

DICTY.

"AND COME, FOLLOW ME."

Follow thee in the morning, at noon, and at night.
Follow thee when the sunlight is joyous and bright.
Follow thee when property gladdens my home,
And I am without a desire to roam.
Oh! 'tis hard to comply with an order like this
When surrounded by friends and contentment and bliss.
Grant in kindness, I pray thee, a little delay;
And excuse me for not going with thee today.
I have heard people say, that in following thee,
Life's pleasures drop off, as leaves fall from a tree;
That the springtime of life would be without showers,
And the summer would pass without verdure or flowers.

That you lead in a way which is dreary and dry,
And is only for those who must go very soon die.
Excuse me, I pray thee, and go on thy way,
And leave me to follow thee some other day.

"Follow me," said the one who from heaven came down
To give us in glory a robe and a crown;
He was rich, but for us He became very poor,
To provide us a home, and to open the door
That in following Him we might all enter in,
And forever be saved from all sorrow and sin.
The road for our feet He has made smooth and bright,
And His yoke is easy and His burden light.

I will no longer tarry, nor ask for delay,
I will follow my Lord and my King till I die;
The life which He gives will forever remain,
And I'll praise Him while here and I'll praise Him again.

Where the angels rejoice—while eternity rolls—
As the lifetime of ransomed and purified souls;
Blessed Saviour, forgive me for asking to be
Excused when you lovingly said, "Follow Me."
—S. W. Parnell.

The Fireside.

AUNT ELINOR'S EXPERIENCE.

The sun's last ray flooded the room with a brief glory, waking the canary into a burst of song.
A young girl reclining on the low couch near the western window, dropped her book with a half sigh, which was changed to a look of pleased surprise and welcome, as the door quietly opened and a lady entered bringing with her a whiff of fresh air, and a bunch of gay autumn flowers. Placing them in the girl's outstretched hand, she said gently:

"Better, I hope, Helen."
"Yes, Aunt Elmer, still a worthless invalid."
"No, do not say so," she returned lightly, "the old gentleman I met says he had a delightful chat with you."
"Oh," Helen answered, slightly flushing, "I did expect myself to make him feel his call, but I knew I could not do as well as mamma would have done."

"Don't be too sure of that," returned her aunt quickly.
"You have been reading, I see, what is it?"

Lifting the book as she asked herself by Helen's couch, she said, "Ah, one of Row's works."
"Yes," said Helen, continuing languidly, "I have been helpless with this rheumatism, kind friends have fairly showered books upon me, and I have read so much of this kind of reading, I believe I have lost all relish for it. Do tell me what you think of reading stories and novels."

"You really wish my opinion, Helen dear?"
"Yes, really and truly, and don't be afraid of proving and trying me, for as yet I am quite content to rest and listen to your voice, as long as you care to talk."

"Let me shake up your pillow, and draw your lounge this way, a little, the light will be pleasant for your eyes. This is a matter upon which I have thought much, and have an opinion; and since you wish it, you shall hear mine. The books in people of culture and literary taste. The books in my father's library and those borrowed or received as gifts, were not of ordinary worth. Among the number some novels had place."

"My father read aloud to us in his study," Uncle Tom's Cabin "when it first came out, and 'Tempest and Sunshine' was read by my mother, in the same way, when we were children. From her lips we heard the story of 'Aldin and his Wonderful Lamp'—one cold winter morning before we were up. My father was then away from home, and we four children all slept in mother's room."

"Ah," she added dreamily, "no written story ever charmed us, as that, so weird and mystic, told in my mother's vivacious style, as we listened spell-bound from the low trundle-bed, that morning long, in far New England. Oh, to hear that long silent voice again."

"All other sounds would be to me as silence, if you would speak, oh mother, dear!"
"But, Helen, I shall make you cry, and nothing is further from my thoughts," she resumed, seeing the tears spring to the gentle eyes of her niece.

"You know my mother is scarcely more than a memory, so long ago God called her. My father, a clergyman, was strict in many respects, but laid no interdiction upon my choice of books, more than on my choice of friends. He trusted me. I will remember reading 'Queechy' after bedtime, and at a late, or it may be an early hour, thrusting the book regretfully under my pillow; but he would not have forbidden the book, though he probably would have vetoed the hour chosen for the perusal."

"As I grew older, the sensational stories which occasionally caught my eye were discarded as unworthy the time spent in reading them. Yet I am aware that I have a volume of books, more than as worthy books as those of J. G. Holland, Martin Harland, and your author here."

"As I outgrew the romantic period of girlhood, I left behind some of my tastes, as I think all do. I would often linger over the pages of history and biography with a deep interest and a just most charmingly written story had never called forth. I began to enjoy the real, and after reading a story would think, 'Pshaw, it is not so true, and so beautiful as the interest I had taken in the imaginary characters of the book.'"

"Still later I learned to recognize the genius of some novelists, to appreciate it, to read not merely for the story, but noting the literary style, unfolding character, and beauty of language. I think much as most people are given to story-reading the majority of us, after all, enjoy better a book which portrays character in a life-like manner, and brings in lively descriptions of manners and peculiarities of certain localities, more or less unfamiliar than the mere love-story."

"Of course, love must be the absorbing theme. We all have hearts, and when young, one will dream of possibilities. Then a love-story chimes with the dream, and if well told, will charm all. Miss Phelps, in 'Gates Ajar,' says that Mary Cabot, in the first intensity of her grief, felt that 'she had for centuries read the passion of ordinary novels.' I think it is true, that as we progress in life, the real, the actual, far surpasses the ideal in feeling and intensity, and strikes the depths as the merely imaginary cannot."

"But I believe there are many conscientious writers who have more of the real in their writings than their readers realize. They have felt and experienced much, have observed widely, have the inner light and rare gift of expression which make it a necessity for them to write, and to make the creatures of their brains the instruments of their thoughts, feelings and observations. It is the naturalness of Miss Alcott's 'Little Women' which wins applause and popularity. Her boys and

girls are not perfect or ideal. They have their selfish, vain and even silly streaks, as do the young people about us."

"Were I to live over the years of my life already past, I would seek some wise friend's advice, and follow it, I think, in regard to the choice of books. Probably fewer stories, and more substantial reading would be on my list."

"There is one book we all neglect too much, Helen. That is the Bible, and I am full of wisdom, goodness of thought and style. I learned to love it in my childhood, and I have not found its equal since. It will bore and weary you over and over, and one discovers new beauties continually."

"But, Helen, this has been almost a monologue, and you are ready to say, no more, an thou lovest me."

"No, no, Auntie, I only wish your time and your theme were not exhausted."

Looking at her watch, Aunt Elmer saw that she must indeed say, "Good bye"—so with a light kiss upon Helen's forehead, she turned her steps homeward.

L. A. K.

EDUCATIONAL.

THE SENSES.

Teacher—Everything in the body has to be connected in some way with the brain; all knowledge of the outside world, all means of reaching outside things, of doing or learning, must come in different ways to it. What ways do you think of, Sallie, by which you can learn about this flower?

Sallie—I can smell it.

Teacher—How do you learn of the cricket, which we do not see, but which we know is near?

Prescott—I hear it chirp.

Teacher—And if I tell you to shut your eyes and open your mouth, and put this into it, what is it?

Amy—It is a grape. I taste it.

Teacher—Once a little girl had the scarlet fever, and it destroyed her sight, hearing, smell, and taste, and it seemed as if she could never have any way of knowing or doing or enjoying anything. Her body seemed like a close-shut prison for her mind. Was there one way left open, and a good, wise man took that way, and through it taught her as much as many a person learns through every sense of a perfect body. She is highly educated now, and has lived a happy and useful life. What was that one way left to her to find out about outside things?

Teddy—She could feel things.

Teacher—Now name all these ways from the brain to the outside world.

All—To see, to hear, to smell, to taste, to touch.

Teacher—These are called the senses, from a word meaning to feel, because every act of the senses is a touch of the organ of sense upon what is brought to it. The eye is touched by waves of light that by waves of sound, the nostril by perfume, the tongue by flavor, the skin by heat or cold.

All—The eye, the ear, the nose, the tongue, the skin.

Teacher—The fingers have a very delicate and wise sense of touch, although the whole surface of the body can observe in the same way. In using these senses we ought to take pleasure, as it is intended that every healthy action of the body shall give more or less pleasure; but we must never take pleasure in the mere action of the senses that is in the purpose for which they act. You should not eat for the mere pleasure of taste when you do not need food. You should never use an organ of sense until it is weary, or until you cannot at once stop using it when it has done your work. You must control your senses; be their master, and not their slave. It is a sad thing when even a child cannot control his senses. He cannot be trusted to take care of himself. A man who is the slave of his senses is a brute, bad and degraded in character. The senses must always obey the reason and conscience.

Ethel—Where is your conscience?

Teacher—That is a part of the soul. It tells us what we ought to do or ought not to do. If we obey it, it will be faithful, and grow more and more clear and decided; if not, it becomes uncertain. It is the sense of the soul, as reason is sense of the mind. The senses of all grow more delicate as we use them and do not abuse them. We must take good care of the organs of sense. The eye, for example, is so delicate and easy hurt; what protection has it?

Ethel—The eyebrows hang over it, just like a porch.

Gertrude—I have often thought the eyelids were like fringed curtains to cover it. They open and close so quickly before you can think of it.

Teacher—You have a little fountain of salt water to wash it with. We will take the eye for another lesson.—Primary Teacher.

HOW SPONGES ARE OUGHT.

A correspondent of a New Haven paper tells how they fish for sponges in the Bahamas: "When the diver arrives at the fishing ground it is anchored, and the men, in small boats, proceed to look for sponges in the water below. The water here is a beautiful light blue color, and so clear a sponge can easily be seen on the white, sandy bottom in thirty-five to forty feet of water. Of course when there is no wind and the surface of the water is still, the sponges are easily seen; but when a gentle breeze is blowing a 'sea-glass' is used. A sea-glass consists of a square piece about twenty inches in length, a square glass box about ten by twelve inches placed in front of the eye, and the face of the glass is thrust into the water, and the face of the glass operator is placed close to the other. By this means the wave motion of the water is overcome and the bottom readily seen. Sponges, when seen on the bottom attached to rocks, look like a big black bunch. They are pulled off their natural beds by forked hooks, which are run under the sponge, which is formed like the head of a cabbage, and the roots pulled from the rocks. When brought to the surface it is a mass of soft, glutinous stuff, which in the touch feels like soap or thick jelly. When a small boat load is obtained they are taken to the shore, where a crawl is built in which they are placed to dry, so that the jelly substance will readily separate from the firm fiber of the sponge. These crawls are built by sticking pieces of brush into the sand out to the water, large enough to contain the catch. It takes from five to six days for the insect to die, when the sponges are beaten with small sticks, and the black, glutinous substance falls off, leaving the sponge, after a thorough washing, ready for market. To the fishermen generally the occupation is not a lucrative one. I am told the wages will hardly average three dollars per week besides board. There is but little diving for sponges, except for a particularly fine bunch which cannot be gotten by the hook. The sponge is formed by small insects, and is the hive in which they live. Different qualities are found in different localities, and in certain regions the four or more valuable sponges are found.—Boston Budget.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

Who was it thought much learning made the apostle mad?

Who saw Christ's day afar, and seeing it was glad?

What worthy woman once was raised to life again?

By whose command at Bethsaida were infants slain?

Where Jacob raised an altar what was its full name?

And whom did he inter, when they near Ephraim came?

Who hid God's prophets in a cave, and fed them all?

Who, with Achish and Stephen, cheered Paul?

Who from his childhood had the Holy Scriptures known?

Who once a gallows made, and then was hung thereon?

From whence did Scripture say that God would call his Son?

Who was the ark left when the deluge passed away?

Who for his unbelief saw by his Lord reproved?

Who by her cousin was adopted, and much loved?

Who was struck blind in his resistance to God's word?

Who let down two men safely by a scarlet cord?

Who was the grandfather of the youthful Timothy?

And who his mother, too, of pious memory?

What child did God thrice call to tell a high-priest's doom?

And who by holy men was carried to the tomb?

By taking the initials, there will then appear

What God is unto all poor orphan children here?

THE SQUIRREL'S LESSON.

Two little squirrels, out in the sun,
One gathered nuts, and the other had none,
"Time enough yet," his constant refrain;
"Summer is still only just on the wane."

Listen, my child, while I tell you his fate:
He roused him at last, but he roused him too late.
Down fell the snow from a pitiless cloud,
And gave little squirrel a spotted white shroud.

Two little boys in a school-room were placed,
One always perfect, the other disgraced:
"Time enough yet for my learning," he said,
"I will climb, by and by, from the foot to the head."

Listen, my darling, their looks are turned gray:
One a governor sitteth to-day;
The other, a pauper, looks out at the door
Of the almshouse, and idles his days as of yore.

Two kinds of people we meet every day:
One is at work, the other at play;
Living unweary for, dying unweary—
The busiest live but never a drone.

Tell me, my child, if the squirrels have taught
The lesson I longed to impart in your thought
Answer me this, and my story is told:
Which of the two would you be, little one?

—Growing World.

CHILDREN AT NIGHT.

The following from an exchange is worthy of the attention of every mother:
"Two children, or even adults, in a bed disturb each other. One is very apt to be restless. Each

chance the other's breath, so that neither gets pure air, on which health depends. Enter any chamber early in the morning, and the air will be found to be vitiated more or less. Two children are often found breathing into each other's face, which

is the one to use again the air that has been used by the other. We see very clearly that this must be very harmful for a child to sleep with his grand-

mother, who is very apt to hug and kiss the child closely to her person, and thus transmit vitiated air from her lungs and poisonous emanations from her body. This is particularly true where the grand-

mother is very aged, and somewhat diseased. It compels the child to inhale the stale and morbid elements of disease. An infant needs the purest air nature can yield, so that sleeping with its nurse or mother, excepting in the coldest season of the year, and in unwarmed rooms, is very undesirable.

AN EDITOR was sitting in his office one afternoon when a farmer friend of his came in.

"Mr. Editor, I like your paper, but the times are so hard I can't pay for it."

"Is that so, friend Jones? I am very sorry that you are so hard up. I will give you my paper."

"Oh, no! I can't take it as a gift."

"Well, then, let me see how we can fix it. You raise chickens, I believe?"

"Yes, a few; but they don't bring anything hardly."

"Don't they? Neither does my paper cost anything hardly. Now I have a proposition to make to you. I will continue your paper and when you go home you may select from your lot one chicken and call him mine. Take good care of him and bring me the proceeds, whether in eggs or chickens, and I will call it square."

"All right," and the farmer chuckled as he went out at what he thought a bargain. He kept the contract strictly, and at the end of the year found that he had paid about four prices for his paper. He often tells the joke on himself and says he has never had the check to say he is too poor to take a paper since.—Christian Mirror.

BE KIND TO YOUR PARENTS.—Children, if you have kind parents who try to be friends to you, instead of training you up in the knowledge, love and fear of God and the Saviour, think what a terrible thing it would be to have wicked, careless parents who took no thought for your souls, but by word and deed led you on to evil—let you take your own way to destruction. O, beware how you slight the best advice of your best friends, or how hardly of them for denying you what would do you harm.

My dear children, pray to the Lord to give you a heart to follow their advice and good examples; and then there will be a blessed, blessed meeting between you and your parents in the presence of Him who created you both; and you will salute them with joy, and bless the Lord who gave them, and say, "You have been good friends to me."—Truth Seeker.

HOME HINTS.

If your white kid gloves are soiled rub cream of tartar on them, and they will look like new.—Ed.

Never iron a calico dress on the right side; if ironed smoothly on the wrong side there will be no danger of white spots and glares, which gives a new dress "done up" for the first time the appearance of a time-worn garment.

The best way of cleaning black cashmere is to place the dress or goods in strong brown water, made lukewarm; let it remain in soak all night, then take out and hang on line to drip, and when nearly dry press off. Do not rinse or wring.

Some milk is an excellent bleacher. Place the garments in an open bowl or wooden pail and pour entirely with the milk, and let remain two or three days, taking pains now and then to stir it thoroughly. Then after rinsing and boiling, it will be found of pure white. For tablecloths and napkins that have become stained and yellow, this is a good cure.

A good way to make starch is this: dissolve the starch in a little cold water, have water boiling in the tea-kettle, and when the starch is entirely dissolved pour the boiling water over it, stirring it until it is thick; this is all the cooking the starch needs; blue it slightly, and add to it a bit of sperm oil or clean lard. There is no danger of lumps or of the starch burning, and so being filled with black specks, if prepared in this way; but unless the starch is actually boiling when you pour it over the starch, your labour will have been in vain.

BAKED APPLES.—Peel and core a dozen large apples, put them into a lined saucpan, with a small tincture of cold water. As they heat, bruise them to a pulp, sweeten and add the grated rind of one lemon. When cold, put the fruit at the bottom of the pie dish, four eggs and over the top, place the dish in a moderate oven and bake half an hour. This will make a quantity sufficient for six or seven persons.

Hops have many uses. A handful of them steeped in a quart bowl (always steep in earthen) of water until the strength is extracted, strained and sweetened with loaf sugar, and bottled for use, is as good or better than any hop bitters ever purchased. Dose, one glass full taken three times a day; is a good antidote for indigestion and constipation, and family purposes. For outward application, make a small bag of cotton six inches square and fill with hops. When the face aches, or the head is in pain, or the throat and chest are sore, heat one or more of these bags very hot, up to scorching the cloth even, and apply to the suffering part. It is a great improvement on wet cloths, or wet applications of any kind.

Very few persons are aware what a valuable

auxiliary turpentine is in many diseases. It is a sovereign remedy for croup. Saturate a piece of flannel in it, and place the flannel on the throat and occasionally two or three drops on a lump of sugar may be taken inwardly. Nothing better than turpentine can be applied to a severe cut or bruise, and it will give certain relief almost instantly. Let any one who has an attack of lockjaw take a small quantity of turpentine, warm it and pour on the wound, no matter where it is, and relief will follow in less than a minute. Flannel cloth wrung out of turpentine into hot water, as hot as the patient can bear, is one of the best of remedies for inflammation.

Two Organs.

Regulate first the stomach, second the liver; especially the first, so as to perform their functions perfectly and you will remove at least nine-tenths of all the ills that mankind is heir to, in this or any other climate. Hop Bitters is the only thing that will give perfectly healthy natural action to these two organs—Maine Farmer.

Two Organs.

Regulate first the stomach, second the liver; especially the first, so as to perform their functions perfectly and you will remove at least nine-tenths of all the ills that mankind is heir to, in this or any other climate. Hop Bitters is the only thing that will give perfectly healthy natural action to these two organs—Maine Farmer.

Two Organs.

Regulate first the stomach, second the liver; especially the first, so as to perform their functions perfectly and you will remove at least nine-tenths of all the ills that mankind is heir to, in this or any other climate. Hop Bitters is the only thing that will give perfectly healthy natural action to these two organs—Maine Farmer.

Two Organs.

Regulate first the stomach, second the liver; especially the first, so as to perform their functions perfectly and you will remove at least nine-tenths of all the ills that mankind is heir to, in this or any other climate. Hop Bitters is the only thing that will give perfectly healthy natural action to these two organs—Maine Farmer.

Two Organs.

Regulate first the stomach, second the liver; especially the first, so as to perform their functions perfectly and you will remove at least nine-tenths of all the ills that mankind is heir to, in this or any other climate. Hop Bitters is the only thing that will give perfectly healthy natural action to these two organs—Maine Farmer.

Two Organs.

Regulate first the stomach, second the liver; especially the first, so as to perform their functions perfectly and you will remove at least nine-tenths of all the ills that mankind is heir to, in this or any other climate. Hop Bitters is the only thing that will give perfectly healthy natural action to these two organs—Maine Farmer.

Two Organs.

Regulate first the stomach, second the liver; especially the first, so as to perform their functions perfectly and you will remove at least nine-tenths of all the ills that mankind is heir to, in this or any other climate. Hop Bitters is the only thing that will give perfectly healthy natural action to these two organs—Maine Farmer.

Two Organs.

Regulate first the stomach, second the liver; especially the first, so as to perform their functions perfectly and you will remove at least nine-tenths of all the ills that mankind is heir to, in this or any other climate. Hop Bitters is the only thing that will give perfectly healthy natural action to these two organs—Maine Farmer.

Two Organs.

Regulate first the stomach, second the liver; especially the first, so as to perform their functions perfectly and you will remove at least nine-tenths of all the ills that mankind is heir to, in this or any other climate. Hop Bitters is the only thing that will give perfectly healthy natural action to these two organs—Maine Farmer.

Two Organs.

Regulate first the stomach, second the liver; especially the first, so as to perform their functions perfectly and you will remove at least nine-tenths of all the ills that mankind is heir to, in this or any other climate. Hop Bitters is the only thing that will give perfectly healthy natural action to these two organs—Maine Farmer.

Two Organs.

Regulate first the stomach, second the liver; especially the first, so as to perform their functions perfectly and you will remove at least nine-tenths of all the ills that mankind is heir to, in this or any other climate. Hop Bitters is the only thing that will give perfectly healthy natural action to these two organs—Maine Farmer.

Two Organs.

Regulate first the stomach, second the liver; especially the first, so as to perform their functions perfectly and you will remove at least nine-tenths of all the ills that mankind is heir to, in this or any other climate. Hop Bitters is the only thing that will give perfectly healthy natural action to these two organs—Maine Farmer.

Two Organs.

Regulate first the stomach, second the liver; especially the first, so as to perform their functions perfectly and you will remove at least nine-tenths of all the ills that mankind is heir to, in this or any other climate. Hop Bitters is the only thing that will give perfectly healthy natural action to these two organs—Maine Farmer.

Two Organs.

Regulate first the stomach, second the liver; especially the first, so as to perform their functions perfectly and you will remove at least nine-tenths of all the ills that mankind is heir to, in this or any other climate. Hop Bitters is the only thing that will give perfectly healthy natural action to these two organs—Maine Farmer.

Two Organs.

Regulate first the stomach, second the liver; especially the first, so as to perform their functions perfectly and you will remove at least nine-tenths of all the ills that mankind is heir to, in this or any other climate. Hop Bitters is the only thing that will give perfectly healthy natural action to these two organs—Maine Farmer.

Two Organs.

Regulate first the stomach, second the liver; especially the first, so as to perform their functions perfectly and you will remove at least nine-tenths of all the ills that mankind is heir to, in this or any other climate. Hop Bitters is the only thing that will give perfectly healthy natural action to these two organs—Maine Farmer.

Two Organs.

Regulate first the stomach, second the liver; especially the first, so as to perform their functions perfectly and you will remove at least nine-tenths of all the ills that mankind is heir to, in this or any other climate. Hop Bitters is the only thing that will give perfectly healthy natural action to these two organs—Maine Farmer.

Two Organs.

Regulate first the stomach, second the liver; especially the first, so as to perform their functions perfectly and you will remove at least nine-tenths of all the ills that mankind is heir to, in this or any other climate. Hop Bitters is the only thing that will give perfectly healthy natural action to these two organs—Maine Farmer.

Two Organs.

Regulate first the stomach, second the liver; especially the first, so as to perform their functions perfectly and you will remove at least nine-tenths of all the ills that mankind is heir to, in this or any other climate. Hop Bitters is the only thing that will give perfectly healthy natural action to these two organs—Maine Farmer.

Two Organs.

Regulate first the stomach, second the liver; especially the first, so as to perform their functions perfectly and you will remove at least nine-tenths of all the ills that mankind is heir to, in this or any other climate. Hop Bitters is the only thing that will give perfectly healthy natural action to these two organs—Maine Farmer.

Two Organs.

Regulate first the stomach, second the liver; especially the first, so as to perform their functions perfectly and you will remove at least nine-tenths of all the ills that mankind is heir to, in this or any other climate. Hop Bitters is the only thing that will give perfectly healthy natural action to these two organs—Maine Farmer.

Two Organs.

Regulate first the stomach, second