

GRANDMOTHER.

For a long time I did not understand it at all. I thought that, because grandmothers often were feeble and old-fashioned, they could never really feel as we children do; that they needed no particular notice or enjoyment, for it was their nature to sit in rocking-chairs and knit. They seemed quite different from the rest of the world, and not to be especially thought about, that is, by girls who were as full of merry plans as we were. Grandmother lived with us, as father was her only son. We had a vague idea that she helped mother mend the clothes, and knitted all father's winter stockings, besides some pairs for the church society. We were supposed to love her, of course, and were never openly rude, for indeed we had been taught to be polite to all aged persons. As for grandmother, she was one of those peaceful souls who never make any trouble, but just go on in their own way so quietly that you hardly know they are in the house. Mother sat with her sometimes, but we girls, in our gay, busy pursuits, rarely thought of such a thing. She seemed to have no part in our existence. It went on so for some time, till one day I happened at sundown to go into the sitting-room, and there sat grandmother, alone. She had fallen asleep in her chair by the window. The sun was just sinking out of sight, leaving a glory of light as he went, and in this glory I saw grandmother—saw her really for the first time in my life! She had been reading her Bible, and then, as if there had been no need of reading more, since its treasure already lay shining in her soul, she had turned the book over in her lap and leaned back to enjoy the evening. I saw it all in a moment, her gentleness, her patience, her happiness. Then, while her love and beautiful dignity seemed to fold me like a bright cloud, the sweet every-day lines in her face told me a secret, that even then in the wonderful sunset of life she was, O, how human! So human that she missed old faces and old scenes; so human that she needed a share of what God was giving to us,—friends, home interests, little surprises and expectations, loving offices, and, above all, a recognition in the details of our fresh young lives.

Girls! when grandmother woke up, she found us all three stealing softly into the room, for God had helped me, when I went to tell my sisters about it. Mary only kissed her and asked if she had had a nice nap; Susie picked her ball of yarn off the carpet where it had rolled, and began to wind it, all the while telling her a pleasant bit of news about one of the school girls; and I, well, I knelt down at grandmother's feet and just as I was going to cry, I gave her knees a good hard hug, and to'd her she was a darling. That's all, girls. But it has been different since from what it was before.

PRESSURE OF THE BRAIN.—An American medical man was called one day to see a youth aged 18, who had been struck down insensible by the kick of a horse. There was a depressed fracture of the skull, back of left temple. The skull was trephined and the loose fragments of bone that pressed upon the brain were removed, whereupon the patient came to his senses. The doctor thought it a good opportunity to make an experiment, as there was a hole in the skull through which he could easily make pressure upon the brain. He asked the boy a question, and before there was time to answer it he pressed firmly with his finger upon the exposed brain. As long as the pressure was kept up the boy was mute, but the instant it was removed he made a reply, never suspecting that he had not answered at once. The experiment was repeated several times with precisely the same result, the boy's thoughts being stopped and started again on each occasion as easily and certainly as the engineer stops and starts his locomotive.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

THE POWER OF MOTIVES.

It is the motive that makes the man. No man is better than his ruling motive of life. The good we get out of our actions depends on the motive more than on the outward result. If the motive of my deed is good, I grow better; if the motive is bad, I grow worse, no matter what outward gain may come to me or to others by my deed. What can compensate me for having become worse at the very heart and life of my being? "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" or by certain logical inference, any part of the world, and lose a part of his soul or become less a man, in the exchange? It is a law that lies at the root of all endeavor, that the reward of the doer shall be according to the name in which he does his work; that is, according to the heart's deepest motive. If he does it in the name of avarice or covetousness, he shall receive the reward of the avaricious and covetous man. If he gives a cup of cold water in the name of a disciple, he shall in no wise lose his reward. "He that receiveth you, receiveth me," says the Savior; "and he that receiveth me, receiveth Him that sent me." "He that receiveth a righteous man in the name of a righteous man, receiveth a righteous man's reward." He that receiveth the Christ in the name of Love, receiveth the Infinite Love that sent the Christ. Through this power of motive, the highest good in the universe comes from the smallest act. Heaven comes into the soul from giving a cup of cold water. Therefore, if I help a poor struggling animal out of the mire, I want to do it from some higher principle than the love of animals. The brute will not pay me. Possibly it will turn and attack me as soon as it is fairly on its feet. I want to do the kindness in the name of infinite benevolence, and then, whatever the beast does, I cannot lose my reward. The reward is in me, in what I become, unsought, unthought of, but all the more real and permanent for that very reason.—*Rev. L. Hamilton.*

DYES FROM CAMPHOR.—Dr. W. H. Gregg, of Elmira, N. Y., is reported to have succeeded in obtaining a new coloring principle from camphor, to which he gives the name of "Laureline." Thus far he has only succeeded in producing various shades of yellow from it; but he is reported to be engaged in certain experiments which he hopes will result in the production of carmine and scarlet. The chief feature of the new dyestuff which recommends it to the attention of textile manufacturers, is in the brilliancy and fastness of the colors. It can be used upon linen, cotton and silk with no apparent difference in density and brilliancy, and goods thus dyed are said to be entirely unaffected by the ordinary tests to which they will be subjected in use. Boiling for hours in a strong soap solution barely turned the shade of a cotton sample. With indigo, a handsome green is produced. The inventor is not yet prepared to give special details respecting the cost of producing the new dye, or of the precise methods of using it; but as regards the first item, he intimates that it will be one of the cheapest, and as to the second, one of the simplest coloring matters to make and apply. The textile journals speak in terms of great interest of the new discovery.

CEMENT FOR GENERAL USE.—For joining paper, card-board, or model work, or similar articles a good glue can be made of glue, vinegar, and alcohol. Dissolve 2 ounces of the best transparent glue in a quarter of a pint of strong cider vinegar. Let it simmer slowly by placing the dish containing it in a dish of boiling water. When it has become liquid, add one ounce of highest-proof alcohol, and keep it tightly corked. If solidified by cold, heat in hot water when needed for use. Dilute acetic acid may be substituted for the cider vinegar.—*Chemist & Drug.*

A NEW CLASS OF ROSES.

H. B. Ellwanger, of Rochester, gives the *Country Gentleman* a description of a new class of roses brought forward last year and which he thinks "is likely to create greater interest than any roses, perhaps, which have ever been brought before the public. I do not mean that they will supplant the classes already known, or that they will prove of greater value than those we have. This may come to pass, in a measure at least, but as these hybrid teas of Mr. Bennett have only been partially tested, and that in England only, their definite position and value is yet unproved. They are, however, all pedigree roses, and any one in examining their parentage must conclude that very desirable varieties are likely to be had from such crosses.

"In 1867 there was sent out by Moun. J. B. Guillot, of Lyons, France, a rose which is the sweetest, and probably the most popular, of any rose grown. This sort came up in a mixed bed of seedlings, sown from pods of various tea roses. It was soon remarked that this variety differed greatly from the teas in the same bed, though evidently having a strong infusion of tea blood; it was named *La France*, classed among the remontant roses and soon proved itself worthy of a national name. Though a chance seedling, its parentage unknown, it is the head of that class of roses now known as hybrid teas. Mr. Bennett has adopted the course of manual fecundation with roses, fertilizing different tea roses by several varieties of the hybrid perpetual; the parentage of all his seedlings is therefore known and adds greatly to the interest of the result.

"The parent plants of the roses sent out by him in 1879 were the teas of *Alba* Roses, President and *Mme. de Joseph*, these were fertilized by the remontants *Countess of Oxford*, *Louis Van Houtte*, *Duchess of Vallambrosa*, *Marquise de Castellane*, *Lord Macaulay*, *Emilie Hausburg*, *Mme. Victor Verdier*, *Countess of Serenye* and the moss *Souperet* of Notting.

"As would naturally be expected, these new sorts show their origin in their habit, resembling both teas and remontants. The one called *Viscountess Falmouth* was raised from President, crossed with *Souperet* at Notting, and distinctly points to its origin in its thorny wood; the other sorts having few thorns. One variety, called *Jean Sisley*, seems on the young plants we have, to be a very fine bloomer; flower buds pushing out from every eye that starts. So soon as we have seen good flowers of these several sorts, we shall be pleased to communicate our criticisms."

"THERE!" she cried, in an excited voice; "I should like to know what's become of that ambriel. I set it up agin the counter when I came in, and afore I could turn round, it's gone—and it was only a Monday that I gin four and six for't!" "What kind of an umbrella was it, ma'am?" asked the polite clerk in his blandest tones. "A spick and span new gingham, young man," was the eager response, "with an iv'ry handle on't, and a—." Like the one in your hand, ma'am, for instance?" "Bakes alive!" she exclaimed. And one might have thought she saw a serpent rather than her own "spick and span gingham," with its "iv'ry handle" clutched fast in her hand. She colored up like a druggist's window, and went off amidst unintelligible excuses. She never felt so flustered in all her born days, as she told *Jemima Ann* when she got home.

LOVE must have expression or it will die. It can be kept forever beautiful and blessed as at first, by giving it constant utterance in word and act. The more it is allowed to flow out in delicate attentions and noble service the stronger and more satisfying and more blessed it will be. The house becomes home only when love drops its heavenly manna in it fresh every day; and the true marriage vow is not made once for all at the altar, but by loving words, helpful services and delicate attentions to the end.