THE HOME

My God, thou knowest my heart,
And every thought therein is known to thee.
Thou make me quite content
To know that thou will do the best for me.
When anxious thoughts arise,
And o'er my heart the shadows heavy lie,
Still let me rest content,
Thou seest it all with ever watchful eye.

And, when my heart is glad,
Still let me not forget to thank thee, Lord;
And so through all my life
Make me to feel that I am near my God.
Whatever my prayers may be,
Thou greatest only what is best for me;
And I am patient, Lord,
Since I may tell my wishes all to thee.
—*The Golden Age.*

Slander.

Of all evils, slander is one of the greatest. Enemy to all the tenderest, truest relations of life, what epithet can be fitly applied to it? The many, who have strong indignation and indignation to keep a spotless record, has become disheartened in that attempt by the vile tongue of gossip. Some little word or action, careless and imprudent, perhaps, but with no wrong meaning in itself, requires but a short time in the hands of a professional scandalmonger to be magnified into a sin of great consequence. Friendships, once regarded as true and steadfast as the sun, have been blasted, loves as pure as the crystal fountain have been turned to hate, and even the sweet sanctuary of home has been invaded by the ruthless destroyer, and thus hearts, which had for years been sin unison, have been set at variance, and their song of harmony marred by harsh, discordant notes.

In one sense the crime of slander is akin to that of murder; for if it does not destroy life it may make desolate that which renders life dear. Notice the amount of mischief one gossiping meddler will soon create in an entire neighborhood. Nothing but the observation of this self-important individual, who seems to consider it his or her bounden duty to pass judgment on all that takes place within the circle of their acquaintance or knowledge, while it may not venture to retaliate, their indignation knows no bounds, or they pathetically fold their hands with all the resignation of martyrs to some glorious cause. And how, and frequently do we find those in whose breasts throb many noble and generous impulse for the right, victims to this unchristian habit.

From the dim aisles of the past, whose sacred history we can still so much revere, rolling down the ages, Jesus sublime teaches us truth and wisdom. "Judge not, that ye be not judged; for with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged, and with that same measure ye it shall be measured to you again." Beautiful and significant, in the decay of their utterance, these words can never grow old with the flight of time.

"Judge not, that ye be not judged." Slander, pause! Do not dare to censure the life of another unless you are quite certain that your own is free from the same faults, or perhaps those of far greater moment. Rather let your time be occupied in searching for the good qualities of those with whom you associate, for the germ of worth which is hidden in every heart, however imperfect may seem the outward life.

E. I. S.

Rules to be Observed in Training Children.

1. Never hire a child to mind.
2. Never threaten a child to make it mind.
3. Never lie to a child by telling him you will punish him for a fault and then not do it.
4. Never punish children in order to make them mind, but make them obey them because they have not minded, and that every time they disobey.
5. Make it a point not to give children anything they cry for as a spoiled child is the worst child they cannot make their wants known in any other way.
6. Never punish a child in anger.
7. Train the elder children to have a care over the younger, and fell responsible for their conduct.
8. Never deal with children for playing except for particular reasons.
9. Provide innocent amusement for them and play with them sometimes.
10. Never call them names.
11. Be very careful of their feelings, never wound them unnecessarily.
12. Never act the part of a tyrant or despot because the children cannot help themselves.

If you frequently be ashamed of yourselves for your unkindness to your children, never pray God to forgive you, and when asking, do better afterwards, or else conclude that your repentance was a sham. If you find you cannot do any better by them, set yourself down as all wrong and so repented a whole in dust and ashes before God.

Borrowed Books.

A person who borrows a book has no right to return it with the leaves dog-eared, either in front or in the corner.

A borrowed book should be covered, and handled with care and nicety, and returned promptly.

No one has a right to retain a borrowed book during indefinite period.

If accident or injury result to a borrowed volume while away from its owner, honor requires that it shall be replaced by a new copy.

Never ask the loan of a very costly book, or one belonging to a set, if you can avoid it.

Teach children from the first to be particular in regard to their handling of all books, whether their own or those of others.

—Can I clean the Hengings? Yes, a parlor stove, so as to make it clean? Ans.—This is not isinglass, but mica, a transparent kind of stone, which splits in very thin sheets, and is incombustible. To make the mica clear, wash it with vinegar and water or with kerosene oil.

—COFFEE JELLY.—One teacupful of very strong coffee. Dissolve in it one packet of gelatine. Put on the fire one pint of milk and six ounces of lump sugar when nearly on the boil pour in the coffee and gelatine. Let all boil together for ten minutes; pour into a wetted mould, and keep in a cool place till wanted.

—MRS. L. B. GARELY'S FRENCH CAKE.—Two cupfuls sugar, two eggs, a half-cupful butter, a cupful milk, two teaspoonfuls cream tartar, one teaspoonful soda; lemon or other spice, three cupfuls flour. This makes two medium-sized loaves; put currants into one and bake the other plain.

L. S. P.

THE FARM.

An Orchard Fertilizer.

Says a writer in the *American Agriculturist*:

The best fertilizer I have used for fruit-trees is made of chip-dirt from the woodpile and old ashes. I mixed in the proportion of one bushel of the ashes to three of the chip-dirt, stirring well with the shovel. About two bushels of this mixture is to be spread around each young tree, giving half as much to some more. The mixture is applied at any season. Do not pile around the trees any litter or rubbish that would harbor mice. In summer keep the weeds from around the trees. Experience has taught me that this fertilizer serves a very important purposes, not only in supplying the trees with suitable food, but in mellowing the soil, and helping on such crops as I may choose to plant in my orchard. It is a very valuable fertilizer, and the ingredients of potash and the ashes (from hard wood) supply the trees with the elements they most need, and the soil leaks, namely potash, soda, and potash. It is a pleasure to see how a young orchard will thrive after an application of this fertilizer. Sometimes I burn logs to get ashes for this purpose, and if I have no chip-dirt, I go to a dead oak or hickory, and scrape together the fallen bits of bark, and the rich earth around the tree. It is a very good substitute for the chip-dirt. It is obvious that this material is rich in the elements of food of trees. I believe in keeping fruit-trees well fed, and that a large space around each tree should be given exclusively to the tree from which to draw its supplies. I never plant close to my trees, preferring to have them branch low and form down rather than up.

A farmer near Sacramento says his crop of asparagus this season will bring him $12,000, of which $9,000 will be profit. He has 24 acres of it.

In Germany women are employed by the government to carry from place to place and give instruction in bee-keeping.

Shade-trees and shrubbery about the home do much to beautify it; but it is possible to have too much of them. We need sunlight more than we do shade. The latter is pleasant, and a certain amount is necessary but if too much, it makes gloom, than the house is, dark and damp. The healthiest climates are dry and sunny climates. And I know many New England country homes where less shrubbery and more sun would much improve the general tone of health of the household.

THE FARMER.

From high official authority, namely, Central Bureau, statistical department in a despatch to the state department in Washington from Germany, we learn some startling facts. The number of drunkenness places in Prussia increased from 119,945 in 1869, to 165,604 in 1869. The number of persons who became insane in consequency of excessive drinking (*Delirium Tremens*), in Prussia, from 1875 to 1879 was 3,463, or 14.88 per cent, of all demented persons. Of 33,837 convicts of the same period, 41 per cent were known to have committed the crime while under the influence of liquor. Of 4,450 suicides, 1,008 were the result of excessive drinking. More than 50 per cent of pauperism there is due to the same cause.

Wise.

"Pah, sir! Caught within the half hour; not been lying in the boat all day in the sun. Fresh from the water, sir!"

We stopped to look at his fish, but quite as much for a look at his fine face. Well-cut features and full attitude of freedom through the water carrying with ease upon one shoulder a freight of yard and sailcloth over the other, he stood half naked and staggered. His eye was quick and bright, and his complexion of the sea-tint and white showing through the sun-tan which comes only by nurture on fresh air, sunshine and a healthy mind. What a royal heritage!—a sound body accompanied by a sound mind.

"You fellows that are upon the sea are strong as you are," I remarked, looking at the two who were bringing more of the days catch from the fishing smack anchored a little distance from the shore.

"Well, so sir, they're not; and it's their own faults, more the pity! You see, they don't take care of themselves, and I hire them by the day, and can't pay for other men; but they can't attend to me as good, or much longer if they don't mend their ways, I shit."

"You are the master of the fishing vessel, then?"

"Yes, sir—master and owner too, thanks to my father being a rich man."

"I've like to get something of that wisdom of his, if you don't mind telling me," I said.

"Not a bit, sir. Always feel as if it was a testimony, so you learned folk call it, to him, now he's gone."

The fisherman laid his load down on the wharf and seated himself on it, as well as he could, for the devil got a good hold on a neighborhood he's never a bit inclined to let up on if he can get a lighter and tighter hold on it unless the Lord sends his own power to throw him, which he always could do easily enough, sir, if he liked to.

"Well, my father had the good sense to see that it was not in the cards, sir, so when the temperance movement came our way he took hold with all his might and didn't begin by saying to us boys, 'You do thus and so,' but he did it himself. Yes, sir, his name went down among the very first that signed the pledge, and then he says to us, 'Now, boys, if you'll pledge yourselves never to touch a drop of liquor till you're twenty-five I'll pay you your beer-money every week,' for there were plenty of boys about the neighborhood that expected their beer-money as regular as a man, and got it and drank it up too. You see, my father thought that if we could be kept from it until we were twenty-five we'd have sense enough to know what was good for us, if ever we had it.

"We put our money into the savings-bank, where it brought interest. And we put all our earnings we could spare beside it. I think the having a bit there already made us more likely to save what the other boys thought nothing of spending, and you'd be astonished to see how a little money grows if you only give it a good chance."

"When I was twenty-five I took out my money and bought that boat. My brothers have stuck to the pledge the same as I have, and they are both in good business of their own, calling no one master except One"—the fisherman looked reverently upward—"and he makes a good Master, sir."—*Forward.*

Carlyle and His Wife.

He was rough, she was sharp-tongued and unreasonable. She was jealous and, like most jealous women, wholly without cause; for men who give their wives cause for jealousy are usually so clever in concealing it that none is surmised. He grew angry and obstinate because of her wayward fancies. It is a sad episode on which we need not insist, on which it were no use to speak, but that the snapping at each other of husband and wife are before the world, and because the tragedy of it all was involved in the beginning. Mrs. Carlyle married a man whom she did not love, because she thought him intellectually great, and that intellectual greatness never satisfied her woman's heart. She was a gently nurtured lady, and he was long in unlearning the ways of a Scotch peasant. And if her nature was subdued to what it worked in, when it had taken the color of his wife he had changed, they were wider apart than ever. They were best when sunder; then the tenderness which underlay his nature had full play. And though perhaps in some of his letters he did not wholly shake himself free from the cant against which he inveighed so strongly, there is much that is very touching in the remorse for his harsh words, and in the vain regret for what could never be—the trusting affection of a calm and peaceful hope.—*The British Quarterly Review.*

God is Everywhere.

Lord Craven lived in London at the time the great plague raged there. His house was located in that part of the city since called Craven Buildings. To avoid the threatened danger, his lordship resolved to retire to his seat in the country. His coach and six were ordered to stand at the door, the luggage put up, and all things ready for the journey. As he was walking through his hall, with his hat on, his cane under his arm, and putting on his gloves, in order to step into his carriage, he overheard his negro (who served him as postilion) saying to another servant, "I suppose by my lord's quitting London to avoid the plague, that God lives in the country and not in town." The poor negro had this in the simplicity of his heart, really believing in a plurality of gods. The speech, however, forcibly struck Lord Craven, and made him pause. "My God," thought he, "lives everywhere, and can preserve me in the town as well as in the country. I'll even stay where I am. The ignorance of that poor fellow, has preached a useful sermon to me. Lord, pardon that infidelity and that distrust of thy providence, which made me think of running away from thy hand." Immediately he ordered the horses to be taken off from the coach, and the luggage to be brought in. He continued in London—was remarkably useful among his sick neighbours—and never caught the infection.

Aunt Dinah and the Camera.

Speaking of Aunt Dinah reminds me of Ben's attempt to photograph her. After all the family had been duly taken, they suddenly thought of Aunt Dinah, and rushed into the kitchen to ask her. She beamed with delight at the suggestion, but said, in a sort of shamefaced way:

"Lawa, honey, yer don't wanter take a pore body like me."

"Yes, yes, we do; come, Aunt Dinah, come right along!" shouted all the children in chorus.

"He, he!" chuckled the delighted Aunt Dinah, beginning to divest herself of her kitchen apron, "er I ain't gwine far to take no scuse, I pos I'll jes' has to be tuk. But go along, honey, go long! I's comin. I's comin' sho; only jes' stoppin' to fix sumtin to throw over dis yer noddle."

Sure enough, out came Aunt Dinah presently in her best plaid apron and kerchief, a yellow turban on, and her earrings gleaming in the sun. Ben sat her on a bench in the garden among the flowers, and the rest of the party took pictures much better than Ben, I think, for the poor fellow, after all, that Miss Molly in a higher grand attitude.

But the moment Aunt Dinah was seated she began to look grave, grew, in fact, more and more solemn as Ben proceeded to "fix things," till at length she was all ready she had stiffened into a really formidable grimness.

Presently Ben had everything arranged to his satisfaction, and coming to the front of the camera he said, in a warning tone, and with a grand air that overpaired to strike terror to the heart of the innocent sitter, "All ready now, take care!" and immediately pulled off the little brass cap.

Aunt Dinah had been looking in another direction; but at these words turned quickly toward the instrument, and whether startled by Ben's action or not, or both combined, it would be impossible to say; but she suddenly started from her seat and fled toward the house looking back over her shoulder with a terrified face, as she cried;

"Run, chil'en! Massy sakes, run! it's gwine to go off! Send one o' dem yer t'ings down yere now. Done knock ebery'ting all to numb!"

The children all laughed and shouted for poor Aunt Dinah's flight, but nothing could induce her to go back and have her picture taken.

"Dis ole nigger seed too many dem yer t'ings in dem war," she said solemnly. "Yo' kin go on an' ye jes' kin, jes' as right on, but I'e tell yer honey, tell yer ah', dat's gwine to go off one o' dese yer fine days, an' den wha' ye be? Wha' ye be den?" she repeated, shaking her head, warningly. "Won't be nuff o' yer lef' to wipe up de flo.—*St. Nicholas for August.*

True Christian sincerity leads us to imitate Christ; and in him was no guile. His character was bright as the sparkling dew; transparent as the clearest lake, it was as though there were a window in his breast, that all men could read his heart; it was so legible in his life and spirit. And such must be the disciple,—"because as he is, so are we in this world."

—How shall we dare to behold that holy face that brought salvation to us, and we turned away and fell in love with death, and kissed deformity and sin?—*Jeremy Taylor.*

GENERAL GRANT'S CASE.

"Someone Has Blundered!"—Can it be Possible?

The New York Herald says: "If General Grant should recover from a disease which should prove not to have been what it has been described, "then his medical attendants * * will be expected to explain the reasons for one of the most remarkable instances of discrepancy ever recounted in the history of medical practice."

The other day an eminent young physician in the last stages of consumption, unable longer to talk, called for pen and paper and indistinctly wrote this advice to his physicians: "Make dying comfortable."

This seems to have been the sole purpose of General Grant's attending physicians. They were making dying comfortable, but they were not curing their patient. He awakens them by eating better!

The utter failure rightly to diagnose and properly to treat General Grant's disorder was a serious blunder, emphasizing what has so often been said, that professional treatment, being purely experimental, is just as likely to be wrong as right.

Had the general an ulcer on his arm the physician would have treated it scientifically, very scientifically. He might have recovered or they might have cut his arm off. Some dear old soul of a grandmother, however, might have treated the sore by some "old woman's remedy" and healed it, but there would have been no "professional science" in such a proceeding, as her remedy would not be one recognized by the code.

The general's physicians excuse themselves, we are told, because the condition of the throat was hidden from sight. There are thousands of cases where disease is hidden from sight, where the symptoms are very obscure and conflicting. The physicians will treat every day's symptoms but they do not cure, and finally the patient dies. Then they discover they have made a mistake! A horrible mistake! The other day a prominent merchant in a neighboring city was found dead in bed. A post mortem examination revealed the fact that one of his other vital organs was entirely decayed, and yet his physicians had been treating him for heart disease!

Some one has blundered.

For weeks the American public have been awaiting the unwelcome tidings of General Grant's death. To-day, the general is up and around and riding out.

People get well often in spite of what their doctors say and do. Why? By will power? No. By faith? No.

They live because outside the medical profession and medical pretense, there are effective remedial agencies in nature which, though "unrecognized" by the code, have supreme power over disease, and in thousands of cases win triumphs where the so called scientific treatment utterly fails.

A prominent ex-cabinet officer is today on the very edge of the grave, suffering from an extreme disorder of the liver. His doctors know they cannot cure him. They simply are making dying comfortable.

The agony of death in many cases is eased by surrounding friends in scenes of pain, in convulsions of nerve, in spasms of torture—the fixed eye, the chilly breath, the dreadful coughing, the bloody sweat—the supreme inflictions of pitiless disease upon a helpless body,—indicate the limitations of professional skill."

Seven tenths of the deaths of this country every year are from hepatic and renal disorders, over which physicians have no little power. They will give you, that and the other thing to make dying comfortable, but they know they cannot cure and yet they will not permit the use of remedies "unauthorized" by their code, whether they are allopathic or homeopathic. If the system, as is common at this time of the year, has an acute, and one has tired and depressed feelings, the doctor will tell you that the blood needs purifying, but he will not tell you, what he knows to be true, that the blood is impure because the liver and kidneys are not performing their blood-purifying functions.

The failure of the physicians in General Grant's case ought to have an eye-opening effect upon the public. It ought to see the futility of trusting entirely in a profession whose practice is so largely experimental. The test of merit is success and when any agency has won a record proved by the testimony of prominent men and women in all ranks of society, it stands to reason that such a preparation is worthy of universal confidence. Who has not heard of it? Who has not used it? Who can gainsay the statement that it has wrought greater benefit for mankind than anything ever discovered inside the ranks of the medical profession? And yet many physicians who are bound hand and foot to their code will not allow, nor will they prescribe the use of Warner's safe cure. Nevertheless, spite of their small-minded bigotry, it multiplies instances of its singular merit by thousands every day, rests satisfied with the record it has won, and challenges comparison with the record of the most reputable physicians.

It is a terrible thing to lose a friend, especially if we find out *afterwards* that they might have been saved.

We are glad General Grant is getting well. He deserves to live and in living he will emphasize the fact that physicians do not have a monopoly over disease; that "scientific medicine," so called, is not infallible; that all remedial agencies were not born with doctors and will not die with them.

If farmers and others continue to buy dust and ashes put up in bright packs and sold for condition powders it won't be our fault. We have exposed the swindle time and again. Sheridan's Powders are the only kind we know of worth carrying home.

MY OLD FRIEND.—A gentleman who had been afflicted with rheumatism for 20 years used Minard's Liniment and is perfectly cured. It is our old friend for all aches and pains.

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A lady who delights in Flowers, and likes to see them do well and bloom abundantly, should be without *Hunnewell's Food for Plants*. Orders can be sent through any druggist for a plant for one year.

By the use of Manhagenon's Quinine Wine and Iron, and Tutt's Dinner Pills, the blood is purified, and a healthy skin is the result, and beauty and freshness follows. See that you get "Manhagenon's," the *original and genuine*. For sale by all Druggists and General Dealers in Canada.

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