

"After the Storm."

A morning-glow o'er a ruin,
The blue sky seems today,
So worn and storm-lad is the earth
So prematurely grey.

The sun shines forth and one by one
The little flowers look up,
Glad to receive their healing draught,
Cien in a broken cup;

The torn leaves ripple in the breeze
Robbed of their liquid gloss.
Another summer will restore
Their beauty without loss.

But O my pine tree on the hill
"Rayed like a trembling star,
Thro' whose weird lips the winds did breathe
A message from afar;

Not prophet, poet, priest, no seer
Can ever thee restore,
And make you hillside seem to me
As it has seem'd of yore.

Shelton.

The Religion of Beauty.

The devout mind is a lover of nature. Where there is beauty it feels at home. It has not then to shut the windows of the senses, and take refuge from the world within its own thoughts to find eternal life. Beauty never limits us, never degrades us. We are free spirits when with nature. The outward scenery of our life when we feel it to be beautiful is always commensurate with the grandeur of our ideal aspirations; it reflects encouragingly the heart's highest, brightest dreams; it does not contradict the soul's convictions of a higher life; it tells us we are safe in believing the thought which seems to us seems noblest.

If we have no sense of beauty, the world is nothing more than a place to keep us in.

But when the skies and woods reveal their loveliness, then nature seems a glorious picture, of which our own inmost soul is the painter, and our own loves and longings the subject: It is the apt accompaniment to the silent song of the beholder's heart.

The greatest blessing, which could be bestowed on the weary multitude, would be to give them the sense of beauty; to open their eyes for them, and let them see how richly we are here surrounded, what a glorious temple we inhabit: how every part of it is eloquent of God. The love of nature grows with the growth of the soul. Religion makes man sensible to beauty, and beauty in its turn disposes to religion. Beauty is the revelation of the soul to the senses. In all this outward beauty, — these soft swells and curves of the landscape, which seem to be earth's smile; this inexhaustible variety of forms and colors, and motion,

not promiscuous, but woven together in as natural a harmony as the thoughts of a poem; this mysterious hieroglyphic of the flowers; this running alphabet of tangled vine and bending grass, studded with golden points; this all-embracing perspective of distance, rounding all together, into one rainbow-colored sphere, so perfect that the senses and the soul roam abroad over it unsated, feeling the presence and perfection of the whole in its part; this perfect accord of sights, sound, motions, and fragrance, all tuned to one harmony, out of which run melodies inexhaustible of every mood and measure; - in all this, man first feels that God is without him, as well as within him, that nature too is holy, and can he bear to find himself the sole exception?

Does not the season, then, does not nature does not the spontaneous impulses of an open heart, which has held such sublime worship through its senses more than justify an attempt to show how the religious sentiments may

be nourished by a cultivation of the sense
of beauty?

This should be a part of our religious education. The heart sickens and pines, it grows hard and contracted and unbelieving when it cannot have beauty. The love of nature ends in the love of God. It is impossible to feel beauty, and not feel that there is a spirit there. The sensualist, the materialist, the worshipper of chance is cheated of doubt the moment this mystery overtakes him in his walks. This surrounding presence of beautiful nature keeps the soul bicycled up forever into its element of freedom, where its action is cheerful, healthful, and unwarlike, where duty becomes lovely, and the call to worship, either by prayer or by self-sacrifice, is music to it. He, in whom this sense is open is put as it were, in a magnetic communication with a life like its own, which flows in around him, go where he may. In nature we forget our localities.

In Nature we feel the same Spirit
who made it and pervades it, holding
us up also. Thro' the open sense of
beauty, all we see preaches and prophesies
to us. Without it, when no such sensi-
bility exists, how hard a task is faith!
how hard to feel that God is here!
how unlovely looks religion! As without
the air the Body could not breathe, so without
beauty the heart and religious element nature
seem to want an element to live in.

Beauty is the moral atmosphere. The close
unseemingly school house in which our
infancy was cramped, of how much natural
faith did it not rob us! In how unlovely
a garb did we first see Knowledge and
Virtue! How uninteresting seem Truth, how
unfriendly looked Instruction, with what
mean associations were the names of God
and Wisdom connected in our memory!
What a violation of Nature's peace seemed
Duty! what an intrusion upon the minds

rights! What rebellion has been nurtured within us by the ugly confinements to which artificial life and education have accustomed us! How insensible and cold it has made us to the expressive features of Gods works always around us, always inviting us to high refreshing converse.

I hold, then, that without a cultivation of the sense of beauty, chiefly to be drunk from the open fountains of nature, there can be no healthy and sound moral development. The man so cultivated lacks something most essential. He is one-sided not of a piece with Nature; and however much master of himself, he will be uninteresting, unencouraging and uninviting. To the student of ancient history, the warm hearted graceful Greek, all alive to nature, who made beauty almost his religion, is a more refreshing object than the cold formal Jew. And here around us, resist it as we may, our hearts are always

drawn towards the open, graceful children of impulse, in preference to the stiff, insensible patterns of virtue. The latter may be very unexceptional, but at the same time very unreal. The former, tho' purposeless and careless they play through life yet have trusted themselves to nature, and nature will not let them become very bad.

Consider a few of the practical effects upon the whole character of a growing love of beauty in the young mind. It deposes to order. It gives birth in the mind to an instinct of propriety. It suggests imperceptibly it inclines gently, but irresistably, to the fit action, to the word in season. The beauty which we see and feel, plants its seeds in us. Gazing with delight on nature our will imperceptibly becomes attuned to the same harmony. The sense of beauty is attended with a certain reverence, we dare not mar what looks so perfect. This sense, too, has a something like conscience

contained in it; we feel bound to do and
 be ourselves something worthy of the beauty
 we are permitted to admire. This feeling,
 while it makes alive and quickens, yet is
 eminently conservative, in the best sense.
 He, who has it; is always interested on
 the side of order, and of all dear and
 hallowed associations. He, who wants it;
 is as destructive as a Goth! The presence
 of beauty, like that of nature, as soon as we
 feel it at all overcomes us with respect and
 a certain sensitive dread of all violence,
 mischief, or discord. The beautiful ideal
 piece of architecture bears no mark of the
 wanton penknife. The handsome schoolroom
 makes the children neat. The instinct of
 obedience, of conciliation, of decorum, reverence
 and harmony, flows into the soul with beauty.
 The calm spirit of the landscape takes possession
 of the humble, yet soul exalted admirer.
 Its harmony compels the jangling chords
 within himself into smoother modulations.

Therefore "walk out" like Isaac, at eventide to meditate, and let nature, with her divine stillness take possession of thee. She shall give thee back to thyself better, more spiritual, more sensible of thy relationships with all things, and that in wronging any, thou but woundest thyself.

Another grace of character, which the sense of beauty gives the mind, is freedom — the freedom of fond obedience, not of loose desire. The man, whose eyes and soul are open to the beauty there is around him, sees everywhere encouragement. To him the touch of Nature's hand is warm and genial. The air does not seem to pinch him, as it does most narrow minded ones, who can see no good in any thing but gain; to whose utilitarian vision most that is natural looks hostile. He is not contracted into himself by cautious fear and suspicion, afraid to let his words flow freely, or his face relax in confidence, or his limbs move gracefully, or his actions come

out whole and hearty. He trusts nature; he knows that she smiles encouragement to him. Now think what it is that makes virtue so much shunned. Partly our depravity, if you please. But partly also, her numerous ungraceful specimens, for it is the instinctive expectation of all minds, that what is excellent shall also be beautiful, lovely, natural, and free.

Most of the piety we see about us, is more or less the product of restraint and fear. It stands there in spectral contrast with nature. Approve it we may; but we cannot love it. It does not bear the divine stamp; it chills not converts. The love of nature wakes in us an ideal of moral beauty, of an elevation of character, which shall look free and lovely, something that shall take its place naturally and as a matter of course in the center of nature, as the life of Jesus did.

Again, the love of beauty awakens

higher aspirations in us. He, who has felt the beauty of summer, has drunk in an infinite restlessness, a yearning to be perfect and by obedience free. He can never more rest contented with what he is. And here is the place, to attempt some account of the true significance of beauty, and what is its office to the soul.

Beauty always suggests the thought of the perfect. The smallest beautiful object is as infinite as the whole world of stars above us. So we feel it. Every thing beautiful is emblematic of something spiritual. So limited, its meanings and suggestions are infinite. In it we seem to see all in one. Each beautiful thing, each dewdrop, each leaf, each tree work of painter's poet's, or musician's art, seems an epitome of the creation. Is it not God revealed through the senses? Is it not every beautiful thing a divine hint thrown out to us? Does not the soul begin to dream of its own boundaries

capacities, when it has felt beauty? Does not immortality then, for the first time, cease to be a name, a doctrine, and become a present experience? When the leaves fall in autumn, they turn golden as they drop. The cold wind tells us of coming winter and death, but they tell it in music. Still is significant of decay; but the deep, still, harmonious beauty surpasses all felt in summer or spring before. We look on it and feel that it cannot die. The Eternal speaks to us from the midst of decay. We feel a melancholy; but it is a sweet religious melancholy, lifting us in imagination above death—since above the grave of the summer so much real beauty lingers.

The beautiful, then, is the spiritual aspect of nature. By cherishing a delicate sensibility to it; we make nature preach us a constant lesson of faith; we find all around an illustration of the life of the spirit. We surround ourselves with a

constant-cheerful exhortation to duty. We
render duty lovely and inviting. We find
the soul's deep inexpressible thoughts written
around us in the skies the far blue hills,
and swelling waters.

But then to this desirable result one
stern condition must be observed. If the
sense of beauty deposes to purity of heart;
so equally purity of heart is all that can
keep the sense of beauty open. All influences
work mutually. "One hand must wash the
other," said the poet. The world is loveliest
to him, who looks on it through pure eyes.

Sweet is the pleasure,

Itself cannot spoil!

'Tis not true leisure

One with true toil?

Those that wouldst taste it;

Still do thy best;

Use it; not waste it;

Else 'tis no rest.

Wouldst behold beauty,
 Fear thee? all round?
 Only hath duty,
 Such a sight found.

What is not quelling
 The busy career,
 What is the fitting
 Of self to its sphere.

'Tis the brook's motion
 Clear without strife
 Fleeting to ocean
 After its life.

Deeper devotion, nowhere hath knell,
 Fuller emotion, hearts never kend it fell.

'Tis loving and serving the highest & best,
 'Tis onwards! pursuing, and that is the best.

The Alpine Cross.

It was a weary band of men
Who at the long day's close
Stood far up in the Alpine pass.
Amid the eternal snows.

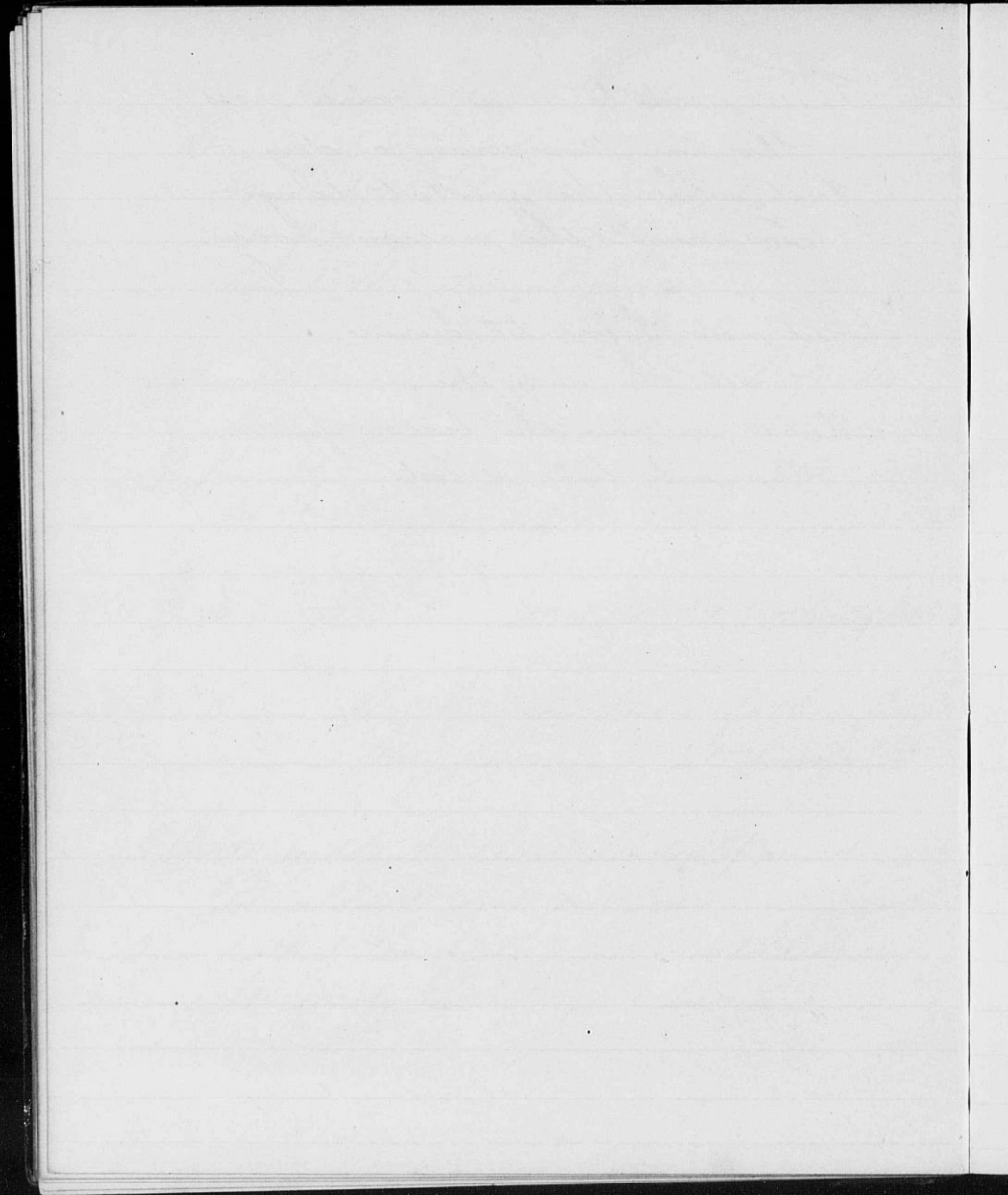
Above their heads, grim granite peaks,
Around, the blinding snow,
Before, the narrow, dangerous path
Unfathomed depths below.

Yet on they pressed, and little thought
Of weary leagues they'd come,
For soon they'd reach their father-land
Soon they would be at home.

But suddenly their leader paused
Bewildered and in fear,
The path! the path! he breathless cried
It surely turned just here.

There used to be a wooden cross,
Standing this many a day,
Just where the greatest danger is
To mark the narrow way.

But now I fear tis buried
Nath the drift the wind has tossed
Unless we can the beacon find
Our only hope is lost.



Force of Habit.

If temptation be once yielded to, the mind loses much of its moral force - is weak where it has once given way. It is long before a principle restored can become as one that has never been moved. It is as in the case of the mound of the reservoir; if this mound has in one place been broken, whatever care has been taken to make the repaired part as strong as possible, the probability is, that if it give away again, it will be in that place.

An Affable Manner.

Much of the happiness of life depends upon our outward demeanor. We have all experienced the charm of gentle and courteous conduct; we have all been drawn irresistibly to those who are obliging, affable and sympathetic in their demeanor. The friendly grasp, the warm welcome, the cheery tone, the encouraging tone word, the respectful manner bear not small share in creating

the joy of life; while the austere tone, the stern rebuke, the sharp and acrid remarks, the cold and indifferent manners, the curt and disrespectful air, the supercilious and scornful bearing are responsible for more of human distress, despair and woe than their transient nature may seem to warrant.

Truth!!!

Despondency.

What is the cause of Despondency? What is the meaning of it? The cause is a weak mind and the meaning is sin. Nature never intended that one of her creatures should be a victim of a desire to feel and look the thunder cloud. Never despond, for one of the first entrances of vice to the heart is made through the instrumentality of despondency. Altho we cannot expect all our days and hours to be gilded as sunshine we must not for mere momentary griefs suppose that they are to be enshrouded

in the mists of misery, or clouded by the opacity of sorrow and misfortune.

Misplaced Fear.

All languages have a literature of terror about death. But living is far more terrible in reality than dying. It is life that foment's pride, that inflames vanity, that excites the passions, that feeds the appetites, that founds and build habits, that establishes character, and, binding up the separate straws of action into one sheaf, hands it to the future, saying: "As ye have sowed, so shall ye reap." And again, "As ye reap, so shall ye sow."

Enjoyment.

Enjoy the present, whatever it may be, and be not solicitous for the future; for if you take your foot from the present standing, and thrust it forward to tomorrow's event, you are in a restless condition, it is like refusing to quench your thirst

by fearing you will want to drink next-day.

If to-morrow you should want, your sorrow would come time enough, though you do not hasten it: let your trouble carry till its own day comes. Enjoy the blessings of this day, if God sends them, and the evils of it bear patiently and sweetly, for this day is ours. We are dead to yesterday, and not yet-born to tomorrow.

Subject for Thought.

"It is the solemn thought connected with middle life," says the late eloquent F. W. Robertson, "that life's last business is begun in earnest; and it is then, midway between the cradle and the grave, that a man begins to marvel that he let the days of youth go by so half-enjoyed. It is the pensive autumn feelings; it is the sensation of half-sadness that we experience when the longest day of the year is past, and every day that follows is hotter and the light fainter, and the feeble shadows

tell that nature is hastening with gigantic footsteps to her writer's grave. So does man look back upon his youthful days. When the first gray hairs become visible, when the unwelcome truth fastens ^{itself} upon the mind of man that a man is no longer going up hill, but down, and that the sun is always westering, he looks back on things behind. When we were children we thought as children. But now there lies before us manhood, with its earnest work, and then old age, and then the grave, and then home. There is a second youth for man, better and bolder than his first, if he will look on and not back.

Eating Between Meals.

If a person eats between meals, the process of digestion of the food already in the stomach is arrested, until the last which has been eaten is brought into the condition of the former meal, just as if water is boiling and ice is put in, the whole ceases to

boil until the ice has been melted and brought to the boiling point; and the whole boils together.

Truth

Here is one of the signs of truth - she is never suffered to go otherwise than hand in hand with Patience, lest we forget that her birthright is the eternal years. To put one's heart into a great cause, implies not only fighting its battles, but the weariness of watching, the many delays and disasters - all to be the cause of rejoicing in the end.

Calamity.

Blessed is the calamity that makes us humble; tho' so repugnant thereto is our nature, in our present state, that after a while it is to be feared a second and sharper calamity would be wanted to cure us of our pride in having become so humble.

A Thought for the Self-Conceited
 When a person feels disposed to over-estimate
 his own importance, let him remember
 that mankind got along very well before
 his birth, and that in all probability they
 will get along after his death.

Sands of Time.

Sands of time, how lightly running.
 When the golden grains are joy;
 Each one pasting glinting sunbeams,
 Without any dark alloy.

The glass is turned - sunbeams vanish -
 Dark the grains of ebony hue;
 Densest shadows lengthen round us,
 While this side is held to view.

Gather comfort, child of sorrow;
 Shadows will not always pain;
 Through the glass the sands are running.
 Shortly it will turn again.
 Fannie Hope

Damp Clothes.

If our clothes are moistened with three pounds of water, that is, if by wetting they are three pound heavier, these three pounds will, in drying, carry off as much heat ~~as~~ would raise three gallons of ice cold water to the boiling point. No wonder that damp clothes chill us!

Real thread lace always has but one knot in the dots, while the imitation has two.

Cure for Scandal.

The following is a sure cure for a terrible disorder of the mouth commonly called "scandal." Take of "good nature" one ounce, of an herb called by the Indians "mind your own business," one ounce, mix these with a little "charity for others," and two of three sprigs of "keep your tongue between your teeth." Application. The symptoms are a violent itching in the tongue and roof of the mouth, which invariably

takes place when you are in company with a species of animals called gossips; when you feel it coming on, take a spoonful of the mixture; hold it in your mouth, which you must keep closely shut till you get home, and you will find a complete cure. Should you apprehend a relapse, keep a small bottle full about you, and on the slightest symptoms repeat the dose.

An Astronomical Discovery

The Astronomers of Prussia, report a remarkable discovery. For several months a peculiar bright spot had been discovered shining from the extreme edge of the moons disk, at a point where no mountains break the continuity of its perimeter.

This light suddenly disappeared and remained invisible for nearly twelve months. It has lately reappeared in greater brilliancy than ever, and the immense power of the telescope attached to the observatory

has developed the fact that the light proceeds from some huge burnished substance acting as a mirror which must be at least one hundred feet in diameter.

The most astonishing thing in the matter is the matter is the almost complete proof that this is actually a mirror of artificial construction, and the theory of the savans of Paratateska is that it is erected for observations of a scientific character principally to observe the phases of the earth's surface.

Worth Knowing.

Many women lose health and even life every year by busying themselves until warm and weary, and then throwing themselves on a bed or sofa without covering, or in a room without a fire, or by removing their outer garments after a long walk, and changing their dress while in a state of perspiration. On returning from riding or walking if overheated, go to a warm room and do not remove your wraps until your forehead is dry.

Man's best Efforts.

Enthusiasm is necessary to ensure originality hence the superiority of youth and middle life over old age in original work.

If all the original work done by men under forty five were annihilated, they would be reduced to barbarism. Men are at their best at that time when enthusiasm and experience are most evenly balanced.

The period, on the average is from thirty eight to forty. After this the law is that experience increases, but enthusiasm decreases.

Looking Glasses.

It is a fact well worth knowing, that the amalgam of tin and mercury, which is spread on glass plates to make looking glasses, is very readily crystallized by actinic solar rays. A mirror hung where the sun can shine on it is usually spoiled; it takes a granulated appearance familiar to housekeepers, tho they may not be acquainted with the cause of the change. In such a state the article

is nearly worthless, the continuity of the surface is destroyed, and it will not reflect outlines with any approach to precision.

Care must therefore be exercised in hanging mirrors so that the direct rays of the sun shall not fall on the glass.

The Pulse.

Every person should know how to ascertain the state of the pulse in health; then by comparing it with what it is when he is ailing, he may have some idea of the urgency of his case. Parents should know the healthy pulse of each child - as now and then a person is born with a peculiarly slow or fast pulse, and the very care in hand may be of that peculiar nature.

An infant pulse is 140; a child of seven about eighty; and from twenty to sixty it is 70 beats a minute declining to 60 at fourteen.

A healthful grown person may be in good health at 60 beats, but if the pulse exceeds 70 there is disease, the machine working

itself out, there is fever or inflammation somewhere, and the body is feeding on itself, as in consumption; when the pulse is quick, that is over 70, gradually increasing with decreased chances of cure, until it reaches 110, or 120, when death comes in a few days.

When the pulse is over 70 for months and there is a slight cough the lungs are affected.

The pulse decreases when a recumbent position is resumed.

Spatter-Work Pictures.

Spatter work pictures, usually delicate designs in white appearing upon a softly shaded ground, are now very popular, and are with a little practice easily produced. Procure a sheet of fine uncalendered drawing paper arrange thereon a bouquet of fresh flowers leaves trailing vines letters of any design which is desired to have appear in white. Fasten the articles by pins stuck into the smooth surface which should be underneath the paper.

Then slightly wet the bristles of a tooth

or any other kind of brush in rubber,
India Ink, or in common writing ink,
and draw them across a sheet in such
a manner, that the bristles will be
bent and quickly released. This will cause
a fine spatter of ink upon the paper
allowing the center of the patterns to receive
the most ink, the edging shading off.

When done remove the design, and the
forms will be found reproduced with
accuracy on the tinted ground. With a
rustic wooden frame this forms a very
cheap and pretty ornament.

Hydrophobia.

A French Physician cures this almost
fatal disease, by vapor baths of 124 to 144
degrees. This may be quickly prepared by
putting three red hot bricks into a tub of
water over which the patient must sit
in a cane bottomed chair for fifteen minutes
every day until the cure is effected.

Photographic Novelty.

A letter from Berlin to the Philadelphia Photographer says; —

You are aware there is no lack of photographic news; but the queerest and most wonderful is, perhaps, the trial of photographing musical sounds. The matter seems to be most incredible but the possibility of it is shown. Having a physician at Paris, has constructed an apparatus consisting of a little drum over which is stretched a very elastic skin. A stream of gas let through this drum will burn as usual, but as soon as a tune (by singing) strikes the skin stretched over the drum, the gas light commenced to shake in a wonderful manner, and if we look at it in a rotating mirror, we observe peculiar figures which change according to the different notes, and by using a burning gas producing a light of great chemical effect we can photograph these peculiar figures. What kind of gas will answer for this purpose is

still an undecided question, but this much is certain, there is in this respect great problems yet to be solved: we may succeed, perhaps, in photographing speeches instead of stenographing them as usual.

Boston Journal of Chemistry.

How to do Business.

Learn to do business methodically, carefully, thoroughly. If you have any thing to attend to, be it little or great, let your attention to it be complete, so that there will remain no possibility of mistake in consequence of any neglect of yours. If you have a bargain to make which requires a great deal of negotiation, and it is finally completed recapitulate at the close, all the essential points, so as to avoid the possibility of essential difference. Remember if you do not agree perfectly at the time of making the contract you are never likely to afterwards, and if you are to differ it had better be at the beginning than at the end.

If you have an order to give, it is a good practice to let the person who is to receive it repeat, after you, what he is to do.

Friends.

To possess friends is a noble privilege, and a right, without, but a right of superior mind alone. Capacity to get, or to be a friend, implies a virtue of some kind, strength of character, fixedness of purpose, loyalty, inward illumination and freedom from selfishness. These qualities may not belong — they seldom do — to each friend, but they are commonly, if unequally shared between the two.

If one appreciate what the other has, it is by reflection, as tho' both were possessors. In the associations and intimacies of life to give back is almost equivalent to owning, and as respects accord, far more to be desired.

Songs to my Sister.

Thou art basking now amid the bowers
Of youth's bright, happy day -
Pass not unheeded by the flowers,
That blossom o'er thy way;

But twine a wreath that will not fade
Of flowers that fairest bloom
So when thou mayest be lowly laid
I will yield a sweet perfume.

Bind it with hands of faith and love
Enshrined in every prayer,
That lifts thy soul far far above,
This world so false, so fair.

Remember youth's unclouded day
For thee will soon be o'er
And storms shall gather on thy way,
To drive thee from this shore.

Old age is coming swiftly on,
Thou deemest he is not nigh;

But soon he'll bow thy youthful form
And dim thy glowing eye.

Then wilt thou learn full well the tale,
"That other lips have told;"
There is no lingering in this vale
Without one growing old.

I'll twine a wreath that will not fade
Of flowers that fairest bloom,
So when thou mayest be lowly laid
I'll gild a sweet perfume.

A Home.

"Six things," says Hamilton, are requisite to create a home, Integrity must be the architect, and tidiness the upholsterer. It must be warmed by affection, and lighted with cheerfulness, and industry must be the ventilator, renewing the atmosphere, and bringing in fresh salubrity day by day, while all over as a protecting glory and canopy nothing will suffice but the blessing of God.

Method.

A Great man of the last century said
"He who lives not by rules lives not
at all." Perhaps there is more truth in
that assertion than some are at first
disposed to admit: Confusion greatly
hinders all good things. There is no
example of success without a plan.

Method is essential to a good habit, and
good habit imparts vigor to character.

x Self.

In the first years of life, self is the largest
thing. There is no wisdom like ones own
wisdom, no laws like the hearts own wish.

The will power of ^{the} young men, seems to
grow more rapidly than the reflective faculty,
and hence to find youths who have the
wills of a giant; and the reflection of a mere
child, is one of the most frequent discoveries
of him who walks among his fellow men.

Confession of a Husband.

It was about buckwheat cakes. I told Maria Ann, any fool could beat her making those cakes, and she said I had better try it. So I did. I emptied all the batter out of the pitcher, one evening and set the cakes myself. I got the flour, and the salt, and the water, and warned by the past, put in a liberal quantity of eggs and shortning. I shortned with tallow from roast beef, because I could not find any lard. The batter did not look right. I lit my pipe and pondered: yeast - yeast to be sure, I had forgotten the yeast.* I set the pitcher behind the sitting-room stove and went to bed. In the morning I got up early, and prepared to enjoy my triumph, but I did not. The yeast was strong enough to raise the dead, and the batter was running all over the carpet. I scraped it up and put it in another dish. Then I got a fire in the

* I went and woke up the baker and got 6 cents worth of yeast.

kitchen and put on the griddle. The first lot of cakes stuck fast to the griddle. The second dittoed only more. Maria came down and asked what was burning. She advised me to grease the griddle. I did so. One end of the griddle got too hot, and I dropped the thing on my tenderest corn, while trying to turn it around. Finally the cakes were ready for breakfast; and Maria got the other things ready. We sat down. My cakes did not have exactly the right flavor. I took one mouthful, and it satisfied me. I lost my appetite at once. Maria did not let me put one on her plate. I think those cakes may be reckoned a dead loss. The dog ran off and stayed three days after one was offered to him. The cat would not eat them. The hens would not go within ten feet of them. I threw them into the back yard, and there has not been a fig on the premises since I eat what is put before me now, and do not allude to my Mother's system of cooking.

Keeping Flowers Alive.

After being kept twenty hours in water, flowers begin to fade and droop; a few may be revived by substituting fresh, but all may be restored by the use of hot-water.

For this purpose place the flowers in scalding water, deep enough to cover about one third of the length of the stems.

By the time this is cold, the flowers will have become erect and fresh. Then cut off the shrunken ends of the stems and put them into cold water.

To Avoid Sleeplessness.

If you wish to sleep well, eat early and light suppers. Avoid all arguments or contested subjects near night as well as any train of thoughts rehearsing injuries, even if real, as all of these are likely to have a bad effect upon a person who is apt to be sleepless at night. Avoid having too much company. Many persons become so excited with the meeting of friends

that sleep departs for a time. There is probably nothing better after cultivating a tranquil mind, than exercise in the open air. By observing these simple rules, sleeplessness will be one of the rarities.

There are truths which some despise because they have not examined them, and which they will not examine, because they despise.

It is the pursuit followed without interest that weighs down the most elastic mind

Sleep the best Stimulant.

The best possible thing for a person to do when he feels too weak to work, is to go to bed and sleep a week if he can. This is the only true recuperation of brain power and force. Because during sleep the brain is in a state of rest, in a condition to receive and appropriate particles of nutriment from the blood, which takes the place of those which have been consumed in previous labor, since the very act of thinking consumes, burns up solid particles, as every turn of the wheel or screw of the splendid steamer, is the result of consumption by fire of the fuel in the furnace. The supply of consumed brain substance can only be had from the nutritive particles in the blood, which are obtained from the food eaten previously, and the brain is so constituted that it can best receive and appropriate to itself those nutritive particles during a state of rest, of quiet, and stillness in sleep. These stimulants supply nothing in themselves, they only good

the brain, force it to a greater consumption of its substance, until that substance has been so exhausted that there is not power enough left to receive a supply, just as men are so near death by thirst and starvation, that is not power enough left to swallow, and all is over.

The incapacity of the brain for receiving recuperative particles sometimes comes on with the rapidity of a stroke of lightning, and the man becomes mad in an instant loses sense, and is an idiot. It was under circumstances of this kind, in the midst of a sentence of great oratorical power, one of the most eminent men of his age forgot his ideas, pressed his hand against his forehead, and after a moment's silence, said, "God, as with a sponge, has blotted out my mind."

Be assured, readers, "there is rest for the weary" only in quiet and abundant sleep.

Waste no Time.

+

[45]

Time lost can never be regained. After allowing yourself proper time to rest, don't live a single hour without doing exactly what is to be done in it, and going straight through it from beginning to end. Work, play, study, whatever it is, take hold at once, and finish up squarely; then to the next thing without letting any moments drop between. It is wonderful how many hours these prompt people contrive to make of a day; it is as if they picked up the moments which the dawdlers lost. And if you ever find yourself pressed on every hand by work hardly knowing where to begin let us tell you a secret; take hold of the very first thing which presents itself and you will find the rest all fall into files like a company of well drilled soldiers. Work may be hard to meet when it comes in a squad, but is easily vanquished if you can bring it into line.

Fretting.

There is one sin everywhere and by every-body underestimated, tolerated and quite too much overlooked in ourselves, and in the valuation of character. It is the Sin of Fretting. It is as common as air, as universal as speech, and so common that unless it rises above its usual monotonous, we do not even observe it: Watch any ordinary coming together of people and see how many minutes before somebody frets—that is make a more or less complaining statement of something or other, which most probably nobody can help. Why say any thing about it? It is cold, it is hot, it is dry, somebody has broken an appointment, ill cooked a meal, stupidity or bad faith somewhere has resulted in discomfiture: There are always things to fret about. The days will always have more or less bad weather, or weather inconvenient to somebody's fixed plan.

It is astonishing how much annoyance may be found in the course of every day if one keeps a sharp lookout on that side. Fretting is all time wasted.

A Word about Boys.

We are moved in this direction because scarcely anybody else seems to be. Almost every where boys are under the ban. On the lot, on the street, in the park, in the school, in the church, in the home, "thou shalt not" flames before a boys eyes, and thunders in his ears. Thou shalt not go coasting on the hillside, for thereby the way is rendered slippery for pedestrians. Thou shalt not ride a velocipede on the sidewalk for some fashionable promenader may be put in jeopardy. Thou shalt not play at ball even on a vacant lot, for nobody knows where a ball might go. Thou shalt not go into the parlor, for the carpet will be tracked with mud. Thou shalt

not go into the kitchen, the cook will
be in a rage. Thou shalt not go into
the chamber for the maid of all work,
has just put them to rights. Thou shalt
not have gymnastics in the house for
that will bring disorder, nor out of doors,
for that will soil the clothes. Thou
shalt not laugh nor talk aloud. Thou
shalt not wriggle nor squirm in school
however badly bored. Thou shalt not
look around nor up nor down, while
the minister is preaching but "straight
at him" no matter how long he preaches
no matter how little he says.

We were not surprised, some time
ago, to hear a little fellow ask, "Well ma,
what can a boy do."

Sound Sleep.

Sound sleep is essential to good health. It is impossible to restore and recuperate the system, exhausted by labor and activity without this perfect repose. Sleep has a great deal to do with the disposition and temper. A sound sleeper is seldom unduly disturbed by trifles, while a wakeful restless person is apt to be irritable. A great deal has been written about the advantages of curtailing the hours of repose, and of sleeping but little. But we think this is exaggerated. Active persons of nervous temperament, can hardly get too much sleep.

We are no advocates of indolence, but we do think that if we elongate our time by robbing ourselves of sleep, we are not at all gainers, inasmuch as we lose life and strength thereby. Fourteen hours of quiet strength, are worth far more than seventeen, fraught with agitation and unrest.

Innocent Amusement.

There is nothing more potent in quickening the religious sensibilities than sympathy.

An ardent nature kindles other natures with its own heat, and is itself warmed by the contact to a brighter glow. A religious influence may be shed abroad in a youthful circle as truly as in a religious meeting, and may find persons there who would never seek it in such a meeting.

And a not unimportant consideration is that innocent amusements keeps people from those that are not so. The young will have amusement of some sort, and those in our churches who would keep their sons and daughters within the reach of their influence must offer for the social nature in an innocent form that gratification which it craves or it will be sought where vice holds out the attractions which virtue has declined to employ. Apartments may be made attractive by their tasteful ornaments.

music may give it charm, eloquence may persuade, and all may be consecrated to the service of religion: A healthful wholesome influence may underlie our social life; our hardworking men and women need the refreshments of such a life; the young need the amusements of society and those who live in ease and leisure need the occupation, to assist by both heart and purse. It is indeed true a taste for social pleasure may become excessive, but so may every thing else. But the possible abuse of any thing is not an argument against its legitimate use.

Never be cast down by trifles. If a spider breaks his web twenty times, twenty times will he mend it. Make up your mind to do a thing, and you will do it.

Strength
Subjects for Thought

4
We must measure the strength of a man by the power of the feelings he subdues, not by the power of those that subdue him.

And hence composure is often the highest result of strength. Did we ever see a man receive a flagrant injury and then reply calmly? That is a man spiritually strong. Or did we ever see a man in anguish, stand as if carved out of solid rock mastering himself? Or one bearing a hopeless daily trial remain silent and never tell the world what cantered his home peace. That is strength. We too often mistake strong feelings for strong character.

A man who bears all before him, before whose frown domestics tremble, and whose bursts of fury make the children of the household quake, because he has his own way in all things, we call him a strong man. The truth is that he is a weak man; it is his passions that are strong — he mastered by them, weak.

Pity.

We are taught, both by religion and that law of civilization called humanity, to feel for the sorrows and distresses of our neighbors.

Without the sentiment of pity, society would be little better than a menagerie of wild beasts; wherein each fought for his own hand giving no thought to the sufferings and rights of others; but pity makes these wild animals into men, and substitutes for selfishness of individualism, the community of race and the duty of mutual help.

Sorrow.

In the lives of the saddest of us there are bright days when we feel as if we could take the whole world into our arms. Then come gloomy days when the fire will neither burn on our hearths, nor in our hearts, and all without and within is dismal cold and dark. Believe me, every heart has its own secret sorrow which the world knows not. and often we call our friends cold, when only sad.

The Gentle Voice.

How often you are irresistibly drawn to a plain unassuming woman, whose soft silvery tones render her positively attractive. In the social circle, how pleasant it is to hear a woman talk in that low key which always characterizes the true lady. In the sanctuary of home how such a voice soothes the fretful and cheers the weary.

Be Frank.

You are not obliged to discuss your business of affairs with every one you chance to know, but in dealing with a confidential friend be perfectly frank. Disclose the real motives of your conduct, and then those who differ from you may still respect you. Nothing is more fatal to friendships than prevarication and deceit.

Shadows.

Most of the shadows that cross our path through life are caused by standing in our own light.

Kind Words.

Kind words are the brightest flowers of earthly existence; use them, especially around the home circle. They are jewels beyond price, and powerful to heal the wounded heart, and make the weighed down spirit glad.

A Good Practice.

It is a very good way after laying down a book to take up a pen and see how much you can write of what you have read. After trying it regularly for a week you will be pleased to find how much more you can remember than you could at first. So rapidly does the habit of concentrating one's thoughts grow with cultivation. Think of what you are doing, and you will remember what you have done. Cultivate the habit of keeping wide awake, and fixing your attention closely.

Some murmur when their sky is clear
And wholly bright to view,
If one small speck of dark appear,
In their great heaven of blue;
And some with thankful love are filled
If but one streak of light,
One ray of God's good mercy, gild
The darkness of the night.

The Source of Salt.

The sea depends on the disintegration of rocks on land for salt. It does ^{not} originate in oceans and seas. Rains wash it and hold it in solution, as particles are liberated by violence, decomposition, and gradual action of many natural forces. All streamlets and rivers, therefore are constantly transporting salt to the sea. If there is more than can be held in solution, then it accumulates in masses at very deep points. Thus the salt mines of Portland, and the east-hor-
zontal beds of ~~rock~~ ^{pure} salt in Texas, as well

as that mountain of rock salt in St-Domingo
 were collected at the bottom of ancient-seas
 which are now dry land, remote from
 water.

Salt pervades the earth. It exists in
 the grasses and most vegetable products
 on which animals feed. In that way they
 derive enough, in some countries to meet
 the demand of their natures. They require
 as much as civilized humanity. With
 them salt is necessary, as with ourselves,
 for keeping the organs of vision in good
 condition. Stop the supply of salt, and
 blindness would ensue.

Andrew J. Davis' Magic Staff.

"Behold!

Here is thy Magic Staff:

Under all circumstances keep an even mind;

Take it, Try it, Walk with it;

Talk with it, Lean on it, Believe on it.

For ever."

Insidiousness.

One can forgive a person who tells him a lie, if it be told with a hesitating utterance, a downcast look, a trembling voice, a reluctant delivery, a quick retreat, and one must forgive him who has an open brow, a natural air, a smile on his face, a good word on his tongue, but a bad purpose in his heart; yet it is a hard struggle to forgive those who betray you with a kiss, and who are ready to do the same thing again, not only to you but to your neighbors. For the good of Society, for the peace of community, by the obligations of the social compact, and by the duty you owe to your Strakes, ought you not to reprobate the crime, as you pity the criminal, and to pray for his sake that he may be delivered from that most subtle, most dangerous, most besetting sin, because the most hardly to be used, the most convenient to be shifted, and the most difficult to be detected—the sin of hypocrisy, practiced

under the name of friendship, and comprehending much that is wicked, and everything that is mean. Prying and meddling and listening; artful conversation, and false reports of confidential matters, drawn out by the inquisitive impertinence of the tale-bearer himself; double facedness, down-right lying, and utter puppyism, obtruded without apology, for purposes too cunning to be within hail of anything like honesty, will qualify a man to be what may be called insidious. We are happy to say we have no such friends, but we have friends who have.

Bum Shabid.

After the rainy season in Morocco a gummy juice exudes spontaneously from the trunk and branches of the acacia. It gradually thickens in the furrow down which it runs, and assumes the form of oval and round drops, about the size of a pigeon's egg of different colors as it comes from the red or white tree. About the middle of Dec. the Moors encamp on the borders of the forest and the harvest lasts a whole month. The gum is packed in large leather sacks and sent to seaports. The people for the time being almost live on it, which is nutritious and palatable.

Addie A Morning Song.

I wake this morn (and all my life),
So freshly mine to live,
The future with sweet promise rife,
And crown of joy to give.

New words to speak, new thoughts to bear,
New love to give and take,
Perchance new burdens I may bear,
For love's own sweetest sake.

New hopes to open in the sun,
New efforts worth the will,
Or tasks with yesterday begun,
More bravely to fulfil.

Fresh seeds for all the time to be,
Are in my hand to sow,
Whereby for others and for me,
Undreamed of fruits may grow.

In each white daisy mid the grass
That turns my Good aside!

In each uncurling fern I pass,
 Some sweetest joy may hide.

And if, when eventide shall fall
 In shade across my way,
 It seems that nought my thoughts recall,
 But life of every day.

Yet if each step in shine or shower,
 Be where thy footsteps tread,
 Then blest be every happy hour
 That leads me nearer God.

Language.

x s. f. 6

We envy not those whose superior gift
 of language is chiefly used at the expense
 of others, in random speeches, and vile
 scandal, or witty sarcasm, any more than
 we should the owner of a beautiful
 spirited horse, who was never out of
 the stable, that he did not run away,
 throwing his rider, hurting himself and
 endangering every thing in his path.

Wear a Smile

Which will you do - smile and make others happy, or be crabbed and make every body around you miserable? You can live, ~~and~~ it were, among beautiful flowers and singing birds, or in the snow surrounded by fogs and frogs. The amount of happiness you can produce is incalculable if you show a smiling face and a kind heart, and speak pleasant words. On the other hand, by your looks, cross words, and fretful disposition, you can make a number of persons wretched almost beyond endurance. Which will you do? Wear a pleasant countenance, let joy beam in your eyes, and let love glow in your face? There are few joys so great as that which springs from a kind act or a pleasant deed, and you feel it at night when you rest, at morning when you rise, and through the day when about your business.

A smile who will refuse a smile
The sorrowing breast to cheer,

And turn to love, the heart of guile
 And check the falling tear;
 A pleasant smile for every face,
 'Tis a blessed thing;
 It will the lines of care erase,
 And those of beauty bring.

Respect for Age.

There is a great deal of cheap philosophy
 afloat. It finds an origin, or is akin
 to the ridiculous dogma that "one man
 is as good as another", and its practice
 generally would bring all people to an
 automatic plane, that could not but produce
 a painful dullness. The qualities most
 entitled to homage are those nearest allied
 to divinity. The mental is above the
 physical, the spiritual above the mental.
 It is but right that we should accord
 privileges to those possessing the largest
 amount of "spiritual force". The quality of
 power is often found in the old than

young, and for this reason society is accustomed to respect age. Let us remember at all times that "age is honorable." There is nothing funny or commendable in dividing age for the mere sake of it.

A combatant shows his utter weakness and meanness, when he can see nothing against a person only he is old.

Good!

Right Living

It is a hard saying, but a true one, that many professed Christians are not seemingly happy themselves, neither do they help to make others happy around them. Why is it so? Is it because they are trying to get ready for the next world, altogether forgetting it is their duty to make themselves and those around them happy in this. It is very important to know how to live wisely and happily in this world. The earthly life is to be lived here. We know but little about the other world, if the

gates are ajar, we can catch a glimpse now and then, which can but enhance our real pleasure here. God loves beauty in this world; every flower that blooms, every tree that leaves, proves this; so it becomes us to make our lives and homes as beautiful and happy as within us lies trusting the future in the hands of God.

The religion that does not make us and those around us better and happier in this life is not worth having, and they who try to do this are really serving God, and are embodying the living, loving, good practical religion.

Passing Time.

Be warned in time and resolve that as the hour spent in idleness is lost forever, you will improve each passing one and thereby fit yourselves for usefulness and happiness.

X

Guard Your Conversation.

If you say anything about a neighbor or friend, or even a stranger, say nothing ill.

It is a Christian and brotherly charity to suppress our knowledge of evil of another unless a higher public duty compels us to bear accusing witness; and if it be true charity to keep to keep our knowledge of such evils to ourselves, much more should we refuse to spread evil report of another.

Discreditable as the fact is it is by far the commonest tendency to suppress the good we know of our neighbors and friends.

We act in this matter as tho we felt that by pushing our fellows down or back a peg, we were putting ourselves up or forward.

We are jealous of commendation unless we get the larger share.

Social conversation, as known to every observer, is largely made up of what is understood by the term scandal. It would be difficult to find a talkative group of either sex, who could spend an hour

together without evil speech of somebody.

"Blessed are the peacemakers" is not the maxim by which we are chiefly governed in our treatment of personalities. Better a thousand times to stand or sit dumb, than open our lips even so eloquently in the disparagement of others.

What we should do in this, as in all other human relations, is to practice the golden rule. If we should do unto others as we would ^{have them} do unto us, we should be exceedingly careful not to volunteer ill words about them. Where other than a good word is spoken, let it be to the person concerned, that he may know your motive is not idle, cowardly and sinister, and that he may have a chance to defend himself.

The first ingredient in conversation is truth, the next good sense, the third good humor, and the fourth wit.

Deeds of Love.

Set us today the ready ground,
With deeds of love be sowing,
That we may reap the rich return
Which fills to overflowing.

Then will our days seem all too short,
Our weeks too soon have slumbered
Our months seem but like other days,
Our years too soon have numbered.

And looking back on paths of time
Where'd our walk truth be,
The rugged hills we had to climb
Will seem a garden then.

And when our labors here are done
And in our home above,
We are resting in the light of one
Whose every work is love.

Those little seeds which we have sown
scattered in realms above
Will be our brightest gems,
and in our hearts as jewels

While fruits and flowers to ripeness grown
 Will be our gift of love.

Routine Work.

Nothing seems easier to the looker on, than the performance of a skilled pianist; but what hours, and days, and weeks, and years has he spent in practicing scales and exercises and difficult passages, that he might conquer just the mechanical part of his task; how diligently has he studied harmony and rhythm that he might be able to interpret aright the musical thought of the composer. Love for the work may keep the routine from being wearisome, but it does not make it less a monotony. So it is with all other trades professions, and occupations. The man or woman who stands at the head of his or her peculiar calling does so by virtue of conquest, stage by stage, over the routine work which has been the ladder of ascent.

The law of routine is written in all nature animate and inanimate. We see

it in the change of seasons, in day and night; in the movements of the heavenly bodies, in the recurring necessities of our physical and intellectual natures. When we are able to bring into harmony with this law our wayward wills, and our growing faculties of body and mind, to learn to do patiently and cheerfully with continuity and skill, the work given us to do, then we are ready for promotion to wider spheres of activity and able to achieve the greatest good for ourselves and fellows.

Scandal Mongers.

Unhappily, it is the fault of erring humanity to like a bit of scandal. Very few have that exquisite moral delicacy which ever prompts its possessor to consider as a crime the utterance of careless words which may injure a neighbor. There are those who understand this thoroughly, who find no difficulty - tho' long habit in keeping their tongues

bridled, who will not willingly listen to malignant-gossip, and who never when it has been forced upon them repeat it.

We have known such and extremely comfortable they are to know. Such people can do a great deal towards mitigating that propensity to circulate scandalous stories which is the pest of all communities.

We do not believe that there is any social evil which cannot be mitigated, even if it cannot be extirpated. Every well-meaning person should consider how much good they can do without taking a great deal of trouble either by listening to ill-natured gossip with an air of indifference or impatience, or by indignantly refusing to listen to it at all. Slander should be considered vicious vices in the world; but on the other hand it is a sin into which tolerable well-meaning talkers fall partly because they must talk about something or somebody, and partly because there is an exaltation of ourselves in the depreciation of others. It is the result

sometimes of idleness and vacuity of life,
sometimes of jealousy and irritation at our
own failure when another has succeeded,
and not seldom of habit caught from others.

Warring against it must be personal, as
we can all see it in others, but fail in
ourselves. If every one who comprehends
how shameful it is will avoid it in his
own chat, and refuse to listen to it in others
it will soon die away.

+ The Art of Listening.

Let no one who wishes to be an agreeable
companion despise what may be termed
negative qualities, for they not unrequently
obtain the meed of just approbation. If
we would be heard with pleasure, we
in return must listen with attention.
A monopolizer of speech is rarely agreeable
one note in music however sweet, does
not constitute harmony; one species of fruit
however highly flavoured, does not suit every
palate. It was an admirable remark

of Dr Johnson's and worthy a place in the minds of learned and unlearned, that "No man is well pleased to have his all neglected, be that all ever so little."

Among the advantages to be derived from listening attentively, the following remark of Dr Johnson deserves to be noticed. "He that is a hearer in one place, qualifies himself to become a speaker in another." Thus the ear enriches the memory, which proves a most important auxiliary in conversation, provided it be judiciously used; but it requires wisdom to make a proper use of the wisdom of others.

The Moral Sieve.

To know what kind of stuff the world is made of, a person must be unfortunate once in his lifetime. If he has kind friends then they will show themselves. A failure is a moral sieve it brings out the wheat and shows the chaff. A man thus learns that words of pretended good will, do not constitute friendship.

Ragged Folks.

I do not mean ragged clothes, but folks who act like rags sometimes: you have seen dozens of them. They go about smiling and cheerful just as long as prosperity smiles on their plans and wishes, but the moment that trouble comes, they grow as limp as a wet rag; and while the back-bones of the family are tugging and sweating to give the wheel another turn, these wet rags fold themselves up and slip away quietly into a corner, where they lop down and watch the proceedings, until all is serene and lovely again, when they appear once more upon the scene, and bravely help bear the honours. I'm out of all patience with such people, why they don't even make a rustle when they walk. Whenever I meet them I feel like taking a big bowl of starch and dipping them in and hanging them out to dry. But then I suppose they are some good in this world, for if every body were always cheerful and happy there

would not be anyone to pity; so let them softly fulfil their mission while we thank ^{our} stars that we don't belong to the ragged folks.

Sociability +

Think how much happiness you convey to each other by kindly notice and cheerful conversation. Think how much sunshine such sociability lets back into your soul.

Who does not feel more cheerful and contented for receiving a pleasant smile or a genial "good morning." Who does not make himself happier by these little expressions of fellow feeling and good will? Silence and a stiff, unbending reserve, are essentially selfish and vulgar. The generous, polite man has pleasant recognition and cheerful words for all he meets. He scatters sunbeams wherever he goes. He paves the path of others with smiles. He makes society seem genial and the world delightful to those who would else find them cold, selfish and forbore.

And what he gives is but a tithe of what he receives. Be social wherever you go and wrap your lightest words in tones that are sweet and a spirit that is genial.

Shape of Hands.

An author divides hands into three sorts; the first sort having fingers with pointed tops; the second, fingers with square tops; the third, fingers with spade-shaped tops. — by "spade shaped" is meant fingers that are thick at the end having a little pad of flesh at each side of the nail. The first type of fingers belongs to characters possessed of rapid insight into things, to extra-sensitive people; to pious thoughtful people; to the impulsive; and to all poets and artists in whom ideality is a prominent trait. The second type belongs to scientific people; to sensible self-contained characters. The third type pertains to those whose instincts are material; to the people who have a genius for commerce and a high appreciation of every thing that

tends to bodily ease and comfort; also to people of great activity. No matter how the hand is shaped, each finger has a joint—representing each of these. Thus, the division of the finger which is nearest the palm stands for the body, the middle division represents mind, the top, soul. If the top joint of the finger be long, it denotes a character with much imagination or idealism. The middle part if large, promises a logical calculating mind—a common sense person. The remaining joint if long and thick denotes a nature that clings more to the luxuries than to the refinements of life—one which appreciates the flesh-pots of Egypt.

+ Drifting.

Most people drift. To do this is easy. It costs neither shot nor effort. On the other hand to resist the tide, one must have principle and resolution. He must watch and pray and struggle continually. And yet no thoughtful person who cares for his soul, will drift.

Poisons for Insects &c

If mosquitoes or other bloodsuckers infect our sleeping rooms at night, we uncork a bottle of the oil of pennyroyal, and these animals will leave in great haste, nor will they return ~~so long~~ as the air in the room is loaded with fumes of that aromatic herb.

If rats enter the cellar a little powdered potash thrown in their holes or mixed with mud and thrown in their runways never fails to drive them away.

Cayenne pepper will keep the buttery and storeroom free from ants and cockroaches.

If a mouse makes an entrance into any part of your dwelling, saturate a rag with cayenne in solution, and stuff it into the hole, which can then be repaired with either wood or mortar. No rat or mouse will eat that rag for the purpose of opening communications with a depot of supplies.

Injustice

Injustice is very hard to bear. Yet we must all learn to expect it, and suffer it as calmly as we can. To have our best deeds turned and twisted into evil, to have those turn cold to us for whom we have always felt the warmest friendship, is only the fate of humanity. Not all the truth and tenderness that heaven gives can save us from injustice. Nay, since enemies are often made by acts of kindness and people generally dislike those who do them favors, one will find that where most justice was expected, there is the greatest lack of it.

People who want to think ill of others can always do so. They can willfully blind themselves to good, and exaggerate evil. There may be two meanings to many things that are said, and the sneer will turn a friendly speech into a venomous one. "He did this for ostentation," or "just to make people talk of him." "she wants people to believe her an

angel and so goes about pretending to smile." All these reproaches are to be expected by the most unaffected and simple hearted.

Keep the Feet Warm.

Many of the colds which people are said to catch commence at the feet. To keep these extremities warm, therefore is to effect an insurance against the almost interminable list of disorders which spring out of a "slight cold." First, never be lightly shod.

Boots or shoes when they fit closely, press against the foot, and prevent the free circulation of blood. When on the contrary they do not embrace the foot too tightly, the blood get fair play, and the spaces left between the leather and the stockings are filled with a comfortable supply of warm air.

The second rule is - never sit in damp shoes. It is imagined that unless they are positively wet it is not necessary to change them while the feet are at rest. This is a fallacy; for when the least dampness

is absorbed into the sole it is attracted nearer to the foot itself by its own heat, and thus perspiration is dangerously checked. Any person may prove this by trying the experiment of neglecting this rule, and his feet will become cold and damp after a few moments, altho taking off the shoe and warming it, it will appear dry.

Coffee

Coffee should be browned at least twice a week, and kept in airtight canisters, and only ground just immediately before using. Pick the green coffee carefully over; shake it in a colander to free it from dust, and rub it in a cloth. While roasting stir it constantly; the moment the berry crackles and becomes crisp enough to pulverize, it is sufficiently roasted. Stir in a small piece of butter the size of a walnut; and put the coffee steaming hot into an air tight canister. For making, put your ground coffee

into a bowl with just sufficient cold water to moisten it; beat in an egg, shell and all; mix it well through the coffee. Rinse your coffee boiler out with boiling water, put in the coffee and pour over it the required amount of ^{boiling} water. Set it boil fifteen minutes, when it begins to boil, stir it frequently and never leave it until the grounds sink. Pour a little from the spout, in order to remove the grounds that may have boiled into it, and pour it back into the pot. It is much better if served without decanting it.

The proportions of ground coffee and boiling water, vary in every family; so I give several. Allow one tablespoonful of ground coffee for each person and one for the pot, and add three pints of water to seven spoonfuls of coffee. One measure of ground coffee seven of the same measure of water.

One ounce of ground coffee to one quart of water. One ounce of coffee to a pint of water. &c. &c.

The Irish Potato.

How sweet to the taste is the Irish potato,
 As memory awakens a thought of the plant,
 Its dark, pendant vine-drops and beautiful blossoms
 In pleasing transition my memory haunt.
 Ah! thought of the root, in perfusion once growing
 On the warm, sunny hill side adjoining the mill,
 At the homestead how many we raised there no
 For some were but small ones, and few in ^{knowing} the hill.
 The mealy potato, the Irish potato,
 The thin skinned potato that grew on the ^{hill}.

The delectable plant I should praise while I'm able
 For often at noon when returned from the field,
 I found it superior to all on the table
 The best flavored edible nature could yield.
 With what eager appetite sharpened by labor,
 I plied knife and fork with a hearty good will.
 Alas! there are none of the old fashioned flavor,
 None like the red simons that grew on the hill.
 The mealy potato that grew ^{in such profuse} on the hill
 The thin skinned potato that grew on the hill.

How prime from the full heaped dish to receive it.
As poised on my fork it ascends to my mouth,
No appeal to the palate could tempt me to leave it,
Tho' affected by rot or a long summer's drought,
And now far removed from that loved situation
Where I used to partake of the root to my fill,
Fancy vain would revert to my father's plantation
And sigh for the kidneys that grew on the hill,
The mealy potato the Irish potato,
The thin skinned potato that grew on the hill.

Social Reformers.

Doubtless there is need enough in very many
directions for social reform. Every body admires
and deplures the prevailing evil, and ext. an
opinion of the day, every body denounces the
gossip, the scandal monger, the mischief maker,
every body longs for the millennium, and a
great many people think if their peculiar
views were carried out it would soon be
 ushered in. Nearly every village has one
or more apostles of reform; and these men
or women right it may be in their views

contrive to cover themselves and their doctrines with odium. The fact is they talk more than they work, everyone who do not see and do, as they see, and think they do is set aside.

The fact is there are very few of us who will consent without a protest to ride another's hobby of reform. We like to be let alone to go at our own pace, and upon our own way, tho we are not unwilling to accompany our hobby riders, and hear him discuss the merits of his wonderful steed, reserving of course, our private opinion of the qualifications of the animal that carries us.

In proportion as men and women travel and inform themselves, do they become liberal in their views and feeling as to rights and privileges of their fellows, and in proportion as they are intelligently liberal, are their views accepted by their associates.

The same creed will not fit the requirement of every soul any more than the same pair of shoes will fit all adult feet, and if our social reformers would extend to all the same freedom of opinion and action, they claim for themselves, and as at the same time endeavor by their country to turn to their views those whom they would influence, the harmony of neighborhoods would be greatly increased.

There is no wonderful originality claimed for these views, but while so many people are disposed to make their standards the standards of every body else, it can do no harm to reverse what we all admit. However we agree or differ among ourselves God regards birth equal compassion heathen and Christian, barbarian Scythian bond or free. The surest way of inducing others to adopt our peculiar creed or ideas, is to try upon them unceasingly the gospel of kindness in all its forms of loving word and generous deed. Love wins when everything

else fails

We need reformers in social life, men and women of earnest conviction, who by actions consistent therewith, rather than by words, recommend to those around them the excellence of what they believe. Followers may be won by example rather than precept.

The place for social reform ~~xxx~~ to begin is in the heart and life of each individual, and when each one of us succeeds in being equally right, without any doubt, we shall find that all our neighbors and friends are just right also.

They Say.

They say — Ah, well, suppose they do,
But can they prove the story true?
Suspicious may arise from nought,
But malice, envy, want of thought.
Why count yourself among the "they"
Who whisper what they dare not say.

They say - but why the tale rehearse
And help to make the matter worse?
No good can possibly accrue
From telling what may be untrue;
And is it not a nobler plan
To speak of all the best you can?

They say - well if it should be so
Why need you tell the tale of woe?
Will it the bitter wrong redress,
Or make one pang of sorrow less?
Will it the erring one restore
Henceforth to "go and sin no more."

They say - O! pause and look within
See how their heart inclines to sin;
Watch best in dark temptation's hour,
Thou, too, shouldst sink beneath its power.
Pity the frail, weep o'er their fall,
But speak of good, or not at all.

Boston Chocolate Caramels.

One pint of sugar dissolved in as little water as possible, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of butter, one table spoonful of vinegar, one cube of chocolate, boil until quite thick, put in buttered tins, and cut in squares when partly cooled.

Honey Candy.

Two cups of white sugar, one half cup of water, four table spoonfuls of honey.

Coconut Candy.

Two cups granulated sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water, boil for six minutes; add one grated coconut, as soon as the sugar is soft spread in white greased paper, and when cold cut in squares.

Peppermint.

One lb granulated sugar, enough water to thicken, stir constantly for five minutes; take off the stove and add 22 drops of oil of peppermint, then beat until thick, drop on a sheet of tin.

Cream Walnuts,

Two cups granulated sugar $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of water
boil from five to seven minutes; then
take enough of the cream (after cooling a
little) to make a flat round candy.
put 2 walnut meats on it; place them
on a greased paper; set away to harden.

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