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Poetry.

"NEARER TO LIFE'S WINTER."

Nearer to life's winter, wife!
We are drawing nearer.
Memories of our blessed spring
Growing dearer, dearer.

Through the summer's heat we've toiled,
Through the autumn weather
We have almost passed, sweet wife!
Hand in hand together.

Time was hearts were, well as feet,
Lighter, I remember,
April's locks of gold are turned
Silver this November.

Nearer to life's end, sweet wife!
We are drawing nearer;
The last milestone on the way
To our sight grows clearer.

Some, whose hands we held, grew faint,
And lay down to slumber:
Looking backward, we, to-day,
All their graves may number.

Heights we've sought we've failed to climb,
Fruits we've failed to gather;
But what matter, since we've still
Jesus and each other.

WAS SHE FALSE?

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

"Going to stay another month at Cedar Glen!' said Mr. Fortescue. "Then I'll go there too.'

Mr. Fortescue, according to his own statement, was nine-and-forty, Miss Geardine Grey was barely nineteen—and they were engaged.

How did it happen? How do all these things happen? Colonel Grey was poor and proud; his lovely daughter was dowerless, save for the golden treasures of her hair and eyes; and Carson Fortescue was rich. That was all.

"I'll go to Cedar Glen too,' said Mr. Fortescue. "But it is very inconsiderate of Geraldine to stay so long, when she knows I perfer the city in October.'

So Mr. Fortescue packed his portmanteau, bought his ticket and set out for the lovely retreat by the lake; where Miss Grey was recruiting her roses for the winter campaign.

Miss Grey was sitting on the veranda, with half a dozen other dimpled white-muslined damsels—a delicious picture, framed in by sunset and autumn leaves and waving vinctendrills, when the letters came.

"How provoking!' said Geraldine Grey. "He's coming.'

"Who's coming, dear?' said Daisy Morrison.

"Mr. Fortescue,' said Geraldine. "The gentleman I am engaged to.'

"Engaged!' repeated Daisy, opening her genial blue eyes very wide. "Geraldine Grey, you don't mean to tell us you really are engaged all this time?'

"Yes,' said Geraldine, coloring like a bit of sea-coral, and drooping her lovely golden eyelashes, "but I had almost forgotten it.'

"And Albert Garland?'

Geraldine began to cry.

"I don't care,' said she—"I don't care! I love Albert Garland, and I cannot bear old Fortescue. And I never, never will marry him, not if I end my days in an 'Old Maid's Home!' If only I wasn't so afraid of papa!'

And then she told her pitiful little tale of how she had been coerced into the engagement, because Carson Fortescue was rich, and Colonel Grey was deeply in debt.

"And he has lent papa ten thousand dollars already,' sobbed Geraldine; "and—and—what shall I do? I love Albert, but I dare not break the engagement with Mr. Fortescue, lest poor dear papa should get into trouble about it.'

The other girls gathered around her with tender, loving expressions of regret and sympathy. Daisy Morrison leaned her curl-fringed forehead on her hands, and contracted her pretty chestnut brown brows thoughtfully.

"And he is coming here, you say?' she questioned.

"By the late train. He'll be here at nine o'clock; and I had promised Albert every waltz upon my tablet!' sighed Geraldine.

"Horrid old thing!' said Minnie Apthorpe.

"Why couldn't he have been sensible enough to stop away until after the hop?'

Geraldine threw both arms around Daisy Morrison's neck.

"Dear Daisy,' she coaxed, "you are splendid for getting girls out of scrapes.—Can't you help me?'

"My dear," said Daisy, in a patronizing, grand-motherly sort of way—she was just eighteen months older than Geraldine Gray herself—"there's only one way to get out of this dilemma. "If you don't like to break this obnoxious engagement yourself, you must make him do it.'

"Oh, if I only could!' cried Geraldine, clasping her hands. "But he won't.

"We'll see about that!' said Daisy, composedly. "Minnie, your room is next to Geraldine's?'

"Yes,' Minnie wonderingly responded.

"Well, you must come and sleep with me a few nights, just while Mr. Fortescue is here; and the landlord must be instructed to give Garaldine's ancient lover your deserted apartment.'

"What for?' questioned the girls in chorus.

"Oh, you'll see,' answered Daisy, nodding her head. "The partitions are thin. I've often heard Minnie and Geraldine talking to each other while they dressed.'

"But,' cried Geraldine, in amazement, "you don't expect me to talk to Mr. Fortescue through the—

"Not exactly,' said Daisy, with the air of a superior fairy, "but I expect you to talk for his benefit.'

"But, Daisy dear—

"Do, pray, keep quiet every one of you' scolded Daisy Morrison, "until I post you in your various roles.'

Fifteen minutes later, Geraldine Grey was stopped in the wide, cool corridor which led to her apartment by a young gentleman in velveteen shooting costume.

"Hold on, Gerry! Whither so fast? Not until you have given me a kiss!'

"Oh, Albert, I can't—he's coming!'

"He? Whom do you mean? Is there only one masculine individual in creation?'

"The old gentleman I told you of—Carson Fortescue.'

"Is that all?' said Mr. Garland, composedly. "Dont fret Geraldine; I'll pitch him into the lake, with the greatest pleasure in life, if only you say so!'

Geraldine shook her head.

"It won't do a bit of good, Albert; I am engaged to him! And I never ought to have allowed myself to—to care for you!'

"Break the engagement!'

"But I dare not, Albert. He has lent papa ten thousand dollars.'

"Hang the ten thousand dollars,' said Mr. Garland, impatiently. "Is this whole world made up of dollars and cents? Is love to be sold by the pint, peck or bushel? Let's elope this very night, dear little Queen of Hearts!'

Still Geraldine shook her head.

"Then you don't love me as I love you,' he said reproachfully.

"Oh, I do, Albert, I do. Only wait until to-morrow?'

"Why until to-morrow?'

"Perhaps,' Geraldine faltered, "perhaps he may change his mind.'

"Is that likely?' Gerald somewhat bitterly demanded.

"But we'll wait and see. Don't be unreasonable, Albert, dear, when I am so wretched! Hush, there is the whistle of the train now,' and away she ran, before Albert Gerland could put in another word.

The yellow gold of the sunset had faded out of the sky, and the frosty chill of an October evening filled the air, as Mr. Carson Fortescue, bundled in various strata of woolen wrappings, entered his room.

"Whe-e-w! I'm glad I'm safe here at last after a three hours ride on that horrid one-horse railroad! Waiter, tell 'em to light a fire here at once, and to send up some hot water and a deviled chicken and a tumbler of brandy and water, hot d'ye hear? And tell them to look sharp about it!'

"Yes sir,' The waiter bowed and disappeared. Mr. Fortescue sat down and unpacked his slippers.

"If there's to be a dance here to-night, I may as well freshen up for it a little,' said he to himself. "But Geraldine must be made to understand, when once we are married, that this sort of thing isn't to go on every evening in the week! I wonder if my dressing case—

But his reverie was checked by the sudden sound of voices in the adjoining room. He listened a minute or two.

"Geraldine, by Jove! he muttered *sotto voce* Geraldine and a lot of other girls! getting ready for the dance, I suppose.—How plain I can hear what they say!'

Miss Grey's voice rose high and shrill above the others.

"Give me my hair girls—the long switch you know, and the two curls! There that is right!'

Mr. Fortescue sat motionless, the bottle of "Corn Ointment' in his hand.

"False hair! false hair!' he muttered ominously, under his breath. "She has been deceiving me all this while. I hate false things! Hush-sh-sh! What is she saying now?'

"Daisy am I too pale?' demanded Miss Grey. "Have I got too much of the pearl powder over my left eyebrow? Do, some one reach me the pot of rouge—that's soon set right!'

Crash! went the precious bottle of 'Corn Ointment' to the floor.

Mr. Fortescue's eyes were growing round with horror.

"Rogue! he gasped to himself. "Pearl powder! No painted Jezebel for me! How is it possible that I have thus far been deluded?'

"Here are your teeth, Geraldine,' giggled Minnie Apthorne. "I do declare I don't see how you keep 'em in your mouth! What would your old beau say if he could see you now?'

"Hush!' cried Geraldine, sharply.—"Walls have ears; and I wish you'd hold your tongue.'

Just then the door flew open, and in came two waiters—one bearing the tray of deviled chicken, brandy and water, etc., the other carrying in his arms half a dozen sticks of wood, to kindle a fire—and no more of the conversation in the adjoining room was audible.

But Mr. Carson Fortescue had heard quite enough already. "False hair, false teeth, a false complexion, in place of the golden clouds of crepe tresses, the ever-gleaming pearls, the rosses and lillies of Nature's own manufacture, in which he had so fondly believed. What next? he despairingly asked himself.

"Grey has deceived me shamefully, atrociously!' he indignantly told himself. "But I won't marry the girl; I—I'll find some excuse to cut loose from the bargain; though, I suppose,' he added dejectedly, "I'll have to loose the ten thousand dollars out and out.'

"Please, sir,' asked the waiter, his preparations at last completed, "master told me to ax you will you take a ticket for the hop to night?'

"No, I believe not,' said Mr. Fortescue, with a shudder at the idea of facing his *desillusionne* idol, teeth, hair, and all.—I'm tired out. I shall go to bed early.'

"Queer old cove, that,' said the waiter to himself, as he shuffled out. "Looks like he might have a stroke of paralysis any time.'

Mr. Fortescue sent for Colonel Grey the next morning.

"Colonel,' said he striving to speak in an offhand way, "I'm not so young as I was, and—I—that is—I am beginning to see the folly of a man of my age aspiring to the luxury of a young wife. In fact, I have written to your charming daughter, asking to be released from my engagement.'

"Eh!' ejaculated Colonel Grey, pulling savagely at his long waxed moustache.

"But,' hurriedly resumed Mr. Fortescue "I shall of course regard any little business arrangement between us as permanent.'

"Oh!' said the gallant Colonel, "in that case, I can offer no opposition to your serious convictions, although I may wonder at your ficklesness.'

And so Mr. Fortescue ransomed himself out of the hands of the enemy.

Geraldine's eyes sparkled when she received Mr. Carson Fortescue's letter. She went at once to her father.

"Papa,' she cried, impetuously, "he has treated me shamefully.'

"My dear, my dear, don't judge too hastily,' said the Colonel, looking a little confused. "A man has, of course, a right to change his mind—and Mr. Fortescue has behaved very honorable about pecuniary matters.'

"But, papa,' pouted Geraldine, "its a dreadful thing not to be married at all, after this fuss.'

"I don't see how we are to help it,' said the Colonel, stroking his hand, "unless, indeed, young Garland—

"That's just it,' said Miss Grey, looking down demurely. "Mr. Garland has proposed to me. Can I marry him?'

"Marry whom you please,' barked out the Colonel.

Geraldine did not see Mr. Fortescue again until he congratulated her on her new engagement, and then he scrutenized her closely.

"I didn't know they could get up these false things to look so natural,' he said to himself. "Poor Garland! how I pity him when he finds it out.'

But apparently Mr. Albert Garland never did 'find it out,' for, to all appearances, he was well satisfied with his bargain.

The Poetry of Marriage.

"Marriage is a very matter-of-fact affair. There is little poetry in it; and all experience shows that it is better to get rid of nonsense before committing matrimony.' So says a good writer; but we beg to differ. All experience does not show any such thing. If nonsence means here, as it seems to mean, all those things that make the poetry of life, we say the more you have of it the better. Because a thing is real must it be a commonplace? The light of love illumines the homeliest duties; and because there must be eating, and drinking, and sleeping, and earing bread and butter in its years, marriage need not be a matter-of-fact arrangement—a coarse sort of a bargain, in which the wife becomes a housekeeper, and the husband the banker. Better there should be no marrying at all; for what shall they do in those hours of trouble and pain which comes to all of us, when every heart craves sympathy, and when none can give it so well as the lover whose love has endured through many years?—When two people of opposite sex, temperament, habits, resolve, through a union by marriage, to live together for the rest of their lives, there is need of sentiment between them. There is a necessity for a little romance that makes people seem better and more beautiful than they really are, if in time they would not hate each other. No—if you have no other part in life that is not common-place and matter-of-fact, forbid that home-life, which is the consequence of marriage, to sink to this. Have a thousand "songs without words' for every day Nourish your most delicate sentiments and weave them with the hours as they glide by. Don't have all your poetry in the book case, and all your music in the piano.

PROFANITY.—We are emphatically in the age of profanity, and it seems to us that we are on the topmost current. One cannot go on the streets anywhere without having his ears offended with the vilest words, and his reverence shocked by the most profane use of sacred names. Nor does it come from the old or middle-aged alone, for it is a fact, as alarming as true, that the younger portion of the community are most proficient in degrading language. Boys have an idea it is smart to swear; that it makes them manly; but there never was a greater mistake in the world.—Men, even those who swear themselves, are disgusted with profanity in a young man, because they know how, of all bad habits, this clings the most closely, and increases with years. It is the most insidious of habits, growing on so invisibly that almost before one is aware he becomes an accomplished curser.

The Evangelists in London.

BY JOHN W. FORNEY.

Her Majesty's Royal Opera House, Haymarket, is one of the most capacious of the great temples of amusement in London, but in its long history no event ever attracted such crowds as now swarm to hear the two American evangelists, D. L. Moody and Ira D. Sankey. One of these gentlemen is a native of Lawrence county, Western Pennsylvania, well connected with leading politicians, and the other, long before he came to Ireland and Scotland, was a popular emotional clergyman in the Western States.

Not simply to gratify a natural desire to hear these two renowned characters, but also to study the vast audiences they attract, I have twice visited the Royal Opera House, in Haymarket. There are five tiers of boxes and a lower floor, or parquet, of vast dimensions, while the deep and sweeping stage, from which all the dramatic machinery has been removed, is filled with chairs, a broad pulpit and a small cabinet organ facing the immense auditorium.—This stage is called the platform, and, like the front of the house, is crowded to suffocation during the services, so that there is not a spot of the vast Opera House left unoccupied by the people; and, I should think, on the two afternoons of my visit there could not have been less than from five to eight thousand persons present.

There is much discussion as to the relative advantages conferred upon what is called religion by these great gatherings, and yet there can be no doubt, judging by the curiosity and interest they have awakened, that a certain positive amount of good must result. I watched very carefully the faces and manners of the people. They were evidently of the middle classes, well dressed, and unmistakably sympathetic.—Mr. Moody himself was the first figure I recognized, from his photographs found in nearly all the print shops in the quarters inhabited by the working people and in the great thoroughfares of trade, but never in what are called the show high art windows, and never in the photograph galleries dedicated to Royal and "noble" portraits.—Mr. Moody is a thick-set man, about five feet eleven, with a dark, full beard, high cheek bones, sunken eyes, and square forehead—a little after the style of the lamented E. M. Stanton.

Immediately after Moody entered the pulpit Mr. Sankey took his seat at the small cabinet organ. Taller and better looking than his comrade, with a younger face, a large moustache, and well-shaved chin, with English side-whiskers, he resembled a well conditioned opera singer.

It was strange to watch the effect of the appearance of these two men, separated as they were instantly from the large concourse of clergymen around them and the dense background of ladies and gentlemen crowding the platform. They were instantly chosen out, and their presence immediately stilled the audience. The opening feature was a hymn given out by Mr. Moody, the first verse of which was:

Oh, think of the home, over there,
By the side of the river of light,
Where the saints all immortal and fair
Are robed in their garments of white,
Over there, over there, over there,
Oh, think of the home over there,

in which the whole body of the people joined, rising, after the Methodist fashion. In the front of the five tiers of these circling boxes, which I should think were at least twice the size of the tiers of our Academy of Music, stood the females of the congregation, each with a hymn book in her hand. Sankey led the chorus, though his voice could not be heard, and the regularity and harmony of the whole proceeding was singularly impressive. After this a prayer, then a short exhortation by an English clergyman, then another hymn, chorus led by the people, and then Mr. Moody stepped forward, and, in a military and somewhat impatient voice, exclaimed: "Now let us have No. 43!" sung by Sankey alone. The first stanza, succeeded by four other verses, was as follows:

There were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold,
But one was out on the hills away,
Far off from the gates of gold.
Away on the mountains wild and bare,
Away from the tender Shepherd's care.

We sat at the extreme end of the immense temple, on the very last bench, near the door, and so clear was Sankey's voice, and so distinct and sharp-cut his articulation, that every word and syllable and intonation could be heard with singular sweetness. It was not a cultivated voice.—There was no affectation in the pronunciation, and there was a little Western twang; but I could readily understand how a hymn so sung and intoned, so metallic and ringing, would reach hearts already more than half prepared to approve. At the end of every verse he would pause for nearly a minute, and the silence intensified the deep emotion of the mass; and then he resumed very low, and rose to the last like the prolonged note of a cornet or bugle.

There were a number of other exercises, but Moody was the chief character. I have heard and read him somewhat carefully. One of his sermons suffices for all. It was that preached a few days ago, when the Royal box was occupied by the Duchess of Sutherland, Lady Constance Leveson-Gower, and the Duke and Duchess of Albans. It is not an argument in any sense, and scarcely a declamation, but rather an exhortation, the point being that to know Christ we must know him first as our Saviour. All through ran a series of quaint comparisons and incidents. Let me illustrate his way of showing the redeeming power of the Saviour by this passage:

"A friend of mine told me that one day as he was going to Dublin he met a lad who had got a sparrow, and the little bird tried hard to get its liberty, but it was a captive. My friend said to the lad, 'Why don't you open your hand and let the bird go?' Oh, faith, then, I won't be after doing that. I've been chasing for the last two or three hours.' My friend then tried to induce him to let it go on principle, and told him how absurd it would be to keep a sparrow in a cage, as it would cost more to keep it alive than it was worth; but no, the boy was firm, and would not consent. At last my friend bought the bird, and the moment he had paid the redemption money he took the little bird in his hand and for an instant it scarcely felt that it was free, but directly it fluttered its wings, chirruped, and flew away. Yes, it chirruped as it went away, as if to say, 'Thank you. Thank you for redeeming me.' Yes, Christ was a match for Satan. He held us with an iron chain, but Christ snapped it asunder, and redeemed us with His own blood, and set us free, and the least we can do now is to thank Him."

To prove his opposition to denominationalism he quoted the assertion of the Jew, who told him only yesterday that the Church of England, Catholics, and the rest, were all dissenters, and that the Jewish religion was the only established church.—Then of a poor Catholic girl, who came to him weeping bitterly because she was told she could not be saved unless she joined a Protestant church, to which Moody answered, "Now, my good lady, don't trouble yourself talking about your Church or any other Church; talk about Christ. As Christ said to Peter, when he asked Him about following John, 'Follow me.' You must keep your eye on Christ. You must go straight on. When I was a boy I used to walk through the snow looking across my shoulder to see if I walked straight, but I always walked crooked when I looked back to see how I was getting on. If you keep looking to Christ you must go straight on. Another thing I used to do when I was a boy. I used to try to catch my shadow, and tried to jump over it, but I never could manage it, and one day I turned my face the other way, and made a jump, and still my shadow came after me." And so through many minutes and many columns. Meanwhile their houses grow larger every day; their newspapers receive additional subscribers. One of them, the *Christian Globe*, which has printed but eleven numbers, circulated 76,500 copies in April, and their hymn books, photographs, and tracts are a source of large profit to somebody.

Trouble.

Trouble is the foe to a man's peace of mind. But half of our trouble is imaginary, the creation of our brains. Things that trouble us are not as bad as they seem, and most of them are only mists, or a passing cloud. We should treat troubles as we would treat intruders into our houses—put them out and lock the doors against them. When men are worn out by overwork, or are sick, then trouble has the advantage.—At such times, a man's friend should contrive means of diverson or find out ways of rest. There is no better relief for trouble than travel and new scenes. When men begin to feel that business and care are robbing them of sleep, and each day increases the burden, they should put the will in exercise and throw them off or put themselves in the hands of their physicians and obey his directions. It is suicide for them to go on after they begin to feel the grinding action of work on the body and brain. But precaution is in using means of prevention. Give a certain number or hours each day to active employment, and never allow your work to break over the bounds. Take a portion of your time for recreation. Make real, solid enjoyment your medicine. Above all interdict everything that will tax, excite or exhaust the nervous system.—Sleep, "tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep.' When trouble drives sleep from the eyelids, and gloomy, depressed feelings possess the mind, it is high time for a man to pause and seek relief; for there is no telling what such a condition will lead to unless overcome. There is danger in going on after the strain begins to tell on the health, for every turn of machinery brings the final crash nearer. There are events that come, and are liable to come in every man's life, which he cannot foresee, and over which he has no control. But men should be like mariners, who do not know whether the wind will be foul or fair, but they go prepared for whatever may come, be it calm or storm. Nor do they give up the ship until she goes down. Men should treat trouble in this way, and never give up until death enters and tells them the voyage is ended.

"RARITY OF A TRUE GENTLEMAN.—Perhaps a gentleman is a rarer specimen than some of us think for. Which of us can point out many such in his circle; men whose aims are generous, whose truth is constant, and not only constant in its kind, but elevated in its degree; whose want of meanness makes them simple; who can look the world honestly in the face with an equal, manly sympathy for the great and small? We all know now a hundred whose coats are very well made, and a score who have excellent manners, and one or two happy beings who are in what they call the inner circle and have shot into the very centre and bull's-eye of fashion; but of gentlemen, how many? Let us take a little scrap of paper and each one make out his list.—*Thackeray.*

Women's Docility of Fashion.

Probably no characteristic of the female mind is better devoloped than the docility with which women accept the fashions of the day. Be they beautiful or hideous, becoming or unbecoming, comfortable or torturing, they are the "fashion' and must be worn. Take, for example, the hair.—This, "the crowning glory' of a woman, can be worn as she pleases, and what work many make of it! Now a coiffure called the "Grecian knot' is coming into favor. Of it a recent woman writer says: "About one woman out of twenty-five has head and features of the shape necessary to make this style becoming; given a broad, half-high white forehead, rather straight nose, well rounded face and throat, and the careless knot of hair low in the nape of the neck, with a pure white part in the centre of the head, from which the hair ripples naturally over the temples and ears, is beautiful, making the wearer a Greek goddess at once, or, what is better, nowadays, a charming American woman. But take the remaining twenty-four women, who have all kinds of foreheads and features, and who are stately with their hair massed on the very top of their heads, or braided and banded smoothly neither high nor low, or bewitchingly coquettish and girlish with a Chatelain braid and a curl or two, finger puffs above the forehead and little rings falling over it; put the severe Greek knot low down on these heads, draw their hair over the pretty pink ears, narrow the temples and cheeks by almost obscuring them, and what is the result?—The stately woman looks prim and belittled, the bright, coquettish one is ten years older, and in many cases startling defects of features, or odd expressions never before noticed by those who knew them best, and to whom they were once pretty, are developed by the change.' So much for the hair.

A Romance in High Life.

At the gaming table the Duke of Richmond incurred a debt of honor to Lord Cadogan, which he was unable to pay and it was agreed that his son, a lad of fifteen, who bore the title of Earl of March, should marry the still younger daughter of Lord Cadogan. The boy was sent for from school and the girl from the nursery, a clergyman was in attendance, and the children were told that they were to be married on the spot. The girl had nothing to say; the boy cried out, "They surely are not going to marry me to that dowdy!"—But married they were. A post chaise was at the door; the bridegroom was packed off with his tutor to make the grand tour and the bride was sent back to her mother. Lord March remained abroad for several years, after which he returned to London, a well educated, handsome young man, but in no haste to meet his wife, whom he had never seen except on the occasion of their hasty marriage. So he tarried in London to amuse himself. One night at the opera his attention was attracted to a beautiful lady in the boxes. "Who is that?" he asked of a gentleman beside him. "You must be a stranger in London," was the reply, "not to know the toast of the town, the beautiful Lady March." The Earl went straight to the box, announced himself, and claimed his bride. The two fell in love with each other on the spot, and lived long and happily together; and when the husband died she also died with a broken heart within a few months.

A Cure for Consumption.

A correspondent writes as follows about the sanitary power of a well known plant: "I have discovered a remedy for pulmonary consumption. It has cured a number of cases after they had commenced bleeding at the lungs and the hectic flush was already on the cheek. After trying this remedy to my own satisfaction, I have thought philanthropy required that I should let it be known to the world. It is the common mullein, steeped strong and sweetened with coffee sugar, and drank freely. The herb should be gathered before the end of July, if convenient. Young or old plants are good dried in the shade, and kept in clean paper bags. The medicine must be continued from three to six months, according to the nature of the disease.—It is good for the blood vessels also. It strengthens the system, and builds up, instead of taking away strength. It makes good blood, and takes inflamation from the lungs. It is the wish of the writer that every periodical in the United States, Canada and Europe should publish this receipt for the benefit of the human family. Lay this up in the house and ready for use.'

THE BEST POTATOES.—Take it altogether, the Early Rose is our best potato now, as the Peachblow was ten years ago, or the Mercer fifteen years ago. It needs rich soil, and I think grows of better quality on rich land than on poor. A manured clover sod is just the place for it. So great are its advantages in productiveness over old-fashioned varieties, that it is fairly entitled to the credit of the increased attention given to potato culture. The Peerless is a fit companion for the Early Rose. It is two or three weeks later in ripening, nearly twice as productive, and, unlike the Early Rose, requires a rather poor soil. If the land is too rich, or has been heavily manured, Peerless will grow large and of poor quality, and on the poorest soils it will yield largely of tubers, as dry, white and good flavored as need be desired. The Late Rose is a still heavier cropper, and will yield well even on poorer soil than the Peerless.

Blank Checks.

Suppose some friend of ours, whose wealth is known to be practically unlimited, should declare his readiness and willingness to supply all our wants. Suppose he should put into our hand a book of checks, all signed by his own hand, and the amounts left blank, for us to fill up in any need, with sums such as will meet every possible exigency. Suppose we tell our kindred and acquaintances what a friend we have, and how richly provided we are for every strait. And then, suppose we go about half starved, groaning with leanness and faintness, or only half-clothed, in thin rags, and the shame of our nakedness bowing us down to the ground. Would not those who knew us be moved with wonder and doubt?—Would not one of them say to us: "I thought the great banker had undertaken to clothe and feed you; is this the best he does for you? His offer could not have been very sincere. His words were large, but they do not seem to have meant much. How such a demonstration on our part would shame the truth and generosity of our friend. Or, if we acknowledge that we did not use the "checks," and did not more than half believe they would be honored, how the confession would shame our own littleness and meanness of confidence in our benefactor! "Lord, increase our faith!" A large expectation will prepare us to receive a large blessing. It will effect our desires. It will control our working. It will shape our plans. It will stimulate our importunity, and especially will it honor God.

He Thought it was Delirum Tremens.

Sniffles brought his two weeks' spree to a close on Thursday night. He lay on a lounge in the parlor, feeling as mean as sour lager, when something in the corner of the room attracted his attention. Raising on his elbow he gazed steadily at it.—Rubbing his eyes, he stared again, and as he stared his terror grew. Calling his wife, he asked, hoarsely:

"Mirandy, what is that?'

"What is what, Likey?'

Sniffles's name is Lycargus, and his wife calls him Likey for short and sweet.

"Why that—that—thing in the corner,' said the frightened man, pointing at it with a hand shaking like a politician.

"Likey, dear, I see nothing,' replied the woman.

"What, you don't see it!' he shrieked.

"Then I've got 'em. Oh, heavens! bring me the Bible. Mirandy, bring it quick! Here, here on this sacred book I swear never to touch a drop of whiskey.—If I break my vow, may my right hand cleave to the roof of my mouth, and—'

Here, catching another glimpse of the terrible object, he clutched his wife and begged in piteous tones:

"Don't leave me—don't leave your Likey,' and burying his face in the folds of her dress, he sobbed and moaned himself into a troubled sleep.

Then his wife stole gently to the corner, picked up the toy snake, and threw it into the stove.

Effect of Light.

Dr. Moore, the metaphysician, thus speaks of the effect of light on body and mind:—"A tadpole confined in darkness would never become a frog; and an infant deprived of Heaven's free light will only grow into a shapeless idiot, instead of a beautiful and reasonable being. Hence in the deep, dark gorges and ravines of the Swiss Valais, where the direct sunshine never reaches, the hideous prevalence of idiocy startles the traveler. Many citizens are incapable of any articulate speech;—some are deaf, some are blind, some labor under all these privations, and all are misshapen in almost every part of the body.—I believe there is in all places a marked difference in their healthiness of houses according to aspect in regard to the sun, and those are decidedly the healthiest, other things being equal, in which all the rooms are, during some part of the day, fully exposed to the direct light. Epidemics attack inhabitants on the shady side of the street, and totally exempt those on the other side; and even in epidemics, such as ague, the morbid influence is often thus partial in its labors.

A MAMMOTH HENNERY.—An exchange gives the following account of a mammoth hennery, which has been established by two brothers in Colorado, a few miles from Denver:

It covers four acres, which is laid out like a village, with streets and avenues, along which are built long rows of houses of various designs. Regular families of hens are assigned to these houses, and it is found that they quickly domesticate themselves, without troubling their neighbors. The population of the village is about 2,000, divided closely into social cliques of Brahmas, Cochins, Shanghaes and Dorkings, and the chief products are eggs and spring chickens. Sunday included, the industrious matrons of the village turn out daily from forty to fifty dozens of eggs, which are sold in Denver for from thirty to fifty cents per dozen.

"Did you like the sermon, love?" said a pious wife to her heathen husband on their way home from church. "Well, my dear, to tell the truth," he said, "I didn't pay much attention to the sermon, but, from the sweet expression on the parson's face, I should say that he was a man who wouldn't have to be asked twice to take a drink."