FOREVER.

They sat together in the sun
And Youth and Hope stood hovering near,
Like dropping bell-notes one by one
Chimed the glad moments soft and clear;
And still amid their happy speech,
The lovers whispered each to each,
"Forever!"

Youth spread his wings of rainbow light,
"Farewell!" he whispered as he went,
They heeded not nor mourned his flight,
Wrapped in their measureless content;
And still they smiled, and still was heard
The confidently uttered word,
"Forever!"

Hope stayed, her steadfast smile was sweet,
Until the even time she stayed;
Then, with reluctant, noiseless feet
She stole into the solemn shade;
A graver shape moved gently by,
And bent, and murmured warningly,
"Forever!"

And then—where sat the two, sat one!
No voice spoke back, no glance replied;
Behind her, where she rested lone,
Hovered the spectre, solemn eyed;
She met his look without a thrill
And smiling faintly, whispered still,
"Forever!"

O, sweet, sweet Youth! O, fading Hope!
O, eyes by tearful mists made blind!
O, hands which vainly reach and grope
For a familiar touch and kind!
Time pauseth for no lover's kiss;
Love for its solace has but this—
"Forever!"

—*Susan Coolidge, in Independent.*

THE HOME.

The Old-Fashioned Girl.

She flourished thirty or forty years ago. She was a little girl until she was fifteen. She used to help her mother wash the dishes and keep the kitchen tidy, and she had an ambition to make pies so nicely that papa could not tell the difference between them and mamma's; and yet she could fry griddle cakes at ten years of age, and darn her own stockings before she was twelve, to say nothing of knitting them herself.

She had her hours of play, and enjoyed herself to the fullest extent. She had no very costly toys, to be sure, but her rag doll and a little bureau and a chair that Uncle Tom made were just as valuable to her as the twenty-dollar wax doll and elegant doll furniture the children have now-a-days.

She never said, "I can't" and "I don't want to" to her mother, when asked to leave her play and run up stairs or down on an errand, because she had not been brought up in that way. Obedience was a cardinal virtue in the old-fashioned little girl.

She rose in the morning when she was called, and went out into the garden, and saw the dew on the grass, and if she lived in the country, she fed the chickens and hunted up the eggs for breakfast.

We do not suppose she had her hair in curl papers, crimping pins, or had it "banged" over her forehead; and her flounces were no trouble to her.

She learned to sew by making patchwork, and we dare say she could do an "over and over" seam as well as nine-tenths of the grown-up women do now-a-days.

She was not learned in French verbs or Latin declensions, and her near neighbors were spared the agony of hearing her pound out "The Maiden's Prayer," and "Silver Threads among the Gold," twenty times a day on the piano; but we have no doubt she made her family quite as comfortable as the modern young lady does hers.

She learned the solid accomplishments as she grew up. She was taught the arts of cooking and housekeeping. We suppose that we are not exactly up with the times, but we honestly believe, and our opinion is based on considerable experience and no small opportunity for observation, that when it comes, to keeping a family happy, a good cook and houseeper is to be greatly preferred above an accomplished scholar. When both sets of qualities are found together, as they sometimes are, then is the house hold over which such a woman has control blessed.

The old-fashioned little girl was modest in her demeanor; and she never talked slang or used by-words. She did not laugh at old people or make fun of cripples, as we saw some modern little girls doing the other day. She had respect for elders, and was not above listening to words of counsel from those older than herself.

She did not think she knew as much as her mother, and that her judgment was as good as her grandmother's.

She did not go to parties by the time she was ten, and stay till after midnight. She went to bed in season, and said her prayers before she went, and slept the sleep of innocence, and rose up in the morning happy and capable of giving happiness.

And if there be an old-fashioned little girl in the world to-day, may heaven bless and help her, and raise up others like her.—*Selected.*

A Dozen Good Rules.

We were struck lately by the orderly behaviour of a large family of children, particularly at the table. We spoke of it to their father; and he pointed to a paper pinned to the wall, on which were written some excellent rules. We begged a copy for the benefit of our readers. Here it is:—

1. Shut every door after you and without slamming it.
2. Don't make a practice of shouting, jumping, or running in the house.
3. Never call to persons upstairs or in the next room; if you wish to speak to them, go quietly to where they are.
4. Always speak kindly and politely to everybody, if you would have them do the same to you.
5. When told to do or not to do a thing, by either parent, never ask why you should or should not do it.
6. Tell of your own faults and misdoings, not of those of your brothers and sisters.
7. Carefully clean the mud or snow off your boots before entering the house.
8. Be prompt at every meal hour.
9. Never sit down at the table or in the sitting-room with dirty hands or tumbled hair.
10. Never interrupt any conversation, but wait patiently your turn to speak.
11. Never reserve your good manners for company, but be equally polite at home and abroad.
12. Let your first, last, and *best* confidante be your mother.—*British Juvenile.*

THE FARM.

Farm Life.

Life on the farm is not such drudgery as it is represented to be. Too often, we think, much farm life is little else than hard tiring work. But hard work is not necessarily drudgery. Drudgery depends upon the spirit in which it is performed. The very highest work may be irksome, while fatiguing labor may be a pleasure. It is the thought and interest we put into our labor that give it dignity. And, so long as farm life contains nothing but drudgery, the young will try to escape it. Some work can be nothing but drudgery; but is not this a fact in every calling or profession? It is the love we have for our disagreeable details into factors in the accomplishment of a grand and noble purpose. We become so absorbed in our work that there need be no necessity or duty driving us to its performance.

Then, if we would keep the boys on the farm, we must arouse there interest and love in the work. Thus we can lift farm life above a mere routine of exhausting drudgery. But this interest must be instilled by example. We must impart a love for the work by feeling it ourselves. Instead of doing your work in a slipshod way, which will be imitated by the boys, or which will drive them away from you, if they have any ambition to have things done in a thorough, orderly manner, you must put your heart into the work, and will soon find the boys growing into an earnest endeavour to second your plans. Do not make a mere hired man of your son, compelling him to work so hard that all ambition for making his life on the farm one of enjoyment and honor is smothered. If you would have him take an interest in the management and conduct of the farm, he must have energy for thinking and planning.

Fighting Poultry Vermin in Summer.

Frequently the most difficult work of the poultry man is that of ridding the premises of vermin. Most persons do not become aware of the presence of vermin until the little red mites are seen in myriads. These can easily be destroyed by using proper methods. The great scourge of poultry is not the mites, but the large body louse that hides at the base of the feathers, on the head and neck. As they are only found there on the fowls, an examination of the quarters does not reveal them, when they may be busily at work on the birds. When the hens seem to droop without apparent cause, the chances are that a close examination of their heads and necks will reveal swarms of these lice. Little chicks, especially those that feather very rapidly, such as Dorkings, Games, and Leghorns, will soon succumb to the large lice, and often the cause will be ascribed to something else.

To prevent lice on fowls, the best thing is the dust-bath, which must consist of fine dry clay or coal ashes. If the quarters are kept clean, the hens will prevent the attacks of lice by dusting, but when once the lice put in an appearance, the poultryman is compelled to take active measures, as the lice must be fought until not a single one remains. Kerosene must not be used on the bodies of the hens, as it will sometimes kill them. For the large body lice, first grease the heads, necks and vents with a mixture made by adding a teaspoonful of crude petroleum to every gill of lard. Use it warm, so it will spread well. Then dust the hens well with Californian or Persian Insect Powder. Repeat this every third day, and dust every portion of the body, but do not grease the body—only the head, neck and vent—*American Agriculturist.*

Here is a list, which is a very good one, of flowers to plant about a country home. Many can be obtained from slips; others grow from seed, which can be got from friends or bought cheap from any good seedsman. By all means have some, if you cannot have all of them. They will cover up every defect about a house and make it look, no matter how ugly it is, as if it was set in a bower of beauty. We have made the list small, so that it will be in reach of the means and strength of all our readers. Ladies and girls, we call your attention especially to it: Annuals—Alyssum, ageratum, asters, balsam, candytuft, canno, calliopsis, convolvulus minor, euphorbia, lobelia, mignonette, marigold, pinks, pansy, phlox drummondi, petunia, tropeolum, verbena, zinnia. Climbers—Hyacinth bean, scarlet runner, morning-glory, ipomea, balloon vine, sweet pea, thumbergia, canary flower, perennial pea. Perennials—Alyssum, gold dust, aquilegia, yellow, white, blue, &c., digitalis, delphinum, honesty, cypress, linum, pyrethrum, rocket, sweet william, and wall-flower.

TEMPERANCE.

The Case of Mr. Brown.

He came of good old revolutionary New England stock. His father, hale and is hearty, still living at a very advanced age. But Mr. Brown, the son, lies on what is feared is his death-bed. He is a type of those men and women so often found among the descendants of pioneers who bring to blossom and fruitage the intellectual power latent in their ancestors.

He was a very bright boy, and easily carried off the honors of his class at the academy, and afterward at college and in the school where he studied his profession. During these years he adhered to the simple habits formed in his boyhood except that he learned to smoke cigars while in college, and occasionally to indulge in night suppers given by the secret society to which he belonged. Having a generous, genial nature, ever ready with witticism, sympathy, aid, he was greatly sought in society. He could sit up all night and be as fresh the next day as though he had spent the night in sleep. Late studies, big dinners, hard work, incessant smoking, seemed to make no impression on him. He had a magnificent constitution. He was a magnificent man.

Into the work of his profession he threw himself with all his might, and early became one of its honored members. His opinions were quoted as authoritative. Money flowed in upon him, and as the years passed on he became connected with large professional enterprises. He was known as a temperate man, but not as a total abstainer. The finer kinds of wine were always found on his dinner table, and the finest brands of cigars were almost all the time between his lips.

As the years passed on, incessant work, incessant smoking, and heavy dinners, which could not be digested easily without the aid of wine, began to tell on him. The fires which he kept burning so hotly without intermission began to consume the furnace walls inclosing them. Some slight provoking cause laid him upon a sick-bed, from which, after much pain, he rose and continued as before to burn his candle at both ends. The tobacco habit was confirmed and could not be broken, though physicians warned him that nicotine was slowly but surely killing him. The habit of generous living could not be given up, and there were so many pairs of little shoes to buy that the work must still go on undiminished.

And so the vitality that had seemed inexhaustible was gradually expended, until, after repeated illnesses, recoveries, and relapses, it seemed nearly all gone Medical skill could not restore it. The love of wife and children and friends could not arouse wasted energies. With Samson, he said, "I will go out as at other times before and shake myself." But his strength was departed from him.

And now in the prime of life, in the zenith of his days, with his life-work but half-done, he has fallen a victim, not to hard work, for many men work as hard as has he, but to over-stimulation by high living and tobacco.

"He that hath ears to hear, let him hear."

Miss Bessie H. Bedloe, of Burlington, Vt., had a disease of the scalp which caused her hair to become very harsh and dry and to fall so freely she scarcely dared comb it. Ayer's Hair Vigor gave her a healthy scalp, and made the hair beautifully thick and glossy.

A Religious Humbug.

One of the professors in Harvard University was a great bugologist. He had all sorts of bugs the world ever saw, in frames, and he studied bugology until he knew all about it, and had thousands of specimens of different sorts of bugs. And the mischievous students took the legs of one bug, and the body of another, and the wings of another, and put them all together, just like nature puts them together, and carried the bug in to the old professor, with his thick glasses on, and laid it on the table, and said: "Professor, what sort of a bug is that? The old professor looked at it, and turned it around, and looked at it, and looked at it, and looked at it again, and said he, "Gentlemen, this is a humbug." And this is just what we mean by a religious humbug. He has got the head of a Christian, and the feet of the dancer, and the tongue of a tattler, and the appetite of a drunkard, and the laziness of a shirk, and you just put him altogether, and he is the finest specimen of humbug you ever saw.

Bad blood causes dyspepsia and dyspepsia reacts by causing bad blood. So both go on, growing worse, until the whole system is poisoned. The surest means of relief for the victim is a thorough and persistent course of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

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INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

'88. Winter Arrangement. '89.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, NOVEMBER 26th, 1888, the Trains of this Railway will run Daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:

Trains will leave Saint John.

Day Express,	7.30
Accommodation,	11.30
Express for Sussex,	16.45
Express for Halifax and Quebec,	18.00

A Sleeping Car will run daily on the 18.00 Train to Halifax.

On Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday a Sleeping Car for Montreal will be attached to the Quebec Express, and on Monday, Wednesday and Friday a Sleeping Car will be attached at Moncton.

Trains will Arrive at Saint John.

Express from Halifax and Quebec,	7.00
Express from Sussex,	8.55
Accommodation,	15.30
Day Express,	17.20

Trains will leave Halifax.

Day Express,	6.00
Truro Accommodation,	15.00
Express for Saint John and Quebec,	18.00

A Sleeping Car runs Daily on the 18.00 Train to Saint John.

On Monday, Wednesday and Friday a Sleeping Car for Montreal will be attached to the Quebec Express, and on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday a Sleeping Car for Montreal will be attached at Moncton.

Trains will arrive at Halifax.

Truro Accommodation,	8.15
Express from Saint John and Quebec,	8.10
Day Express,	18.30

A Passenger Car will leave Bedford for North Street at 11.07, and returning will leave North Street for Bedford at 12.50, daily.

All Trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTINGER,
Chief Superintendent.

Railway Office, Moncton, N. B.,
November 26th, 1888.

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