

Religious Sentiment.

Duty is the only thing really worth living for. The only thing that will pay a man, either for this life or the next. The only thing which will give a man rest and peace, manly and quiet thoughts, a good conscience, and a stout heart in the midst of hard labor; anxiety, sorrow and disappointment; because he feels at least that he is doing his duty, that he is obeying God and Christ, that he is working with them, and that they are working with him, and for him. God, Christ and duty, these and more will a man see if he will awake out of sleep, and consider where he is by the light of God's Holy Spirit.—*Charles Kingsley.*

Be charitable before wealth makes thee covetous, and lose not the glory of the mite. If riches increase, let thy mind hold peace with them; and think it not enough to be liberal, but munificent. Though a cup of cold water from some hand may not be without its reward, yet stick not thou for wine and oil, for the wounds of the distressed; and treat the poor as our own Saviour did the multitude, to the relics of some baskets. Diffuse thy benediction early, and while thy treasures call thee master; there may be an atropis of thy fortunes before that of thy life, and thy wealth cut off before that hour when all men shall be poor; for the justified of death looks equally upon the dead, and Charon expects no more from Alexander than from Iros.—*Sir Thomas Browne.*

One Sure Defence.

All thy paths may not be peaceful.
All thy ways may not be light.
All thy years may not be sunshine.
All thy days may not be bright.
Springs the blade in only sunshine?
Blooms the flower in only light?
Nay; by storms they oft are beaten—
Bathed in dews that fall at night.
All thy friends may not be faithful.
Nor thy fellows all prove true?
E'en thy chiefest boon companion
May with thorns thy path-way strew.
But thy trust should be above thee,
—Trusting, should'st thou ever fall,
God Almighty aid will lend thee—
Aid to rise and conquer all.

Were men so enlightened and studious of their own good, as to act by the dictates of their reason and reflection, and not the opinion of others, conscience would be the steady ruler of human life, and the words of truth, law, reason, equity and religion could be but synonymous terms for that only guide which makes us pass our days in our own favor and approbation.—*Sir Richard Steele.*

The joys and sorrows of this world are so strikingly mingled! Our mirth and grief are brought so mournfully in contact! We laugh while others weep, and others rejoice when we are sad! The light heart and the heavy walk side by side and go about together! Beneath the same roof are spread the wedding feast and the funeral pall! The bridal song mingles with the burial hymn! One goes to the marriage bed, another to the grave; and all is mutable, uncertain and transitory.—*Longfellow.*

Patience makes the soul to be of one mind with God, and sweetens all the ills of life. It casts the light of heaven upon them, and transforms them into good. It makes the bitter waters sweet, the barren and dry land fruitful. Desolation it makes loveliness with God; the parching of sickness to be the fire of His love; weakness to be His strength; wounds to be health; emptiness of all things to have all things from Him; poverty to be true riches; his deserved punishment to be his rainbow of mercy; death to be His life.—*Dr. Pusey.*

THE SABBATH SAVES AMERICA.—It is not enough considered by students of progress, how great a gift to the laboring classes, and to the whole world, is the Christian Sunday. It has become so great a necessity to the civilized world, that the wonder is how the non-Christian races, or classic peoples, were able to do without such a day.

Plato says, somewhere, that leisure is necessary to the acquisition of virtue, and that, therefore, no workman can acquire it. Plutarch calls it, one of the most beautiful and happy inventions of Lycurgus, that he obtained for the citizens the greatest leisure by forbidding them to occupy themselves with any mercenary work.

Christianity early obtained for the working classes of the Roman empire this great blessing, and not through the Greek method of creating a class of helpless helots, but by the institution of the Lord's day.

Under the prodigious impulse of the leading races of modern times toward production and the acquiring of material wealth, there would have come without some such day an absolute breaking down of the physical power—a wearing out of the brain, and a corresponding moral degeneracy. In fact, the Christian Sabbath may be said to have saved the modern European and Anglo-American races. Had the greed for money never known any enforced rest; had the wheels of the factory, the hum of the market, and the din of business sounded through the streets seven days through six, and no custom

ary day called away thoughts to things not bought or sold, and to principles unseemly and eternal, the modern people might have run down to the lowest point of materialism.

The Lord's day is the greatest external gift of the Christian religion to the working classes. The laborer is ensured his rest. His production apparently cut short one-seventh; but as in limiting the hours of a day's labor, he is found to effect more in the year, owing to the refreshment and rest given, and his moral value is increased. When the Sunday is made a social and religious day (as in New England) without excessive strictness, the workman or woman returns to the task revived, and morally, as well as physically, strengthened.

In all countries nominally under the teaching of Jesus, this day has relaxed the muscles of toil, wiped away the sweat of incessant labor, and restored the worker to his family, reminding him that he is something besides an instrument of gain, and that he has other wants than those of earth.

Home Economies.

The brilliancy of gold can be imparted to brass ornaments by just washing them with strong lye made of rock alum, one ounce of alum to a pint of water; when dry, rub with leather and fine tripoli.

PASTE FOR WALL PAPER.—Take sifted flour, add sufficient cold water to wet it, mixing well. To each quart, add a teaspoonful of salt, and the same of powdered alum, then pour on boiling water, stirring all the time until the mixture thickens. Pour on boiling water slowly, and stir briskly.

As a material for fire-proof stage curtains the New York fire commissioners have experimented with asbestos and found it satisfactory. It is claimed that curtains prepared with this material will resist heat, without burning, long enough to allow any theatre audience to leave the house before the fire could break out beyond the stage.

SAVE THE CHILDREN'S STOCKINGS.—How many mothers know they can knit up as well as down? When children have reached the age when they wear out the knees of their stockings, and the heels and toes also, the ingenuity of woman must be exercised. In the most hopeless looking stocking, there is usually a strip at least an eighth of a yard long which is too good to throw away, and yet is too much worn to pay to ravel out and knit over; from this then cut off the ragged top and bottom, and knit up as well as down. If you cannot match the color use another shade, or to a brown strip knit a scarlet or grayish brown top.

YOUR OWN BLACKING.—An English receipt recommends the following: Put into a large basin one pound of ivory black, one pound of treacle, and a quarter pound of sweet oil. Stir these ingredients up with a stick, and let it stand for twenty-four hours, then add a quarter-pound of vitriol, mix with three times its weight of cold water. Stir well and let it again stand for a few hours, then add a quart of sour beer water. Pour it into a stone jar, which keep in a dry place. Before pouring some into the small bottle for daily use, thoroughly shake the contents of the large jar for several minutes. Some of the cheap "blackings" sold are very injurious to shoe leather, as they crack and burn it.

DELICIOUS PUDDING.—A delicious pudding is made thus: sift two tablespoonfuls of flour, and mix with the beaten yolks of six eggs, add gradually one pint of sweet cream, a quarter of a pound of citron cut in very thin slices, and two tablespoonfuls of sugar; mix thoroughly, pour into a buttered tin, and bake twenty-five minutes. Serve with vanilla sauce.

Fancy flower pots for house plants are much more expensive than the plain ones. But with a little Chinese vermilion and black paint the common pottery can be made quite ornamental. Paint the body of a pot with vermilion, and edge it with black. The effect is much prettier than that of the burnt clay, and you have fancy pots at a trifle more than the cost of the common ware.

A correspondent of the *British Medical Journal* (Jan. 13, p. 96) states that he has found the application of a strong solution of chromic acid, three or four times, by means of a camel's hair pencil, to be the most efficient and easy method of removing warts. They become black and soon fall off.

"Is dis heah letter all right, boss?" asked an Austin darkey, handing the clerk a letter he wanted to send off in the mail. The clerk weighed the letter and returned it, saying: "You want to put another stamp on it. It weighs too much." "Ef I puts another stamp on de letter, dat won't make hit no lighter. Dat's gwine ter make it weigh more."

For the Fair Sex.

Orange and flame colors in vanishing effects are seen in many of the silks and novelty goods.

The dressiest silk wraps are dolman visites and mantles of rick Ottoman silk, plain or brocaded.

Large puff crowns and plaited brims are features in some of the most becoming spring bonnets.

An eccentric fancy is to cut the ends of all ribbon bows, strings and sashes into long forks or notches.

Cats are the fashionable animals at present, and cat-head and cat-paw ornaments are in high favor.

Brown and dark (almost invisible) green are favorite colors for spring wraps when of woolen cloths.

The new wraps, pelerines, scarfs, dolmans and visites are all made bouffant on the top of the shoulders.

Merinos are again in favor, and, combined with velvet, bid fair to rival cloth for dressy street costumes.

The long nurse apron front, with paniers above it around the hips, is a favorite style for spring costumes.

Among the designs in the new satens are red and green pepper (capsicum) pods, with foliage and stems.

Embroidered costumes of black cashmere will be still more dressy with trimmings of the new soutache laces.

New China crapes of the finest quality are beautifully embroidered (by hand, of course) in palm-leaf and other Oriental figures.

One of the loveliest dresses for mid-summer or spring festival wear is of white veiling, closely dotted with silk brocade dots.

Corn-flower and royal French blue, orange, flame and gold-yellow, ox-blood, and cardinal-red crop out in most of the new fabrics.

Large palm-leaf patterns appear in involved designs, covering the entire surface of new cashmere broches of the finest quality.

The new fraises and ruches for the neck are very wide and full, are nearly a yard long, so as to form a jabot down the front.

Lady Haberton continues to wear and advocate her divided dress skirt in spite of the disfavor shown it by the Princess of Wales.

Waistcoats of all kinds, Directory, Louis XIV, Continental, and D'Orsay are all in high favor on ladies' basques, jackets and bodices.

Straight coats of black Sicillene, lined with old-green plush, are worn over black velvet dresses, and are trimmed with feathers.

Hand-run Andalusian lace with figures as heavy as those of embroidery, is the fashionable garniture for black Ottoman silk dresses.

The new printed satens are very attractive. Some of the latest patterns are quite indescribable, showing a number of dull tints enlivened by a few touches of old-gold or Japanese red; others show rich, dark-colored grounds, over which are thrown masses of soft-tinted foliage, clusters of laurel blossoms, arbutus flowers, scarabei, geometrical figures and tiny moons and crescents. These fabrics are to be used this season in conjunction with self-colored materials, and great taste and tact are necessary in combining the two fabrics. The printed satens are used for panels, tabliers, facings and corsage trimmings.

No one but the very rich or the inexperienced housewife enjoys using tidies that will not wash, and there are few women who have not suffered pangs of grief in finding some delicate but useless article of this description hanging by one pin in undistinguishable ruin from the back of a chair after the exit of a "gentleman friend." The tidies made of macramé and of the lighter fish cord, embellished with bright ribbons, are really pretty, and can be used with unconcern. Those crocheted of the fish cord are very easy to make. After making a chain of proper length for the width of the tidy, make alternate rows of thick stitches and of chains, so that spaces will be left in which to run ribbons; the ribbons should be of the exact width of the spaces; black velvet ribbon is also pretty to run in. When it forms a block on the right side work a star in yellow and scarlet silk.

Culinary.

LEMON CUSTARD.—Custard is simply milk thickened with eggs. When a custard is required rub lumps of sugar over the rind of lemons to get the "zest." This is a more delicate way than using the juice of the lemon, which is apt to curdle the custard. From the lemon rind you get the oil, which makes a better combination. Take half a pint of milk, boil it in a small saucepan, and pour it into a jug. Put a large saucepan on the fire half full of boiling water. Break two eggs into a bowl and beat up yolks and whites together, adding the hot milk (which has been sweetened) a teaspoonful at a time, and beating so thoroughly that all the glair of the egg is broken up. When all the milk is added set the bowl in the saucepan of boiling

water and stir until the custard thickens. Pour into cups and set aside to cool. English cooks stir the custard until it is nearly cold. Very delicate custard can be made with rice, flour or corn starch, the recipe for which comes with the package.

AN EXCELLENT SOUP.—An excellent soup can be made by taking one can of corn and boiling the corn in one quart of milk and water in equal proportions; season with salt, pepper and butter. After it has boiled for about ten minutes stir in three well-beaten eggs. Serve hot, with a little rolled cracker, added just before sending to the table.

CHICKEN AND TURKEY LIVERS.—The livers of chickens and turkeys are nice fried with a few thin slices of bacon. Cut the liver and bacon very thin; season with pepper and salt. This is a good breakfast dish.

EASILY PREPARED DESSERT.—An easily prepared dessert is made of tapioca. It hardly seems appropriate to call so dainty a dish a pudding. Soak a cupful of tapioca for an hour in cold water, then boil, adding warm water enough to allow it to expand; when tender, sweeten it, and take it from the fire; add an orange cut in small bits for flavoring. Serve with cream.

The following receipt for corned beef is said by reliable authority to be good: For 100 pounds of beef, take eight pounds of salt, two quarts of molasses, one-fourth pound of soda, the same of saltpetre. Heat until it needs skimming or nearly boils, skim, put upon meat hot and let it remain. In the spring or summer scald, or make new brine say in June. This pickle makes beef tender and just right for drying. For hams and shoulders put on cold. Let animal heat be out of meat.

SPANISH SHORT CAKE.—Spanish short cake is excellent for tea. Take three eggs, half a cup of butter, one cup of sugar, two-thirds of a cup of sweet milk, a little cinnamon, two cups of flour, one teaspoonful of baking powder; stir the flour in, do not knead it; the eggs, butter and sugar should be beaten together until very light. Bake in a shallow tin; when it is done spread a thin frosting over the top; make this of the white of one egg, a little pulverized sugar, and a teaspoonful of cinnamon; set it in the oven to brown.

Value of Foreign Coins.

Austria—florin, silver, 41.3 cents.
Belgium—franc, gold and silver, 19.3 cents.
Bolivia—boliviano, silver, 83.6 cents.
Brazil—milreis of 1000 reis, gold, 54.5 cents.
British Possessions in North America—dollar, gold, \$1.
Central America—peso, silver, 83.6c.
Chili—peso, gold, 91.2 cents.
Denmark—crown, gold, 26.8 cents.
Ecuador—peso, silver, 83.6 cents.
Egypt—pound of 100 piasters, gold, \$4 97.4.
France—franc, gold and silver, 19.3 cts.
Great Britain—pound sterling, gold, \$4 96.6.
Greece—drachma, gold and silver, 19.3 cents.
German Empire—mark, gold, 23.8 cts.
India—rupee of 16 annas, silver, 39.7 cents.
Italy—lira, gold and silver, 19.3 cents.
Japan—yen, gold; gold and silver 99.7 cents.
Liberia—dollar, gold, \$1.
Mexico—dollar, silver, 90.9 cents.
Netherlands—florin, gold and silver 40.2 cents.
Norway—crown, gold, 26.8 cents.
Peru—sol, silver, 83.8 cents.
Portugal—milreis of 1000 reis, gold \$1 08.
Russia—rouble of 100 kopeks, silver, 66.9 cents.
Sandwich Islands—dollar, gold, 31.
Spain—peseta of 100 centimes, gold and silver, 19.3 cents.
Sweden—crown, gold, 26.8 cents.
Switzerland—franc, gold and silver, 19.3 cents.
Tripoli—mahbub on 20 piasters, silver, 74.8 cents.
Turkey—piaster, 4.4 cent.
United States of Columbia—peso silver, 83.6 cents.

Sound and Color.

Everybody has heard of color blindness, but it is a curious and little known fact that some persons are so constituted that the hearing of sound is always accompanied by a sensation of color. A German by the name of Nusbaumer made the discovery first, and numerous cases have been reported since attention was called to the matter. For instance F major is yellow, and A minor violet; a melody played on a tenor saxophone is yellow, on a clarinet on a piano blue, and the distinctness is proportionate to the intensity of the sound. This must be an illustration of what the scientists call the correlation of forces.

A Story with a Moral.

Ten years ago there was a religious revival in a Rhode Island village. The blacksmith of the place returned from his forge one night, and seeing his wife pumping a pail of water took the pail from her, finished the pumping, and carried the water into the house. The wife fainted on the spot, the result of the shock occasioned by her husband's attention. It was the first time in a married life of twenty-three years that the immense brawny fellow, six feet two in his stockings, had lifted a finger to help in any domestic duty the slender little wife whose head hardly reached his shoulder. The blacksmith had "got religion," and with that getting had got understanding also—embodying both in a most practical matter and manner.

This story, with the illustration the hearer can hardly fail to furnish for himself, may bring a smile from the telling or the picturing, yet it suggests more than a laughing matter.

John Smith has worked at his forge, his bench, or his desk all day long. He had had an hour's leisure at noon, but is tired, and glad of his six o'clock relief. He thinks of home as the place of his comfortable supper, his old slippers, his easy chair and daily paper; a legitimate as well as pleasant prospect.

Mrs. J. Smith worked at cooking-stove and wash-tub all the forenoon, and at the sewing machine the rest of the day. She has tended the baby, dressed the children, made beds, filled the lamps, mopped the kitchen, planned the breakfast, dinner and supper, set the table twice, washed and wiped dishes twice answered the door-bell a countless number of times, in addition to the cook-stove, wash-tub and sewing machine.

John Smith is tired at six o'clock at night. Is Mrs. Smith less so? But the table must be set again and cleared again, the dishes washed and wiped and put away again. The children are to be undressed and put to bed. The clothes must be brought in from the yard, sprinkled and folded for the next day's ironing. Bread must be mixed and set to rise for the next day's breakfast that Mr. Smith may not miss his favorite item of the meal—hot biscuits. There are a few buttons to put on John Junior's jacket, a torn apron to mend for one of his sisters. The clock strikes ten before Mrs. Smith can think of rest.

Meanwhile Mr. Smith reads his paper, goes into a neighbor's for a social call, or down the street for a little walk. She is as much interested as he in the paper. She would be as glad as her husband to hear about her neighbor's trip and see the fine pictures he has brought home. Above all things she would enjoy a walk with her husband, and the chance to get a little fresh air; but while "man works from sun to sun, woman's work is never done;" and Mrs. Smith's is no exception to the rule.

It is not always washing nor yet ironing day in the Smith household, but there is sweeping day, and baking day, which count two more out of the seven. The baby tending, the cooking, the bed-making and the dishwashing belong to every day in the week, in addition to whatever extra work the day brings with it.

Mr. John Smith is an industrious and often a very tired man. Mrs. John Smith is an equally industrious woman. Is she any less tired than her husband? It is one of her discouragements that he certainly seems to think so. She certainly is not happy, and she is breaking down and growing old at an alarming rate of progress.

Suppose Mr. Smith—by way of variety as well as experiment—should help undress the children some night before he turns his attention to the newspaper; or help clear the table while she is doing it; or even wipe the dishes in order to give her time for half an hour's walk with him out of doors? In all probability she will be too tired to go, but the tired heart will be rested, even if the feet are not, and gladdened through many days to come by the mere fact that be considered such a thing possible and desirable.

Richelieu's Skull.

The Curious Adventures that have Befallen the Great Cardinal's Remains.

Cardinal Richelieu, the king of the king, as the people had nicknamed him, was entombed in the fullness of his glory in the vaults of the Sorbonne Church. One day, some sixteen years ago, the mayor of a little village in Brittany presented himself before the Emperor Napoleon III. He opened a small box which he brought under his arm, unwrapped the parcel which it contained, and drew from it a human mask. The skin was dried up, and wrinkled, the eyes deeply buried in their sockets, the mouth contracted, the teeth perfect. The beard, moustaches and eyebrows were still in their places, and the whole was covered with a yellow varnish like an anatomical specimen. "Sir," said the mayor,

"you behold all that remains of Cardinal Richelieu."

In the month of December, 1793, when a revolutionary party pillaged the tombs of the Sorbonne, one of the soldiers entered the vault which contained the body of the cardinal, and, finding that the mask of the face, doubtless in order to facilitate some process of embalming, had been sawn off from the rest of the head, possessed himself of it, and displayed it in triumph to the spectators, who thought that he had himself cut off the great man's head. Subsequently a hatter named Cheval possessed himself of the trophy and hid it in a cupboard at the back of his shop. The 9th Thermidor came, the hatter, in alarm, gave the mask in charge to one of his customers, the Abbe Armez, who carried it with him to Brittany and gave it to his brother. The brother, finding that insects were attacking the relic, consulted the village apothecary, by whose advice it was varnished. It was this gentleman's son who brought it to Paris in 1866, and in December of that year it was restored with great ceremony to its place under the monument of the cardinal in the presence of the archbishop of Paris, Mons. Darbois, the Duke of Richelieu, and a great gathering of notables. Since that day the emperor has died in exile, the archbishop of Paris has been shot and the last of the name of Richelieu has died without issue.

An Irish Girl's Experience in Tooth-Pulling.

"Weel, Bridget," said Margery, "how did you get along with the docthur?"

"Says I, 'Och, docthur, dear, it's me tooth that aches entirely, and I have a mind to have it drawn out, if it plaze ye!' Says he to me: 'Och, murther, eae ye ask me that now?' Says I, 'Sure, have I slept day or night these three days?' So thin the docthur tuk his iron instrument in a hurry, with as little cansarnment as Barney would sweep the knives and forks from the table. 'Be aisy, docthur,' says I, 'there's time enough—you'll not be in such a hurry when your time comes, I'm thinking.' Oh, well,' says the docthur, 'an' yer not ready now you may come to-morrow.' 'Indade, docthur, I'll not stir from this sate wid this ould tooth alive in me jaw,' says I; 'clap on yer pinchers, and mind ye get houl't of the right one—ye may aisy see it by its aching and jumping.'

"With that he dabs a razor-looking weapon into me mouth and cut up me gums, as if it were naught but ould mate for breakfast. Says I, 'Docthur, what are ye after? D'ye want to make an anatomy of a living creature?' 'Sit still,' says he, jamming something, like a corkscrew into my jaw, and twisting the very soul out of me. I sat still because the murdering thafe held me down with his knee and the grip of his iron in me lug. He then gave an awful pull, hard enough to wring a wet blanket as dry as gunpowder. Didn't I think the day of judgment was come to me? I see the red fire of the pit!

"I felt me head fly off my shoulders, and, looking up, saw something in the docthur's wrenching-iron. 'Is that my head you've got there?' says I. 'No, it's only yer tooth,' he made answer. 'Maybe it is,' says I, as my eyes began to open, and by putting me hand up I found the outside of my face on, though I felt as if all the inside had been hauled out. I had taken a dollar to pay for the operation, but I thought I'd just ax him the price; so I says, 'Docthur, how much may you ax besides the trouble?' 'Fifty cents,' says he. 'Fifty cents?' says I, 'sure, I've not been submitting three days to that tyrant tooth for fifty cents. Troth, this same tooth-pulling is not so very expensive, and I'm much obliged to ye, docthur.'"

De Latter.

"A good printer follows copy, if it goes out of the window. A sea captain obeys orders, if it breaks the owners. Mrs. Cobb's cook also possesses this trait, and it will make her a valuable servant when she learns to read. The Elmira (N. Y.) *Telegram* reports as follows: Mrs. Cobb's colored cook graduated at a female seminary. She can read, and gives much of her time to perusing the cook book. A few mornings ago, the cook, whose name is Mandy, was told to make some cake. A short time afterwards she appeared in the parlor with the cook book in her hands, and said,—"I want yer ter send right off to de store and get some lather to put on de cake." "Some what?" "Some lather." "Lather?" "Yes, lather. I've done tole yer four times." "In the name of common sense, what is lather?" "I dunno what hit am, I didn't write dis heah book. It reads dat a cupful ob de lather should be put on de cake to make hit good." Mrs. Cobb jerked the book out of the cook's hand, and at the place indicated, read: "Mix up the dough with a cup of water, or of sweet milk, but the latter is the best."