THE WIND ACROSS THE WHEAT.

You ask me for the sweetest sound mine
ears have ever heard?
A sweeter than the ripples' plash, or
trilling of a bird,
Than tapping of the rain-drops upon the
roof at night,
Than the sighing of the pine trees on
yonder mountain height;
And I tell you these are tender, yet
never quite so sweet,
As the murmur and the cadence of the
wind across the wheat.

Have you watched the golden billows in
a sunlit sea of grain,
Ere yet the reaper bound the sheaves to
fill the creaking wain?
Have you thought how snow and tempest,
and the bitter wintry cold,
Were but the guardian angels the next
year's bread to hold,
A precious thing, unharmed by the turmoil of the sky,
Just waiting, growing, silently until the
storms went by!

Oh! have you lifted up your heart to
Him who loves us all,
And listens, through the angel songs, if
but a sparrow fall.
And then, thus thinking of His hand,
what symphony so sweet
As the music in the long refrain, the
wind across the wheat?

It hath its dulcet echoes, from many a
lullaby,
Where the cradled babe is hushed beneath the mother's loving eye.
It hath its Heaven promise, as sure as
Heaven's throne,
That He who sent the manna, will ever
feed His own;
And, though an atom only, 'mid the
countless hosts who share
The Maker's never-ceasing watch, the
Father's deathless care,
That atom is as dear to Him, as my dear
child to me;
He cannot lose me from my place,
through all eternity;
You wonder, when it sings me this, there's
nothing half so sweet,
Beneath the circling planets, as the wind
across the wheat?

—*Margaret E. Sangster in Home Maker.*

THE HOME.

Trouble with Servants.

BY ADELINE A. KNIGHT.

I was sitting in my room one morning, my face red, and my frame trembling with passion. Everything had been of a piece since my rising to my miserable new day. The children had gone off to school with not enough, and the food served them had been utterly unpalatable—all the fault of the spirit of my cook. I reviewed bitterly how it really seemed to give her pleasure to interfere with all orderly arrangements and throw all into disorder. This morning my husband had asked me if I would not be particular in having dinner on the table exactly at one. As soon as he was gone I went down to the kitchen, and, after selecting the dinner materials, said: "*Do*, Bridget, be prompt to-day! Mr. Brown must have it!"

The remark was sufficiently civil, but the remembrance of my bad coffee and thick breakfast cakes was uppermost in my mind, affecting sensibly my radius of mental influence. So my quiet speech really disturbed me more deeply. Bridget's mind, for some reason, was in a like unhappy state; I met resistance. She made no answer—one of her disagreeable habits when people speak to her.

"Did you hear me?" I asked, out of patience with her.

Red-armed Bridget, looked up at me with a brazen countenance, and said pertly, "Yes'm."

"Then why didn't you answer me when I spoke?" said I, hotly. "It's a very ugly habit that you have of not replying when you are addressed. How is it to be known that you hear what is said?"

I left the kitchen very much worried, and remained anxious all the morning. Several times I went down to see how things were coming on, but it was plain that Bridget was not exerting herself. When it was time to put on the roast, the fire was all down in the range. Half an hour was lost in renewing it. As I dreaded, when my husband came in at five minutes of one, although I had laid the table, not a course of the dinner was at all ready.

"Confound it!" he said crossly. "Isn't dinner ready? I told you I wished it on the hour particularly. It's too bad! I'm out of all patience with these irregularities. I can't wait, of course."

And saying this, he slipped himself into his overcoat and left the house.

I did not give Bridget any more trouble about the dinner. I went back to my room and cried, every nerve tingling. I was tried beyond endurance. My life was becoming a burden. The worst part of it was that there was no prospect of a change for the better. Every successive servant in the house seemed to my bothered soul more careless and neglectful than all her previous sisters. A thoroughly disheartened and discouraged woman, I drew the mending-basket toward me. I seemed to myself to be miserably in the power of Erin.

Gradually the still, small influences of my children's garments changed my mood and bettered it. I grew reflective as I darned and patched. What was strong Bridget but a child mentally? I could recall a dozen instances of her childishness, in grotesque combination with her very full-grown temper and small cunning. Did I *think* of her—whatever I might say to her—with the consideration and kindness due a child? And yet what else was this great, coarsely framed woman! I softened, but my hot temper kept asserting itself like Banquo's ghost, and would not down. Finally, after a long, wordless battle between conscience and inclination, the conviction swept upon me like a wave that my natural stock of patience was inadequate to the demand for it in my family. There is an extensive demand for it in all houses with four children and one servant.

As I rocked and worked, humbled and self-condemned, Bridget came to the door and announced with provoking coolness, "The lump sugar's all out."

Now neither of the heads of our household is partial to crushed sugar in tea. Bridget was well aware of it.

I was about replying, "Why in the name of goodness did you not say so this morning?"

Suddenly checking myself, I managed to say mildly, and without looking up from my work, "Very well, Bridget, I will go out for some before supper."

Bridget stood a moment with an expression of blank surprise upon her telltale countenance and then walked off speechless.

As I folded up the unfinished things, with the weary sigh of tired nerves and "much serving," her rap on the door came again—a toned-down rap—and she said to me with a very respectful manner, "I can run round to the store instead of you, ma'am. The clothes be folded."

"Do so, if you please, Bridget," I returned, trying to keep a victorious flash out of my eyes. "And try, if you can, to have the children's dinner on time."

"I will have it ready, ma'am," she replied.

And it was ready. Bridget certainly changed from that day. I recede—oh, many a time—into fretfulness. Bridget often tries me exceedingly. In fairness to her, it is unlikely that I come up to her standard, for, consciously or otherwise, she has doubtless something to gauge me by. For that matter, a wise woman has said; "It is a tribute to both sides when people of different families can stay a fortnight in each other's houses, and part with as high regard as when they met."

On the other hand, I believe I have found out the secret place where abideth the soul of my Irish girl. Bridget sometimes shows a dog-like loyalty and fidelity to my interests, beautiful and gratifying. At any rate, I no longer have to sit in a chilly room because she has let the furnace fire get down, or fail to enjoy a concert because I expect she will give warning in the morning. There is a nerve of sympathy between us.

The servant class can be otherwise treated in England, where they are considered flesh and blood, and nothing more. They are shut away from the mistress decidedly. They know their business, and make no mistakes. But the Englishwoman of my rank of life has a staff of four servants, with a man for the outdoor work and to handle coals; atoning for her sinful extravagance in servant hire by possessing but one good silk, owning very little jewelry, taking exquisite care of old-fashioned things, and seldom treating herself to a new bit of furniture. English interiors—in middle-class homes—are rarely refurnished. There is never any hesitation with Englishwomen between the usual number of servants and pleasurable expense personally.

We Americans think differently. We wish our parlors to approach "the similitude of a palace" in their furnishings, and we ardently desire sealskins and a few diamonds. We economize at the hearth in the matter of servant hire and no doubt require far too much of our solitary handmaiden. Perhaps we choose the wiser part—at all events we will choose no other—but we exchange much for it. We surrender much of our lives to wearing personal contact with brutalized people, who have little in common with us; and, as they have stout bodies and inactive minds, we generally come off second best in our encounters.

As this is our elected course, we must give ourselves—our best—to these "tolerable" girls. As E. R. Sill says in his rhyming proverbs:

Them ez *will*, kin.

—*Congregationalist.*

THE FARM.

— Bran is rich in phosphates, but it is a food the hens do not like unless it is scalded. Never feed it to them in a raw condition, as it is liable to cause bowel disease. A mixture of equal parts of bran, corn meal and ground oats, scalded and allowed to remain until the mess is cool, is the best grain food that can be fed.

— The American *Bee Journal* says the preserving qualities of honey are immense. The best hams are cured with honey. In fact, honey has the quality of preserving for a long time in a fresh state anything that may be laid in it or mixed with it, and to prevent its corruption in a far superior manner to sugar; thus many species of fruit may be preserved by being laid in honey, and by this means will obtain a pleasant taste, and give the stomach a healthy tone. One who has tried it will not use sugar for preserving fruit.

— Let us suppose the hurry and rush of the year's work nearly over, so that the farmer and his family may take a breathing spell; and let them embrace the opportunity to visit relatives, attend some of the fairs, and go on an excursion or two, to say nothing of a few picnics. This is a benefit in more ways than one. It will give nature a chance to recuperate her forces, exhausted more or less by the taxing labors of the season, and give the mind new things to think about. Many ideas will be gained that can be used to good advantage in the management of the farm, or some particular branch of it, and many things will be seen that can be introduced to one's own farm to the improvement of it.

Keeping Things Neat.

Many farmers fail to keep things tidy about their homes, and so get a rather unenviable reputation. It is a surprise to many to go by a farmer's place and see tools, wagons and carriages scattered here and there about the buildings. Tools and utensils are seriously injured in this way, to say nothing of the untidy look which they impart to the premises. It costs little, if any, more to take care of things, than it does to let them go at loose ends. Where can the wisdom be in buying mowing machines, hay rakes, tedders and other farming machines and implements, and then leaving them out all the year exposed to the weather, as is often the case? Not only should there be a proper and secure place for such things, but they should always be in their place when not in use, and every one about the farm should be trained to observe the rule, to put things in place after using them.

Not only should all such things be kept properly, but the buildings should be well kept and present a neat appearance It is as poor economy to let buildings suffer for the want of repairs at the proper time, as to neglect to gather crops when they are ripe. Let the walks and driveways also be neatly kept, and all the trees and shrubs about the place, as well. The farm or home in the country might not be so distasteful to the rising generation if more pains were taken to make the same attractive.

It is the poorest economy of all to allow tent caterpillars to make a nuisance of themselves on the wild cherry bushes that line the highway. If a farmer leave them unmolested there, because it is not *his* land, he will most likely, next year, have more than he can do to keep them off of his unmistakable premises.

— SKIM MILK FOR COWS.—It is said in the columns of the Maine *Farmer*, "We believe there is no way the skim milk will net so good returns as fed at once to the cows which gave it." This is not one of the points about which we have merely a belief, but we actually know it. We have seen it used in this way in Chautauqua Co., New York, where it has been the common practice for years and years, and there are no better money-making dairymen in the world. We do not say they make a fine article of butter in this way, for they do not, but it is because they have universally the villanious habit of setting the milk in shallow pans for 48 hours and until the milk begins to clabber at the bottom, then they run the skimmed milk into a vat and feed from there, thus letting it get more than half rotten before the cow gets it, thus, of course, tainting the milk with a cowy odor. But if fed fresh when sweet, or nearly so, there is no more profitable use can be made of skimmed milk.

TEMPERANCE.

What the Tobacco Money Came To.

There was once a lad of twelve who learned to chew tobacco. He had a terrible time of it at first. All the old tobacco chewers can tell you how deathly sick it made them. But he determined to conquer. Others had, and he could too. What a pity he did not put out the same energy and resolution on some noble, manly purpose—something that God would look down upon with his blessing! Well, he did persevere so well that he learned to enjoy what at first was so nauseating. Then he quickly learned to smoke, and as he was a boy who did nothing by halves, he had a cigar in his mouth most of his waking hours. He grew up to be a young man, and was hopefully converted, uniting with a church in New York. Then his eyes began to be opened on the subject of chewing tabacco, which was certainly opposed to the command, "Let all things be done decently and in order." He saw and felt this, and with a mighty effort he tore himself from the degrading habit. His 'cigar he still clung to, until one day a dear Christian brother said to him very seriously:—

"Brother H—, it does not look well to see a member of the church smoking."

There was a power in the young man's words, and he tossed the cigar into the gutter. He made a resolution which he prayed God to give him strength to keep. Thirty-five years have passed and the vow has not been broken.

Now he began to see what a sum he had wasted on this sinful indulgence. So every week he laid aside the same amount for the savings-bank, and, as he had enough for himself and family without it he allowed the principal and interest to remain untouched. Some years rolled on, and his little children were growing up in the pent-up walls of their city home; but they were not contented there. Every year they paid a visit to grandfather's cheery farm-house, tumbling about in the green grass and picking rich fruits from the orchard. Oh, how they longed for such a home! And when father came home from his voyages they would climb about his knees and beg him to get them such a home in the country. These frequent appeals set father thinking and looking about him. By and by the very place to suit was offered for sale. A snug little homestead, surrounded by shade and fruit trees, two acres of fine land attached to it, a beautiful view of Long Island Sound, the school and church within walking distance, and all to be had for $6,500. The cigar-money in the savings-bank was counted over, and was found sufficient. The place was theirs, and the happy mother and little ones took possession with the shortest possible delay. And all this, would have blown away in smoke had not the husband and father, years before, turned right about face and given up his tobacco.—*Selected.*

Are Your Hens Healthy?

Owing to extreme heat, moisture, and other causes, there has been much dullness and disease among poultry the past summer, and especially among chickens and young pullets expected to lay this fall and winter. For this reason, it would be a great mistake to kill off all the old hens when the moulting season is at hand and the hens have stopped laying, got fat, and seemed to be eating their heads off; because it is a fact that a year-old hen, if properly cared for and helped at the moulting season to get her new coat quickly, so she can be got to laying early, will lay more and better eggs than young pullets, particularly if the pullets are weakened by diarrhœa, cholera, gapes, etc. Many people have learned by experience that Sheridan's Condition Powder given once, daily, in the food, will supply the needed material to strengthen and invigorate sick chickens or moulting hens and get them to laying earlier than anything else on earth. Mrs. Edwin Brown, East Greenwich, R. I., says: "I could not do without Sheridan's Condition Powder when hens are moulting. It is the only thing to keep them healthy. I use it for gapes and diarrhœa; for when chickens are small they often droop and die. To a pint of clabbered milk I add a teaspoonful of the powder, mix well, and let the chicks eat all they will once a day; it does seem to be just what they need, they soon become so vigorous. People laughed at me when I began to use Sheridan's Powder, and I had no idea I should win a premium. They laugh best who laugh last, however. I got more eggs than any of my neighbors, and some of them had over 100 hens. We hatched 66 chickens from 77 eggs, obtained while forcing our hens to lay with your powder; so you can see there was no trouble about eggs hatching." I. S. Johnson & Co., 22 Custom House Street, Boston, Mass. (the only makers of Sheridan's Condition Powder), will send, postpaid, two 25-cent packs of Powder and their Poultry Raising Guide, for 50 cents. The book alone costs 25 cents. For $1.00, five packs of Powder and book; for $1.20, a large 2½ pound can (regular price) and book; six cans, $5.00, express prepaid. Send stamps or cash. Interesting testimonials sent free; also, for 5 cents, a sample copy of the best poultry paper published.

BETTER MOVE.—In a love-feast in Yorkshire, a good man had been drawing out a long complaining strain of experiences about his trials and difficulties in the way to heaven. Another of a different spirit followed, who said: I see our brother who has just sat down lives in Grumbling street. I lived there myself for some time, and never enjoyed good health. The air was bad, the house bad, the water bad; the birds never came and sang in the street; and I was gloomy and sad enough. But I "flitted." I got into Thanksgiving street; and ever since then I have had good health, and so have my family. The air is pure, the water pure, the house good, and the sun shines on it all day; the birds are always singing; and I am happy as I can live. Now, I recommend our brother to "flit." There are plenty of houses to let on Thanksgiving street, and I am sure he will find himself a new man if he will only come; and I will be right glad to have him as a neighbor.—*Sel.*

Edwin Forest's Secret.

The great tragedian, Forrest, has a secret, which everybody ought to learn and profit by it. Said he, "I owe all my success to the fact that everything I have undertaken I have done thoroughly. I never neglect trifles." That's the point—don't neglect trifles. Don't neglect that hacking cough, those night-sweats, that feeble and capricious appetite, and the other symptoms, trifling in themselves, but awful in their significance. They herald the approach of consumption. You are in danger, but you can be saved. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will restore you to health and vigor, as it has thousands of others. For all scrofulous diseases, and consumption is one of them, it is a sovereign remedy.

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Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., 8th June, 1888.

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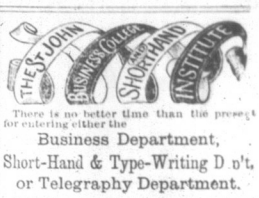

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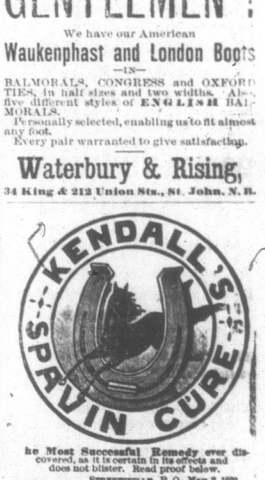

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