Jamily Reading.

The Violet. BY HARRIET COLE.

All flowers to my sight are refreshing, And thoughts that are cheering bring, But the dearest to me is the Violet, The beautiful child of the Spring.

Others may choose from the garden, A flower of gayer hue, That is carefully nursed and tended, But give me the Violet blue.

When the Winter snows have melted, I watch for the flower I love; For it seems like a tender message, From the beautiful land above.

For He who has made the Violet. To bloom in the fields so fair. Has given a child of affliction, A place in His love and care.

And while I admire its beauty, His goodness I call to mind; And many a lesson of hope and love, In the modest flower I find.

I think when my days are ended, And I'm laid with the sleeping dead, I should like to have the sweet Violet, To grow o'er my lowly bed.

And I'd like to have friends go there. And think as it meets their eyes, Of my home with Christ and the angels, Beyond the bright blue skies.

Does my favorite flower, I wonder Bloom in the land of light? Should I find it when I arrive there. How much I'd enjoy the sight.

O yes, when I'm called to Heaven. And have done with this cold world's

I should like to find the sweet Violet, On the banks of the river of life.

O, I love to talk of its beauty. For its charms are always new, And I doubt sometimes if in Eden. There was anything sweeter grew.

Mein Seleck Sevial.

ARCHIE.

A TALE OF INDIA.

CHAPTER III.

The days and months passed quickly, and the time for the major's return had come and gone, and still he came not-

Through Mirza, her brother, Lola had heard terrific news of the revolt of the native regiments. The horrors of Cawnpore and Lucknow, can have but a cursory mention here, in as far as they bear on the story.

The term for which the bungalow had been hired by the major had expired. Lola felt that she must now take upon herself the duty of collecting the belongings of her late mistress, and the dear children, so as to be ready for immediate removal, leaving a message with friends, in case the major should return hurriedly to his home. Mirza Lal was elephant driver, or mahout, to the major's elephant, an immense animal, intelligent as a horse, and do-

Lola's plan was, should the major not return, to take the children to her brother's house, some distance off, and away from any danger, situated in pleasant valley entirely secluded. She was therefore pleased to hear form them and their belongings, and a place would be left on Chundah's back, large enough for Babe, and baby Gracie's and her rug, to travel in security.

The arrangements being completed on the evening before the morning on which they were to begin their journey Lola took Archie and baby Gracie to their mother's grave, where, with tearful eyes, she knelt to take a long farewell of her dear Mem Sahib.

She had helped Archie to prepare a beautiful wreath of white jessamine for his offering. The little man placed it on the pure white marble cross her loving husband had erected. He picked also some of the many flowers growing on the grave, and Lola placed them in an envelope for him.

'Good-bye, dear darling mamma,' never, -no, never forget you! Oh, like a Hindoo.

followed by Chundah, appeared outside fatigue of washing, and, bursting into

the howdah. At last, obedient to Lola's wish, be watched baby Gracie, whilst she went to the bungalow to see that nothing was left, and to give up the papers and keys to the agent who was in attendance.

the pretty house, with its deep Indian verandah, on which were still the fauteuils behind the grass tatties, where was also the lounge whereon her mistress was wont to rest in those last days of her weakness. There stood her favourite flower-stand, the blossoms dying, some dead before their time, even as hers, the sweet young wife's life, had passed, but ah! what a gracious providence it was that took her from that evil to come, for who can tell what her fate might have been in those fearful days of anxiety, now looming in the near future.

Lola returned to the little group and took her place in the howdah. Silent- ting up his little face to be kissed, he ly embracing the dear infants now so entirely dependent on her love and her care, and raising her eyes to heaven, she asked God's help in strengthening her hands, and giving her power to carry them through the perils of their

The sweet misty light of the Indian daybreak was stealing gently over the rich tropical beauty of the landscape. as the party proceeded on their way.

tired of looking about him, and as the morning advanced there was much to take his attention. Baby Gracie slept peacefully in Lola's lap, the ayah's sad eyes turning now toward that part of the hill country where she had passed so many happy years of her life.

Her thoughts also were of the major. How could his prolonged absence be accounted for? What answer give to her beloved foster-child Archie, when his papa. he says, 'Lola, darling Lola, where is my own papa? Why don't you tell me? Has the Fakir taken him away?' and the little lad would cry and moan for his papa until his sobs became bushed

day and more, for it was ten o'clock. I love you, dear Lola, and my own dear They had halted in a village where papa too. Oh, why doesn't he come there were all the signs of live and activity around them. Carts drawn by want to tell him I don't think at all the beautiful white short-horned bullocks were standing under the shade of the trees, whose thick, matted, mosslike foliage made them impervious to the sun's rays. Dromedaries were playfully trying to bite the man who was loading them, whilst the small mischievous ponies called tattoos, were snapping and showing their teeth at everybody who came near them.

CHAPTER IV.

Lola had thought anxiously over everything that might tell for and against the safety of the little ones confided to her care, and whether the major, when he returned, would think well of ber taking them to her brother's house, she thought only of the children. so loved almost with a mother's overpowering affection.

On the evening before the departure from the bungalow, Lola had taken Archie and Grace into her own little finished, and he was dressed in the cosroom, which had been dismantled of all its pretty belongings, gifts from her Mirza that he had obtained a good- dearly-loved and deeply-mourned Mem sized howdah, large enough to contain | Sahib, now safely packed in her trunk. Sitting down, she had proceeded to divest both children of their clothing. Then she had bathed them thoroughly. foster-mother, a beautiful Persian goat, and producing the white loose dresses usually worn by the children of the servants, or peasant class, tried them on. Assured by inspection that they answered the purpose for which they were intended, the little ones were put

Their toilette of the morning had astonished one of them not a little. Instead of the clear pellucid water with which Lola always strengthened and refreshed the children, a dark fluid was in the bath, with which Lola washed them most completely all over.

Archie stood looking on whilst Lola performed baby Gracie's toilette, with the greatest wonder, but when his turn came it was evident that his little soul said the weeping child, 'Archie, will cried out against being made to look

Lola looked at wee Gracie as she Next morning at daybreak Mirza, laid her down in her cot to sleep off the the palisades. Archie testified his tears, she seemed as though bewailing

delight by jumping here and there in the stern necessity of what she had

'Oh, babe, pulse of my heart,' cried she, standing by the cot, and lovingly regarding the little child; 'I pray the good God that I may be kept in health so that I may take care of, and keep Lola looked with sorrowful eyes at | you for your father ! Ah !' continued she, 'If my dear Mem Sahib can see me from her beautiful home up there, she knows how her poor Lola suffers with the pain at her heart for her dear motherless ones, with the prayer in every tear that she may do that she promissed to her dear Missie Nellie.' And quite overcome with emotion, and the trials of the last few days, Lola had wept bitterly.

Dear little Archie, he had fully intended to rebel against having his skin darkened, but seeing the ayah's tears, his truly brave little heart, tender and true, because he was so honest and brave-had melted within him, and puttold Lola he would be washed brown directly if she wished. 'It did not hurt baby, so it can't hurt me, dear.'

Lola took the little lad and drawing him to her side she told him why she had done this thing, thinking that with a child so intelligent as Archie, it was best to make him understand her

Lola therefore told him that not more than a few days' journey from the roll in the prairie we could see our in the South. I had been sitting by my Archie's bright eyes were never place they were leaving, wicked men were killing men and women and little children too, because they did not like the white people, so she was taking them away, and making them appear like her own children, so that if the wicked men came near, they would not hurt them, because they would think they were of the same country as themselves. She also told him that he must be a

good boy, and not talk to anybody about

Archie listened, and what was more, understood what the ayah told him, and stealing his arms around her neck said, Make me brown, dear Lola; I know you do it to take care of us, and my own dear papa told me I was to mind When Archie awoke it was broad all you said, and I will, that I will, for back to me? I do want him so. about my pony, because I love him so, and am always thinking about him.'

This was a long speech for Archie his heart seemed full of thought, and he quickly submitted himself to Lola's and I felt that I was freezing. The

an intimate knowledge of Thinking anxiously of the children comthing, and she went in search of what she required, which was a certain herb being placed in hot water gives beatiful delicate brown, which being carefully used on the skin with a flana colored person.

whilst washing Archie's rosy-white complexion brown, but when it was tume of a Hindoo child, he looked quite as handsome a little man as before.

now; you must be my own dear obed- the house might as well have been shall tell him how good you have been.' me unharness the horses and put them

little party carried by Chundah arrived | remain where she was, and made at the little round house of Mirza Lal

homestead presented a picture strange, yet picturesque, that no Euro- line sufficiently straight to find a house pean could have passed it without ad- but try it some time! * * * miration. The house in itself was not much to look at, it was the surround- ball of twine, tied one end to the door ings that caught the eye. The veran- knob, and succeeded in getting back to dah-not balcony-which is part of all the barn, and by following the string Indian houses, large or small, was we reached the house again. For covered with the kuskus plant, whose three days and nights thereafter neither bleak leaves become matted together, of us even opened the outer door. and form a pertect shutter, so that the When the storm ceased we could not verandab is for its coolness the general | see the barn, for the snow had piled in sitting room of the family.

a picture to behold.

morning. 100- Add by How Garrages

The journey had been accomplished without difficulty. Chundah's steady step had never flagged, nor his watchful interest in his young charge. Lola's purpose faltered as little. Now and then there was a passing alarm. But a kindly Providence was befriending the orphan children. mont Fand

A Western Blizzard.

The word 'blizzard' is an ominous one, but the thing is worse than the word. We here give the experience of a farmer at Hancock, Minn., written to the Detroit Free Press :-

We were still two miles from home when suddenly the sun was obscured, and the air grew cold and chill in a moment. A darkness as of smoke swept over everything. Then I remembered why we were going home, and I gave the horses the whip in earnest, lashing them into a run. Away off to the west there appeared to be a leaden wall sweeping toward us. There was a hum in the air. A light breeze sprang up, grew stronger, and in one minute became a gale. The wall came down with railroad speed, the roar of its approach every instant growing louder. From the top of a our last glimpse of it.

No words will ever convey an intelligent idea of a blizzard, of the frightful roar with which it rolls down upon you, the howling and hissing of the wind If you try to speak, the wind dashes the syllables from your lips so quickly that you do not hear your own words. In thirty seconds from the time the first snowflake fell I could not see my horses. The atmostphere appeared to be all snow, and every flake of it was in a hurry to get somewhere before the rest should get there. * could feel a motion to the sleigh, so that I knew the horses were still moving. The cold was intense. I tried to ask my wife if she was suffering, but I could not hear my own words.

During the two or three minutes that intervened between the time I saw the storm approaching and the moment it struck us, the horses had run to the top of their speed, so we were not much ever a mile from home. In ten minutes I was chilled through, horses were still moving, and although Like most Hindoo women Lola had I could not see them, I lashed them with the whip. It seemed hours since the storm had shut us in, and I was mitted to her care, the idea of staining just becoming convinced that the horses their delicate white skin was the first had got out of the path and that we were lost on the prairie when there came a sudden lull of the fierce wind. perfectly harmless in every sense: The air was still full of whirling snow, This was a root called 'Uckroot,' which but I could see objects about me, and it didn't take long for me to ascertain that we were in the barn and were safe. had left the barn doors open in the nel, converts the fairest European into morning, and the horses had found their way back, I think by instinct, Many tears did poor Lola shed but my neighbors think it was sheer accident, and declare it wouldn't happen again in a thousand years.

we were not in the house yet. From the barn to the house is about twenty yards, 'There, my darling, you are safe but as far as seeing was it concerned ient Archie, and when papa comes, I in the moon. The little woman helped The evening of the third day the into their stalls. Then I told her to On the following morning, the little any one to believe that in a blinding so storm he cannot go twenty yards in a

After I got into the house I took a between the house and barn so deep On this lovely summer morning the that it covered the windows on that little house and its surroundings made | side of the house. On the east side of The palisades which encompassed it, snow. The shovel happened to be in his deliverance for; but I heard it not enclosed a space the size of a large the house, and the little woman and I For first as if the greatest blessing res English garden, round which was a succeeded in tunnelling through to the ulting from that awful struggle for

cool shelter from the blazing sun of the tunnel through the bouse and throw it but to him and his people is the Bible on the east side.

got to them?"

see me. They were about half buried in snow, and had even eaten the bed- discouragement and failure, this same ding from their stalls. It took me nearly all the rest of the winter to and strength, and all the enjoyment shovel the spow out of the barn.

'Do people out on the prairies ever get lost in these storms!'

To be caught out on the prairie by a blizzard means death, and nothing can avert it. After a settler has been here one winter, its a sly old blizzard that catches him. Not so the newcomers. They cannot imagine that there is danger at all times. Three people were lost that day in this vicinity, one of them a woman who had been over across the prairie about a mile to see a sick neighbor. When she saw that a storm was eminent she started for home on foot. She never got half way there.

* When was her body found?" In the spring, when the snow melted.

A Southern Prayer Meeting. BY HOPE LIVINGSTONE.

A sketch in a late Advance brought most vividly to mind the help I received from a " colored prayer meeting" while the gathering darkness, looking across the great city to where sky and river seemed to meet, and the crimson afterglow rested upon the Father of Waters. I leaned my arms on the sill, and my head on my hands, and watched the light fade and the mist rise, and the lights in the city between, gleam softly out, one after another. I was unspeak ably weary and disheartened, and anticipated a quiet half-hour's think. when the bell of the little colored church opposite rang out for the weekly prayer meeting. It is the one supported by the American Missionary Association, and the one the teachers felt bound to attend and help as much as possible.

But on this night my soul shrank from meeting with these " lowly poor, and from taking part in the service. was, physically, very tired; the wea ther was hot and damp and depressing ; school had gone all wrong; a favorite and promising pupil had suddenly de veloped a great weakness; I was discouraged, disappointed, with that dread sense of failure that leads so easily to unbelief. My soul cried out for help. I longed for the bracing air of my Northern home, and the spiritual tonic of my church prayer meeting. Every teacher of the Freedmen, at least, wil understand this state of mind and body How could I go across the street? wanted to shut myself up with God, and plead for light and help, I needed food myself-strong meat-I had no strength to feed others. Yet I went.

The church was but dimly lighted from the desk, casting strange shadows of the men on the walls. The dusky forms of the sisters were mostly in the centre, I took a side seat, near the back, and closed my eyes. I was late for the opening hymn, and did not hear Although we had reached the barn, the prayer that followed, or the verses of Scripture read and commented on Even the beautiful melody to which the colored people sing, 'I was tar away from the Saviour'-and sung as only the generation that is fast passing away can sing it-failed to rouse me. Then an old brother, in front of me, knelt in the aisle and poured forth his soul in break for the house. It is difficult for thanksgiving to the Lord. He was born in slavery; had known all its galling bitterness in youth; the strength of his manhood had been spent in bondage, and his form had begun to bow beneath the curse before it was removed forever from? this free land of ours. Now nearly four-score years had left | mal Life. their mark on trembling hands and hoary head. His face was turned toward the light; and I saw only the crown of 'sea foam' as I looked up before closing my eyes.

'O Lord,' came in tones that hushed all hearts, slowly and reverently-'O Lord, we thank thee for de open Bible ! That was enough for me. Much more house, however, there was very little the dear old man praised the God of perfect grove of fan palms, and the barn; but we had to carry every liberty was the open Bible. Not a beautiful tamarind which formed a shovelful of the snow taken out of the word of the blessed Book could be read, or wife.

forevermore open-to be read and stu-Were the horses all right when you | died, to guide and comfort. In spirit, I was on my knees beside that white-You can safely bet they were glad to haired brother. I was rebuked. For had not I, in trial of faith and hope, in open Bible? And should I with youth and privileges, and opportunities that come with a Christian education, be faithless and thankless; while this aged man, struggling with poverty and ignorance, with the memory of those dark years behind him, had only thanksgiving!

The months are fast lengthening into years since that April night, but a picture I hope never to forget comes. unbidden before me, whenever in doubt or weariness, or disappointment, I take up my open Bible.'-Advance.

A Tame Rat.

I have for the last twenty years never

been without a tame rat. The "monkey room" is the general refuge for the sick animals belonging to my friends, and lucky are those animals who come into this hospital, I almost forget where the rat I am writing about came from. I believe he was one I rescued from an untimely end by being swallowed by the ant-eater at the Zoological Gardens. This rat has the bump of curiosity strongly developed, and nothing pleases him so much as to make an inspection of my writing-table. He creeps cautiously about and examines everything, his object being to steal. What he likes best is lumpsugar. My sugar-basin originally cost a penny; like the Portland vase, it has been smashed and broken so often that it is impossible to estimate its present value. The cause of these numerous fractures is the rat, who, when he wants a bit of sugar, stands upon his hind-legs supporting himself with his tail in a tripod-like fashion, and upsets the sugar-basin; then, selecting a lump, he bolts with it. It is a remarkable fact that the rat never eats in the open; he takes all he steals back to his house. In order to do this, he has to get on to the mantelpiece, which is about eighteen inches above the writing-table. To enable him to accomplish this, I have put up for him a rat-ladder built somewhat on the lines of a salmon ladder. After I had shown him once or twice how to get up this ladder, he very soon learned what he had to do. I have known him to scramble up this ladder with objects which for a rat must be of considerable weight. One day I saw him steal a whole red herring. Having tried the best way to carry it, he ultimately picked it up at the right point where it balanced. When he arrived at the round hole which leads to the sleeping compartment of the squirrels' cage, he was pulled up short by the herring, which was crossways

I was curious to see what he would do. He dropped the herring and seemed to consider. Having quickly made up his mind, he adopted the following plan. Leaving the herring outside he went into the hole, and turning short around, seized it by the head, and hauled it in with the greatest ease. The muscles about the neck of the rat are very strong, giving him great power to use his wedge-snaped head whether for boring or carrying. He uses his tail to steer himself, and when climbing works it as a rope-dancer works his balancing-pole.

The rat is a great stealer of bits of paper, and any loose pieces he can find he carries away, When the post comes in, in the morning therefore, the rat has the envelopes as a perquisite. These he tears into little bits, and makes a very comfortable nest with them. - Buckland's Jottings from Ani-

HUSBAND AND WIFE, -How many of us know the beautiful meaning of husband and wife? "Husband" means the "band of the house," the support of it, the one that keeps it together. The word "wife" means literally " weaver." Before the great cotton and cloth factories arose, one of the principal employments in every house was the fabrication of clothing-every family made its own. The wool was spun into threads by the girls, who were therefore called spinsters; the thread was woven into cloth by their mother, who, accordingly, was called the weaver

BURATION Artichok Asparagu Bassella. Basil Beans, Fr

FEI

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