

# The Religious Intelligencer.

AN EVANGELICAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

Rev. J. McLeod,

"That God in all things may be glorified through Jesus Christ."—PETER.

Editor and Proprietor.

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## The Religious Intelligencer

### Women's Work for Missions.

The following article from the pen of Dr. J. L. Phillips, which appeared in a recent number of the *Morning Star*, is of interest, especially to Christian women. We hope its perusal may encourage them in the work they have undertaken:

The Women's Meeting has come to be a feature of our great religious gatherings. Fifteen years ago such a thing was hardly thought of. Only one society of women had been organized for missionary purposes. This was the Woman's Union Missionary Society of New York, of which the late Mrs. Doremus was the founder and the president. Now, well nigh every evangelical sect has its Woman's Board of Missions, which is a valuable auxiliary to its Foreign Mission Society. It seems to be generally conceded that Mrs. Mason, of Burmah, during her late visit to this country, was instrumental in organizing Christian women for the first time into a society for helping their benighted sisters in pagan lands. Her interesting narratives and her earnest appeals moved the hearts of multitudes of American women, and the result was the formation of the Union Society in New York. English women, however, began this work earlier than their sisters in America, and had sent their missionaries to foreign countries.

The career of the Woman's Union Society has been a very successful one. It has vigorous missions in India, Japan, China and other lands, and expends on an average about \$60,000 annually. No less than seven denominations co-operate in this union movement, viz., the Baptists, Congregationalists, Episcopalians, Methodists, Presbyterians, Quakers and the Reformed Dutch Church. I have found representatives of six of these seven sects working together most admirably in Calcutta. The efforts of these women are directed almost wholly to the zenanas and to schools for orphan children, and their work has been wonderfully successful in heathen lands. But perhaps the first society has done quite as much good in America as abroad. It stimulated thought, and directed the attention of many Christian women to the condition and claims of their poor sisters in heathendom. The fruitage of this fresh thought and eager desire to help the unfortunate, may be seen in the formation of such a number of new societies for missionary work in the several branches of the home church. We earnestly hope, however, that the mother of them all, the Union Society, will not consider her mission accomplished, now that each denomination has its own Woman's Society. Her testimony to the oneness of believers, and the practicality of all evangelists seeks working successfully together on pagan soils, is most important, and just what the church needs. I firmly believe the day is coming when, whatever may be our petty differences here at home, all Christians shall do their foreign mission work together. Who can estimate the added enthusiasm and the fresh, full impetus, which might thus be given to our missionary enterprises?

During the Baptist National Anniversary at Providence, last month, their Woman's Missionary Society held a meeting at the Brown Street Church, which it was my privilege to attend. This was a thoroughly wide-awake and most enjoyable meeting, and a feature or two of it might perhaps be profitably reproduced for the benefit of our own noble workers in the same department. This meeting was a joint convention of three societies, the New England, the Western, and that of the Pacific coast. Mrs. Gardner Colby was president of the former, occupied the chair, and presided over a large congregation of ladies. Mrs. Colby's opening address was brief and cheering. She made a good point when she said that the Woman's Society had "no debt to provide for." She also said that the Society had been obliged to refuse their missionaries much that they had asked for and needed, for lack of funds in the treasury. Mrs. Gates, of California, represented the Society of the Pacific coast, and spoke of the warm, Christian hearts laboring there for the foreign field, and of the blessed reward of all such labor. Mrs. Van Huse, of Detroit, made an animated address, setting forth the obligations of those who cannot personally enter the missionary work, to do their part at home through prayers and offerings. This address might be repeated with profit in every missionary meeting in Christendom. When every brother and sister in the church feels that this foreign work is her own and his own work, then shall we see larger results abroad and the ultimate triumph of the gospel will be hastened.

There were some suggestive statistics presented at this woman's meeting, which cannot fail to interest many readers. These I gleaned from the remarks of Miss Durfee, the enterprising State Secretary of Rhode Island, Mrs. Alvah Hovey of Newton, Mass., and others. The Baptist denomination is paying eight cents a member per annum for Foreign Missions. Some work yet for their able Foreign Secretary, Dr. Murdock! The spectre of two-thirds of a cent a week from each Baptist communicant for the world's evangelization must now and then disturb the deliberations of the Missionary committee in Tremont Temple! The Free Baptists

did no better than this last year. Talk of the Millennium! First let us have a live, working, giving, shining church. But now to the Woman's Society again. Its receipts had been \$34,600 during the past year, which is \$2,000 more than any previous year. There are now twenty-four missionaries, thirty-four schools with an aggregate of over 2500 people, and twenty-eight Bible women under its superintendence. One missionary, Miss Myra Stetson, had died during the year. It will interest our women who are working so diligently for the heathen to know how large a proportion of Baptist women are helping on this good enterprise. This has been distinctly stated by one of the speakers at the Providence meeting, and it should encourage us to push on the work until we are at least equally successful in enlisting the sympathy and co-operation of the women in our churches. In Massachusetts one in three Baptist women is giving two cents a week for Foreign Missions; in all New England only one in six; in New York one in nine; in the Middle States only one in eleven. These figures speak for themselves. They should stimulate to closer co-operation in every parish.

To the writer the interest of this Woman's Meeting at Providence centered in the little group of worn and weary toilers from foreign lands. Mrs. Binney, of Burmah, was there, wife of the veteran missionary, who began his life work across the sea a third of a century ago. She spoke little, but said much. One thought was—"We, dear sisters, are helpers of the brethren; we are not striking out any independent line of action." The genuine missionary showed itself in her eager desire to resume her work in Burmah. Mrs. Edward Stevens, from Rome, away up in the N. W. corner of British Burmah, presented a striking contrast between the aids and advantages of Christian living here, and the privations and persecutions of the disciples in pagan lands. She made an effective plea for Dr. Kincaid's hospital in Prome, and spoke in tender earnestness of the ministry in behalf of the sick and suffering at foreign mission stations. Mrs. Knowlton, widow of the late Dr. M. J. Knowlton, of China, who recently died at his post, touched all hearts by her fervent words. Referring to twenty-five years' work in China and her husband's death she said, "You all can judge where my heart is." When she went there in 1852 there was not a baptized native woman in China, now there are 12,000 members of Protestant churches. She warmly exhorted her sisters to renewed consecration to this glorious work. "Take home with you," said this devoted toiler, "a sense of your personal responsibility;" a word fitly spoken to every man and woman in Christian America. Miss Day, daughter of the pioneer missionary to the Telegoos, told her touching story of how the Lord had led her to himself, and they called her to follow in her sainted father's footsteps. Many wept when this young woman, now under appointment with two others for the foreign field, spoke of how her "heart shrank from the cross on account of the trials of my father and mother, because a little corner of it was still unconsecrated."

Now she had clearly heard the Master's voice bidding her "arise and go," and she longed to obey. If she is spared to reach India and work there, the Society will hear from that young woman yet. Would that there were scores and hundreds equally willing and eager to go and do likewise! Mrs. Whitney, a returned missionary, paid a tender tribute to the memory of Mrs. Maria T. Jackson, whose instructions, as her pastor's wife, first led her to be interested in the work, which she afterwards consecrated her life. How much of just such service, for the Master and his suffering ones in heathen lands, might be rendered by pastors' wives, by teachers in our seminaries and in the Sabbath Schools. Think of the wonderful work Mary Lyon did for foreign missions at Mount Holyoke. May God give us as many such in our parishes, our churches and our schools. Dear Mrs. Doremus went home to heaven the other day after a long life of remarkable devotion to missions both home and foreign. May her broad mantle fall on many women of America, making them a blessing to the world.

I hope this meager record of that enthusiastic meeting in Providence may hearten our sisters in the good work they are pushing on. May it give them more faith and greater vigor. The churches should know that the two cents a week which the Woman's Society asks women to give, is a free-will offering over and above regular contributions. In view of the facts that in pagan lands there are so many more women than men, that the women are so much more degraded, and denied almost every privilege granted to men, and just now the doors are opening so wonderfully for missionaries to reach and teach these poor, ignorant heathen women, our Woman's Missionary Society appeals to every woman in our congregations to give the extra sum of two cents a week for this noble enterprise. Be it remembered, too, that this Society does its work by unpaid officers, sending all its contributions directly into the field. Let every pastor help this movement in his own parish. It does not clash with any other plans of work, home or foreign, but invariably helps them all. So say those pastors who have woman's societies in their churches, and let all the people say, Amen.

The Free Baptist Woman's Missionary Society wishes to send out two young women to the mission in India. It is proposed to call one of them the Children's Missionary, and to ask the children of our churches and Sabbath Schools to support her. The salary is divided into shares of five dollars each. One little Missionary Society we know of, composed of young people and children, voted a month ago to be responsible for five shares. There are many communities able to do fully as well as this. A very important part of woman's work must be to instruct and interest the children in missions. There is a deplorable need of this in Free Baptist families. The next generation will do no better, and no more for the world's evangelization, unless the children are taught their duty and their privilege. My whole heart says, God bless the children of our congregations,—and success to the Children's Missionary. By this excellent plan, by diligent effort, and much faith and prayer, may the two new missionaries be found and sent to our needy mission in India.

### Bread Cast upon the Waters.

BY AN OCCASIONAL CONTRIBUTOR.

Many times does the minister of the gospel come from the pulpit with the feeling that the sermon just preached had been a failure. Because the sermon left no visible effect, the thought is it left no effect at all. Ministers, and other Christian workers too, act as though they believed that the world carried its heart in its face. They think if they do not see its operation the truth is dead.

Many years ago a minister in the Reformed Church left his pulpit one Sunday morning with the feeling that he had preached in vain, and that his sermon that morning was a failure. He felt that it deserved to be. During the week he had been providentially hindered in his work of preparation for the pulpit, and went to his church with a trembling heart. While he knew that he had done his duty, yet he presented his message to his people with the painful consciousness that it was inferior to his former sermons, and therefore deserved to fail. Yet probably this feeling made him present the truth more to the speaker. To add to his embarrassment, he noticed a number of strangers among his people.

When the service was ended, instead of, as his custom was, mingling with his people and giving strangers the warm grasp of his hand in welcome, he remained back by the pulpit until the audience had left the church. After that sermon he was ashamed to meet any one. But a stranger lingered in the pew waiting to meet him, and as with bowed head he passed down the aisle, the stranger grasped his hand, and thanking him for the truth he had spoken, told him that it had made him think. He was resolved to live a different life. Before the week ended a number of this minister's congregation told him of the anxiety that sermon had given their souls. The result was that the despised sermon was blessed of God to the awakening of the whole church; and more than forty souls were added to the church during the work of grace that began with that sermon.

This incident carries with it other lessons than those the writer intends to draw from it. The reader will readily perceive them.

A number of years ago a young missionary, under appointment for the foreign field, addressed a gathering of Christians on their duty in mission work. Thinking that among them there might be a few unconverted ones, he made an appeal to such to give their own souls to Christ, and then themselves to the work of leading others to the Saviour. While he hoped that his words would not prove in vain, yet he hardly expected to hear of any results from them. They were "bread cast upon the waters."

Years after, when he returned to this country, he visited again the church in which he had directed this appeal to the unconverted. He asked after the spiritual welfare of one of his former friends in this congregation. "Oh," said the pastor, "she is an active Christian now. And do you know what was the means of her conversion? You remember when you were here before, you appealed to the unconverted to give themselves to Christ, and then work for the souls of others, and not go to heaven to receive starless crowns? Those remarks were the means of her conversion."

That young lady became the wife of one of the missionary's most esteemed ministerial friends, and is now doing good service for the cause of Christ.

It was bread cast upon the waters, but he gathered it after many days. Almost twenty years ago, a young minister was invited to preach at a series of meetings in a neighboring church. He accepted, and preached morning and evening. The church was one of those that have the gallery on three sides of the building, extending to the wall back of the pulpit.

During the evening service, at the end of the gallery, and almost above the head of the speaker, sat a number of boys.—Among them was one who had been deeply anxious for his soul, but of late had grown careless again. When the speaker had announced as his text "O, Israel, thou hast destroyed thyself, but in me is thine help," the attention of this youth was attracted. As the preacher described the condition of men who were destroy-

ing themselves, this youth felt that the words applied to himself. As the speaker continued his discourse, the youth felt that the sermon was meant for him, and that his pastor had told the preacher all about his case, and directed him to "preach specially to that young man in the gallery nearly over his pulpit." As this idea forced itself on his mind, he became indignant; yet so truthful was the description, so kindly the warning, and so urgently the invitation to seek help in Jehovah Jesus given, that the youth forgot all other feelings in a desire to find help in the Saviour. The influence of that sermon remained with him. He gave himself to Christ and the gospel ministry, in which for a number of years he has labored, and not without gathering already many souls. Not until more than ten years after that sermon was preached did the preacher learn, from the lips of the young man influenced by it, that the sermon had reached at least one heart. It had been bread cast upon the waters, but it was found after many days.

Some fifteen years ago, a young man, while on a visit one Sunday afternoon in a certain congregation, was led to the house of God. For the time the words of the preacher impressed him, but when the service closed, the young man, in the society of gay companions, forgot all about the sermon. Late in the evening he started for home. It was a long, dark drive, over a lonely road. Alone on the road, he began to think. He tried to think of his visit and companions, but suddenly the sermon came back to his mind. Try as he might, he could not keep it out of his thoughts. Its truths would ring in his ears and force him to think of his soul. Nor did the impression of that sermon leave him when he reached home. He found no rest until he gave himself to Christ. He entered college with the ministry in view. But at length gave up studying for the gospel ministry and entered business. During years of active business life the feeling would come again and again to his soul that he was turning away from duty. He could not quiet that feeling, until a short time ago he decided to enter the ministry, when peace came. Hardly had he thus determined when an invitation came to settle as pastor over a church. Of that church he is now the accepted under-shepherd.—With what success his ministry will be attended God only knows. But it will be the echoing of that sermon that he, as a careless young man, heard so many years ago.

Yet the minister who preached that sermon, quite certainly knows nothing of its effects, on at least one soul, and may not know until the two preachers meet on "the other side." It was bread cast upon the waters, but the good man will find it after many days. If he does not await him in the better land!

These few incidents are taken from among others in the writer's observations. They are facts, and occurred in the ministry of four yet living preachers of the Reformed Church. Do they not point to many other instances—work of faith followed by blessed results of which the workers know nothing? God has said that His word shall not return unto Him void. How does the Christian know that it is spoken in vain? Truth works slowly and surely, but quietly. It is of God, and works as He does.

A great stir in the water will produce many bubbles; but then they are only bubbles. Beneath all that disturbance the solid stratum of rock may be foaming; but the disturbance of the water had little to do with it, unless to hinder. So men may make a great stir in the minds of their hearers, but until there is quiet, and the truth has time to settle in the heart, the effect will be little more enduring than bubbles.—*Chr. Intel.*

### A Story with a Moral.

Dr. Ayer is known the world over; who has not heard of him? His "Cherry Pectoral"—how many thousands have taken it? Perhaps, too, they have been benefited by it, and by "Ayer's Pills" also; but on that we do not pronounce, either pro or contra.

The story and the moral lie in the line of many a business, which thousands are daily pursuing. The facts relating to the career of Dr. J. C. Ayer, we take as we find them circulating. They convey instruction to all classes in active life, and especially to those who are "making haste to be rich," no matter in what particular calling.

The story runs thus: Dr. Ayer went into business for himself while yet a minor. Reversing Franklin's maxim, he went to bed late and rose early. He lived to make money. He worked daily for many long years, twenty hours out of every twenty-four, omitting the sabbath. He thought business; he talked business; he breathed business; he ate business; he dreamed business. With such unremitting devotion—devotion was the word—business prospered; and, at length, he attained his sole object in life—he became rich, very rich. To gain the end he finally reached, he did as many do who prosper in their early career, he moved from a small store to a large one, and from that to a larger, and so on. Then he began to be pointed out as one of the few representative successful men. He was held up as a model of what industry, patience, and perseverance can accom-

plish. As one who has described him observes: "The great globe, with all its beauty and grandeur, with all its gifts of thought, association, sentiment, and other worlds than ours, if reached, would be a place whereon to make and sell pills. For him, only have meant other little and Morourians, Jupiterians, and Saturnarians, where all diseases should yield to Ayer's pills." This was all the universe implied to Dr. Ayer.

The above picture of Dr. Ayer's dominating passion is probably not overdrawn. He was a man of one idea, and that was to make money. His powers were all under high pressure, and no counteracting or intermitting thought or occupation was allowed. And he succeeded. He amassed five millions of dollars! We have seen it stated, that so great was his income, constantly rolling in upon him, that he declared to a friend that "he did not know what to do with his money." Think of that! A world of ignorance, sin, misery, and degradation everywhere, and a man not know what to do with his money!

But where is Dr. Ayer now? He is in an asylum for the insane; and no wonder. All his powers crammed into one idea; no let up, no rest day or night; the passion which he cherished with such devotion, at length dominates and subjugates the man. He is now a maniac.—Whether his insanity shall prove curable or permanent, time alone can tell. He wanders about the grounds of a private asylum, and the man of fifteen millions is now overjoyed if he can drive an imaginary bargain with his keeper for an old window sash, and make a profit of a single dime in the operation; showing thus the ruling passion strong in what is worse than death. The guardians of his fifteen millions, it is said, receive \$15,000 a year for taking care of it, while he who amassed it whines in vain for the loan of four dollars.

Man of business—draw the moral of this story for yourself.—*Herald and Presbyter.*

### Work Wins.

God's servants, in the olden time, went straight on toward the prize, as if saints, angels, and men, were witnessing each step and blow. From Genesis to Revelation we seem to be reading an animated description of a sharply contested battle. Trumpet blasts, forward movements, charging squadrons, flying enemies, resolute pursuers, with vigilant eyes, disparted nostrils, strained muscles, waving banners, shouts of victory, all are there. The feats of Hector and Achilles, of Ajax and Miltiades,—men who severed heads at a single blow, or transfixed with one mighty thrust both the breast-plates of warriors and the men who wore them, are far exceeded by the amazing triumphs of Joshua and Gideon, of St. John and Paul.

This spirit of moral achievement, toiling unceasingly for downright and sure-coming results, this striking right home for success, this daily "short, sharp, and decisive" method, which every day looks for gains made, and that worries not in a life-time, is what tells on society for the cause of Christ and his church, and is the demand of the hour.

Going from house to house, "warning every man night and day in tears," seeking to make a perfect state of society, gathering in the outcasts, feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, visiting the sick, consoling the bereaved, giving a portion of our earnings for the purpose of bearing the "bread of life" to those who must perish without it, and being a true steward and ambassador of Christ as one who must give an account; with these obligations recognized and their best obeyed, success is sure.

The world wants workmen. It needs men who will canvass the country for Christ; who feel that they have as good a right to work for and bring in the masses to the fold of Christ as any others "called of God;" men who will maintain as well as know their rights,—stirring up the people though it arouse Satan, and steadily and sharply charging on into the ranks of sin until they fall at the head of their legions and go home.

Too many of our ministers act as though they had no expectancy of success; as though they had fewer rights to gather in the multitudes than others, and that if they present the great and reformatory doctrines of Christ to any one, it must be done with a "by-your-leave, sir." We should be both humble and decorous, but yet should teach as those having authority, and not as the scribes. And though our denomination is yet young, and therefore small, let "no man despise thy youth." The truths we teach are old, and will live eternally. Let the builder build for an age; we build for a generation, we forever.—The marbles of the stately mast crumble in time; but our work will glow brighter, more conspicuous and enduring than the spires of the loftiest cathedrals of Europe, which they glisten in the setting and rising suns of a thousand years. Let those who do a superficial work who will; be ours the nobler purpose of plodding on in our toil for the benefit and blessing of unnumbered years.

### Saturday Night.

Among the multitude of suggestions for spending Sunday in a profitable way, we say that Saturday has a close connec-

tion with it. Saturday night is one of the resting-places in the journey of life, when it becomes every man to settle his accounts.

1. *Settle with the world.* The business of a single week is easily reviewed—its mistakes may be easily rectified, its experience turned to good account. The man of business should some time on Saturday look over his books, examine his outstanding debts, and see that all is straight and safe. This is all the more important if his accounts are numerous. Great watchfulness is required, if he would escape embarrassment and trouble. He who knows exactly how he stands every Saturday night will not be likely to live a poor man; or if he does, he will hardly ever be found in debt or in want.

2. *Settle with conscience.* Let him review his words and his actions, his motives and feelings during the past week. If any thing is seen to be wrong or defective, (and who is he that is without faults?) let the remembrance of it be carried into the next week, that a repetition of it may be avoided. Let him in prayer seek not only forgiveness for what has been amiss in the past, but grace to do better the coming week.

3. *Settle with the Lord's treasury.* Every man owes constant returns of gratitude to the giver of all good. Let it not meet to finish the settlement of Saturday night by reviewing the mercies of all the week, and setting apart a portion of its profits to serve some good cause that will promote the glory of Him "who gave Himself for us?" How much better and happier might life be with a downright honest settlement every Saturday night! How much brighter would Sunday morning be; how much more profitable the whole day!

### "Nothing but a Farmer!"

"He's nothing but a farmer," said a little miss, a few evenings since, as she scornfully curled her pretty lip, on being introduced to a fine, generous, open-hearted young fellow, whose broad and expansive forehead was the symbol of his broad acres: "He's nothing but a farmer." And who was that looked thus disdainfully on one of God's noble men? She was the daughter of a broken merchant, whose fortune had been ruined by the extravagance of a wife and foolishly proud daughter. Though her father's heart had been wrung by misfortune—and he had paid the penalty of extravagance by being incarcerated in the home prepared for criminals—his daughter had not yet learned the difference between pride and worth, extravagance and wealth. The noble man who ate the bread of industry, and looked every man in the face with an independence which said, "I owe you nothing," was in her estimation "only a farmer."

Did these foolish persons ever read their Bibles they would find that God himself has selected his prophets and kings from among farmers. Noah was a husbandman, and planted a vineyard; Abraham was rich in cattle, and Lot had flocks and herds—inasmuch that there was not pasture enough for both, and they divided the country. Lot selected the plain of Jordan, and Abraham took the hilly country of Canaan.

Job was a great cattle-grower, as he presented Esau with several hundred cattle. Moses was a wool-grower, and Gideon was taken from his threshing floor. Saul was a herdsman, even while he was king. David was a shepherd, and was taken from that occupation to be King of Israel, and the ancestor, according to the flesh, of the Messiah. Uzziah was a cattle-grower. Elisha was ploughing, with twelve yoke of oxen before him, when Elijah cast his mantle on him and called him to be a prophet of the Most High.

And yet, though God has honored the husbandman—selected his kings and prophets from among the farmers—there are some so foolish as to cry out, "O, he's nothing but a farmer!"—*Farm and Shop.*

### Hints for Housekeepers.

Housekeepers can save themselves considerable heating labor when summer-time comes on, by raising early and cooking the three meals for the day before nine o'clock. Boiled ham, pies, puddings, tarts, stewed berries, and fruit, placed where they will keep cool till meal time, make an agreeable variety, and save the necessity for so much work over a hot fire at noon and night on warm days.

A table-spoonful of black pepper stirred in the water will keep the colors from running when washing black or colored cambrics or muslins. It will also keep gray or buff linens from spotting.

Table-cloth stains of coffee, tea or fruit, may be removed by pouring clear boiling water on them, allowing it to stand a few moments, then rub the spots thoroughly in warm water, without soap, before putting in the wash.

When setting a hen, a spoonful of sulphur put into the nest will prevent lice on the hens or chicks.

An ear of ripe corn roasted in the fire till the grains are well charred, then shelled, is a great benefit to them, brightening their combs and increasing their yield of eggs.

An ornament for the flower garden may be constructed of a bit of wood from the forest—say part of the body of a small tree, ten inches in diameter, with three branches to form a standard, something like a three-legged stand or stool. On this place a box, with several small