

HOW STRANGE IT WILL BE.

How strange it will be, love—how strange when we two
Shall be what all lovers become!
You rigid and faithless, I cold and untrue;
You thoughtless of me, and I careless of you;
Our pet-names grown rusty with nothing to do;
Love's bright web unraveled, and rent and worn through.
And life's loom left empty—ah, hum!
Ah, me!
How strange it will be!
How strange it will be when the witchery goes.
Which makes me seem lovely to-day;
When your thought of me loses its color and roses.
When every day serves some new fault to disclose,
And wonder you could for a moment suppose,
When you find cold eyes and an every-day nose—
I was out of the commonplace way:
Ah, me!
How strange it will be!
How strange it will be, love—how strange when we meet
With just a still touch of the hand;
When my pulse no longer delightfully beats
At the thought of your coming, the sound of your feet;
When I watch not your coming far down the long street;
When your dear, loving voice, too so thrillingly sweet,
Grows harsh in reproach or command:
Ah, me!
How strange it will be!
How strange it will be when we're willing to stay
Divided the whole day through;
Or getting remotely apart, as we may,
Sit chilly and silent, with nothing to say;
Or coolly converse on the news of the day,
In a wearisome, old married-folks sort of way!
I shrink from the picture—don't you?
Ah, me!
How strange it will be!
Dear love, if our hearts do grow torpid and cold,
As so many others have done;
If we let our love perish with hunger and cold;
If we dim all life's diamonds and tarnish its gold;
If we choose to live wretched and die unconsoled,
T will be the strangest of all things that ever were told.
As happening under the sun!
Ah, me!
How strange it will be!

Religious Sentiment.

Life is made up, not of great sacrifices and duties, but of little things, in which smiles and kindnesses and small obligations, given habitually, are what win and preserve the heart, and secure comfort.
A QUAKER'S PHILOSOPHY.—The following lines, said to have been written by a Quaker, contain the true philosophy of life: I expect to pass through this world but once. If, therefore, there be any kindness I can show, or any good thing I can do, to any fellow human being, let me do it now. Let me not defer or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again. Let this be my epitaph:
What I spend I had;
What I saved I left behind;
What I gave away I took with me.
GOOD ADVICE TO PARENTS.—Always speak in a pleasant voice.
Teach your children how to work;
Show to obtain a living by their own effort. Teach them the nobility and dignity of labor, that they may respect and honor the producer.
Teach your children the evil of secret vice, and the consequences of the use of tobacco and spirituous liquors; teach them to be temperate, orderly, punctual, truthful, neat, faithful and honest.
Encourage your child to be careful of personal appearance; to return every debt to its place; to always pay debts promptly; to never shirk a duty; to do an equal share, and to always live up to an agreement.
It is an erroneous idea which many fathers have that manure applied in the hill, or directly beneath where a plant is to grow, does more good than the same fertilizer spread broadcast and well incorporated through the surface soil.
Teach your children to confide in you by conference together. Tell them your plans and sometimes ask them their advice; they will thus open their hearts to you, and will ask your advice. The child that tells all her heart to her mother, and has a shield and a protection about her which can come only with a mother's advice and counsel.
Give the children your confidence in their affairs of business. They will then take interest and become co-workers with you. If you enlist their respect, then their sympathy and co-operation, they will quite likely remain to take up your work when you have a home, and will go ahead perfecting what you have commenced.
If you are a farmer do not overwork your children, and thus by a hard and weary life drive them off to the cities.
Apply at a reasonable hour in the morning, take an hour's rest after meals, and go to bed at five or six o'clock in the afternoon. Let the young people in games and other amusements have a happy and carefree remainder of the day. There is no reason why a farmer's family should be deprived of recreation and amusement any more than others.
GET TO YOUR INTEREST.—We take no heed to anything we know is to our

interest in the business and affairs of life. We exercise no little care to discover what is such. Is it not well to exercise a similar care as to our interest in spiritual things, and discovering what is such, take to it readily and with a purpose?
Let us here affirm it is to your interest to be a Christian. The truest philosophy, the highest wisdom and the most varied experience of men prove the truth of this assertion. The testimony of the best, most useful and happiest among men in all ages, prove it. Intuition, reason and revelation prove it.
If it is to your interest to be a Christian at all, it is to your interest to be a faithful one. Upon this depends your assurance as to the future and your happiness and usefulness in the present. The more your faithfulness the greater your progress and success in spiritual things. It confirms you in the faith which sin would destroy, it increases that peace which it would disturb, and enlivens that hope which it would blast forever. Your faithfulness is the measure of your Christian usefulness to others. Nothing will afford a better reward, or pay you better, than to be useful in the highest sense to your fellow men. To be a faithful Christian is to be earnest in the worship, and efficient in the service of Christ and his church. What higher, nobler aim for a living man than this? Be persuaded by the strong and thousand considerations presented on every hand, that it is to your interest to be a Christian and a faithful Christian. "Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come."
In the face of such witnesses you should not doubt for a moment, at least give a respectful, earnest, honest and immediate consideration. You would be convinced of your interest in other matters, and act accordingly, upon half the amount and credibility of testimony. It is to your interest in the future. It will secure to you an "inheritance," a "mansion," a "kingdom," a "crown." You can not cheat yourself, never so willingly into the assurance that death ends your existence, or that living in sin you will receive the reward of heaven in the life to come. Then is longer than now; the interests then are greater than now; and gain then, compared with now, will make the latter seem but loss. If not a Christian, whatever you may gain in the present you lose the joy and glory of a never-ending habitation among saints, with angels, and in the presence of God in the future. What profit to a man if "he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" It is to your interest to be a Christian in the present. The future is not so far from the present. They are closely related, linked together, and the former reaches into the latter. "The kingdom of heaven is at hand," to be realized here, in some measure at least, by all who enter it there. It is true from the united testimony of all Christians, the best men and women that have ever lived. It keeps you from a violation of the laws of life and health, prolonging days and escaping pain. It keeps you from violating the principles of conscience, promoting peace, contentment and comfort. It commends you to the confidence, respect and love of your fellow-men. It guards you against a thousand ills and troubles to which you are subject by sin.

A Telegraphic Blunder.
Telegraphic anecdotes being in order reminds us of a dispatch which some years ago a business man in Boston sent to his correspondent in New York, requesting him to have a room reserved for him at the hotel, as he should come on that afternoon.
Arrived late at night he stood serenely behind the crowd at the old Astor House who were registering their names, even till the clerk began to turn applicants away for lack of room, assured that his dispatch in advance must have secured accommodation, but was surprised and indignant to find that no order for a room had been received, and was obliged to hunt up lodgings for the night elsewhere.
Early next morning, in response to the demand if his dispatch had been received, his correspondent replied in the affirmative, and said that a storehouse had been hired for him in Beaver street as ordered.
"A store-house! I never ordered a store-house."
The dispatch was produced. It read: "Shall be on to-night; have room in a store-house secured at once."
Application at the telegraph office revealed the fact that the young woman who received the message as it came slowly from the wire supposed the operator had been abbreviating (?) the spelling of the message, which originally read: "Have room in Astor House secured at once." The division of A-stor and addition of an "e" produced quite a different result than was desired.

Agricultural.

If your lace bed-spread and pillow-covers are soiled, wash them, and instead of blueing them, dip them in some very weak cold coffee, and they will receive from it a delicate shade of ecru, which is so popular for laces just now. Curtains and other articles of the kind may be treated in the same way.
A writer in the New York *Commercial Gazette* says: I do not dread hog or chicken cholera at all, for as soon as either begins to show signs of disease I mix some carbolic acid in the feed, and they soon are all right again.
If the paper which is put over jelly and jam is wet in the white of an egg, it will when dry be tight and firm, and keep the fruit from moulding with much more certainty than if it is dipped in alcohol or brandy. The paper which is laid next the fruit is meant, not that which is tied or pasted over the glass.
The best way to get rid of the docks is to spade them out, and lay the roots up to dry. If that is considered too laborious a job, take a sharp hoe and cut them off just below the surface of the ground, and in a few weeks go over them again, cutting off all that have sent out new leaves. Going over them a few times in this way will finish them all.
Steamed corn-bread is particularly wholesome when made with buttermilk. If this can not be procured, use lobbered milk. To two cups of Indian meal allow one cup of white flour, two tablespoonfuls of white sugar, two and a half cups of milk, one teaspoonful of soda, one of salt, one tablespoonful and a half of melted butter; steam for two hours in a well-buttered tin, and dry off in the oven.
It is a good plan to have a few egg-plants in the kitchen garden. The fruit is much nicer freshly-cut than after standing several hours in the market. The plants do best in moderately rich and very mellow soil. Select a warm, sunny spot, set the plants about thirty inches apart, keep the ground clean, and look out for the Colorado beetle, which is as partial to the egg-plant as to the potato.
Every farmer should take some pains to interest his children in the fowls on the farm, and there is nothing that so quicken that interest as to give them the right to all the money they can make off the fowls. In return for feed, etc., the obligation can be put on them that they place the money in a savings-bank, or buy clothes with it, or put it to some good use, in such a way as may be mutually agreed upon. Children can not be too early taught the knack of making money, and what is of still greater purpose, the art of keeping it.
Care of Pastures.
Too many farmers think pastures can take care of themselves, and no matter how greatly they are robbed and denuded, the cattle feeding on the pastures can take care of themselves also. We have heretofore urged the importance of allowing blue grass to grow several inches high before stock is turned on it, and to have no more stock than will allow the grass to continue that high, with a thick coating for the ground, keeping it moist and the grass green. But all kinds of pasture need care and feeding. The grass crop on a well regulated and properly ordered farm is worth more than the corn and wheat crop. And yet all the care and expense are devoted to the cereals, leaving the grass to take care of itself. This is unwise husbandry and poor economy. There is no crop which responds more cordially and pays more liberally for good treatment by the farmer than his pasture and meadow land.
If a man keeps his mowing land in good condition, he will have an abundance of hay in winter and spring, so that he will not be compelled to turn his poor cattle on his pastures before there is a bite for them. They tramp the soil into mortar and gnaw the very roots of the grass from the soil. In this condition the ground is bare, soon bakes in the sun, and there is a scanty crop of grass the entire year. If hay is plenty in the spring it is better for stock than half a feed on grass, and ten times better for the pasture.
The thoughtless farmer scarcely lets a spear of grass stick its head above the snow-bank before he will turn his stock in to eat it, and poach up the soil. And too often both pasture and meadow get this annual treatment. The right way is to keep both in a good, rich and productive condition, and then keep no more stock than will eat in a suitable time and way the products of both. If there be too little hay and too much stock the grass is sure to suffer the next spring. It is almost impossible to avoid it. There must be judgment and wise management to make a farm profitable. There is nothing to be let alone—noting to take care of itself. All of the time and expense must not be devoted to the grain crop. What is planted should be done well and on soil well prepared for it. But in order to have a plenty of meadow

and pasture, raise eighty bushels of corn to the acre instead of forty. Or raise as much on twenty acres as you do now on forty. It can be done, and should be. The acreage of all the cultivated crops can be greatly increased without lessening the product. In this way the grass lands can be greatly increased in acreage, and much more time allowed to enrich it in various ways to double its capacity. These are not idle words. This system of management is what this country must come to. More corn, more wheat and more grass on less acres. But grass being worth as much per acre as grain, with one-third of the labor, it is policy and wisdom to make the soil more productive in the various ways which good farmers know, and then farm to more profit with less labor.—*Iowa State Register.*
Sorghum for Feed.
The following statement is from the first quarterly report of the Kansas State Board of Agriculture. The writer, Mr. G. E. Hubbard, of Pawnee county, has been growing sorghum for feed, annually, during the past six years, and has not met with a single failure. He says: "I plant any time between May 20 and June 20, using a corn-planter, and planting one quart of seed per acre. Cultivate exactly as you would corn, and make thorough work. The plant will be ready to cut and put in shock by September 1, at which time cut and shock the same as corn, letting it remain in the field until it is wanted for feed in the winter. It makes excellent feed at any time, and especially when the ground is covered with snow. I only feed sorghum during bad weather, unless I have an unusual supply, when I feed it at all times. It makes a very rich food, and all kinds of stock will eat it with a relish, eating it clean, stalks and leaves."
"Another method of growing sorghum for feed is to prepare your ground by plowing fine and deep immediately after harvest. Plant with a corn-planter as fast as you plow until you have the number of acres you intend to put to this use. About the 1st of August the sorghum is nicely up, then harrow it thoroughly leghwise of rows. By the 15th of August the sorghum will probably be from six to eight inches high, at which time proceed to seed the field with rye. Drill one and one-half bushels per acre; then, when the cold weather comes, turn your stock in upon it, and you have an excellent pasture. I consider this latter mode one of the best and most profitable ways of cultivating sorghum for winter feed. It does away with the expensive item of harvesting. When planted on or before July 20th the sorghum will mature before frost sets in and a field thus planted will secure you a great amount of valuable fodder for all kinds of stock in winter."

Birds of the Hebrides.

Curiously enough of all the birds prohibited by the Levitical law as unclean, the only one ever eaten is the cormorant, which is certainly one of the least tempting of fowls. It is such a satanic-looking bird that the very look of it always suggests Milton's legend of its having been the first creature whose form was assumed by the arch-fiend, when, perched on the tree of life, he overlooked with envious eye the fair Garden of Eden, plotting how to work mischief for the blissful pair. The fishy taste of this repulsive-looking bird is considerably diminished by burying it in the sand for four-and-twenty hours, and then skinning it, after which its flesh is said to make tolerable soup, in flavor happily combining fish and fowl, the former predominating. There is something very weird about these solemn black birds (scarts, as they are called), which haunt the dark caves along the rocky coast. In the innermost recesses they heap up a pile of dry seaweed, selecting with unerring instinct a spot where the highest spring tide cannot touch them. There they lay their eggs, and sit guarding their nests, or else stand solemn and immovable on the rock ledges, never stirring till we are well inside their cave, when a sudden flap of dusky wing startles us, and they dash past us with piercing cries. Well does the seaman recognize the voice of these birds of ill-omen, whose shrill notes invariably herald the coming storm.
It is very pretty, however, to watch them fishing, as they pounce on their silvery prey and gluttonously struggle to swallow it alive, though, perhaps, twice too big for comfort, and, moreover, wriggling piteously all the time. In olden days, some of our ancestors imported fishing cormorants from France and from Holland, and enjoyed their sport as fully as do the Chinese cormorant-fishers of the present day, fastening a leathern strap round the lower part of the throat, to prevent the birds from actually swallowing their prey, and training them to return to their masters and disgorge their spoils. Wonderful is the amount and variety of bird-life to be seen on some of the outlying rocky islets, where sea-birds of every sort and kind congregate in countless multitudes. Thousands of puffins burrow in the turf like rabbits, while on every rocky ledge sits closely-packed rows of sea-gulls, guillemots and kittiwakes, black-headed gulls, stormy petrels, eider-down ducks; in short, all manner of wild-eyed beautiful birds guarding their precious blue or green eggs, which lie in millions on the bare rocks or half hidden among the grass and rushes, while feathery clouds float in mid-air, hovering near their mates, and appearing in the distance almost like a shower of drifting snowflakes, gleaming in the sunlight. For all lovers of such beautiful, wild bird-life, I can conceive no greater enjoyment than a yachting cruise in the Hebrides in the early spring-time.—*All the Year Round.*

Our Young Folks.

THE VALUE OF A GOOD REPUTATION.—The hardest work in the world is that of re-establishing a good reputation when once lost. Young man, one first-class drunk will blast a reputation for sobriety and business reliability that has taken many years of patient and correct deportment to build up. One single shot fired from a revolver, or stab given with a knife while you are wild from the effects of strong drink, may consign you to the penitentiary or to the gallows. A good name is better than much gold. Less than two years ago, a friend of ours, the cashier of a national bank, in a not far distant city, wanted a messenger boy. The position was one that many rich parents would have been glad to have their sons occupy. The cashier had his eyes and ears open, he looked around through the city, observed the conduct of boys on the streets, and took notice of their language. He at last gave the place to the son of a poor widow, because the boy did not idle away his time around stores, postoffice, hotels, or saloons, and did not smoke or swear. Remember, boys, that every bad habit takes you away from respectability and happiness.
THE ECHO BOY.—A little boy once went home to his mother and said: "Mother, sister and I went out into the garden, and we were calling about, and there was some boy mocking us." "How do you mean, Johnny?" said his mother. "Why," said the child, "I was calling out 'Ho' and the boy said, 'Ho!' So I said to him, 'Who are you?' and he answered, 'Who are you?' I said, 'What is your name?' He said, 'What is your name?' I said to him, 'Why don't you show yourself?' He said, 'Show yourself!' And I jumped over the ditch, and I went into the woods, and I could not find him, and I came back and said, 'If you don't come out I will punch your head!' And he said, 'I will punch your head!'" So his mother said: "Ah! Johnny, if you had said, 'I love you,' he would have said, 'I love you.' If you had said, 'Your voice is sweet,' he would have said, 'Your voice is sweet.' Whatever you said to him he would have said back to you." And the mother said: "Now, Johnny, when you grow and get to be a man, whatever you say to others they will, by and by, say back to you." And his mother took him to that old text in the Scripture, "With what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again."
BRAVE AND TENDER.—When Sir John Lawrence was governor-general of India he was told one day of a little girl who had been taken ill, and was pining away with grief at the loss of a very curious pet. The pet was a tame ostrich, which the child had raised from the egg, left by the ostrich mother in the grass of the park at Darrackpore. The little girl's father was the keeper of the park, and soon after her discovery of the egg he died and his successor was appointed. Fearing that foxes or jackals would eat her treasure, or that the cold dews would destroy it, the little girl carried the big egg to the bungalow, and hurried it safely in a lidless box filled with dry white sand. This she took great pains to set out in the sun every day just where the fiercest rays would pour on it. At night she coaxed a motherly hen, whose own eggs she transferred elsewhere, to brood over the box. By-and-by, to the great fright of the poor hen, a giant chick broke the shell, and stepped into view. The hen ruffled her feathers, spread her wings, and fled. The little girl and the ostrich became fast friends, and one was never seen without the other. What, then, was her dismay when the park-keeper took it into his head that the ostrich was public property, and must go the government aviary! The child was so distressed at the removal of her pet that her mother feared she would die. But the military surgeon, who came to see her, thought he knew of something better for her than medicine, and he wrote a letter to Sir John Lawrence telling him all about it. The vicerey was a very great man, and had pressing affairs of state to attend to, for millions of people looked to him as their ruler. But he had a very tender heart, and far away in England he had little girls of his own; so he wrote a reply, by the return mail, that the ostrich was at once to be given to its rightful owner, who lost no time in getting well. Does anybody ask, "How can Aunt Marjorie make a bit of advice out of this little incident?" Well, you know we wrap pills up in sugar; and so we tell stories, and hide lessons within them. A brave heart is always a tender heart, children. No matter how busy you are, you may, like Sir John Lawrence, take time to do a kind act for some one who is weaker than yourself.