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Samily Reading.

Hymn for a Little Child.

God make my life a little light, Within the world to glow, A little flame that burneth bright, Wherever I may go.

God make my life a little flower, That giveth joy to all, Content to bloom in native bower, Although its place be small.

God make my life a little song, That comforteth the sad; That helpeth others to be strong, And makes the singer glad.

God make my life a little staff Whereon the weak may rest, That so what health and strength I have May serve my neighbors best.

God make my life a little hymn, Of tenderness and praise; Of faith that never waxeth dim, In all his wondrous ways.

The Home a Means of Grace.

Will grows more and more nervou every year. I wonder what kind of an old man he will make.'

'A dyspeptic, and consequently blue man, and Margaret will be in great measure to blame, because she will not make a true home for her husband,' and Cousin Sarah rocked back and forth in her low chair in a manner that indicated she was worried over her friend's future.

'What ought Margaret to do, pray?' Make Will's home a means of grace to him.

ed her cousin's words. 'A means of grace! Then there is religion in bread and meat, cake and pies-what an idea!'

'I did not say so, but that the home ought to be a means of grace to every member of the family. The health of the soul is largely dependent on the health of the body. Many a man takes dark and despairing views of his spiritual state, and considers himself an outcast, all because Biddy insists upon serving up hot bullets and muddy coffee

for his breakfast. ' Poor neighbor Collins, who makes such long and melancholy speeches at our covenant meetings, is not a sinner above all others, but is simply being fried to death. Mrs. Collins hates to cook, so fries everything friable, it being the easier process; and her poor, dyspeptic husband, whose work is writing in a close office, is the victim to that style of cooking. She forgets, or is ignorant of the fact, that it takes four hours for fried beef to digest.'

'Will Marchant isn't being fried to death,' said Bett, laughing, ' for Margaret is afraid of smoking up her house.' ' No, but he is suffering for the com-

forts of a home.' 'In a convenient house, and with plenty of money, Cousin Sarah? You make wild statements.'

'Let me tell you my experience last winter, and see if you call that house a home in the best sense of the word.

'In the first place, Margaret has a set of cast-iron rules, which do not always conduce to the comfort of the family. I shivered through three cold days waiting for the time to arrive when they started their furnace. At breakfast there, three horrible mornings we were as glum and as closely wrapped up as mummies, eating our cheerless meal.

"The sun will warm us up before long,' said Margaret, in her placid way. I never have a fire made in our furnace until the 6th, that is one of my rules,'-as if in that fact there was all the apology needed. One day we had what grandma calls a 'biled dish,' corned beef and vegetables. As soon as I had a fair view of the meat, I knew it would be as long a friendship as existed between a turkey and a certain family I knew once.'

You need not enlarge,' said Bett.

· Go on.' the meat was served cold, which was

four hours for that cabbage to digest, you know, and three and a half hours for the boiled carrots and turnips.'

" There is nothing else to eat,' said Will. taking more cabbage. Now, Bett. I have learned that men are queer and like children in one respect. They will eat what they like, no matter if as if putting on boots was a fearful orthey are to be miserable for hours in consequence. So I would not put on my table what I knew would be an injury to them.'

'How would you have managed any better? Corned beef is corned beef, and will not take on disguises.'

'The first move I should have made would have been to take the Japanese umbrella from the fireplace, and have a cheerful fire. How can one secure more real enjoyment for a whole winter than in a ton of coal? A dyspeptic is always cold, and when at the table ought to be warm, if at no other time. As to the corned beef, it is a dish I should rarely have. But if I did, I should sandwich in dinners of fresh meat, so that it would not be a bore. In the morning I would have a 'calico hash,'-you need not laugh; the great Duke of Wellington thought enough of hash to define it as being 'what is left after the fight of yesterday.' It is composed of meat, potatoes, and enough of each kind of vegetable to give it a variety taste,' and light up the dark background of meat.

'It is not in the matter of food alone that Margaret makes her greatest mistake, but in her general want of tact and thoughtfulness. I remember one Bett's eyebrows lifted, as she repeat- of the coldest days last winter, Will came home about four o'clock. / 'Have tea early, Mag,' he said. 'Lhaven't had any dinner, and feel sick and faint.' 'Bridget is out; we can't very well have tea before six, and then Margaret gave her whole attention to a company of stiff-necked dandelions that were supposed to be growing near a group of grim cat-o-nine-tails guarded by a huge sunflower.'

> 'Cousin Sarah, how old-fashioned you are, to condemn such artistic work ! 'I am old-fashioned enough to think that Will's comfort and health were of more importance than table covers and chair-tidies. Fancy-work is a most desirable addition in home-ornamentation, but health and comfort should be first considered. Oh, how I wanted to say, 'Do drop your weeds, Margaret, and attend to this man. She ought to have cooked a nice bit of steak, and made a cup of tea with her own hands, if Bridget was out, and served it by the fire, where Will was trying to thaw himself. But no, the weeds grew, and the husband shrank into himself, and became more and more gloomy. 'Nothing goes to the right spot,' was Will's remark, as he ate a slice of cold bread, picked at a sardine, and looked over a plate of dry cake.

'I would always keep, in the winter, ness. if I was Maggie, a little venison steak in the house. Will is fond of it, and it digests in an hour and a halt. A very observing and sensible writer once said that 'the women who do all their own work do more for the comfort of their husbands than the wife who has

one or two servants.' unsatisfying supper, therefore was touchy and fault-finding; and complete her blunders, Margaret had nots and raisins brought in for a treat about nine o'clock. Now if Margaret would remember that it is a duty in every phase of human existence to have the brain superintend the doings of the hands, her hands would not serve such treats to her husband. I had my Frank but a few short years, and I am thankful to remember that I at least tried to make his home restful, and a means of grace to him.'

A shadow rested upon Cousin Sarah's usually sunny face, but she soon drove it away, and turning to Bett, said,-

The dinner was good. At supper of another home, and do begin your cat was pained by the refusal of the married life with the determination to choicest delicacies of the table by her well enough. The next morning more make a true one. Shelter your hus- two squirrels, she was still more painslabs were coldly set forth; at dinner band's weaknesses, foster all that is good ed when she found them sitting on No. 2, slabs, guarded by an array of and avoid irritating him by asking him their respective hind legs and devourcold vegetables. 'This is the last of to do any of your legitimate work, such ing hickory nuts. She promptly the meat I do hope,' Will said at the as marketing or engaging servants. If knocked them over with a blow of her tea-table; and we were all glad to hear a man buys the dinner, he generally paw, and, requesting them never to let Margaret confirm our hopes. Now as sends home three times too much; and her see them eating in so improper Will has a weak stomach, and Mar- as to girl-hunting, is there a more piti. a position again, demanded to know

garet is woefully ignorant of the laws ful sight than a helpless man in an what they meant by ruining their of health, I made bold to say, 'It takes intelligence office being questioned by teeth and digestion with anything so some smart Bibby?

> And above all, I beg of you if you value your peace of mind, never ask your John to go an errand for you after he has taken his boots off and has on his slippers. I never could yet understand why, but it always seems deal for the very best of men."-Watchman.

Cats and Squirrels. A cat residing in the family of Mr B. H. Cutter, the distinguished zoologist of Dedham, Mass., became the happy mother of six healthy kittens early last September. About the same time Mr. Cutter came into possessionpresumably by kidnapping-of two infant red squirrels. With true scientific malevolence, the zoologist drowned two of his cat's helpless kittens, and substituted for them the young squirrels, and then proceeded to chronicle in his note-book the result of this wicked meddling with his cat's domestic relations. At first the cat appeared to take no notice of the trick which had been played upon her. She treated the squirrels precisely like the rest of her family, and although she took pains to prevent them from being imposed upon by the larger and more greedy kittens, it evidently did not occur to her that they were not her own legitimate offspring. The first evidence that Mr. Cutter perceived of any mental distress on the part of the cat was obtained when the squirrels were about three months old. At that time the cat discovered that there was something wrong about their tails. These appendages, being bushy, presented the appearance which a cat's tail presents ip moments of strong excitement. Mr. Cutter's cat could not rid herself of the conviction that the state of the squirrels' tails was due either to fright or anger, and whenever she returned to the family cot in the garret, after a temporary absence, and noticed the two bushy tails, she instantly searched the garret for a supposed enemy, firmly convinced that some one had been frightening her kittens. She left no means untried of reducing the size of the squirrels' tails, either by calming their mind or by operating directly of sagacity, it would go to the baker's upon the tails themselves, but her efforts were in vain and the mental anxiety which she suffered preyed perceptibly upon her health. It appears that the rumour that Mr. Cutter's cat possessed two extraordinary kittens had spread among the local cats, for the very first day that she took her young family into the back yard no less than six climbed over the fence and with derisive yells attacked the squirrels. The latter sought safety in a

tree, and their indignant foster-mother fought the intruders with great fierce-Even after the six cats were put to flight, they paused on the top of the fence, and in the most unfeeling manner ridiculed Mr. Cutter's cat and her bushy-tailed kittens. As the squirrels declined to come down from the tree, the cat was forced to ascend and bring them down in her mouth, and Mr. Cutter, who, with heartless 'To finish my story, Will had an note-book and pencil, watched her from an upper window, remarked that she seemed very tired and much depressed in spirits. The first attempt at weaning the squirrels was conspicuously unsuccessful. The excellent cat, having caught a plump young mouse, brought it to her family and explained that henceforth mice would take the place of milk as the steady diet of the kittens. The two young squirrels refused to touch the mouse, and looked on with surprise and disgust while their fellow-kittens devoured it. The same uncat-like want of interest in bones was shown by them a few hours later, and when, on the following day, the squirrels refused fish, the cat threw herself down on the floor and My ornaments are fruits; my garments 'Before long you will be at the head wept bitterly. If this much-suffering

utterly unfit for food as hickory-nuts. But in spite of the cat's entreaties and commands, the squirrels persisted in eating hickory-nuts and nothing else, and the cat unable any longer to withstand the conviction that she was the mother of a pair of little monsters, lost all her spirits and grew thin day by day One moonlight night the squirrels were led out to the roof of the kitchen, where the cat undertook to give them a lesson in singing, they would not sing a note, and when they were cuffed for their obstinacy by their indignant fostermother they chattered in a way that really frightened her. The climax of their misconduct was reached when they refused to return from the roof to the garret, but fled to the apple tree, where they took up their abode in a knothole, the entrance to which was so small that the cat could only thrust one paw into it. In this tree the squirrels continued to live, utterly heedless of the cat, who would sit all day long at the foot or on one of the lower branches of the tree and pour out the passionate sorrow of her broken heart in strains that elicited various missiles from the entire neighborhood. At the end of a month Mr. Cutter missed her voice in the early morning, and after breakfast he found her lying stiff and lifeless on the ground, the victim of the coldness and ingratitude of the squirrels. Mr. Cutter seems to think that in playing this despicable trick upon a respectable cat he has done something

A Dog Miser.

of which he has a right to be proud

Verily the tender mercies of the

scientist are cruel, but when Mr. Cut-

ter reads his paper on "Cats and

Squirrels" before the Massachusetts

Zoological Society, it is to be hoped

that at least one zoologist will be found

who will characterize such heartless

conduct as it deserves .- N. Y. Times.

Instances of canine economy are by no means rare; but the account of a dog miser is, so far as our records extend, unique. Dandie, the animal referred to, was a Newfoundland dog, belonging to a gentleman in Edinburgh. It frequently had money given to it, because, besides other interesting signs and buy its own bread. But Dandie received more money than his needs called for, and so he took to hoarding

This his master discovered in consequence of the dog appearing one day with a breakfast roll when it was known that no one had given it any money. Suspicion aroused, search was made in the room where the dog slept. Dandie appeared quite unconcerned until his bed was approached, when he seized the servant by her gown and tried to drag her away, and became so violent that his master had to hold him, Sixpence-halfpenny was found hidden in the bed. Dandie did not forego his propensities even after this; but he exhibited a great dislike afterward for the servant who had discovered hi hoard, and in future was careful to select a different place of concealment Stories of dogs who carry money to shops in order to obtain food are quite numerous; but the following incident, which was communicated to the Bristol Mercury, is, if authenic, probably unparalleled even in canine records. Bristol dog was allowed by a certain butcher to receive his meat on trust, the butcher scoring each pennyworth supplied on a board with a piece of chalk. One day our canine friend, observing the man make two marks with the chalk instead of one, seized another piece of meat, and, despite all the efforts of the

October.

butcher to detain him, ran off home

with both pieces in his mouth. - Cham-

bers Journal.

Woven like cloth of gold, and crimson

I do not boast the harvesting of sheaves, O'er orchards and o'er vineyards I

Though on the frigid Scorpion I ride, The dreamy air is full, and overflows With tender memories of the summer-

And mingled voices of the doves and crows, man 01 won one orenT

What is a Strawberry?

No one, we suppose, in these days of popular lectures and elementary handbooks, needs to be told that what we call the fruit of the strawberry is not the fruit, but the receptacle or cushion on which the fruit is placed, the fruit being in reality the hard little brown nuts which, if we condescend to notice them at all, we usually call seeds. But while the fruit remains-to ordinary ideas-unfruitlike, the receptacle becomes fleshy and juicy and red, and acquires the flavour which induced old Isaac Walton to say that God could without doubt have made a better berry, but equally without doubt God never did. Now how comes it, asks Mr. Allen, that the strawberry has developed the habit of producing this succulent and conspicuous cushion? It was not so from the beginning; this was not the "primitive form." The primeval strawberry fruits were crowded together on a green, dry, inedible receptacle. Whence the change? "Why does the strawberry develop this large mass of apparently useless matter?" The answer follows unhesitatingly. For a plant with indigestible fruits like these little nuts, it was clear gain in the struggle for life to be. eaten by birds, and consequently to have something to tempt birds to eat. Some of the ancestral strawberries chanced to have a receptacle a trifle more juicy than their chaffy brethren, and by virtue of this piece of luck gave birth to more than the usual num ber of seedlings, all reproducing and some farther developing the parental characteristic. The most developed were throughout the most fortunate, till the present state of affairs was reached; while the strawberry plants which had not chanced so to develop were utterly beaten in the race of life, to the extent of becoming altogether extinct. By like process the berries (if we may so call them--for botanists will reprovingly tell us they are no such thing) became red, the color serving as an advertising medium to let the fowls of the air know where the now luscious morsels were to be found. Now we are far from saying that this is an impossible account of the growth of strawberries-we will not even say that it is very improbable. But Mr. Grant Allen gives it simply as fact, as categorically as he would tell us that Columbus discovered the New World, Is it a certain matter of fact? Are there no difficulties in the way of accepting this piece of history?-

The Harvest of 1882.

A leading corn merchant of Marseilles, M. Estienne, has for some years past sent out enquiries to agriculturists in different parts of the world respecting the prospects of harvest. The reports are translated into French, and published in a volume issued early in September. The one for the present year has just appeared.

We need not dwell on what is said of England. It seems widely admitted that the harvest with us is an excellent one. The crops generally are described as superior to any of the past seven years. This work states it to be probable that the wheat-fields will yield about ten million quarters for consumption. Putting our needs at twenty-four millions, this will leave us this year dependent upon foreign supply for fourteen million quarters.

Reports from 89 departments in France state that the wheat crop in 20 is very good, in 47 is good, in 11 is fairly good, in 10 middling, and in one only is bad. With the exception of barley all the crops are better, while wheat is superior to that of any year yet reported upon.

From Scotland the reports are unusually hopeful. From Ireland they are far from bright; unfavorable weather has produced the fear that the yield will be considerably below the

In Austria-Hungary there is a smaller acreage under cereals than usual, but, on the whole, the prospects are

From Italy the reports on cereals are very hopeful.

From the Turkish provinces on the Danube they are regarded as being unusually favorable.

From Russia it is said that no com-

plaint can be made of the harvest in general this year.

From Germany the reports are most favorable.

Switzerland did not report very hopefully; the weather has not been favorable, but a middling crop may be expected

In Belgium the expectations were high. Not so in Spain, nor in Holland. From the United States all the reports speak of the wheat crop as abundant, and one of the best ever

Thus, all around this Northern Hemisphere, taken as a whole, the reports promise a finer harvest than has been known for many years. A cause for no little gratitude to the bounteous Giver of all good, the Lord of the harvest .- London Freeman.

Bouths' Weparkment.

Original and Selected. Scripture Enigma.

No. 194.

Find the following thirteen described words, and the initials state a fact spoken by an ancient king that should make us all total abstainers:

1. The name of a star spoken of in the Bible.

2. A daughter of Haran, Abraham's

3. A Pharisee of our Saviour's time.

4. A garden. 5. A grandson of Eli.

6. A king of Israel.

7. An aged prophetess.

8. The father of Samson

9. A woman of Moab. 10. A river of Babylon

11. A brook near Jerusalem.

12. A prophet who never died.

13, A New Testament book of pro-

450. A very proper acknowledgment of wrong doing which was spoken in three words.

1. Twice by a great king.

2. By a prophet to an angel.

4. Three times by a mighty king. 5. Five times by a good king.

6. By a base traitor. 7. By a young man away from home, The same acknowledgment is suitable for every person when he comes to himself. What were they, and who were the persons. Give book, chapter and

451. Form a square of six, six-letter words, three sides of which give familiar

Bible names:

1. Minerals. 2. A country east of the Jordan.

3. What intervenes.

4. Turns aside.

5. Eight.

6. A Syrian captain.

452. Complete these lines so that each two rhyme:

Whose eyes with melting pity ----His life is like a summer ---: But he whose ready hands are -----

A father's heart in God shall ----For better 'tis to love than And better far to work than ---: For human kindness is And what thou givest shall be

Find answers to the above-write them down-and see how they agree with the answers to be given next week.

Answer to Scripture Enigma

No. 193. Pilate, Elijah, Anna, Cornelius, Enoch. PEACE-John xiv. 29.

ANSWERS TO CURIOUS QUESTIONS. 444. A pyramid of words:

BIN of the or selon

446. Rebekah-Genesis xxiv. 65. 447. Leviticus ii. 7. Word-Square:

GHOST HECLA OCEAN

449. The letter H.

The Salvation Army has invaded Spain. One day last week several people of both sexes appeared in the streets of Madrid with clarionets and tambourines, and delivered addresses in the squares in the English language. How can General Booth hope to convert the Spaniards by sending people to speak to them in a language they do not understand?

or wilt ahrni or

The trial of Mr. Bradlaugh and his co-defendants for blasphemy will, as at present arranged, take place in November. The indictment, it is said, covers twenty-eight large folios, and contains fifteen counts.

It is easy to look down on others : to look down on ourselves is the difficulty.