

## ADELAIDA.

In gardens where the languid roses keep  
Perpetual sweetness for the hearts that smile,  
Perpetual sadness for the hearts that weep,  
Lately, unseen, I wander, to beguile,  
The day that only shines to show thee bright,  
The night whose stars burn wan beside thy light,  
Adelaida!

Adelaida! all the birds are singing  
Low, as thou passest, where in leaves they lie;  
With timid chirp, unto thy soft mates clinging,  
They greet that presence without which they die—  
Die, even with Nature's universal heart,  
When thou, her queen, dost in thy pride depart,—  
Adelaida!

Depart and dim her beauty evermore—  
Go from the shimmering leaves and lily flowers,  
That, white as saints on the eternal shore,  
Stand wavering, beckoning, in the mossy bowers;  
Beckon me on where their moist feet are laid,  
In the dark mold, fast by the alder shade,  
Adelaida!

Adelaida! 'tis the Grave or Love  
Must fight for this great first, last mastery,  
I feed in faith on spicy gales at eve,  
Where all along that blue, unchanging sky  
Thy name is traced; its sweetness never fails  
To sound in streams of peace, in spicy gales—  
Adelaida!

Adelaida! Woe is me, woe, woe!  
Not only in the sky, in starry gold,  
I see thy name,—where peaceful rivers flow  
Not only hear its sweetness manifold;  
On every white and purple flower 'tis written,  
Its echo every aspen-quake hath smitten!  
Adelaida!

Go farther! let me leave thee! I depart!  
Who whispered I would linger by thy side?  
Who said I beat so warm, my feeble heart?  
Who told, I dared to claim thee for my bride?  
Who cried, I roamed without thee all the day,  
And clasped thee in my dreams? Away—away!  
Adelaida!

I die; but thou shalt live; in the loud noon  
Thy feet shall crush the long grass o'er my head,  
Not rudely, rudely—gently, gently, soon  
Shall tread me heavier down in that dark bed;  
And thou shalt know not on whose head they pass,  
Whose silent hands, whose frozen heart!—Alas!  
Adelaida!

—Elizabeth Sara Sheppard, after Beethoven.

## The Vision That Failed.

By Rev. Wm. Dorward Stelton, N. J.

It was at the time of the evening sun, setting gloriously in the scenic and romantic west. The Clugnias monks of Iona were taking their customary walk prior to supper. They were looking at a boat in the distance as if it made for the island.

Nearer and still nearer it came, until they could hear the rhythmic plash of the oars and the monotonous song of the boatmen keeping steady stroke. Soon they distinguished a man seated in the stern. He was gazing with wistful eyes on the sacred buildings of the little island home. For the first time he beheld the Cathedral and Saint Oran's chapel, and the sight took him back to the time when Saint Columba, with twelve followers had taken refuge there, from Ireland, from outward dominion. That to the man in the boat was a matter of history.

By this time the Clugnias brothers had gathered on the beach awaiting the arrival of the boat, an interesting event to them in the midst of their secluded life. They were of sad and severe countenance. They looked as if they carried with them the scenes amid which they lived. At that season of the year their little island was of weird and melancholy appearance, and the sea, wild enough occasionally, while the mournful sky, now beautiful with great white clouds sleeping in uncertain sunlight, might be soon dark and pitiless as the coming doom. The brothers of Clugnias were no exception to the rule that humans are creatures of environment; and the coming stranger, if stranger he proved himself to be, would receive a warmer welcome than the outward appearance of the brothers might indicate.

As the small craft approached land the stranger, by the garb he wore, was recognized as a member of the Benedictine Order. And when at last the boat grated on the pebbly beach the oarsmen unshipped the oars, assisted their passenger to land, and then sat down again to rest after their hard toil.

Having stepped on soil made sacred by many hallowed associations the Benedictine priest crossing himself and bending low, said, "Peace be unto you, honored brothers of the Clugnias community."

"And unto you, also," they replied, adding, "Welcome, twice welcome, to the best we have."

Pointing in the direction of the boatmen, who seemed pleased for a breathing spell, he said, "The boatmen will be glad and grateful for refreshment and lodging for the night; on the morrow they will return. As for me," he said, with a far away look, "my stay here will depend on how soon I can see—." But the sentence was never finished. He added quickly, and with some confusion, "Excuse me, but I may not now speak of my secret quest. Is the Father Superior well? Wonder if I can see him soon?"

"He is well, thank you," one answered; "and he might have audience with you now."

The procession moved slowly from the shore up, up and away towards the sacred buildings in the distance, until they were under the shadow of the place where a religious light had been kindled. Meanwhile the curiosity of the Clugnias brothers had been aroused, not only by what the stranger had said, but what he had left unspoken. They wondered greatly whom he had come to see. Moreover, his gentlemanly bearing and intellectual appearance had made a favorable impression on their minds.

As they approached the rectory the Father Superior stood at the front door for he, too, had observed the unusual commotion the coming of the stranger had caused. The visitor looked tired, for he had traveled long and far, and his face betokened that he was glad that he was at his journey's end. Handing his letters of introduction to the Father Superior he was soon made to feel the warmth of the kindly welcome.

"Father John," said the Father Su-

perior with a gentle tone, tender in its utterance, "in the name of the Church I bid you a very hearty greeting. You must be tired after the long and severe journey from London. Pray be seated; in a very little time now we will have our evening's repast." And the visitor was shown a chair in a room that served for an oratory to the Father Superior. "And you may bring in Father John's traveling bag," he said to one of the brothers who stood outside the door of the office.

"You see," went on the visitor, "I have fled away from the busy haunts of the world. I came to ask only for a cell—a cloister—where I may read undisturbed and meditate and pray. I have come that I may look upon—." But the brother could hear nothing more, for by that time he had placed the bag where he had been told, and was soon outside in the hall wondering once more whom or what the Benedictine Father wished to see.

After supper, and far into the midnight hour, the two men sat and conversed on things near to their heart; but never did the Benedictine Father allow them to go far, either in thought or word, from the burden of his quest. It was to him a very real matter. At last the hour had come for them to retire; the Father Superior to well-earned sleep and rest, but the Benedictine monk to his cloister to meditate and pray and watch.

"Good night, Father John," said his companion. "As you have spoken, so be it. You need not look on the face of mortal being until you find your soul's quest. You deserve to see the Blessed Face, for you have taken great pains in thus coming so far, and your secluded life and heart's devotions should meet with due reward. Good night, my son," and as he placed his hand over his head he said, "I pray that the vision of the Blessed Face may not be withheld from you." And the last thing the Father Superior heard were the footsteps of Father John on the stone slabs, growing fainter and fainter, but he knew his visitor was within his cell by the noise of the closing door.

In the lonely cell, by night and day, and day and night, the priest was most

## FROM AN OLD VERMONT SCHOOL CATALOGUE IN 1832.

1. We have no vacations. Vacations may in some instances be useful for the sake of teachers, where they come from a distance, in order that they may renew family acquaintanceship. With our system this is unnecessary, as the instructors mostly belong to the President's family. For pupils vacations are only mischievous. Besides, it is written in Holy Scripture that for every idle word we speak, they shall give account at the last Great Day. What then of idle days and weeks and months spent in vacations?

2. We have no pastimes; but we take our recreation with plane and axe and saw, and we bathe in the lake every Wednesday afternoon.

3. We have no pocket money, save a small sum from 4¢ to 10 cents a week, which is put in the poor box on going to church.

4. Our discipline is coercive, we not being among those who think themselves wiser than Solomon. Our youthful transgressors are taught that punishment is inflicted not in passion but on principle. Chastisement is usually accompanied by a short instruction and is generally closed with prayer. In this way we find it has the most salutary effect upon the disposition of our young charges.

faithful to his devotions. In his mind there was an irrepressible longing for some sensible representation of the Blessed Face—the face of the Lord. He had idealized the Christ until now he believed that the time had come, or was quite near, when he would see the majesty and tenderness and beauty of the Blessed Face for himself. Thus Father John spent his days in penance and his nights in prayer, refusing to look upon any face until the object of his quest had been attained. It seemed that no one could possibly be more faithful in this than the Benedictine monk. As he would sometimes look outward through the small window of his cell, the hurricane neither inspired him to terror nor did the placid waters soothe him. To him the sea was as if it were not, and bird

songs, and children's voices and sweet flowers blooming outside had no attraction for him.

But one morning his face seemed illumined with the freshness of hope. He seemed to hear a spirit voice which said that that day he would see his Lord—see the Blessed Face. Now he might be more than repaid for his long vigil and for his far journey from the busy haunts of men and the world of stress and strain. And he set himself with special care to watch for the Blessed vision.

At length there came a gentle tap on the window of his cell; for it was in a cell on the ground floor he had watched for the Blessed Face. A little child, tired and ragged and hungry, had drawn near to the window, and there was pathos and pleading to be taken in and sheltered and fed. Her feet were cold, her clothing scant and thin.

But Father John was too busy with his devotions and paid no heed to the child's cry. Besides, he felt that now or never he would see the Blessed Face. He was waiting for the appearance of the glorious vision that he felt had been promised. So he waited on and watched on till the day had drawn near its gloaming and he was disappointed. Meanwhile the child had gone away unheard and unfed and unclothed. The promise of the vision had not been fulfilled.

On the morrow a boat was in readiness to take him back to his duties in the city of the far South. Many and sad were the farewells of the brothers of Clugnias of Iona—the Blessed Isle.

At night the Father Superior gathered the brothers near him after supper, and related the quest of Father John. The little child neglected by the Benedictine monk had been taken in at the little office and cared for, after her visit at the window cell. With growing wonder and interest the brothers listened to the story of the quest for the vision.

"Why was the vision so delayed to Father John?" Asked the Old Father Superior. And the brothers with open eyes and open hearts listened for reply. "My children," he said tenderly, "let me tell you. Father John did not know the Christ had come to him in the child he heeded not, and that, unwelcomed at the window cell. He had gone away. That was why, to him, my children, the vision failed, and why he did not see the Blessed Face."—New York Weekly Witness.

## ROMANTIC TALE OF A CITY.

City of Mexico, Founded in 1325, Has Extraordinary Story.

The story of the founding of the City of Mexico is one of the most extraordinary tales in history. It happened in 1325, at least it began a long time before that, but was an accomplished fact about six hundred years ago.

In the first place, says the Rosary Magazine, imagine an almost inaccessible mountain, crowned with a valley at the height of eight thousand feet above the level of the sea. In the centre of this valley was an immense lake. When the Aztecs arrived, led by the priests of the God of War, they found it in the possession of hostile tribes.

For that reason, and because the priests declared that in a certain part of the lake where there stood an elevation of stones an eagle had been seen devouring a serpent, they began the construction of the city on this spot, immediately over the deepest waters of the lake. There had long existed a prophecy among the Aztecs that their wanderings would end when they should have reached a place where the priests would behold an eagle resting on a cactus plant, devouring a serpent.

Confident that they had found the spot ordained to be their abiding home, they began to construct rafts of the trunks of trees, covering them with thick layers of earth, upon which they built rude huts of more or less solidity. Groups of dwellings soon be-

## PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

Silence is sometimes the best argument.

The fires of self-love never die from lack of fuel.

Many a girl is flighty who isn't exactly an angel.

The matchmaker doesn't always set the world on fire.

Industry is the watchdog that keeps the wolf from the door.

Virtue that has never been put to the test is a poor asset.

There are few things more certain in life than its uncertainties.

It doesn't pay to cry over spilled milk, or to crow over it, either.

A seat in a crowded car is a conundrum that a man doesn't always give up.

Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be one of those fellows who know it all.

It's only when they can't beg, borrow, or steal, that some fellows go to work.

A woman doesn't prove her superiority when she puts herself before her mirror.

We seem to lose sight of the fact that a man is also the architect of his misfortune.

After all there isn't a great deal of difference between will power and won't power.

Some people impress us as being almost as old-fashioned as last year's popular song.

Lots of fellows pride themselves upon knowing a lot about women till they marry one.

As a rule, the man who boasts that he has never made an enemy doesn't amount to much.

It is a difficult matter to get a reputation on the strength of what you are going to do some day.

Accept a favor from the average man, and he won't let you forget it for the rest of your natural life.

The Lord helps them that help themselves, provided what they help themselves to doesn't belong to somebody else.—From "Dyspeptic Philosophy" in the New York Times.

## SUFFRAGE IN GERMANY.

Recent Progress of Movement—An Inspiring Leader.

The Prussian law forbidding women to participate in political meetings was annulled last May, and the Prussian Woman Suffrage Association has, in consequence, been able to carry on more vigorous propaganda, being no longer confined to the distribution of letters and literature. Its first annual meeting was held in Berlin in December, when Dr. Anita Augspurg, of Hamburg, spoke on "Nation, Government and Parliament," and was received with prolonged and enthusiastic applause by a large audience. Dr. Augspurg is the most eloquent and the most radical of the leaders of the "woman movement" in Germany, and with her personal magnetism, "sweet reasonableness" and voice of wonderful quality, she sways great masses of people when she speaks in the big German cities. Her championship, not only of women, but of the oppressed of all classes, has carried her into courts of justice (she is Dr. Juris) and not infrequently into prison where courts of injustice land their victims.

The membership of the Prussian Association has increased from 700 to 1217 within the year. The Berlin Local Woman Suffrage Association is also growing rapidly, at present numbering over 400. Forty new members joined recently at a meeting addressed by Rosika Schwimmer, the Hungarian Suffragist leader.

## One Thing Beyond Any Power.

Tip knows other places where traveling is of the Arizona agony brand. After waiting for nearly four hours in Shannonsville, Canada, between Toronto and Montreal, for a "mixed"—seventeen freight cars and one coach—I asked an impatient clergyman if he had been able to learn when the train would arrive. He eyes me up and down with pity. "Sir," he said, "that is the only thing that the Almighty does not know."—New York Press.

## As He Saw It.

Once upon a time there was a very little boy who desired to go out for a walk with his nurse, but it was raining that day, so he couldn't. But he was consoled when informed that he might go the next day.

Alas! When the next day came rain was still coming down without abatement. The little boy looked disconsolately at the heavens.

"God is getting very careless," he said.—New York Times.

## The Man Himself.

A lady employing a colored man asked him his name.

"Ma name is Poe, ma'am."

"Poe? Perhaps some of your family worked for Edgar Allan Poe?"

The ducky's eyes opened wide with great surprise.

"Why—" he gasped, pointing a dusky forefinger to himself, "why, Ah an Edgar Allan Poe!"—Everybody's Magazine.

## Bath for the Eye.

In case of exhaustion of the eyes or of simple inflammation few things afford more relief than the eye bath. No special appliances are needed. Any small cup of glass can be used. It should be quite filled with water as hot as the eye can bear and each eye held in it for at least five minutes, the water being kept as hot as can be borne.—From the Family Doctor.



## Care of the Sow.

If the sow is to be bred for the next spring litter, begin at once to insure good, strong pigs by keeping the sow active and hearty, but not fat. Do not shut her in a little pen, but give her plenty of room to exercise. If kept working the manure heaps provide a dry, clean bed for her where she will not be compelled to sleep in and breathe the fumes of the decaying manure.—Farmers' Home Journal.

## Varieties of Poultry.

With poultry there is greater opportunity for choice among a long list of breeds than among any other kinds of stock. We can select color according to our taste; we can breed for eggs or for flesh, for sitters or non-sitters, for large or small fowls.

We may choose a breed whose eggs are either white, buff, brown, large or small, and we can be certain that the offspring will resemble their ancestors.—Farmers' Home Journal.

## Let the Sunshine In.

Sunlight is nature's disinfectant. It is claimed by bacteriologists that direct sunlight will kill the growing tuberculosis germ in ten minutes. It has frequently been demonstrated that cattle are not liable to succumb to tuberculosis when kept in light and well ventilated quarters. Furthermore, light shows the dirt, and makes it easier to keep the barn clean. A dark stable is almost always dirty or dusty. A barn into which the sun shines freely not only furnishes a healthy place in which to keep cows, but is a cheerful place in which to work. Windows will return more than they cost each year in the improved health and increased production of the animals, to say nothing of the improved health and cheerfulness of the workers.—Farmers' Home Journal.

## Use a Wheel Hoe.

If you have never had a wheel hoe in the garden commence with one this spring. It will cost only six or eight dollars with all the attachments necessary for ordinary work and it is worth the money twice over. There are plows of different sizes, cultivator teeth and knives that slide under the soil to cut off weeds when you don't want to disturb the surface, and there are rake teeth to make a dust mulch with. In certain kinds of work you can shove it down the row as fast as you can walk and it is so arranged that you can throw your weight against it instead of doing all the work by main strength, as you do with the ordinary hoe. The wheel regulates the depth so you don't have to think of that part of it. By all means get a wheel hoe and grow enough extra stuff in the garden in one season to pay for it.—Epitomist.

## Capons and Caponizing.

The flesh of the capon is regarded by epicures as superior to that of chickens, or even of the turkey. At present capons are most generally known and appreciated in France, but in recent years they have grown rapidly in popularity in the United States, especially in the East. Consequently the business of producing them has advanced rapidly in this country.

A capon, which is an altered male chicken, bears the same relation to a cockerel that a steer does to a bull. As a result of his more peaceful disposition he continues to grow and his body develops more uniformly and to a somewhat greater size than is the case with a cockerel of the same age. Coupled with the better growth is the fact that a capon brings a better price per pound. While a rooster ten months to a year old is worth 6 to 10 cents a pound, and in the case of especially fine poultry 12 to 15 cents a pound, capon in season brings 18 to 25 cents a pound.—Epitomist.

## Care of the Separator.

One of the first considerations is to thoroughly cleanse the separator every time it is used. The desirable and undesirable bacteria growth depends upon the cleanliness observed. The putrefactive species or those that cause the ordinary decay and undesirable flavors, are commonly associated with filth. In cleaning the separator, first, thoroughly cleanse the tubes and intricate parts with warm water. After all the milk has been removed, thoroughly scald all parts that come in contact with the milk. When purchasing a hand-separator, simplicity of construction should be one of the first considerations in influencing the buyer.

Cream should be aired and cooled as soon as separated; fat is a poor conductor of heat or cold, and must necessarily be stirred while cooling. If cream has been treated this way it will keep in a cool place for two or three days. Warm cream should never be added to cold cream until it has been reduced to the same temperature.—Epitomist.

## Plant Fruit Trees.

Farms are not supplied with fruit as they should be. It is easy to grow both bush and tree fruits on almost any farm if the right kinds are planted. It is surprising how many farm

homes are without orchard or small fruit plantations. It is some work to get trees, bushes and vines started, but the results pay for all work many times over. Grapes are easy to grow and take care of. Select hardy sorts.

The best advice I can give to any one expecting to set out fruit is write to a nearby nursery and tell the owner just how much space you want to devote to each class of fruit. He will doubtless recommend the most suitable varieties for you to set out, and this course will save you a whole lot of trouble after while. The apple, pear and plum orchard come into bearing in a few years after setting.

The local nurseryman usually is careful to sell what will do well in the community. He can be depended upon to sell good stock that is likely to grow, and he will furnish varieties that will give the best returns for the amount of work put on them. A little confidential talk before placing an order is a good thing.—John H. Williams, Pennsylvania.

## The Egg Trade.

The Bureau of Animal Industry of the Department of Agriculture has just issued a circular by Milo M. Hastings, presenting the results of a study made during the past year of the conditions surrounding the production and marketing of eggs, with a view to determining the causes of deterioration in quality and consequent loss. There is an enormous loss due to the spoiling of eggs, which could be largely prevented by improved methods. In this circular the causes of such loss are pointed out, and suggestions made for remedying them.

According to Mr. Hastings, the bulk of the poultry wealth in the United States is to be found on the general farms of the Mississippi Valley. Some idea of the growth of the poultry industry on these farms is shown in the case of the state of Kansas, where exclusive poultry farms are practically unknown, yet the value of poultry and eggs sold has increased over \$1,000,000 each year for the past five years.

The total loss to the egg trade caused by needless deterioration runs into large figures. The causes of the losses and their estimated proportion to the total crop value are summed up as follows: Dirty eggs, two percent; breakage, two percent; chick development or heated eggs, five percent; shrunk or held eggs, five percent; rotten eggs, 2.5 percent; moldy or bad flavor, 0.5 percent; total, seventeen percent.

The loss from chick development or heated eggs is probably greater than from any other source, and is especially heavy during the summer in the South and West, where it amounts to 25 or 30 percent of the eggs produced during the heated season. The responsibility for heated eggs is almost wholly with the farmer, although the rural buyer and the freight handler are in nowise innocent.

"To save the millions of dollars which are carried down our sewers in the shape of bad eggs," says Mr. Hastings, "we must have, first, a campaign of education among egg producers that will show every farmer's wife that when eggs are allowed to remain in damp nests, under broody hens, or in hot kitchens, there is a loss in quality which means an actual loss in money to herself and to her neighbors; and, secondly, a system of buying eggs that will as nearly as possible recompense every producer who sells eggs exactly in accordance with what these eggs are worth. Above all else, the inflexible rule concerning the marketing of eggs is for the farmer, to sell his eggs as soon as possible after they are laid."

## Farm Notes.

Salt and charcoal should be kept in every pen and pasture, so the pigs can eat all they wish.

Don't try to see how many chicks you can hatch out, but rather, how many you can raise.

Dock the lambs while young, using a sharp chisel for the purpose, and smear the wound with tar as a preventive against flies.

Hens should not be closed up in a barrel or box after they have hatched out their chicks. They need exercise after three weeks setting.

If the nest is too fat, the eggs are sure to roll out from under the hen; and if too deep, the eggs will pile on top of each other and get broken.

Poultry pays as well as anything on the farm, particularly chickens and geese. They seem to be very easily raised, and they market at fair prices.

Be sure the chicks have plenty of encouragement to scratch. They like it and are benefited thereby in many ways. The best preventive of leg weakness is exercise.

Watch closely for lice and mites in the nests; the pests thrive and multiply with wonderful rapidity in these places and nowhere are conditions for such increase more favorable.

Exhaustive experiments by experts have proved that there is no food so cheap for the production of milk and fat as good pasture grass. As a winter complement alfalfa undoubtedly ranks first.