

Family 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.

The Home a Means of Grace.

'Will grows more and more nervous every year. I wonder what kind of an old man he will make.'
'A dyspeptic, and consequently a blue man, and Margaret will be in a 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.

garet is woefully ignorant of the laws of health, I made bold to say, 'It takes 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 they 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.

ful sight than a helpless man in an intelligence office being questioned by some smart Bibby?

'And above all, I beg of you if you value your peace of mind, never ask your John to go on 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 as if putting on boots was a fearful ordeal 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 possession—presumably 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.

'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 of the coldest days last winter, Will came home about four o'clock. 'Have tea early, Mag,' he said. 'I haven'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.'
'What ought Margaret to do, pray?' 'Make Will's home a means of grace to him.' Bett's eyebrows lifted, as she repeated her cousin's words. 'A means of grace! Then there is religion in bread and meat, cake and pies—what an idea!

what they meant by ruining their teeth and digestion with anything so 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 foster-mother 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 of which he has a right to be proud. Verily the tender mercies of the scientist are cruel, but when Mr. Cutter 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 of sagacity, it would go to the baker's and buy its own bread. But Dandie received more money than his needs called for, and so he took to hoarding it. 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 his 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 authentic, probably unparalleled even in canine records. A 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 butcher to detain him, ran off home with both pieces in his mouth. - Chambers Journal.

A Dog Miser.

October.
My ornaments are fruits; my garments leaves.
Woven like cloth of gold, and crimson dyed;
I do not boast the harvesting of sheaves,
O'er orchards and o'er vineyards I preside.
Though on the frigid Scapton I ride,
The dreamy air is full, and overflows
With tender memories of the summer-tide,
And mingled voices of the doves and crows.

What is a Strawberry?

No one, we suppose, in these days of popular lectures and elementary hand-books, 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 a 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 chafy brethren, and by virtue of this piece of luck gave birth to more than the usual number 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 a 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? - Month.

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

Booth's Department.

- 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 abstersainers:
1. The name of a star spoken of in the Bible.
2. A daughter of Haran, Abraham's younger brother.
3. A Pharisee of our Saviour's time.
4. A garden.
5. A grandson of Eli.
6. A king of Israel.
7. An aged prophesit.
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 prophecies.