WILLAMETTE FARMER.

| c ${ }_{\text {g }}$ onte | Home Work. <br> The following sketch is by Rev. T. |  |  | We uow occmpy a poition in the felld of Wratiom where wo are able to turnidh the |
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| ancted by Mra. Hz |  |  |  |  |
| Expoctation. <br> We role into the wanled way'; Helow us wide the shadova lisy <br> Ye rode, and met tbe knoeling day; The sui has dropped into the wert <br> The mountain holds him to her breast- <br> She holds and hushes him to rest. <br> - To see the leaf take fire now, |  |  |  |  |
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| "To see the leaf take fire now,To nee, and then to wonder how The glory pauses on the bough,While panting grass-tops wait." When, lot the miracle came on;A roadside turn-a moment gone A roadside turn-a moment gone-And far the sun low-lying shone; The forest stood in state. Transfigured spread the silent space,The glamour loaped about the place, The glamour loaped about the place,And touched us, swept from face to face;We eried, "Not yet too late!" |  |  |  |  |
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| But one, who nearer drew than all, Leaned low, and whispered: "Suns may Or flash; dear heart! I speak and call Or luas; dear hearts soul unto its fate. <br> Tread bravely down life's evening slope, Before the night comess do not grope! Forever shines some small, sweet hope; And God is not toc late. <br> [Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, in Harper's. |  |  |  |  |
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| [For the Willamette Farmer.] bestity. | ing, sprinkling and folding, and to. morrow the ironing of the same; the sorting and mending of them, and pro- |  |  |  |
| in in the evening's coming, Ain its golden twilight red, |  |  |  |  |
| Tmint te dawn of mornit |  |  |  |  |
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| Im in the mountaink moghomes, <br>  |  |  |  |  |
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|  | nim to be welcomed and watted on by |  |  |  |
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| in the Winter's Whitenens, fjring's flowers, amin neen. |  |  |  |  |
| Whistle and Hoe. |  |  |  |  |
| There is a boy fust ovar the garien fence,Who is whistling anl through tho tive-long day: |  |  |  |  |
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| And his work is not just a mere pretense e the woeis he has out awayWhintlo aml hoe, sing aa you co, |  |  |  |  |
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| Not a word of bemoaning his tank 1 hear, For his whistle sounds to merry and clear, |  |  |  |  |
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| He mant tind some pleasure in every row, <br> Whistle and hoe, <br> Shorten the row <br> By the songs you kuow |  |  |  |  |
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| But, then, while you whistle, be aure that you bos |  |  |  |  |
| For if you are idle the hriare will spread, <br> And whisthing alone to the end of the row May do for the woeds, but is bad for the |  |  |  |  |
|  | Iit |  |  |  |
|  | siender, swaying form. | dirlp ping pans, and then stick in threo |  |  |
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| The Home Circle has been under the weather for a month past. Hiness, with its consequent nervous and mental de- |  |  |  |  |
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| pression, has prevented our taking the care of its columns that has been our | u |  |  |  |
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|  | moot ghad |  |  |  |
|  | us, because | the |  |  |
| acquainted with some of our friends who |  |  |  |  |
| have interested themselyes in these columns suficiently to give us a helping |  |  |  |  |
| hand with an occasional article. These little helps, which give so much more |  |  |  |  |
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| guent this winter, and we hope that our old contributors will have some com punctions of conscience at this negleet, |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |
| and sit right down to write something to |  |  |  |  |
|  |  | in lormer directions, only instead or |  |  |
|  |  | the sweet milk, mix to a soft dough with hattermilk, and disolve the soda |  |  |
|  | some aspiring bulirushes. Her vases seem alive with autumn flowers and foliage, and the leaves of burnished gold and crimson seem to have just been gathered from their woody homes." $\qquad$ | in half a teacupful of the buttermilk, to |  |  |
|  |  | add at the last. |  |  |
|  |  | all these recipes; if I do not have the ingredients for one, I use another. One |  |  |
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|  | A Cherrful, Wifk,-What a bessing to a hou echold is a merry, cheerful | ingredients for one, I use another. One <br> is as good as the other, I think, though | Whooping Cough,Croup and Hoarse- |  |
| The following words of encouragement and commendation come to us from a think he overestimates the value of our services in the Home Circle, we will reading his kind letter. We are strengthened to renewed effort, and thank him way. |  |  | MURDRE! | necosary for the information of home pro.duerrand the aivancment of hone agricul- |
|  | woman-one whose spirits are not affected by wet days and little disap- | work them much, and havo the oven hot. Sour crean makes very nice | max mowawes |  |
|  | fected by wet days and little disap-pointments-one whose milk of human | biscuits too, but they need no shortening. In making them, use a heaping teaspoonful of soda to a quart of tiour, and adding the last thing. Always mash the soda well in the bottom of a saucer before dissolving it. | the ejoction of mueas and nubiacs the violence of thome complaints at. the outset. It in a Safe Family Goristive, of long-estabinhed repatation,and where promptly administered, has enabled many to exope sertous Lung Affections, Hoboz, Dastis \& CO., Wholessie Agents. Fort |  |
|  | kindness does not grow sour in thesunshine of prosperity! Such $a$ wo. |  |  |  |
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| way. <br> Shas. H. T. CLARKE, Ed. Home Cirole <br>  |  | Emerson declares that the narrow sectarian cannot read astronomy with impunty. The creeds of his church the observatory. <br> Bridal slippers may bo either of white satin or white kid. |  <br> MERINO <br> SHEEP $\infty$ | make it posuible for her to oompmehend and maiater to the social waints of a farmers* |
|  | one. The children go to school with the senve of something great to be |  | MERINO SHEEP, |  |
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|  | day, she literaily renews her strengh | Solid Merit will Tell. <br> Forall the bitter opposition of jealous |  |  |
| Uxdra The Flag, -When Her Roy- |  |  | and pair foman ghar mice woith of the ett |  |
| ed Niagara this week, and passed for the first time under the stars and Stripes, she became enthusiastic, andactually cheered the emblem. And when the party cautiously, and with creepers on their heels, descended to the Horseshoe Falls, no one spoke for some time. The Princess was the first to find words. She exclaimed, enthuslastically, 'Oh! isn't it just glorious? - [Niagara correspondent. |  |  |  |  |
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