FOR COMMON MERCIES.

BY MRS. MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Dear Lord, are we ever so thankful,
As thankful we should be to Thee,
For thine angels sent down to defend us
From dangers our eyes never see;
From perils that lurk unsuspected,
The powers of earth and of air,
The while we are heaven protected
And guarded from evil and snare?

Are we grateful, as grateful we should be,
For commonplace days of delight,
When safe we fare forth to our labor
And safe we fare homeward at night;
For the weeks in which nothing has happened
Save commonplace toiling and play,
When we've worked at the tasks of the household,
And peace hushed the house day by day?

Dear Lord, that the terror at midnight,
The weird of the wind and the flame,
Hath passed by our dwelling, we praise Thee
And lift up our hearts in Thy name;
That the circle of darlings unbroken
Yet gathers in bliss round the board,
That commonplace love is our portion,
We give Thee our praises, dear Lord.

Forgive us who live by Thy bounty
That often our lives are so bare
Of the garlands of praise that should render
All votive and fragrant each prayer.
Dear Lord, in the sharpness of trouble
We cry from the depths to the throne!
In the long days of gladness and beauty
Take Thou the glad hearts as Thine own.

O! common are sunshine and flowers,
And common are raindrop and dew,
And the gay little footsteps of children,
And common the love that holds true.
So, Lord, for our commonplace mercies,
That straight from Thy hand are bestowed,
We are fain to uplift our thanksgivings—
Take, Lord, the long debt we have owed.

EARNING HIS SALT.

"You don't earn your salt, that's what you don't! You're just a trouble an' expense."

Miss Hannah Smith shut the milk-room door with a slam, and Sammy, her orphan nephew, took up the pail of milk and went to feed the calf. He walked down through the garden very slowly, and the pail seemed very heavy, judging from the dejected way in which he carried it; or, perhaps it was his heart which was so heavy, after all.

He did seem to be so unfortunate; he had just broken the blue and white bowl from which his supper of bread and milk had been eaten. Of course he had not meant to break it, and was truly sorry; but it had vexed his aunt all the same and brought down upon him sharp words of condemnation which he had so often heard:

"You don't earn your salt!"

And he had worked so hard that day. It was hot and sultry after a rainy morning, and he had churned and weeded the garden beds—such long beds they were, too; and raked the door-yard, and hunted out a stolen hen's-nest, and picked some currants, and fed the chickens over and over again, and the calf and the pig—why, it made him tired just to think over all he had done. And it was Saturday, too—a holiday for most boys; but for poor Sammy there had been no time to play, or even to go fishing up the creek with "the boys," or even to look between the covers of a story-book which one of them had lent him; and so the day had gone, and, after all, he had not earned his salt.

He had reached the bars of Spot's pasture, and the pretty creature had just put her eager nose in the pail, when one of the Laurence boys came skipping along the lane.

"Hey, Bert! Come over an' see Spot drink."

"All right! can't stop but a minute, though, for I've got an errant for Miss Smith; but, my grashus! ain't Spot growing into a beauty?"

"Yes, that she is; she's the biggest eater you ever see! But say, Bert, is salt very dear stuff?"

"Salt! why, I don't know; I guess not, though, for eyerybody has lots of it. Why Sam, you don't feed much to Spot yet, do you?"

"Oh, no. I was jest wonderin' about it, that's all."

"Well, ask your Aunt Hanner, she'll be sure to know—but, my sake! I mustn't stand here, for the baby's sick an' ma wants help."

Bert sped up to the house, and Sam lingered so long over the bars that his aunt had some excuse for the sharpness with which she called:

"Sammy! Sam! Sammee! where be you a stayin' to?"

And as soon as he made his appearance she said:

"I want to know if you've come at last? I didn't know but you'd fell in the pail of milk an' drowned yourself. Here, I've got to go straight over to Mis' Laurence's 'cause her baby's sick, and she's scairt nigh to death, as she always is if the least thing's the matter, an' I want to lock up the house an' take the key, so you'll have to come in an' go to bed."

Poor Sam! It was only a little after sunset, and it was getting so pleasant and cool out of doors, and he knew just how hot and stuffy it was in his little room under the eaves.

"Oh, Aunt Hanner! please, mayn't I go with you?"

"You! why, what airthly use do you think you'd be to the baby?"

"None, of course; but—but you'll be so awful lonesome a comin' back all alone!"

"Stuff an' nonsense! I don't mean to stay over an hour; an' I don't like to leave the house all stark alone with all that money in it neither; not that there's any real danger, for there ain't no prowlers around now-days, an' if there was, they'd never think of lookin' where I keep my money hid. I was a fool for tellin' you, I s'pose."

"Why, Aunt Hanner! you know I'd never touch it!"

"Of course you wouldn't; you're honest, or you wouldn't be Benjamin's boy. But, as I was sayin', I ought to have gone in to the bank this forenoon, but it was so hot an' I had so much to do. I must go sure on Monday; an' you be a good boy an' go straight to bed, an' mebbe I'll let you go along. I've got to buy you another pair of shoes I s'pose. How glad I shall be if you ever do git big enough an' capable enough to earn your salt."

Sam hung up his hat in the entry and went into the kitchen where his aunt was busy putting things in order for the night and fastening down the windows, but suddenly she said:

"I do s'pose it ain't cooled off a mite up in your room yet, Sammy, so if you want to you can set here by this window a spell, if you'll promise not to go out of it, an' be certain sure to put it down an' turn the catch down over the top before you go to bed."

Sam gratefully promised, and his aunt, knowing that she could trust him, locked the door, put the key in her pocket and departed, for in spite of her stern and abrupt manners she had the experience and ready tact which made her a blessing to her suffering neighbors.

The lonely boy watched her out of sight up the lane, and thought wistfully how the Laurence boys would be out playing "wolf" and "hop-scotch" all through the long twilight, and wished that he might be with them; but then with a little thrill of pleasure he thought of the promised new shoes, and there was the story-book—surely he might read a few minutes; so he ran upstairs after it, and settled himself close to the window to catch the last remnant of daylight, but he had read scarcely more than two pages when the window was suddenly darkened by the figure of a man.

Sam was startled, and, still more, dismayed when he saw that instead of one of the neighbors, it was a man he had never before seen.

"Well, young chap, improvin' your mind, be ye? That's a good idee; but couldn't you jest get me a drink of water or milk, or—or ask somebody else to do it?"

"There ain't nobody else; but I can get you some water. I don't hardly dare disturb the milk."

"Ah, I see, afraid! Old lady's a terror, is she? Locks you up alone in the house when she's away."

"Well, I was jest going to bed, you know, an'—"

"Mannerly folks don't go to bed when they've got callers," said the man, sitting down in the window. "Come, I'm dyin' for that water, boy!"

Sam hardly knew what to do. The water pail was out in the shed, and he could not shut the window down with the man sitting there; but while he hesitated his visitor swung himself in.

"Now, my young friend, never mind the water, but give me that money. I'll take care of it, an' save the old woman goin' to the bank."

The boy's knees shook under him at this fierce demand, but he said bravely:

"I ain't got no money to give you!"

"Likely not; but you know where her money is. I heard every word she said. Few words an' quick work is my motto, so you jest git it an' I'll be off an' you can go to your peaceful rest. She keeps it in some out-of-the-way place, I know; a nice hidin'-spot—now, where is it?"

Poor little Sam! How he wished he could say truthfully that he didn't know where. What should he do? He must keep the secret—that was certain! But what would this dreadful man do to him? Oh! if his aunt had only gone to the bank that day. She never kept much money in the house, but this was the price of a piece of land that one of the neighbors had bought of her.

"I can't tell you!" said the boy at last.

"Well, then, show me; that'll be all the better!"

"I can't do that, neither!" Oh, do please go away!"

"I will soon as I get my hands on that money—double quick, too! An' now if you don't git it in a hurry, I'll take means to make you!" and taking Sam's arm in a grip that made him wince, he continued: "Now, lead off lively, an no false scents, neither, you mind!"

But the child refused to take one step.

"You won't hey? I didn't want to shoot you, but—"

Poor Sam shuddered with terror, and gasped out:

"Oh, mister, don't! please don't. I can't get you the money, but I will get you the milk right straight off."

"Who cares for milk now? It's the greenbacks I want, d'ye hear?" Now git 'em, or you'll suffer."

"I can't! I can't, not if you do kill me! Oh! ain't you got no little boys at home that you wouldn't want hurt, so you can be sorry for me?"

"No, I ain't; boys ain't worth their salt, an' I ain't got no home, neither.

Bert sped up to the house, and Sam lingered so long over the bars that his aunt had some excuse for the sharpness with which she called:

"Sammy! Sam! Sammee! where be you a stayin' to?"

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"Of course you wouldn't; you're honest, or you wouldn't be Benjamin's boy. But, as I was sayin', I ought to have gone in to the bank this forenoon, but it was so hot an' I had so much to do. I must go sure on Monday; an' on her knees by his bed, sobbing and kissing his poor, swollen wrists.

When he became strong enough he was told the balance of the story. How Mr. Laurence had seen a straggler in the vicinity that evening, and had heard rumors of late robberies, and Miss Smith, quite uneasy, had hurried home as soon as the baby was better; how Mr. Laurence had gone with her, and they had surprised the burglar and would have captured him but for the daring leap through a second-story window, and how Sam had been released and carried over to Mr. Laurence's house, where he and his aunt and the money were to remain over Sunday at least. All this he was told, and also that he was one of the very best and bravest and dearest boys in the whole world! And Sammy has heard no allusions to salt since that eventful night. — *Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

Children's Day at Hubbard's Corners.

"I wish you could get up the hill to the school-house next Sunday, Grandma, to hear us sing the songs Miss Hartley is teaching us for Children's Day," said Letitia Murray, as she came in from Sunday-school and stood in the doorway of the old-fashioned kitchen.

"Children's Day! What's that?" asked her grandmother. "When I was a child, we had General Training Day in the spring, when all the militia was out, and I remember we always had green currants stewed for tea, and great yellow squares of baker's gingerbread that day. They don't have such gingerbread now! But I never heard of Children's Day."

"No," said Letitia, "we never had it up at Hubbard's Corners before. We are going to bring all the flowers that we can, and have the school-house trimmed with them, and Miss Hartley's uncle is coming up from New York to talk to us. Miss Hartley says he is busy working and speaking in Sunday-schools all the time, and has been invited to go to several other places next Sunday, but comes here because he is so interested in her school. You know Miss Hartley came up to Newton early this summer, just on account of this Sunday-school that she started last summer.

"Tishy!" called a sharp voice from the back porch, "git your things right off and come down in the back lot and help me bring up the old turkey and her young uns. Len found her there this mornin', where she'd stole her nest, and Sunday or no Sunday she's got to be put in a coop. You needn't cum down by the road, but through the lane, 'cause the Shultzes and Newmans 'll likely be cummin' from meetin'," she added, as Letitia went up to her room, her mind troubled and perplexed, as it often was by her aunt's strange method of reasoning.

"I suppose I could get the coop ready," mildly suggested Grandpa Murray, as he rose with an effort on his cane, "if you re'ly think you'd better bring 'em up to-day."

"The coop's ready," said his daughter energetically. "When there's anything to do, I do it, and don't wait for somebody to do it for me."

"You're a wonderful manager, Maria!" said her father, placatingly, "and would have made some man forehanded, if—"

"There, there!" said his daughter. "We won't talk any more about that. I wonder who would have taken care of you and mother and John's orphan girl if I had got married; for it ain't every man that wants to marry his wife's family. If John 'd only had sense enough to have married a girl brought up to work, inste'd of that minister's sickly daughter, it might have been different. Tishy's just like her mother!"

"Tishy's a good girl, Maria, and helps you a sight, and saved you hiring; you must remember that," answered Grandpa Murray, "and leads a life that might put some of us 'professors' to shame," he added, with more earnestness than he was accustomed to use in his discussions with his daughter.

"Good enough!" said Maria, "but no judgment. Why she'll spend hours waterin' that climbin' rose bush, and countin' the buds, and wondering if they'll open in time for some fandango that Miss Hartley's goin' to have up to the school-house, and never think of my cucumbers and squashes that are all dryin' up in the garden. I've seen Eunice fuss more to keep the cats away from a nest of no-account birds in the layloc bush, than she would to keep her cream from mildewing in hot weather."

Letitia entered the porch just in time to hear the last remark, and a bright flush overspread her fair young face. She had almost ceased to grieve over the disparaging remarks which her Aunt Maria so frequently made of her dead mother, or at least had learned the beautiful grace of patient silence, a lesson which many an older person fails to learn as well. Letitia remembered her mother; a sweet-faced, delicate woman, who, early left a widow, had brought up her only child in refinement, giving her all the advantages that limited means would allow. Above all, she had given her Christian training, and had left her the heritage of a godly example and a mother's prayers.

Life had passed but roughly with the orphan girl since her mother's death, five years before. From change of circumstances, caused by death, two homes in which she might have been happy had been broken up, and two years before our story opens, she had fallen to the care of her Aunt Maria, who took her unwillingly, only comforted by the thought that she might soon be of sufficient service to her in house and dairy work to pay her way.

Hubbard's Corners was a sparsely-settled farming district, four miles from the village of Newton, where was the nearest church. Grandpa and Grandma Murray, with their daughter, were members of this church, but seldom attended its services, the old people being too infirm to ride so far, and Aunt Maria was usually too weary from her week of toil to make the necessary effort.

So it was that Miss Hartley, who had come to Newton to spend a quiet summer, had already proved an angel of mercy to the neglected children of Hubbard's Corners. For Letitia she had formed a warm attachment, while on the part of the lonely orphan girl, the joy and sweetness that had come into her life through the love of this new-found friend, scarcely knew any bounds. Miss Hartley felt sure that in her simple way Letitia was leading a Christian life, but when she spoke of it to Miss Murray, and urged that the child might be allowed to publicly confess her love for Christ, she met with a prompt rebuff.

"Tishy's had no *experience*," said her aunt. "Why I was under conviction for six months, and Elder Gates used to come and talk to me every week. Tishy knows nothing about it, and is too young to become a professor."

Children's Day dawned brightly, the last of a succession of very warm days. Miss Hartley's uncle was there, and the school-house was packed with children and their parents, drawn thither by the novelty of the celebration. Mr. Swanzy gave the children a beautiful address on the Bible as a light to guide them in the path of safety as they journeyed through life. He brought with him and lighted a lamp, such as are used by the shepherds in the East, and such as was probably used by David as he tended his father's sheep, and of which he might have been thinking when he wrote the 119th Psalm: "Thy Word is a lamp to my feet and a light to my path." Then the speaker told them of Jesus, the living Word who declared Himself the Light of the world, and in closing, urged each little one before him to take this Light into his heart, that he might reflect its beauty in his life, and thus win others to the path of safety and of peace.

An impressive silence settled upon the little congregation, and in the interest of the hour, few noticed the approach of a storm, until the heavens were overspread with blackness and heavy peals of thunder announced that the rain was close at hand. Miss Murray, who was present, was the first to feel the alarm, and thinking of her brood of young turkeys, who were in a position where they might be exposed to the fury of the storm, she left the school-house hastily, and was soon beyond the reach of the warning voices that called after her to return.

The darkness grew more intense, and a fierce wind began to blow, against which she could scarcely keep her footing. The rain fell in torrents, and soon deep channels were worn by the rivers of water that poured down the long hill. Blinded and bewildered, the poor woman stumbled on, unable to see a step before her, except as at intervals a lurid flash showed her for an instant the path, only to be succeeded by an interval of darkness, even more intense. She had almost reached the foot of the long hill, when there came an awful crash; a tree fell directly across her path, and with a groan of fright and pain, she fell senseless to the ground.

The storm at last spent its fury, but before the rain had entirely ceased, Letitia, who had seen her aunt leave the school-house, started down the hill to assure herself of her safety. Her voice was soon heard calling for help, and strong arms lifted the unconscious woman and bore her to her home. Stunned by the electric current, and with a dislocated ankle, her nervous system had also received a shock which it did not recover for several months.

Letitia's experience with an invalid mother proved of value to her now, and her gentle ministrations at the bedside of her aunt would have won a heart more callous than even hers. Miss Hartley was also a daily visitor in the sick-room, and though it was hard to hear the sufferer's self-denunciations, as she spoke of her own miserliness and unkindness, Miss Hartley wisely allowed her to feel the burden of her own shortcomings, in order that she might be led to lay her sins on Jesus and thus find peace.

Miss Murray rose from her sick bed to be a light-bearer in the world, as she now felt that "Tishy" had been, in her simple way, during the months that had passed since Miss Hartley first came to Hubbard's Corners.—*Josephine C. Goodale, in Evangelist.*

The Ignorant Educator.

The self-satisfied manner of the ignorant "educator" is a rare study in human nature. In the rural regions it frequently happens that a man whose education has been sadly neglected is elected to the position of school director or member of the school board. He no sooner secures the credentials of his office than he begins to infest the school-room and mix into the practical machinery of education. The results are usually amusing enough to furnish many a hearty laugh to the overworked pedagogue as soon as he is alone and dares to indulge in a little hilarity.

A few weeks ago I visited a graded school in one of the lesser Indiana towns. It was "examination day" and the president of the school board—a large, pompous old fellow—was present. I presume that school-room never was so quiet before. A reading class was called, and a bright little fellow rose and in a monotone drawled through a paragraph about a massacre in the time of Nero.

"Ah! Um!" interrupted the "educator." "Will you please have the little boy read that verse again?"

The paragraph was given precisely as before.

"Ah! Um!" exclaimed the wise man, smiling like a pleased chimpanzee. "Why do you pronounce that word 'massa-ker?'"

The youngster hung his head and made no reply.

"It should be pronunciated 'massacree,'" continued the board member benignly.

There was a painful silence for a moment; then the teacher meekly said: "Excuse me, Mr. Blank, but the fault is mine, I think, if that word was mispronounced. I have told the class to pronounce it 'massa-ker.'"

"But why, sir, may I enquire?"

"I believe Webster favors that pronunciation."

"Impossible, sir."

"Well, that is a matter easily settled. Here is a copy of 'Webster's Unabridged': suppose we refer to it."

The "educator" seized the dictionary and hurriedly turned to the word. For a moment his face was a study. Then he removed his glasses, slowly wiped them on a red bandana handkerchief, and, replacing them, said very solemnly, "I am perfectly astounded, sir, that Mr. Webster should have made such a mistake as that!"—*Chicago Mail.*

— Don't be deceived with imitations; take only McLean's Vegetable Worm Syrup.

Majestic Palms.

The talipot, or great fan-palm, grows for about thirty years, and reaches a height of more than one hundred feet. Then, for the first and only time it blossoms. What looks like a single huge bud four feet in height is developed, and finally bursts into a pyramid of snowy plumes composed of numberless small cream-colored flowers.

The cluster is sometimes twenty feet high, and at its base has a diameter of forty feet. As Miss Cumming says in her "Two Happy Years in Ceylon": "It is a glorious object, and is visible from an immense distance, as it often grows among flat surroundings, such as rice-fields."

The natives turn the leaves to a thousand uses, domestic and literary. When on a journey, and especially if they are on a pilgrimage to some sacred shrine, each of them carries a portion of one of these great leaves tightly folded into a long, narrow form, like a gigantic closed fan.

This serves as a sun-shade or rain-cloak by day, and at night several friends contribute every man his palm leaf, three or four of them, with the pointed end upward, forming a very fair bell-shaped tent. And very picturesque a few groups of these tents look when pitched in some forest glade round blazing camp fires.

Formerly the exact grade of every great noble was shown by the number of such sunshades which he was entitled to have carried before him, and on state occasions a leaf, inlaid with pieces of glittering talc, and folded like a huge fan, formed the ceremonial canopy which was held above his head by one or more attendants.

The leaves attain their largest size when the tree is twenty years of age, at which time they sometimes measure twenty-five feet from the base of the leaf-stalk to the outer edge of the fan.—*Youth's Companion.*

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To Robert Love and all others whom it may concern:

WE hereby give you notice that, in default of payment of certain mortgage moneys owing to me, the undersigned Margaret Anne Parnther, by virtue of the Indenture of Mortgage, executed by you, bearing date the twenty-fourth day of November, A. D. 1880, we shall, on Saturday, the third day of September next, at twelve o'clock noon, at Chubb's Corner (so called), in Prince William Street, in the City of Saint John, in the City and County of Saint John, proceed to a sale of the lands and premises mentioned and described in said Indenture, in execution of the powers thereby vested in me, the undersigned Margaret Ann Parnther.

Dated the second day of July, A. D. 1892.

D. B. PARNTHER.
M. A. PARNTHER.
A. H. DeMILL, Solicitor for Mortgagee.

To Alexander Russell, Henry Russell and James Russell, and all others whom it may concern:

I HEREBY give you notice that in default of payment of certain mortgage moneys owing to me, by virtue of the Indenture of Mortgage executed by you, bearing date the twenty-second day of September, A. D. 1890, I shall, on Saturday, the third day of September next, at twelve o'clock noon, at Chubb's Corner, in Prince William Street, in the City of Saint John, in the City and County of Saint John, proceed to a sale of the lands and premises mentioned and described in said Indenture, in execution of the powers thereby vested in me.

Dated the twenty-third day of May, A. D. 1892.

E. A. McINTOSH.
A. H. DeMILL, Solicitor for Mortgagee.

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Manager Portland

Intercolonial Railway.
1892 SUMMER ARRANGEMENT. 1892

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, the 27th day of JUNE, 1892, the Trains of this Railway will run Daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN—

Express for Halifax and Campbellton,	7.10
Accommodation for Point du Chene,	10.30
Express for Halifax,	15.00
Express for Sussex,	16.35
Through Express for Halifax, Quebec, Montreal, and Chicago	*22 10

A Parlor Car runs each way on express trains leaving St. John at 7.00 o'clock and Halifax at 6.45 o'clock. There will be sleeping cars for Montreal, Metapedia and Halifax on the trains leaving St. John at 22.10 and Halifax at 18 40 o'clock.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN—

Through Express from Chicago, Quebec, Montreal and Halifax (Monday excepted),	3.55
Express from Sussex,	8.30
Accommodation from Point du Chene,	12.50
Express from Halifax and Campbellton	18.30

Sleeping car passengers on the through trains from Halifax and Quebec will be allowed to remain in the sleeping cars at St. John until 7.10 o'clock on the morning of arrival.

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway between Montreal, Quebec and Halifax are lighted by electricity, and heated by steam from the locomotive.

All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTINGER,
Chief Superintendent
Railway Office, Moncton, N. B.,
29th June, 1892.

WESTERN COUNTIES RAILWAY
SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

ON and after Monday, 27th June, 1892, trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

LEAVE YARMOUTH—Express daily at 8.10 a.m.; arrive at Annapolis at 11.50 a. m. Passengers and Freight, Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 1.45 p. m.; arrive at Annapolis at 7.00 p. m. Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 1.45 p. m.; arrive at Weymouth at 4.32 p. m.

LEAVE ANNAPOLIS—Express daily at 1.05 p. m.; arrive at Yarmouth 4.45 p. m. Passengers and Freight Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 5.50 a. m., arrive at Yarmouth at 11.05 a. m.

LEAVE WEYMOUTH—Passengers and Freight Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 8.35 a. m.; arrive at Yarmouth at 11.05 a. m.

CONNEXIONS—At Annapolis with trains of Windsor and Annapolis Railway. At Digby with City of Monticello from and to St. John, daily. At Yarmouth with steamers Yarmouth and Boston, for Boston every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday evenings, and from Boston every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday mornings. At Weymouth with Stages daily for Digby and Annapolis.

Through tickets may be obtained at 126 Hollis Street, Halifax, and the principal stations on the Windsor & Annapolis Railway.

J. BRIGNELL,
Gen. Supt.
Yarmouth, N. S.

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July 20.

*** The matter which this page contai selected from various sources; and that, to any intelligent farmer or h contents of this single page, from week ing the year, will be worth several t scription price of the paper.

ONWARD AND SUNW

Others shall sing the song
Others shall right the wr
Finish what I begin,
And all I fail of win.

What matter I or they!
Mine or another's day,
So the right word is said
And life the sweeter ma

Hail, to the coming sings
Hail, to the brave light-h
Forward I reach and sha
All that they sing and d

I feel the earth move sur
I join the great march on
And take by faith, while
My freehold of thanksgi

THE HOM

Cherry Puffs.

A cherry puff is a simple an dessert. Take rich, red cher not necessary that they shou ially sweet. A tart cherry very well for this purpose, i is rich. Make a delicate bis a heaping teaspoonful of baki and milk enough to mix it dough, with just consistency be stirred. Add a cup of ston to this mixture, beat it well, greased cups and steam it ha until well puffed up. Serv with a hard sauce, flavored mel, or simply nutmeg. housekeeper knows that a ch made exactly like an apple t most as nice.

Finnan-Haddie.

A finnan-haddie may be dish if properly cooked, and inexpensive one, for a smoke may be found in our marke a price as smoked mackere haddock, put in a baking p skin down, and pour in en water just to cover the skin rest of the fish. Let the fish the oven fifteen minutes. B the skin should be loosened. fish out of the oven, pull o and pour the water out of pan. Lay the fish back in th milk enough over it to co strew bits of butter over it. brown serve it for breakfast.

Watermelon Cake

Several correspondents hav have the recipe for watermel peated. When it was prin years ago it was a complete n as much met with general but recently caterers have and are making cakes in th sale at the shops. The cake two parts, the white part whi the rind, and the red part whi the centre of the melon and in it for seeds. To make the beat two cups of sugar and a ter to a cream. Add a cup o whites of six eggs, two teas cream o' tartar, one of soda and a half cups of flour. part, use one cup of pink o half a cup of butter, a third sweet milk, the whites of fo cups of flour, a teaspoonful tartar, half a teaspoonful of teacup of raisins. It requi ons to fill the moulds wit one to put in the white forms the border, and the o the red part in the centre. mould is the best to bake t as it is the most ornamente cake bake for about an hou erately hot oven. When it it cools in the mould and in platter. Ice it thickly on t part with a green icing, c spinach green. The French colorings which come for th and cost about 25 cents a bo fectly harmless.—*N. Y. Trib*

How to Make French

Boil four potatoes of ord having peeled them first, them up fine in the wate they were boiled. Stir the p a quart of flour, adding the tity of yeast. Make the d as hard as it will hold togeth ing, it softens so much that be kneaded without sticking The kneading is an impor the operation. A quarter o kneading ought to suffice fo cipe like the one here giv by drawing out one end like rolling the other portion ov The object of making the stiff and stiff to begin with is to ting in flour after the dou for the mass softens so much potatoes in that it will b when fermented.

After the kneading, put away to ferment again, and knead as before. A third k improves it; but it is not ne butter should be put in th in bread either, as it mak short-cake in grain, which what one desires to avoid.

Good rolls ought to be pu flour baked; they ought to t or strips, have a fibre of g husk of a cocoanut, and wheat smell; and lastly, h tough spring or tear to t crackly crust. In form the at the sides and bottom, an tained not by rolling them the hands, as many suppo the potatoes, and the way i are kneaded. Each roll mu the mass of the dough; th the dough must not be k then shaped into rolls, kneaded and put back i again to rise in a lump. and kneaded the last tim out on the board, cut off ea the mass without tearing it, or even touching it with little practice will enable o and place them gently in th about an inch apart. Afte few minutes—say five or s be ready to go into the o minutes ought to bake ther light.