Since, then, anger is useless, needless, and without apology, why should it be indulged in.

"The Family Circle"

Is published on the 15th of every month, at 400 Ridout Street, London, Ont., by J. F. LATIMER, to whom all contributions and correspondence should be sent.

Contributions suitable for the paper thankfully received.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE.—Fifty Cents per annum in advance.

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LUNCH FOR THE HARVESTERS.

The beautiful engraving in this number represents a harvest scene. The little girl just emerging from the path through the golden grain, carrying her basket of refreshments and the jug of water or milk perhaps, reminds us of the healthful toil of bygone days; and whatever may be the opinions of hygienists as to the propriety of five meals a day, we certainly did enjoy the doughnuts, berry pie and lemonade with which we were regaled between meals in the harvest field, while earning our pocket money during college vacation.

HEALTH AND DISEASE.

Sunshine and Health.

The sun's rays possess a subtle influence potent for the accomplishment of many of the most marvellous of Nature's processes. Not the least striking of its effects is its influence upon the human system. A recent writer says:—

"Sir David Brewster has justly called sunlight 'the very life-blood of Nature.' The ancients worshiped the sun as Apollo, and also made him god of the healing art. They had their sunny terraces on the tops of their dwellings, where they could bask and bathe in the healthful, life-giving sunshine. The pathological importance of this agent is admitted, theoretically, by all intelligent persons. There are, indeed, ignorant people who make their homes as dark as their minds; who love darkness rather than light, because the admission of light into either their brains or their dwellings would reveal much of rubbish and dirt. But people are getting more correct views, and beginning to welcome light of all kinds as a gift of God, who is the Father of lights.

"The dynamic value of sunshine is emphasized by the Italian proverb, 'Where light is no permitted to go, the doctor will have to go.' The stimulus of light is as indispensable to the proper oxygenation of human blood, and to vigor of health, as it is to the germinal life of the vegetable, or the development of animal spawn. The transformation of a tadpole, which Dr. Hammond accomplished in fifteen days in sunlight, would not be completed in darkness in one hundred and twenty-five days. Various animals, from the rabbit to the cow, have developed tubercles, simply by depriving them of sunlight. Dr. Kane, the Arctic explorer, tells with what anxiety he and his ghastly company watched

the sun's return to bring, as he said, its 'blessed medicine' to those pale and wasted sufferers. Cretinism, or idiocy, atrophy of the limbs, and other diseases are common where God's healing sunshine is shut out.

"The imperial surgeon of the Russian service, Sir James Willie, at St. Petersburg, says that there were *three times* as many cases of sickness on the shaded side of the military barracks as on the sunny side, though the air, food and discipline were the same. Florence Nightingale, Baron Dapuytren, and other eminent authorities, join their testimony to the influence of this potent agent in healing the sick, as well as in preserving the health of the well. Pure air and exercise are invaluable, but, as Dr. Willard said before the Legislature, 'The triad is inseparable. The absence of sunlight will originate disease.'

Night Air.

Before we can hope to fight consumption with any chance of success, we have to get rid of the *night-air superstition*. Like the dread of cold water, raw fruit, etc., it is founded on mistrust of our instincts. It is probably the most prolific single cause of impaired health even among the civilized nations of our enlightened age, though its absurdity rivals the grossest delusions of the witchcraft era. The subjection of holy reason to hearsays could hardly go further. "Beware of the night-wind; be sure and close your windows after dark!" In other words, beware of God's free air; be sure and infect your lungs with the stagnant, azotized, and offensive atmosphere of your bed-room. In other words, beware of the rock spring; stick to sewerage. Is night air injurious? Since the day of creation, that air has been breathed with impunity by millions of different animals—tender, delicate creatures, some of them—fawns, lambs, and young birds. The moist night air of the tropical forests is breathed with impunity by our next relatives, the anthropoid apes—the same apes that soon perish with consumption in the close, though generally well-warmed atmosphere of our northern menageries. Thousands of soldiers, hunters, and lumbermen sleep every night in tents and open sheds without the least injurious consequences; men in the last stage of consumption have recovered by adopting a semi-savage mode of life, and camping out-doors in all but the stormiest nights. Is it the draught you fear, or the contrast of temperature? Blacksmiths and railroad conductors seems to thrive under such influences. Draught? Have you never seen boys skating in the teeth of a snow-storm at the rate of fifteen miles an hour? "They counteract the effect of the cold air by vigorous exercise." Is there no other way of keeping warm? Does the north wind damage the fine lady sitting motionless in her sleigh, or the helmsman of a storm-tossed vessel? It cannot be the *inclemency* of the open air for, even in sweltering summer nights, the sweet south wind, blessed by all creatures that draw the breath of life, brings no relief to the victim of aerophobia. There is no doubt that families who have freed themselves from the curse of that superstition can live out and out healthier in the heart of a great city than its slaves on the airiest highland of the southern Apennines.—*Popular Science Monthly*.

Contagion is largely propagated by means of the clothing, and clothing is best disinfected by heat. No form of contagion can withstand a dry heat of 220 degrees. The clothing should be placed in a box or a closet maintained at that temperature for perhaps an hour. Carbolic acid will not destroy the effect of vaccine virus but for the time being.

CURE FOR DIPHTHERIA.—An Austrian claims a reward offered for a certain cure for diphtheria. He claims to have long used it privately with great success. He puts four drops of sulphuric acid in three-fourths of a tumbler of water, for an adult; for children, less, according to age. The intervals of taking the doses are not stated, nor is much accuracy important. This coagulates the membrane so that it is coughed out. This seems allied to the dry-sulphur treatment often recommended, and is worth trying.

All experience goes to show that people are far more liable to contract disease or contagious fevers on an empty than with a full stomach.

A Sailor's Story About Alcohol.

I've been fourteen years a sailor, and I've found that in all parts of the world I could get along as well without alcoholic liquors as with them, and better too.

Some years ago, when we lay in Jamaica, several of us were sick with the fever, and among the rest, the second mate. The doctor had been giving him brandy to keep him up, but I thought it was a queer kind of "keeping up." Why, you see it stands to reason, that if you heap fuel on the fire, it will burn the faster, and putting the brandy to a fever is just the same kind of a thing. Brandy is more than half alcohol, you know.

Well, the doctor gave him up, and I was set to watch with him. No medicine was left, for it was of no use. Nothing would help him, and I had my directions what to do with the body when he was dead. Toward midnight he asked for water. I got him the coolest I could find, and all he wanted, and if you'll believe me, in less than three hours he drank three gallons. The sweat rolled off from him like rain. Then he sank off, and I thought sure he was gone; but he was sleeping, and as sweetly as a child. In the morning, when the doctor came, he asked what time the mate died.

"Won't you go in and look at him?" I said.

He went in and took the mate's hand. "Why," said he, "the man is not dead! He's alive and doing well! What have you been giving him?"

"Water, simply water, and all he wanted of it!" said I.

I don't know as the doctor learned anything from that, but I did, and now no doctor puts alcohol down me or any of my folks, for a fever, I can tell you! I am a plain, unlettered man, but I know too much to let any doctor burn me up with alcohol.—*Selected.*

Vital Facts.

The majority of mankind need no caution against overwork. Where overwork kills one, the want of work kills ten, the fires of passion consume twenty, and sinful indulgence destroys fifty. In cases where work seems to undermine health, it is not as often that the labor is excessive, as the spirit and faulty way in which it is performed. Labor to be permanently enduring, must be healthy; that is, it must be adapted to the mental and physical capacities of the worker, and especially if brain labor, it must be pleasing.

The healthiest men we know are those who do not work the hardest, but who do the most work. There is no paradox about this. Every business man sees among his employees examples of men who work hard, yet accomplish little, and of others who easily accomplish much.

How is this to be explained? Much is attributed to the want of system on the part of the inefficient, more to the want of the proper spirit. Nervous irritability is the great weakness of American character. It is the sharp grit which aggravates friction, and cuts out the bearing of the entire human machine. Nine out of every ten men we meet are in a chronic state of annoyance. The least untoward thing sets them in a state of ferment. Impatience is the poison that heats the blood and ruins the stomach much more often than excess of pepper and mustard.

The machinist, when he finds his machinery squeaking, applies the oil; if the bearings have become so hot as to endanger the works, he stops and allows them to cool. The human machine should be treated in like manner. It should be kept well oiled and cool.

What is the oil that will stop the squeaking—the lubricator that will keep the machinery from heating? Dickens has given us the formula in the words of his inimitable Mark Tapley: "Keep Jolly."

A very curious and interesting table might be made by a thoughtful physiologist and hygienist showing each person where his strength goes.

Suppose we represent the full working force of a strong, healthy man by 100, and the entire absence of force, leaving him lying flat on his back helpless, by 0.

Now let us see how many a man's account would stand.

Spent in digesting a big dinner, which the body did not need, 50.

Spent in hesitation, doubt and uncertainty, 20.

Total, 70.

Left for practical and useful purposes, only 30—less than one third.

Sometimes there would be a draft on the original capital of considerable, so that there would not be enough to keep the body warm nor the food well digested, or the muscles plump and full, or the hearing acute, or the eyes keen and bright, or the brain thoughtful and active.

Very often a single debauché would use up the entire available power of the whole system for an entire week or month.

Spent in getting rid of several drinks of wine and brandy 40.

Spent in smoking six cigars, 20.

Spent in keeping awake all night at a spree, 45.

Spent in breathing bad air, 35.

Spent in cheating a neighbour out of \$30.00 in a business transaction, 50.

Spent in reading worthless books and newspapers, 15.

AIDS TO HEALTH.—Temperance, early rising, and sponging the whole of the body every morning, either with tepid or cold water, are preventives of cold, provocatives of health, helps to longevity and sharpeners of the intellect. "The method by which," says Sir Astley Cooper, "I preserve my own health, are temperance, early rising and sponging the body every morning with cold water immediately after getting out of bed, a practice which I have adopted for thirty years, and although I go from the hot theatre into the wards of the hospital on the severest winter nights with merely silk stockings on my legs, I scarcely ever had a cold."

An Ohio doctor cured himself of small-pox by eating lemons, and declares that it is a specific for the disease.

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

BREAKFAST DISHES.—There is no doubt that we should greatly benefit by breakfasts made of some cereal; of wheat, oats, barley, corn, or even rice, combined with milk or water, flavored with a little spice and sweetened with molasses or sugar. These breakfasts are always digestible and nourishing. A porridge of whole meal, or oatmeal or hominy, or rice, made with milk, or milk and water, or water alone, will give sufficient nourishment to various workers. The wheat and oats will give strength to heavy, the corn and rice to light workers.

TO MAKE STEAK TENDER.—Miss Corson's plan is to put three tablespoonfuls of salad oil, one tablespoonful of vinegar, well mixed together, on a large, flat dish, and on this lay the steak. Salt must never be put on steak before it is cooked. The steak must lie on this tender-making mixture for at least half an hour to a side, and Miss Corson gives her word for it that the toughest round steak will succumb, and seem like porter-house of the most delightful cut.

TO STEAM RICE.—It is quite an art to steam rice well. Wash the rice once in water; place it in the saucepan with enough warm water to cover, and put it on the stove, so that it does not actually boil, but only simmers. When the water is soaked up, add more, and repeat this again and again till the rice is done and every grain comes out like a pearl. It must not be a squashed mass.

CANNING TOMATOES.—The cheapest as well as the best way of canning tomatoes, is to put them up in stone jugs, as follows: Cook the tomatoes exactly as you would for the table; but put in no seasoning whatever. Heat the jug and pour the tomatoes into it while hot, of course, however having first cooked them thoroughly. Be careful to seal well, and keep them in a cool dry place, though they must not be allowed to freeze, and they will come out next Summer as fresh as you could desire them.

PICKLED PEACHES.—Take six pounds of peaches to three of sugar, and one quart of vinegar, put a clove in one end of each peach and a bit of cinnamon in the other.

PICKLED RED CABBAGE.—Slice your cabbage, cover it with salt, and let it lie two days. Then drain it and put it in a pan, cover it with vinegar, and spice to your taste. Give it a scald, and, when it is cold put it in your jars and tie close up.

POT PIE.—Make the following crust. A quart of flour, half a pint of milk, butter the size of an egg, two teaspoons of cream tartar which should be put dry into the flour; and one teaspoon of soda put into the milk. Mix well together, and drop into your chicken, or veal, or beef stew, when it is boiling.

ALMOND CUSTARD.—Put a quart of cream into a pan, with a stick of cinnamon and a blade or two of mace; boil it and let it cool, blanch two ounces of almonds, beat them fine in a mortar, with a little rose water: if you like a ratifia taste, put in a few apricot kernels, or bitter almonds, mix them with your cream, and sweeten it to your taste. Set it on a slow fire, keep stirring it till it is pretty thick, but do not let it boil, as it will curdle if you do. Pour it into your cups, and let it cool.

GE MAN MUFFINS.—Mix a quart of wheat flour with a pint and a half of milk a little warm, half a teacup of yeast, two eggs, well beaten, a teaspoon of salt, and two tablespoons of melted butter. Set the batter in a warm place to rise, and when it has risen butter your muffin cups, and bake your muffins quickly.

GOLD CAKE.—A pound of flour, half a pound of sugar, six ounces of butter, the yolks of seven eggs, the rind and juice of one lemon. Beat the butter and sugar together, and add the yolks, lemon, flour, one half teaspoon of soda, one of cream of tartar. Bake in flat pans, and ice it while warm, if possible.

WEDDING JOHNNY CAKE.—A pint of sour cream, the same of sweet soda, half a cup of butter, three eggs, a tablespoon of salt, same of soda, one quart of cornmeal, a pint of flour, a pint of raisins, and a pound of citron. Bake in a large pan for an hour. It is delicious.

BREAKFAST CAKES.—To make warm weather breakfast cakes take one cup of molasses, one cup of brown sugar, nearly one cup of butter, or lard and butter mixed, one cup of sour milk, four cups of flour, four teaspoonfuls of soda (not heaping, but even full), one teaspoonful each of cinnamon, salt, and ginger, one egg; bake in gins tins. These will keep well for a week.

GOOD PIE CRUST FOR DYSPEPTICS.—Equal parts corn meal, Graham flour and white flour; wet up with sweet cream, and add a little salt; bake in a hot oven.

TO TAKE OUT INK.—The trouble with ink stain remedies generally is that, beside taking out the ink, they also take out the color of the article cleaned. The following remedy is free from that objection. To half an ounce of oxalic acid add one ounce of distilled water, when it is nearly dissolved, add half an ounce of citric acid. Rub the ink stain with a bit of muslin dipped in this solution.

GRECIAN CEMENT.—Take three pints of ash, three of clay, and one of sand. Mix well with a little water, and apply it immediately. In a short time it will become as hard as adamant.

MEYDING BROKEN VESSELS.—To half a pint of milk put a sufficient quantity of vinegar in order to curdle it, separate the curd from the whey, and mix the whey with the whites of four eggs, beating the whole well together, when mixed add a little quick lime through a sieve until it acquires the consistency of a paste. With this cement broken vessels or cracks can be repaired; it dries quickly, and resists the action of fire and water.

JAPANESE CEMENT is made by mixing powdered rice with a little cold water, and then gradually adding boiling water until the desired consistency is acquired, care being taken to keep it stirred. Lastly, boil for one minute in a clean saucepan. This cement is very strong and nearly colorless.

PARAGRAPHICAL AND HUMOROUS.

The Rebuke.

A dandy remarked to a lady,
While carelessly lolling at ease,
"How vain and insipid are woman,
And not worth the trouble to please."

"I vow that I never shall marry
Till wonders unite in a lass;
For I never love any one better
Than the one I behold in the glass."

The lady replied,—on her features
A flicker of mischief was traced—
"I approve of your good resolution,
But cannot admire your taste."

BEN WOOD DAVIS.

Protested notes—Those emanating from your neighbor's violin.

A police justice in Syracuse refused to punish a man who insulted a woman who had flirted with him. "Virtuous women have no right to flirt," said the level-headed old man.

The estate of a rich man is hallowed ground to the lawyers, and they will travel for miles to prey upon it.

A teacher in a Boston Sunday-school asked his class, "Who were the publicans?" referring to Christ's eating with "publicans and sinners." From five or six small boys came at once the ready response, "Those who voted for Garfield." And, as if to clinch the matter, a little seven-year-old added, "And I am a publican."

A member of the Central Club said last night that he was going to Mt. Washington by advice of his physician, who thinks the "climb-it" will do him good.

Hard work is the secret of success. What men want is not so much talent, but purpose and energy. "Nothing is impossible," says Mirabeau, "to a man who can and will. This is the only law of success."

"Silence is golden" sometimes, but when a fellow fails to respond to a dun it looks more like brass.

"John," said Dean Ramsay, "I'm sur'y e ken that a rollin' stone gathers nae morse?" "Ay," rejoined John, "that's true; but can ye tell me what guid the morse does the stone?"

A sleeper is one who sleeps; a sleeper is also a place where a sleeper can sleep; and a sleeper is, too, a thing over which runs the sleeper in which the sleeper sleeps, so that the sleeper in the sleeper sleeps, while the sleeper runs on, as well as sometimes leaps off the track.—*Wit and Wisdom.*

Young ladies and elephants attain their growth at 18. But here analogy ceases. One trunk is enough for an elephant.

HOW THE QUAKER PUT IT.—An improved form of challenge to a duel is the following Quaker note "If thou wilt eat twelve unripe apples just before retiring at night, I will do the same, and we will see who survives."

Queen Victoria had a sincere regard for Lord Beaconsfield and treated him with marks of personal friendship. He was himself proud to show, the London World says, the pretty valentines he received every year with the signature "From your affectionate sovereign." Once, it is related, he was asked how it was he managed to be such a favorite of Her Majesty, and he answered, sententiously, "Well, you see, I never contradict and I sometimes forget."

HIS FIRST CLIENT.—Scene. At a dinner party in a rich bourgeois' house. Prosperous advocate, recounting his career: "When I took my first brief, I was excited and nervous especially as my client was a consummate scoundrel—a bad egg any way you took him. But then I was beginning my practice. He was a man of good family, the reputation of which would have been fatally tarnished had he been convicted so I took the case and got the rascal off." After dinner enters an important personage, great friend of the host, who presents the lawyer to him. Great personage patronisingly: "I do not need to be introduced to this gentleman; I met him long ago. In fact, I may say I gave him his first start in life. I was his first client."

"Your mind is in a twilight state," observed the good man. "You cannot differentiate the grains of mistrust from the molecules of a reasonable confidence. You are travelling the border land, the frontier between the paradise of faith and the arctic regions of incredulity. You are an agnostic." "Divil a bit," said Pat, with mingled amazement and indignation. "I'm a Dimmycrat, ivery inch o' me."

BLIND!—Gentleman to his rustic servant:

"Well, Jean, did you give the marquis my note?"

"Yes, sir, I gave it to him, but there's no use writing him letters; he can't see to read them. He's blind—blind as a bat!" "Blind!"

"Yes, sir, blind. Twice he asked me where my hat was, and I had it on my head all the time. Blind as a bat!"

"EUGENIE, EUGENIE, will you still insist on wearing the hair of another woman upon your head?" "Alphonse, Alphonse, do you still insist upon wearing the skin of another calf upon your feet?"

A Countryman Astonished.

"Professor" E. C. Bassett, of this city, can tell many interesting incidents connected with his experience as a psychologist and a balloonist, but he was never taken for "old cloven-hoof" but once. This was on Talcott Mountain, where he was making a cup of "French" coffee by the road. This was done by pouring a little brandy into a cup of cold coffee, and then setting fire to it. While he was so employed, a farmer came jogging by in his wagon, and hauled up to see what Bassett was up to. The latter invited the old man to take some coffee. The brandy was still blazing, but the more brilliant blaze of noonday sun completely obscured the flame. The countryman alighted, and asked for a match with which to light his pipe.

"I don't use matches," was Bassett's answer. "See!"

And Bassett held a piece of paper over the cup of coffee, and it ignited instantly. He turned to hand the light to the stranger, and saw him clambering into his wagon.

"Get up!" shouted the man to his horse. "I never dined with the devil, and I don't propose to begin." And he drove furiously away.—*Hartford Times.*

A few years since, Colonel R. S. Mackenzie, Fourth United States Cavalry, was considered the next candidate for appointment of brigadier-general in the army, but about that time (1874 or 1875) another wearer of the silver eagle upon his shoulder-straps (Colonel N. A. Miles, Fifth Infantry) became prominent as a candidate in the race for the star of a brigadier-general, with great prospect of winning it. In Colonel Mackenzie's regiment there was then a grizzled veteran, Captain Napoleon B. McLaughlen. One bright starlight night they were together in camp on a scout upon the plains in Texas. Colonel Mackenzie was walking up and down near his tent, in his nervous manner, snapping his fingers, when suddenly he stopped, and gazed intently up into the heavens. Captain McLaughlen, stepping out of his tent, observed the colonel in this attitude, and remarked:

"What are you looking for, colonel?"

"O," replied the colonel, carelessly, "I am only looking for a star."

"Colonel," replied Captain McLaughlen, "I fear there's Miles between you and that star."

The brigadier's star is now worn by General Miles.

A Dream too Big.

One day Sir William Johnson, the Indian agent to the Mohawk country, under the Colonial Government, was unpacking some clothing brought from England. Hendrick, a famous Indian chief, was present, and took a strong fancy for an embroidered coat. He dared not ask for it, but the next day he told Johnson a dream. "Last night," said he, "me dream you say, 'Hendrick, you've been good friend; now I reward you,' and you gave me the gold coat." The white man pondered a moment and then said, "You are right; the coat is yours." Not long afterward Johnson told Hendrick he had been dreaming. "And what did my white brother dream?" "That you took me by the hand and said, 'Sir William, you have been my friend, and I will show you my love for you; I will give you all the land on the Great River and Canada Creek. The Indian was amazed, for the tract was nearly a hundred thousand acres in extent, and very choice land. But he was not to be outdone in generosity, and finally replied, 'My pale brother, the land is yours; but,' he added, after a long pause, 'Sir William we won't dream any more; you dream too big for me.' The old chief's title was confirmed by the British Government, and the land was long known as the Royal Grant

Ashamed of His Cigars.

In giving his experiences as a public speaker, Mr. Gough, the renowned temperance lecturer, relates an incident in which he encountered an embarrassment which he could not overcome:—

"It was my own fault, and proved a sharp lesson to me.

"I was engaged to address a large number of children in the afternoon, the meeting to be held on the lawn back of the Baptist church in Providence, R. I. In the forenoon, a friend met me and said,—

"I have some first-rate cigars. Will you have a few?"

"No, I thank you."

"Do take half a dozen."

"I have nowhere to put them."

"You can put half a dozen in your pocket."

"I wore a cap in those days, and I put the cigars into it, and at the appointed time I went to the meeting. I ascended the platform, and faced an audience of more than two thousand children. As it was out of doors, I kept my cap on for fear of taking cold, and I forgot all about the cigars. Toward the close of my speech I became more in earnest, and, after warning the boys against bad company, bad habits, and the saloons, I said,—

"Now, boys, let us give three rousing cheers for temperance and for cold water. Now, then, three cheers. Hurrah!"

"And taking of my cap, I waved it most vigorously, when away went the cigars right into the midst of the audience.

"The remaining cheers were very faint, and were nearly drowned in the laughter of the crowd. I was mortified and ashamed, and should have been relieved could I have sunk through the platform out of sight. My feelings were still more aggravated by a boy coming up to the steps of the platform with one of those dreadful cigars, says, 'Here's one of your cigars, Mr. Gough.'"

Mr. Gough has long since discarded the use of tobacco, and would doubtless now consider it extremely inconsistent to warn others against the power of evil habits, while constantly indulging his own appetite in that most foolish practice—smoking.

A Girl Who Swept the Corners.

There is a story, of no very ancient date, of a servant girl who came to see her spiritual adviser, and informed him that she considered herself converted. The minister asked her by what signs she was made aware of the inward change she spoke of. She replied that she now swept out all the corners of the rooms intrusted to her care. On being further questioned as to the performance of her daily duties, it soon became apparent that there was still great room for improvement in matters of cleanliness; so she was told to go home, to be still more conscientious, and to return at some no distant period, when she could report further progress in the reformation just began, and then she might be admitted to a full participation of church privileges!

MISCELLANEOUS.

It Might Have Been.

BY R. KELSO CARTER.

Full often in our lives has come a day
When, pausing where two paths divergent lay,
We pondered, deep and long, which one to choose :
Fearful that, either followed, we might lose
The rare enjoyment of a happy hour,
Or grateful incense of a fragrant flower,
Or glimpse of some fair land where shines the sun
On giant groves, and where the rivers run
Through furrowed fields and through the shadowy ranks
Of cypress trees that weep upon the banks.

We fear to lose so much ; but, knowing not
The changeful chances of our future lot,
We set out boldly on the chosen track .
And then—so often, comes the looking back ;
The baffled strife our cherished goal to win .
The mournful, hopeless cry—" It might have been."

Sometimes the soul, when with great sorrow wrung,
Recalls a time, long fled, when lightly hung
The course of future years in fate's great scale ;
And see how, all unwittingly, an influence frail
As morning dews that on the grasses gleam
Destroyed the even balance of the beam,
Unknown to us the deep decision made,
And turned our path from sunshine into shade.

A passing thought ; a trifling deed :
A word unspoken in an hour of need .
Or spoken when 'twere better left unsaid ;
Some written line that we by chance have read ;
All these can shift the scene with subtle hand,
And round our future draw an iron band.

We never think that such a little thing
Can ever such tremendous sequence bring,
Until too late ; and then, we backward turn
The page that we have filled, and dimly burn
The light of other days, in vain regrets
For opportunities gone by . The spirit frets
Against its destiny, and deep within,
Our hearts we mourn for what we might have been.

Ah ! soul ! look upward, trusting ; kiss the rod ;
And know there is no " might have been " with God .
From Him, wherever lowly we draw near,
We learn of love that casteth out all fear ;
We find a faith that, in oblivion's sea,
Whelms every dread and doubt eternally ;
A hope unflinching to us is given ;
A tender charity, as broad as heaven ;
A perfect peace : a calm, untroubled rest ;
Through these, all things seem ever right and best .
We rise triumphant over death and sin,
All pain and sorrow in our joy forgot,
And, looking backward on our " might have been,"
Thank God that it was not.

Marry a Gentleman.

Marry a gentleman,
Girls, if you can.
Gentle and tender
Though no less a man.
One who will treasure
His child or his wife,
Scorning to rob them
Of sweetness in life.

One who will never
The brute's part assume,
Filling his household
With sorrow and gloom,
If on love's altar,

The flame you would fan,
Marry a gentleman,
Girls, if you can.

You will be happy,
And you will be glad,
Though he should only
Be commonly clad.
Pleasure is fleeting,
And life but a span—
Marry a gentleman,
Girls, if you can.

The Sunday Morning's Dream.

My first day of returning health, after many weeks of severe illness, was a bright Sunday in June. I was well enough to sit at an open window in my easy chair, and as our house stood in a pleasant garden in the suburbs of London, the first roses of the year scented the soft breeze that fanned my pale cheek, and revived my languid frame. The bells of our parish church were just beginning their chimes, and their familiar sounding awakened in me an intense longing to be with my family once more a worshipper in the house of God. I took up my Bible and Prayer Book which had been placed ready on the table beside me intending to begin to read when the hour of the 11 o'clock service should be announced by the ceasing of the bells ; and in the meantime closed my eyes and soothed my impatient wishes by picturing to myself the shady avenues of blossoming limes that led to our church, and the throngs that would now be entering it for the public worship of the day.

All at once I seemed to be walking in the beautiful churchyard, yet prevented from gratifying my eager wish to enter the church by some irresistible though unseen hand. One by one the congregation, in their gay Sunday dresses, passed me by, and went in where I vainly strove to follow. The parish children in two long and orderly trains defiled up the staircases in the galleries, and except a few stragglers hurrying in, as feeling themselves late, I was left alone.

Suddenly I was conscious of some awful presence, and I felt myself addressed by a voice of most sweet solemnity in words to this effect:—

"Mortal, who by divine mercy has just been permitted to return from the gates of the grave, pause before thou enterest God's holy house again ; reflect how often thou hast profaned his solemn public worship by irreverence, or by inattention, which is in his sight irreverence ; consider well the great privilege, the unspeakable benefit and blessing of united prayer, lest by again abusing it thou tire the patience of thy long suffering God, and tempt him forever to deprive thee of that which hitherto thou hast so little valued."

Seeing me cast down my eyes and blush with conscious guilt, the gracious being continued in a milder tone :

"I am one of those angels commissioned to gather the prayers of the saints, and form them into wreaths of glorious incense that they may rise to the throne of God. Enter thou with me, and thou shalt, for thy warning, be able to discern those among the devout who are to be offered which are acceptable to Him, and to see how few in number, how weak and unworthy they are."

As he ceased speaking I found myself by the side of the angel still, but within the church, and so placed that I could distinctly see every part of the building.

"Observe" said the angel, "that those prayers which come from the heart, and which alone will ascend on high will seem to be uttered aloud. They will be more or less audible in proportion to their earnestness, when the thoughts wander the sounds will grow faint, and even cease altogether."

This, explained to me why the organist, though apparently playing with all his might produced no sound, and why presently after when the service began, though the lips of many moved and all appeared attentive, only a few faint murmuring were heard.

How strange and awful it was to note the sort of death-like silence that prevailed in whole pews, in which as was thus evident, no heart was raised in gratitude to heaven. Even in the *Te Deum* and *Jubilat*, the voices sometimes sank into

total silence. After the *Creed* there was a low murmuring of the versicles, and then distinct and clear above all other sounds, a sweet childish voice softly and reverently repeated the Lord's prayer. I turned in the direction of the sound, and distinguished among the children a very little boy. His hands were clasped together as he knelt, his eyes were closed, his gentle face composed in reverence, and as the angel wrote on his tablets, the words that fell from those infant lips, his smile, like a sunbeam, illuminated the church for a moment, and I remembered the words of the holy David, where he says,—“Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings Thou has perfected praise.”

Presently I was again reminded of a scripture passage—the prayer of the publican. A wretched looking man, who swept the crossing near the church, lounged at the centre aisle during the reading of the lessons, his occupation for the hour being suspended. The second lesson was the 24th chapter of St. Matthew, some verses attracted his attention; he listened with more and more seriousness, until he at length put his hand over his face, and exclaimed aloud, “What will become of me at the day of judgment; Lord have mercy on me a sinner.” That prayer was inserted on the angel's tablets. Oh, may it not stand alone, but be an awakening of better things. May God indeed have mercy on such poor ones as he, and raise up some to teach them, and care for their immortal souls.

After this growing accustomed to the broken murmurs and interrupted sounds, I followed many a humble Christian through large portions of the *Litany*, though often when I was listening with hopeful attention a sudden and total pause showed but too plainly that the thoughts of the kneeling suppliant had wandered far away, and that he who had appeared so earnest in his devotions had become languid and silent like the rest of the congregation.

“Thou art shocked at what thou has observed,” said the angel, “I will show thee greater admonitions than these. God is strong and patient; he is provoked every day. Listen now and thou shalt hear the thoughts of these people, so shalt thou have some faint idea of the forbearance God continually exercises towards those who draw near to Him with their lips while their hearts are far from Him.

As the angel spoke, my ears were deafened with a clamor which would have been shocking at a public meeting, but which here, in God's holy house, was awfully profane. The countenances remained indeed as composed and serious as before, the lips moved with word of prayer, but the phrases they uttered were of the world and its occupation.

“How shamefully late Mrs. Slack always comes,” said one woman, who looking over the edge of her Prayer Book, saw her neighbors and a train of daughters bustle into the next pew.

“What an example to set to her family; thank goodness no one can accuse me of that sin.”

“New bonnets again already!” exclaimed the last comer, returning the neighborly glance from the other seat, ere she composed herself to the semblance of devotion. How they can afford it heaven only knows and their father owing all his Christmas bills yet. If my girls look shabby, at least we pay our debts.”

“Ah! there's Tom Scott,” nodded a young man to his friend in the opposite gallery, “he is growing quite religious and respectable I declare. He has been at church two Sundays running. How much longer will the devout it last?”

These were shocking and striking examples of irreverence; there were happily not many such, the involuntary wanderings of thought were more common.

I was much interested in a young couple near me, whose attention for a considerable part of the service had been remarkable. From the dress of the young man I judged him to be a clergyman, the lady wore deep mourning; they were evidently betrothed, they both read out of one book. Gradually he forgot the awful presence in which he stood, his eyes wandering from the Bible to her gentle face, and fixing there, called off his thoughts from heaven.

“How good she is” he began to say, “how attentive to her prayers as to all other duties! How happy I am to have won her love.”

By this time the countenance of the young girl wore an expression which showed that she felt the earnestness of his

gaze, her eyelids trembled—her attention wavered, and though she looked at the book some moments longer, she to began to murmur of earthly things, and I heard her say, “Oh how he loves me—even here, he cannot forget that I am beside him.” It was many minutes before either of them returned in spirit to their devotions.

As the service proceeded, the attention of the congregation flagged more and more—the hubbub of worldly talk increased. One man composed a letter he intended to send, and even altered whole passages and rounded elegant periods, without one check or recollection of the holy place where he stood. Another repeated a long dialogue which had passed between himself and a friend the night before, and considered how he might have spoken more to the purpose.

Some young girls rehearsed scenes with their lovers, some recalled the incidents of their last ball. Careful housewives planned schemes of economy, gave warning to their servants, arranged the turning of a gown, or decided on the most becoming trimming of a bonnet.

To me, conscious of the recording angel's presence, all this solemn mockery of worship was frightful. I would have given worlds to raise this congregation to a sense of what they were doing; and to my comfort, I saw that for the involuntary offenders, a gentle warning was provided.

A frown from the angel, or the waving of his impatient wings, as if about to quit a place so desecrated, recalled the wandering thoughts of many a soul, unconscious whence came the breath that revived the dying flame of his devotions. Then self-blame, tears of penitence, and bitterest remorse of which those kneeling knew nothing, wrung the heart shocked at its own careless ingratitude, wondering at and adoring the forbearing of the Almighty, while more concentrated thoughts, and I trust more fervent prayer, succeeded to the momentary forgetfulness.

In spite of all these helps, however, the amount of real devotion was small; and when I looked at the angel's tablets I was shocked to see how little was written therein.

Out of three hundred Christians, thought I, assembled after a week of mercies, to praise and bless the Giver of all good, are these few words the sum of what they offer!

“Look to thyself,” said the angel, reading my inmost thoughts. “Such as these are,” such hast thou long been. Darest thou, after what has been revealed to thee—act such a part again! oh could thy mortal ears bear to listen to the songs of the rejoicing angels before the throne of the Almighty, thou wouldst indeed at the condescending mercy which stoops to accept these few, faint, wandering notes of prayer and praise. Yet the sinless angels veil their faces before him, in whose presence man stands boldly up with a mockery of worship as thou hast seen this day. Remember the solemn warning, lest hereafter it be counted to thee as an aggravation of guilt.”

Suddenly the sweet solemn voice ceased, the glorious angel disappeared, and so oppressive seemed the silence and loneliness that I started and awoke. My watch pointed to the hour of eleven, it must have been the stopping of the bells that interrupted my slumbers, and all this solemn scene had passed before my mind in the short space of a few minutes.

May the lesson I learned in those minutes never be effaced from my heart, and if this account of them should recall one wandering thought in the house of prayer, or teach any to value more highly and cultivate more carefully the privilege of joining in the public worship of our church, it will not have been written in vain.—*Sel.*

The following extract from a sermon preached by Sydney Smith to her Majesty on her accession to the throne is worthy of recalling: “Extinguish in your heart the fiendish love of military glory from which your sex does not necessarily exempt you, and to which the wickedness of flatterers may urge you. Say upon your death-bed, ‘I have made few orphans in my reign; I have made few widows. My object has been peace. I have used all the might of my character and all the power of my situation to check the irascible passions of mankind, and turn them to the arts of honest industry.’”

FARMER GILES' LESSON.

BY MRS. M. M. P. WOOD.

"I tell you it's of no use. I will not hear another word about it," and farmer Giles brought his clenched fist heavily down upon the table as he concluded his remark.

"But, father, Prince has been such a good horse."

"Well, if he has been, he isn't now," irascibly replied the farmer.

"Husband, I remember," it was soft-voiced Mother Giles who spoke now, "I remember how Prince brought us over from mother's to our new home the day we were married."

"What's that got to do with it?" snarled the farmer.

"Father, wasn't it Prince that carried you after the doctor the night I was so awfully sick?" asked Jamie, a lad of seventeen years. "You know you have told me the story—how you patted his neck as you sprang into the saddle, and said: 'Now do your best, old fellow, do your best. We must get the doctor quickly if we want to keep our baby,' and you thought Prince knew every word you said. He almost flew over the ground; then, when I got better, one day you took me out in the door-yard, and Prince came trotting up and laid his head on your shoulder to look at me, and whinnied so softly."

"He was worth something, then," replied Mr. Giles a little less firmly. "But," he added, "all this talk amounts to nothing. Prince is old and helpless, I shall not keep him any longer. To-morrow I turn him out."

Willie, the spoiled boy of five years, the baby, at this moment looked up from his play, and said: "Papa, if you turn old Prince out to die, we boys," the little fellow always straightened up with a sense of his importance when he said that, "we boys will turn you out just as soon as you get old so you can't work hard. I'll set Bose on you too."

"Go to bed, Willie; we can not have such a bad boy as you are around."

"It's you that's bad, papa, you send me off to bed, and turn old Prince out to starve and die."

Farmer Giles did not seem to enjoy his paper very well that evening, and soon took his night lamp and retired,—but not to restful sleep,—the words of little Willie. "It's you that's bad, papa," kept ringing in his ears, and it was a long time that the stars looked in upon a wakeful man. Then when sleep came, dreams came with it. He was at last awakened by his wife shaking him by the shoulders, and saying:

"Why, Joseph, what's the matter? What are you dreaming about?"

Awakened, Joseph Giles tossed uneasily for some time longer, but finally sank into a restful sleep.

The breakfast the next morning was rather a silent meal, until at its close little Willie grasped his father's chair and asked as he looked into his face:

"Is you going to be a good papa to-day?"

"Yes, Willie, and now take my hand and come out with me to give dear old Prince an extra bite of oats this morning. You shall see that he has his breakfast every day after this."

"Oh, Papa! you are good now!" and the little fellow sprang into his arms and hugged him.

"Joseph, how happened this?" asked his wife.

"Sarah, Willie's words rang in my ears and colored my dreams. I saw myself, a poor, ragged old man, leaning on two rough sticks, limping out of my door-yard, while old Prince, Dobbin and Ned, standing on two legs, kicked and drove me forth with horrible neighs. The boys stood in the door laughing, and even your face was at the window, Sarah. The dogs barked and bit me, while I was so tremulous that it seemed as if I must sink down, but dared not."

"Bless the saucy boy," said the indulgent mother, with a tear in her eye, "and bless you, my husband, for heeding the dream."—*Dio Lewis.*

An Example in Arithmetic.

Johnny was poring over his mental arithmetic. It was a new study to him and he found it interesting. When Johnny undertook anything he went about it with heart, head and hand. He sat on his high stool at the table, and his father and mother sat just opposite. He was such a tiny

fellow, scarcely large enough to hold the book, you would think, much less to study and calculate. But he could do both, as you shall see.

Johnny's father had been speaking to his mother, and Johnny had been so intent on his book that he had not heard a word; but as he leaned back on his high chair to rest a moment, heard his father say, "Dean got beastly drunk at the club last night, drank ten glasses of wine. I was disgusted with the fellow."

Johnny looked up with bright eyes and said, "How many did you drink, father?"

"I drank but one, my son," said the father, smiling down upon his little boy.

"Then you were only one tenth drunk," said Johnny reflectively.

"Johnny!" cried his parent, sternly, in a breath; but Johnny continued with a studious air:

"Why, yes, if ten glasses of wine make a man beastly drunk, one glass will make him one tenth part drunk, and—"

"There, there!" interrupted the father, biting his lip to hide the smile that would come, "I guess it is bed time for you. We will have no more arithmetic to-night."

So Johnny was tucked away in bed, and went sound asleep; turning the problem over and over to see if he was wrong. And just before he had lost himself in slumber he had thought: "One thing is sure, if Dean hadn't taken the one glass he would not have been drunk, and if father had taken nine more he would have been drunk; so it is the safest way not to take any, and I never will."

ASHAMED TO TELL MOTHER.—"I would be ashamed to tell mother, was a little boy's reply to his comrades who were trying to tempt him to do wrong.

"But you need not tell her; no one will know anything about it."

"I would know all about it myself, and I'd feel mighty mean if I couldn't tell mother."

"It's a pity you wasn't a girl. The idea of a boy running and telling his mother every little thing!"

"You may laugh if you want to," said the noble boy, "but I've made up my mind never, so long as I live, to do anything I would be ashamed to tell my mother."

Noble resolve, and which will make almost any life true and useful. Let it be the rule of every boy and girl to do nothing of which they would be ashamed to tell their mother.

Why He Broke His Engagement.

Gambetta is a bachelor, but he has not lived so long without having at least contemplated marriage. The story of his engagement to an heiress in western France, and its sudden breaking off, give us a fresh glimpse of his character. From the time of his leaving his humble home at Cahors, till his rise to the highest rank of public personages, Gambetta lived with a faithful, loving, devoted aunt, who had followed him to Paris, and who made, every where he went, a pleasant home for him. She was at once his maid-of-all-work and his congenial companion; and he was as deeply attached to her as she to him. His engagement to a handsome, and accomplished girl, with a dot of seven millions, was a shock to the good aunt, but she yielded gracefully to the inevitable. When the arrangements for the marriage were being discussed, however, the young lady took it into her head to make it a condition of their union that the aunt should be excluded from the new establishment. She was scarcely elegant enough to adorn gilded salons. Gambetta explained how much his aunt had been to him, the rich beauty was only the more obdurate. Gambetta took up his hat, and with a profound bow, "Adieu!" said he, "we were not made to understand each other." And the marriage was put off forever.—*Good Company.*

At the recent performance in London of a play wherein a mother has a terrific combat with two ruffians for the possession of her child, a large Newfoundland dog, which had been taken into the pit by its owner, a steamship engineer, leaped over the orchestra, and, landing upon the stage, seized one of the fellows, and was with great difficulty removed. The dog had been a companion of children.

The Stranger in his Desk.

The Christian Secretary tells the following characteristic anecdote of Dr. Lyman Beecher, and the nearly equally famous Dr. Strong, of East Hartford:

A plain country minister called one day, just at evening, upon Dr. Strong. The doctor was very busy preparing for his evening service, and he said to his wife, "You must entertain him for a little while." He soon came out of his study, and invited the stranger to accompany him to meeting. On the way he turned and said to his country brother, "I will depend upon you to offer the opening prayer."

At the close of the prayer he whispered, "You must preach."

"I haven't any notes."

"Don't you ever preach without notes?"

"I have done such a thing."

"Well, you must preach."

Dr. Strong listened with the most absorbed attention, till at the close he spoke out so loud as to be heard all over the house:

"Who are you? Ain't you that Beecher who has lately come to Litchfield?"

"My name is Lyman Beecher."

True Manliness.

Every young man considers it high praise to be called a "manly fellow," and yet, how many of his ideas there are of manliness!

Physical strength is not the test. Samson was endowed with tremendous bodily powers. He was a grand specimen of humanity. See him rending the lion as he would a kid, or carrying away the gates of Gaza! But he was a weak creature after all, unable to resist the wiles of an artful woman.

Great intellect is not the test of true manhood. Some of the most intellectual men who ever lived were not manly. Lord Francis Bacon was a prodigy of intellect,—the Sciences sat at his feet extolling him as their benefactor; yet we see him led down Tower Hill a prisoner for swindling!

Fast living is not manliness. Some men think that to strut, and puff, and swear is to be manly. To some, the essentials of manliness are to "toss off their glass like a man," "spend money freely like a man," "smoke like a man," "drive a fast horse like a man," forgetting that virtue is true manliness. Temperance, chastity, truthfulness, fortitude, and benevolence are the characteristics and essentials of manliness.

There is no manliness in sin of any kind. Vice is essentially unmanly. Just so far as evil habits are connected with the so-called manly sports, degradation follows.

There may be manliness in a rowing match, a foot race, game of cricket or ball, or skating, if disconnected with gambling, but prize fighting and dog-fighting are not manly sports. I express my own opinion in saying that I do not consider horse-racing a manly amusement. Of the two, I think prize-fighting the more honorable. If two men choose to train themselves to endurance, patience and skill, and then meet of their own free will to batter themselves to pieces, I consider it is more manly than to drive a horse, with whip and spur, till his reeking sides are covered with foam, and dripping with blood and sweat, his nostrils distended and bleeding, his whole frame quivering with pain and exhaustion, for the sake of sport, and transferring cash from the pocket of one man to that of another without an equivalent.

To be manly is to be honest, generous, brave, noble, and pure in speech and life. The highest form of manliness is its godliness. Some one has said, "An honest man is the noblest work of God." If we mean honesty in the common acceptance of the word, it is not true, a merely honest man is not the noblest work of God, but the man who is honest toward God and toward his fellow-man,—in short, a Christian man is the noblest work of God.—J. N. Coven, in *Sunlight and Shadow*.

Livingstone, the Explorer.

To the last, David Livingstone was proud of the class from which he sprung. When the highest in the land were showering compliments on him he was writing to his old friends of

"my own order, the honest poor," and trying by schemes of colonization and otherwise to promote their benefit. He never had the least hankering for any title or distinction that would have seemed to lift him out of his own class; and it was with perfect sincerity that, on the tombstone which he placed over the resting place of his parents in the cemetery at Hamilton, he expressed his feelings in these words:

To show the resting-place of
Neil Livingstone
and Agnes Hunter, his wife,
and to express the thankfulness to God
of their children,
John, David, Janet, Charles and Agnes,
for poor and pious parents!

LITTLE FANNY SMITH'S MITE.

HOW A DYING CHILD'S GIFT HAS BUILT A CHURCH IN PHILADELPHIA FOR "POOR PEOPLE LIKE US."

About nine years ago a little girl came with her mother, asking to be received as a member of the Cohoesink Church, Philadelphia. She was but 7 years old, and the Session was not disposed to receive her on account of her age, though she had answered the questions asked better than many adults. They asked, "Don't you think you had better wait awhile?" But she said, "You said last Sabbath the Lord's Supper was for those who love and obey Him, and I am sure I love Him, and I am trying to obey." The pastor asked if she had been coming to church, to which she replied, "Mamma and I come at night. We are poor, and our clothes are not good enough to come in the daytime." The pastor then said "Brethren, if you feel that you cannot receive this child, I think I will have to take her on my own responsibility." She was accordingly received. She was a frail child, and not often afterward able to be at church, and during the following summer her father and mother took her to Vermont to see if the change and mountain air would improve her health. On the first Sabbath in September of that year the pastor was sent for to be with her in her dying hour. He talked and prayed with her as already an heir almost of heaven, and when he came to part with her she told her mother to get her money, all she had received in her life, consisting of a one dollar bill and three and five cent pieces, amounting to \$4.21. This she placed with her own feeble hands in the box in which was the last powder of her medicine, saying as she put in the money, "I shall not want any more medicine," and then, turning to her pastor with an inexpressible look of loving confidence, thinking, in her childish simplicity, that this money was enough, and taking his hand, said, "I want you to take this money and build with it a church for poor people like us. Now," said she, "promise me, so I shall know, when I am in heaven, that it is done." She died that evening.

The pastor who thus received her mite was the Rev. Dr. Samuel A. Mutchmore. He accepted the trust, and soon began sending out a circular under the title of "A Child's Legacy," asking for additions to the fund. The result has at length been the building of a sixty-thousand dollar church to the memory of the little girl. The property at Montgomery avenue and Bouvier street, Philadelphia, was first purchased and mortgaged for \$7,000, the instrument being held by the late Alexander Stuart of New York, and his brother Robert Stuart, who agreed to cancel the mortgage provided the church should be finished by Jan. 1, 1882. Alexander Stuart died, but his brother Robert signed an agreement to carry out the terms of the original contract. Having the ground, Pastor Mutchmore cast around to get a congregation and place of worship. The church must necessarily be built by private and voluntary subscriptions. On the night of May 26, 1876, the congregation was organized in a little frame shanty, and numbered 42 persons, and a Sabbath-school was founded. Both have been growing ever since. The church was built over and around the old shanty, which was taken out after the first floor of the new edifice was ready to be laid. The new building is to be literally a church for poor people, being free in all its privileges. It has now a membership of 284 persons, and an average attendance of 600. The Sunday-school comprises 45 teachers and 355 scholars in the main classes, and 5 teachers and 284 scholars in the infant class, and it is situated in one of the most rapidly developing sections of Philadelphia.

A Taste for Reading.

Time should be devoted by every young man and woman entering life, were it only half an hour a day, to the development of their mind, to the gaining of useful information, to the cultivation of some ennobling taste. A taste for reading is worth more than any sum we can name. A rich man without this or some similar taste does not know how to enjoy money; his only resource is to keep on making, hoarding money, unless he prefer to spend it, and a mind that is not well developed does not know how to spend wisely. A well-known millionaire used to say that he would gladly give up all his money if he could only have himself the education which his lazy stupid boy refused to acquire. Be advised, make it a rule never to be broken to devote at least half an hour a day to the reading of some useful and instructive book. Every man needs a knowledge of history, the elements of science, and other useful subjects, and, if only half an hour a day is given to reading, he will find the advantage of it. Be hungry and thirsty for knowledge of all kinds, and you will be none the worse, but all the better, as business men and women. Beware of novels; they are ensnaring and pernicious.

The Discovery of Silk.

The discovery of silk is attributed to one of the wives of the emperor of China, Hoang-ti, who reigned about two thousand years before the Christian era; and since that time a special spot has been allotted in the gardens of the Chinese royal palace to the cultivation of the mulberry tree, called in Chinese the "golden tree"—and to the keeping of silkworms. The first silk dress in history was made, not for a sovereign nor for a pretty woman, but for the monster in human shape, Heliogabalus. Persian monks, who came to Constantinople, revealed to the Emperor Justinian the secret of the production of silk, and gave him some silk worms. From Greece the art passed into Italy at the end of the thirteenth century. When the popes left Rome to settle at Avignon, France, they introduced into that country the secret which had been kept by the Italians; and Louis XI. established at Tours a manufactory of silk fabrics. Francis I. founded the Lyons silk works, which to this day have kept the first ranks. Henry II. of France wore the first pair of silk hose ever made, at the wedding of his sister. The word "satin," which in the original was applied to all silk stuffs in general, has since the last century been used to designate only tissues which present a lustrous surface. The discovery of this particular brilliant stuff was accidental. Octavio Mai, a silk weaver, finding business very dull, and not knowing what to invent to give a new impulse to the trade, was one day pacing to and fro before his loom. Every time he passed the machine, with no definite object in view, he pulled little threads from the warp and put them to his mouth which soon after he spat out. Later on, he found the little ball of silk on the floor of his workshop, and was attracted by the brilliant appearance of the threads. He repeated the experiment, and by using certain mucilaginous preparations succeeded in giving satin to the world.—*Hatters' Gazette.*

The Horrible Fly in India.

One of India's pests is the metallic blue-fly. You sink the legs of your furniture into metallic sockets filled with salt and water, and pack your clothing in tight tin boxes, to prevent the incursions of white ants, but you have no remedy against the metallic blue-fly, which fills every crevice, every keyhole, and every key itself, with clay. This fly is an artistic as well as an industrious worker, and he works always with an object. He first selects a hole, a key-hole or an empty space in any metallic substance is preferred, but, in the absence of any such material, the holes in the bottom of a cane seat chair, or any perforated wood, will answer the purpose. After seeing that the hole is clean and in good order, he commences operations by laying on the bottom a smooth carpet of clay, then the bodies of several defunct spiders are triumphantly placed upon the clay carpet. On top of these spiders the eggs of the female fly are deposited. The tomb is then ready for closing. The top is neatly covered over with clay, but it still has an unfinished look. This

is remedied by a thin coat of whitewash, and then the fly looks upon his work and pronounces it good.

When this tomb is opened there are more metallic blue-flies in the world than there were before. You are anxious to examine or wear some of your valuables, which you always keep under lock and key, and you take your key and endeavor to unlock your trunk, but it is only an endeavor. There is resistance in the keyhole. You examine the key, and find that it is nicely sealed up with clay, and the keyhole in the same condition. It is a work of patience to destroy the nursery of the poor insect, and lay his castle in ruins; but a determined will can accomplish much. Cane-seated chairs are sometimes so occupied by these clay homes as to make it hard to determine what the original substance was.

The Butter-Tree.

(PENTADESMIA BUTYRACEA.)

Very attractive must be those localities upon the banks of the Niger where the native hut-dweller has ever within his reach a butter tub that never fails. The rich and oily secretion afforded by the butter-tree is so abundant as to assure the house-mother of unlimited comfort in the cooking and dressing of viands most desired.

Indeed, so productive is this wonderful forest gift that fears are entertained lest its fruitfulness may at no late day effect a great social revolution in districts where it most abounds. Slave merchants have dreaded its power as an article of commerce, and at one period the King of Dahomey was induced to issue an order for the destruction of all the butter-trees in his kingdom.

But all attempts to destroy it have thus far proved useless. Cut, hewn at the root, nay, even burned, it springs up with apparently renewed vigor; royal edicts are powerless, and "shea butter" is still sold abundantly in the market, retaining its well-deserved popularity, even though imperial orders would, if carried out, utterly exterminate from the earth this marvelous gift of God.

Covered with Gold.

It is a curious fact that Russia, one of the poorest of civilized countries, makes a greater parade of wealth in one respect than any other State. The domes of all the great churches in St. Petersburg, Moscow, and other large towns are plated with gold nearly one quarter of an inch thick. The new church of the Saviour, dedicated and opened in Moscow last August, represents a value of fully \$15,000,000. The Isaac Cathedral in St. Petersburg may safely be credited with at least thrice that amount. So strong, however, is the old Slav belief in the inviolable sanctity of "holy places" that, during countless seasons of widespread and bitter distress, no attempt has ever been made to plunder the gold thus temptingly exposed. Indeed, one of the finest churches in St. Petersburg, the Kazan Cathedral, owes its massive shrine to a voluntary offering of plunder taken by the Cossacks in 1812.

THE NEVILLE RECIPE FOR GARDEN BUGS.—Mr. Edgar Neville has a two-acre farm at Avenue B and Fifth street, Tremont, where he has fought potato bugs, army worms and grasshoppers for fourteen years. Paris green and hellebore he found killed the insects, but poisoned the crops. He buried the potato bugs a foot deep, and they dug their way out with characteristic cheerfulness. Mr. Neville lay awake nights thinking of what he should do, and five years ago hit upon a compound which is deadly, he says, to bugs of all kinds, and harmless to man. He has tried it for several years, and while his neighbors' crops have been ruined, his own have been saved. He is an old man now, and he asks a New York paper to spread abroad his recipe, so that it may do good everywhere. It is as follows:

Dissolve one ounce of saltpetre, two ounces of alum, and half a pound of the commonest brown soap in three gallons of water, and sprinkle with a watering pot over the growing plants."

Mr. Neville recommends that seed be soaked in this mixture before planting.