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Lamily Reading.

Amen.

I cannot say, Beneath the pressure of life's cares to-day, I joy in these; But I can say That I had rather walk this rugged way, If him it please,

I cannot feel That all is well, when darkening clouds con-The shining sun; But then, I know

He lives and loves; and say, since it is so, Thy will be done.

I cannot speak In happy tones; the tear-drops on my cheek Show I am sad;

But I can speak Of grace to suffer with submission meek, Until made glad.

I do not see Why God should e'en permit some things When he is love; But I can see,

Tho' often dimly through the mystery, His hand above!

I do not know Where falls the seed that I have tried to sow With greatest care; But I shall know

The meaning of each waiting hour below, Sometime, somewhere! I do not look

Upon the present, nor in Nature's book,

Te read my fate: But I do look For promised blessings in God's Holy book; And, I can wait.

I may not try To keep the hot tears back-but hush that "It might have been," And try to still

Each rising murmur, and to God's sweet will Respond, "Amen!" Words of Life.

Rem Seleck Serial.

KATHLEEN

THE STORY OF A HOME.

BY AGNES GIBERNE.

CHAPTER V.

DINNER.

"Your mother cannot come downstairs to-day, Kathleen,' said Dr. Ritchie, meeting her in the passage.

Kathleen felt and looked dismayed. Dinner without Mrs. Joliffe at the head of the table was an unheard-of event. Whether equal or not to the exertion, Mrs. Joliffe had always taken her place there. The evening was generally her best time, and however weak and poorly she might be in the morning, she usually brightened up later in the day. Moreover, she had not for years past ever left home for a single night, without her husband. Kathleen could recall absolutely no precedent for the present occasion. It had not even occurred to her as a thing possible, that her mother might not recover sufficiently to walk downstairs, and take her usual post. She found herself saying involuntarily, "But papa will not like

' She must not come down.'

Is mamma ill?' asked Kathleen. trembling.

'She has been very faint, and exertion would bring a return of the faintness. I think the attack has been coming on for some time. You will see her better in a day or two, but you must keep her quiet, and not allow her to be worried.'

'Mamma does worry herself sometimes,' said Kathleen slowly. 'Yes, she does. Don't let her have

anything to worry herself about.' Kathleen thought of Miss Thorpe,

and an anxious weight gathered on her brow, together with a look of resolution. ' No,' she said, 'I will not.'

Dr. Ritchie's hand touched her arm kindly. 'You don't worry yourself, do you, Kathleen?'

She looked up, smiling, to meet his eyes, and then tears filled her own. 'No,' she said, 'I don't think I do, when I can tell everything to mamma.

It is so different if I must not.' You must not this evening,' said the doctor. 'What you have to do is to be brave, and to think of her, not of

yourself.' 'Is that thinking of myself? I did not know it,' said Kathleen. going beyoud his meaning with quickness. ' Have I been selfish?'

'I did not intend to make so severe

deal moved by the humble self-questioning of her face. 'A wish to get rid of one's own burden by laying it on another may be selfishness-disguised under a prettier title.'

'What title?' had Mr. Joliffe in his mind, while Kathleen was thinking only of herself. 'It is a natural feeling, but like every-

thing else it may go too far.' sorrowfully. 'I did not see it before.' Thank you very much for telling me. Yes I think mamma has been everything to everybody in the house, and everything has always seemed sure to go right, directly she knew aboutit.

'Yes, but she had the wear and tear of making things go right.'

'I see. I did not see before,' repeated Kathline.

'No, and I am not surprised. It was quite natural, and your mother liked it. But now that you are older, and she is not strong, I think you might spare her some needless cares. Any little matters in which you can decide alone, and act independentlybetter that you should do so. I have no doubt at all that you will have her with me. You have no time to loose downstairs.

Kathleen hastened to the bedroom, where Mrs. Joliffe lay on the bed. The shut eyes opened at the sound of footsteps. 'I am so sorry, my darling,' she said, as Kathleen bent over her. Dr Ritchie will not hear of my going down-stairs.'

'Oh no,-you could not,' said Kath-

'I don't think I could sit up. It is an unfortunate day-with Joan just come, and friends asked. But I am sure you you will manage nicely. Try to make everything go smoothly for your father.'

"Yes, I will do my very best, -- only please don't think about it,' pleaded Kathleen, her heart beating quickly, alike at the thought of dinner, and at the sight of her mother's exceeding langour and whiteness. 'Do have a good night and be better to-morrow.'

'I wish for your sake I could be down, it will make your father so nervous. But Dr. Ritchie says it is good for my Kathleen to have to act for her-

It is time I should leave off being a baby,' said Kathleen, trying to speak playfully.

'Doctor Baring will take you is darling, and papa will take Miss Baring in. You must introduce Mr. Corrie to Joan. Don't leave that to your father. He is sure to forget'

'I will see to it all,' said Kathleen. She stooped for another kiss, and then hastened to her cousin's room. Joan was ready, and the two went down together.

The three guests had already arrived, and were in conversation with Mr. Joliffe, who wore a disconcerted expression, familiar to his daughter. 'Kathleen, you are late,' he said as she entered. 'I have been telling Miss Baring that Dr. Ritchie unfortunately forbids your mother to come down. But you should have been in time."

Kathline's apology was prettily made though the rebuke evidently distressed her. The move into the dining-room was made in due order, and Kathleen took her mother's place for the first time, little dreaming, poor child, how soon it was to become her own. She was somewhat flushed and anxious at the beginning, but before her mind's eye lay a picture of how her mother would have moved and acted, and no better model could have been hers. The mixture of childlike shyness and of gentle self-possession made an impression on her guests; and Mr. Joliffe's unhappy certainty that all must wrong in his wife's absence gradually settled into a consciousness that all was going right. His face relaxed and he became able to pay due attention to

Miss Baring. Joan's bashful silence under the restraints of a ceremonious dinner was not to be overcome, and the task of entertaining the two gentlemen devolved upon Kathleen. She acquitted herself well, putting other matters aside and his friend-you must have seen how would you discover a fool?" "By the giving full attention to the present duty. earnest he is-how afraid of not doing questions he would ask," an accusation,' said the Doctor, a good A touch of patient repression in her his utmost.

usually bright face did not lessen the charm of her manner.

Miss Baring the rector's sister, and his housekeeper since his wife's death, was a stout person of middle age and of downright manners, with a prim row of 'Craving for sympathy,' Dr. Ritchie curls on either side of her face, and style of dress exactly one stage in rear of prevailing fashions. She had not attractiveness of manner, and she was wont to say blunt things, giving some-I will try to be different, she said times pain, and sometimes offence thereby. Perhaps she was in reality less unsympathising than she was commonly supposed to be.

Dr. Baring resembled his sister in being not tall and somewhat stout, but he had a fine ruddy face, with framework of crisp grey hair and wiskers. and his genial bearing was the reverse of hers. Everybody liked Dr. Baring and the only offence he ever gave was through the unhappy impossibility that he should bestow exactly so much time and attention upon each individual in his parish as that individual might think fit.

The stranger Marshall Corrie, interested Kathleen from his connection with her cousin Kenison Montgomerie -a very favourite cousin, some five or better in a day or two, only keep her six years her senior, and for two years quiet. She would like to see you for past a London curate in the same para moment before dinner. Don't come | ish as Mr. Corrie. The death of their rector had lately taken place, and the and I will have a word with Mr. Joliffe new rector, a younger man than his predecessor, required only one curate. He was willing to keep either of the two young men, though rather preferring the senior curate; but Mr. Corrie decided the matter in favour of his junior co-worker by declining to remain. He knew how deeply Kenison would

have regretted a change. 'Though I am not sure that a change would not be good for Montgomerie,' he remarked, when talking to Kathleen in the drawing-room, Dr. Baring being engaged with his sister and Mr. Joliffe, while Joan sat listlessly apart, declining to join in the conversation. Kathleen had not till now found an opportunity to speak about Kenison. She liked Mr. Corrie's face. Its outlines showed thought and vigour of character; moreover, he was a thorough gentleman with a certain unmistakeable University stamp about his self-possessed bearing, and Kathleen had a marked esteem for the quality of self-possession. Possibly a grain of self-confidence mingled with it, but this she did not detect. Time and life-discipline would probably cure that defect.

'Kenison wrote me word that it would have been a great trouble to him to leave his poor people,' said

"He was very much distressed at the prospect. And as Dr. Baring wished for my services---'

'Then you are going to stay in Rock-

' For a few months -possibly longer. We shall know our minds better byand-by.'

'You don't think Kenison is overworking himself, do you?"

"No,' said Mr. Corrie, smiling. 'He is only over-worrying himself. Rather the worse of the two, perhaps, since it does nobody any good.'

'But Ken's worries are not like bright spots coming into her cheeks. She had a very simple sisterly love and admiration for Kenison, intense in degree, the growth of long years. 'He is so good-so earnest. It seems as if he had a feeling that he never could act up to his duty, and were always struggling after a sort of hopeless utmost and despising himself for his failures.

think his humility is beautiful.' 'I admire humility,' said Mr. Corrie

with an odd expression.

Don't you admire Kenison's?' 'My test in the matter may be different from yours. Putting your cousing aside, and speaking generally, I have seen people despise themselves to a morbid degree, who yet could not endure the least touch of even deserved

contempt from another.' 'Oh no,' said Kathleen, 'that would be very hard to bear.'

'Would genuine humility find it

Kathleen considered. 'I see what you mean, she said. 'Then very few be deficient in judgment, was asked by people are really humble. I have not a professor, in the course of a class seen Ken tried that way. But you are examination, "Pray, Mr. E-, how

and I confess it does seem to me that Montgomerie toils too much, like the

slave with the taskmaster's lash behind him. There is a labouring sense of distress, an atmosphere of oppression, so much to do and so little done, weighing upon him like lead; and none of the quiet rest of a child in his Father's house. I don't say he does not realise God's presence, but it is not a repose-

'Yes I have seen,' said Mr. Corrie;

'But there is so much need to toil,' said Kathleen, thinking of her cousin's

ful sense. He seldom lies down in

green pasture.

'So much need, that one is in danger of sinking into a mere machine, striving to grind out of oneself the utmost amount of horse-power within a given time. Is that the manner of service God asks of us? There can be no light-heartedness in it-no time for sitting at the feet of

'I think Ken is naturally of anxious spirit,' said Kathleen.

'And he carries that anxious spirit into his work, and looks upon it as a virtue instead of a vice.'

But if it is natural—if it is part himself---

'A good many parts of ourselves have to be torn from us. If pride and ill-temper are natural to me-what then? But the same Lord who commanded me to be humble and meek, commanded me also not to be anxious. You don't know where? 'Be careful for nothing,' is strictly, 'anxious in nothing.''

'Some people would have to be very much changed,' said Kathleen softly.

'That is a needs-be. The proud has to become meek, the faithless to become trustful, the rough to become gentle, the restless to become calm. Hard enough if we had to do it for ourselves. Not hard, if God does it for us.'

· And you think it is really wrong to feel anxious?"

'Wrong to be mastered by the feeling. If you see signs of a coming storm, you are not wrong to read those signs. But to be overpowered by heartflutterings and dreads argues a lack of trust. Suppose the storm does come, and the bolt does fall. The child has but to cling the closer to his father's arm. He will be borne through.'

'Always?' 'Yes,-always" said Mr. Corrie emphatically.

Leena, will you play us something, interposed Mr. Joliffe from across the

Truth in the Lime-kiln Club.

'It am my painful dooty, said the president, as he opened the meeting to inform you dat death has again invaded our circle. Brudder Slipback Burbanks, of Syracuse, N. Y., am no mo' on airth. He breathed his last three days ago, after an illness of sixteen days. What axshun will de club take in de matter?'

'I move dat we send de widder a resolushum of sympathy,' announced Judge Cadaver.

'I reckon that we had better resolve that the club has lost a shinin' light, timidly added Pickles Smith.

an' chill'en can't eat a resolution, eben if written in blue ink. De sekretary from de club funds an' express de hope dat she am dooin' well under de cir-

'Dis club hasn't lost no shinin' light by de death of Brudder Burbanks. He was no shiner. Fact am, he was a werry common sort of a humpbacked cull'd pusson, an' it took him as long to add seven and eight togedder as it would some odder men to airn two dollars. He was accomplished in nothin; he excelled only in killin' time when at work by de day. He would be no better off if we pronounced forty lyin' eulogies on his character. He can be no worse off if we tell de honest truth. De usual emblem of sorrow will be hung to de knob of de inner doah for de space of two weeks, an' we will remember Brudder Burbanks as extremely good-natured, even if extremely lazy.'

A theological student, supposed to rather stunning reply.

Card Etiquette.

The card should be printed or written very plainly.

White cards, without any embellishment, are regarded as in the best taste; avoiding extremes in size.

The gentleman's card should contain nothing except the name and address of the caller; in general, omit the address

" Mrs.," or " Miss," are admissible on ladies' cards. Professional titles, such as " Dr.," " Rev.," and " M. D., etc., are admissible on gentlemen's

At a hotel, when calling on any one, send your card and await a reply in the reception-room.

If two or more ladies are in the household, the turning down of a corner signifies that the card is for all the ladies.

The lady in mourning who may not desire to make calls will send mourning-cards to her friends instead, during the season of retirement from society.

A gentleman calling on a lady and she being absent, or not at home, but her daughter being in the house, the gentleman will send in his card, instead of calling, as it is not customary for young ladies to receieve calls from gentlemen unless quite intimately acquain-

It is well to have cards in readiness at every call.

It is quite well to send in your card by a servant, as the mispronunciation of the name is thus avoided.

If a lady is not at home, it will also serve to show that you have called.

The hostess should, if not desiring to see anyone, send word that she is engaged when the servant first goes to

A business card is inadmissible as one for business.

a lady if you send it to her by the servant who answers the bell, also send your card with the same.

The card being left in your absence is the equivalent of a call. A call is now due from you to the person leaving

In leaving the city for a permanent residence abroad, it is customary to send out cards to intimate friends, adding to the name " P. P. C."-Presents Parting Compliments.

After receiving an invitation for, or attending, a large party, it is customary to call soon afterwards on the hostess, making a brief stay or leaving a card.

A Cat's Toes.

"How many toes has a cat?" This was one of the questions asked a certain class during examination week; and as simple as the question appears to be none could answer it. In the emergency, the Principal was applied to for a solution; and he also with a good-natured smile gave it up, when one of the teachers, determined not to be beaten by so simple a question. hit on the idea of sending out a delegation of boys to scour the neighborhood for cat. When this idea was announced · De Club will neither resolve nor the whole class wanted to join in the other people's,' said Kathleen, two for'd any resolutions of sympathy,' hunt. Several boys went out, and soon remarked the President. 'De widder returned successful. A returning board was at once appointed, and the toes counted, when, to the relief of all, it was will mail her a ten-dollar greenback learned that a cat possesses eighteen toes, ten on the front feet and eight on the hind feet.

> A hater of tobacco asked an old negro woman, the fumes of whose pipe were annoying him, if she thought she was a Christian? 'Yes, brudder, spects I is. ' Do you believe in the Bible?' 'Yes, brudder.' 'Do you know that there is a passage in the Scriptures which says that nothing unclean shall inherit the Kingdom of Heaven? ''Yes, I've heard it. 'Well, Chloe, you smoke; and you cannot enter the Kingdom of Heaven, because there is nothing so unclean as the breath of a smoker. What do you say to that?' 'Why! I 'spects to leave my breff behind me when I go dar.'-Boston Traveller.

Centennial M. E. Church (coloured), in descendants are utterly ruined for time Baltimore, recently adopted a resolution, and eternity. That's what Deacon "That camp meetings, as they are now Jones' money did. He robbed God to was the conducted, are detrimental to the inter- | the ruin of his own family. ests of the church."

How to avoid Family Jars.

Never both be angry at once. Never taunt with past mistakes.

"I forgot" is never an acceptable

If you must criticise, let it be done lovingly.

Make marriage a matter of moral udgment.

Never make a remark at the expense of the other.

Never talk at one another, either alone or in company.

If one is angry, let the other part the lips only for a kiss. Never speak loud to one another

inless the house is on fire. Marry into different blood and temperament than your own.

It is the mother who moulds the character and fixes the destiny of the

Do not herald the sacrifices you make for others' tastes, habits and preferences. Let all your mutual accommodations

be spontaneous, whole-souled, and free They who marry for physical characteristics or external considerations

will fail of happiness. Consult one another in all that comes within the experience, observation and

sphere of the other. Never reflect on a past action, which was done with a good motive and the best judgment at the time.

> (From the Tennessee Baptist.) Deacon Jones' Money,

I knew Deacon Jones a long time; indeed, I cannot remember the time when I did not know him. And I know him to be what all others knew the door, and not after the card has been | him to be, a pecutiarly close man. He was very successful in making money, but he knew nothing at all about spend. calling card, unless the call be purely ing it. It he ever let a dollar go except to take it back augmented, nobody In taking a letter of introduction to ever knew it. He had ten children, six sons and four daughters, and not one of them ever went to other than a public school. The Deacon never contributeds to any public charity. Once, when a neighbor died in extreme poverty, the Deacon refused to give the last twentyfive cents, saying: "Let the county bury him. I pay my taxes, and that's all I mean to do.' The Deacon took only one newspaper-his county paper -and that he paid for in surplus fruits off of his farm. Again and again have I asked him to take the BAPTIST but he uniformly replied : " Can't do it. Got no time to read it; and if I had, I'd find nothing in it but appeals for

> They had preaching once a month at Deacon Jones' church, and agreed to pay the preacher \$150 a year. The Deacon had charge of the subscription list, and it was constantly averred that he always charged the church the amount of his subscription-\$2.50-for the trouble of collecting the rest. No agent for missions or education ever troubled the Deacon twice.

> But the best of friends must part, and the Deacon and his money parted one day. He clung to life with a desperate grip, but death loosed that grip and bore him away. One morning in July the Deacon went to that land where he had laid up no treasures. He left no will, and the law divided

his estate. His children were all, but

one, of age, and their fathers \$200,000 gave them and their mother the strange and dangerous feeling of great wealth. Then it was that the Deacon's money began to go. After a year or two a slick scoundrel came along and persuaded the ignorant old lady to marry him. He managed to get the most of her money into his hands and absconded. Four of the boys had for some time shown a fondness for drink, and now are perfect sots, and have left them of all their father's property nothing but their farms, which are in wretched plight and heavily encumbered. The other two sons are steady men, but neither one is a Christian, and one is said to be utterly dishonest. Both are very penurious and seem not to make money. Three of the girls married drunkards, and are about as wretched as they can well be. Coarse, illiterate, low, they could not command the respect of their husbands, who often mistreat them. They are all three living in poverty. The fourth daughter is yet unmarried; she is the only member of the family that is a Christian. Her share of her father's estate was put into the hands of one of her brothers till she became of age. Before that time he squandered it, and his bondsmen by a legal trick, evaded payment.

It has been just ten years since Deacon Jones died, and of the \$200,000 he left, not more than \$30,000 is in the The quarterly conference of the bands of his heirs, while many of his

OBSERVER.

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