

Christian Family.

From a monument in Kensal Green Cemetery, London.

The Sense of Loss.

It is not at the hour of death,
While mourning o'er the parting breath;
It is not while we look our last,
The present all—forgot the past;
It is not while we watch the eye
Closing with death's last quivering sigh—
We feel our loss.

It is not when we gently lay
The loved remains in death's array;
It is not while with noiseless tread
We gather round the sleeping dead,
And for a few sad mourning days
On what was precious fondly gaze—
We feel our loss.

It is not when, love's labor done,
The coffin closed, we one by one,
With trembling awe, approach and kneel,
And on the lid a farewell seal
From lips that cannot speak a prayer,
So deep the struggling feeling there—
We feel our loss.

And when the last dread solemn rite
Ashes to ashes must unite,
In sable garb we stand around,
Bathing with tears the burial ground,
Which soon our treasure must conceal,
Then, then, indeed, a grief we feel—
But not our loss.

But when a few more days are gone,
And we yet weep, but weep alone;
When all is as it was before,
Save one we never can see more;
When others take that vacant place
So lately filled by one dear face—
We feel our loss.

Ah, many a year may pass away,
And many a sunbeam round us play,
And many a cloud of heavy woe
Darken our pathway here below;
But joy or grief can ne'er efface
What memory's pen alone can trace—
There is our loss.

—S. S. Times.

Isaac Watts's Hymns.

Watts's hymns are to be found in collections used by all Protestant denominations. In the Sabbath Hymn and Tune Book, about twenty per cent. of the selections are from his productions; in Songs for the Sanctuary, about sixteen per cent.; in a book used by some of the Baptist churches, about twenty-five per cent.; in Dr. Ellis's Collection (Unitarian) about seventeen per cent. In Roundell Palmer's Book of Praise, nearly one-tenth of the selections are from his lyrics. In this connection it is interesting to notice how few of the hymns now used in the churches, or published in volumes of sacred poetry, were written by authors who lived before Watt's time. In the Sabbath Hymn and Tune Book, only twenty-two out of one hundred and fifty-eight writers belong to this class, and but sixty-six of the twelve hundred and ninety selections are of older date. In Songs for the Sanctuary only six of the two hundred and seventy-one authors; and but eight of the thirteen hundred and forty-four hymns, were composed by them. In the collection of sacred poetry called Christ in Song, containing selections from authors who lived in the first Christian century down to those who live in our day, only one-fourth are of earlier origin.

Watts is properly called the inventor of English hymns for public worship. Much of the religious verse written in England previous to his day was very crude—and many quaint hymns of great excellence were better calculated for the quiet meditation and study of the house than for use in the sanctuary.

Watt's hymns owe their success to their adaptation to the spiritual wants and feelings of mankind, and the readiness with which they can be combined with music.

Others wrote for a class or denomination; he wrote for the church universal, depending more on the spirit, thought and melody of his composition than upon high-sounding or beclouded language. He said: "I never thought the art of sublime writing consisted in flying out of sight—nor am I of the mind of the Italian who said 'obscurity begets greatness.' I have always avoided

the language of the poets where it did not suit the language of the Gospel."

The following extract from the title page of an edition of Sternhold & Hopkins published in 1647, seems more applicable to the productions of Watts than to those of any other hymn-writer in the English language: "Set forth and allowed to be sung in all churches—of all the people together, before and after morning and evening prayer, and also before and after sermons, and, moreover, in private houses for their godly solace and comfort.—Congregationalist.

A Cat Tale.

This is a sad, but short, tale about a cat, or perhaps about a rabbit that pretended to be a cat—I do not know which. You will presently see why it must be short.

Some time ago a supposed friend sent me, as a present, what purported to be a Chinese cat. Thereby hangs a tale? Not at all. The cat hadn't a sign of a tail. It was said by way of apology and explanation that all Chinese cats have no tails. If this is a fact in natural history, it is an absurd fact; for it is known that all Chinamen—even the smallest—have tails, which are called queues, and sometimes pig-tails, but never cat-tails. And it seemed improbable and heartless that a Chinaman would deny tails to his cats. However, I took the kitten in, and named her "China,"—a name she has never responded to, to this day.

And this shows the animal's instinct; for when I came to look in the dictionary, I found that, in all probability, she was a Manx cat from the Isle of Man,—a small island (hardly room in it to turn round) where cats are obliged to do without tails. It is considered a very nice kind of cat, if it is a cat, of which I have doubts. It is said that Turner, the great painter,—who was probably as good a judge of cats as ever lived,—kept seven Manx cats always in his house. Perhaps it was necessary to have seven Manx cats to get the equivalent of one real cat: in my experience it requires more.

As I said; I doubt if China is a cat, take her altogether. She had, as a kitten, no tail. Her grown tail now is less than an inch long, and most of that is fur. It is exactly like a rabbit's tail—that is, a kind of a place for a tail. When China first began to realize her existence, she evidently thought she was a cat, and her first sportive effort was to play with her tail. She looked around, and there wasn't any tail there; the other end of her was a rabbit. She was mortified; but what could she do? She began, without any apology, to play with her hind leg, to chase it round and round as if were a tail; and ever after that she has amused herself with her hind leg.

And her hind legs are worth playing with. For they are not like the hind legs of a cat, but are long and bend under exactly like the legs of a rabbit. When China sits down, she sits down like a rabbit. So she is neither one another; and I cannot make out whether she is a rabbit trying to be a cat, or a cat trying to be a rabbit. She succeeds any way. China is rather handsome. Her coat is the most beautiful combination of soft buff and ermine fur,—a most pleasing color,—and she is a shapely little thing besides, with a fine head and pretty face. Like some other beauties, however she is not as good as she is beautiful. She has a temper,—can be very playful and affectionate one minute, and scratch and bite the next without provocation. From an infant she seemed to have no conscience. She was a perfect whirlwind in the house, when the whim took her to frolic; went over chairs and all sorts of furniture like a flying squirrel; succeeded in about a week in tearing all the gimp from the chairs and lounges, climbed the azalia trees, shook off all the blos-

soms, and then broke the stems. Punishment she minded not at all,—only to escape from it for the moment. I think she had not, as a kitten, a grain of moral sense, and yet she was 'awful cunning' and entertaining,—more so than a spoiled child. We got a sedate old cat to come and live with China. She drove that big cat out of the house and off the premises in less than half a day; and that, too when she wasn't more than seven inches long. She went at the big cat with incredible fury, with the blaze and momentum of a little fire-ball.

Now that China has come to be of decent size, some of the vivacity and playfulness has gone out of her, but she is really untamed,—goes for things on the table, steals, and all that; and it is more difficult than ever to tell whether she is a rabbit or a cat. We have another companion for her,—a mild staid old grandmother of a cat, with a very big tail—enough for two, if they would share it. China treats her with no respect, but, on the whole, they get on well, quarreling only half the time, and consent to live in the same house. China overlooks the intrusion.

But as to the nature of China, this is what happened recently. China's mistress had undertaken to raise some radishes, in advance of the season, in a box in her conservatory. It was a slow process, owing to lack of heat or lack of disposition in the radishes to grow. They came up, shot up, grew slender, tall and pale. Occasionally the mistress would pull up one to see why the bottoms didn't grow, so that we could eat them; but she never discovered why. The plants spindled up, all top and no radish; and by and by they got tired and laid down to rest. They might in time come to something. In fact, they began to look as if they were thickening in the stem and going to grow in the root. One morning they were gone. After weeks of patient watching, watering, and anxious expectation! Nibbled off close to the ground. China had eaten every one of them short.

Now doesn't that show that China is a rabbit? Will a cat eat radish-tops? This is one thing I want to know.

There came once to our house a facetious person; that is, a person who makes jokes likely to hurt your feelings; and he looked at the cat, and said it didn't matter if it had no tail, that I could write one for it. I have done so.

But that makes no difference. What I want to know now from the children of St. Nicholas is this; What can I do with her? I can neither give her away for a cat, nor sell her for a rabbit. Do you think it would coax a tail out of her to put her under blue glass?—Charles Dudley Warner, St. Nicholas.

Household.

—Housekeepers should know that a small piece of paper or linen, moistened with spirits of turpentine, and put into a chest of drawers or wardrobe for a single day two or three times a year, is a preservative against moths.

—Indelible ink stains may be removed by first-soaking them in strong salt water, and then washing them with ammonia. The salt changes the nitrate of silver into chloride of silver, and the ammonia dissolves the chloride.

RE-COOKING BOILED FISH.—Take two pounds of cold fish and cut into quite small pieces; scald a pint of sweet milk; mix in one-fourth pound of butter; a tablespoonful of corn-starch; pepper and salt to taste add the beaten yolks of three eggs; butter a dish, put in, thus alternate, leaving the paste on top; bake three-quarters of an hour in a moderate oven.

PLAIN PASTRY.—One quart of sifted flour, one-half pound of good lard chopped up very fine with the flour, chop it in with a chopping-knife until it is as fine as it is possible to make it; wet it with one small teacupful

ice cold water; this will make a stiff dough; make the dough into shape, roll it out thin, spread good butter over it, fold it up butter side in, and roll it out thin again, repeat this folding and rolling until one-half pound of good butter is used up.

—One great secret in frying whole or sliced fish, is to use abundance of fat. If there is not enough to cover them entirely while cooking they will soak grease and be of poor taste and color. If the fat is very hot the fish will be crisp and dry upon the outside, and within will be firm and well flavored. To prepare the fish for frying, wipe them dry with a towel, sift flour upon them, dip into beaten egg, and roll in bread crumbs which have been with salt and pepper. Parsley, water-cress or sliced lemons are the most suitable garnishes for fried fish.

—A husband complained that his shirt bosoms and collars were badly done up, and the case was referred to a knowing shirtmaker, and his answer is well worth the attention of housekeepers:

"Yes," said the man, "the fault is with your laundress. While doing up your collars she stretches them the wrong way. Damp linen is very pliable, and a good pull will alter a fourteen inch into a fifteen inch collar in the twinkling of an eye. She ought to stretch them crosswise and not lengthwise. Then in straightening out your shirt bosom she makes another mistake of the same sort. They also ought to be pulled crosswise instead of lengthwise, particularly in the neighborhood of the neck. A lengthwise pull draws the front of the neckband somewhat directly under your chin, where it was never meant to go, and of course that spoils the set of your collar. With the front of your neckband an inch too high, and your collar an inch too long, you have a most undesirable combination."

—There is usually a great fault in the cooking of corned beef, and so it has fallen into ill favor with most people. But it is really a very good relish when cooked with as much care as it deserves. If it is very salt, put it on to boil in nearly cold water, and when it begins to boil set it on the back of the stove and let it cook very slowly for four or five hours occasionally replacing the water which evaporates by a little cold water; this will help to keep it from boiling too hard. When it is tender enough to fall to pieces, or is, "cooked to rags," as some people say, take it up and put it in a flat pan, lay a clean board on it, and put very heavy stones upon that, and leave the beef under a very heavy pressure for twelve hours or more. You can then offer it to anyone, without feeling in the least uneasy, because you are surprised with nothing in the house for dinner but cold corned beef.

Health and Sickness.

THOSE who are troubled with sore throats may keep them well by bathing thoroughly with cold water just before retiring.

TO STOP BLEEDING take the fine dust of tea and bind it on the wound—at all times accessible and easily obtained. After the blood has ceased to flow, laudanum may be advantageously applied to the wound. Due regard to these instructions may save much trouble.

TO CURE CORNS.—Take a lemon and roll it till soft; cut a thin slice and bind it on the corn at night. In the morning, if white and disintegrated, pull it out with your finger nails. Sometimes several applications will be necessary.

TO RELIEVE ASTHMA.—Make a strong solution of salt-peter. Dip clean straw paper in the solution until it is thoroughly saturated; then dry it before the fire or in the sun, cut the paper into thin strips, and burn them in a vessel, inhaling the smoke or smoke in clay pipe.

CURE FOR CROUP.—Croup may

often be relieved by alum and sugar. Take a knife or grater, and shave off in small particles about a teaspoonful of alum; then mix it with twice its quantity of sugar, to make it palatable, and administer it as quickly as possible, giving a teaspoonful ever fifteen minutes until vomiting ensues. If needed, the remedy may be applied again. When this remedy has no effect, a bit of yellow snuff, as much as can be taken on the point of a knife, and mixed with a teaspoonful of molasses, may be administered and never fails to operate as an emetic.

THERE is scarcely any ache to which children are subject, so bad to bear and difficult to cure, as the earache. But there is a remedy, never known to fail. Take a bit of cotton batting, put upon it a pinch of black pepper, gather it up and tie it, dip it in sweet oil, and insert it into the ear. Put a flannel bandage over the head to keep it warm. It will give immediate relief.

TO CURE CANKERED SORE MOUTH.—Gargle with alcohol diluted with half water, or, if it can be borne, with less proportion of water. Dry sulphur, applied directly to the cankers, will often cure. In young children when the gargle cannot be used, the diluted alcohol may be used with a swab.

BONE FELON.—Of all painful things, can there be any so excruciatingly painful as a bone felon? We know of none that flesh is heir to, and as this malady is quite frequent, and the subject of much earnest consideration, we give the latest recipe for its cure, which is given by that high authority, the London Lancet. "As soon as the pulsation which indicates the disease is felt, put directly over the spot a fly blister, about the size of a thumb nail, and let it remain for six hours, at the expiration of which time directly under the surface of the blister may be seen the felon, which can be instantly taken out with the point of a needle or a lancet."

CUBE BERRIES FOR CATARRH.—A new remedy for catarrh is crushed cube berries smoked in a pipe, emitting the smoke through the nose; after a few trials this will be easy to do. If the nose is stopped up so that is almost impossible to breathe, one pipeful will make the head as clear as a bell. For sore throat, asthma and bronchitis, swallowing the smoke effects immediate relief. It is the best remedy in the world for offensive breath, and will make the most foul breath pure and sweet. Sufferers from that horrid disease, ulcerated catarrh, will find this remedy unequalled, and a month's use will cure the most obstinate case. A single trial will convince anyone. Eating the uncrushed berries is also good for sore throat and all bronchial complaints. After smoking, do not expose yourself to cold air for at least fifteen minutes.

INTEREST.—The following is the shortest and most accurate method of computing interest known, and is worth preserving. Multiply the principal by the number of days, and divide—

If at 5 per cent., by 7206.

If at 6 per cent., by 6000.

If at 7 per cent., by 5143.

If at 8 per cent., by 4500.

If at 9 per cent., by 4000.

If at 10 per cent., by 3600.

If at 11 per cent., by 3273.

If at 12 per cent., by 3000.

If at 13 per cent., by 2700.

If at 14 per cent., 2571.

If at 15 per cent., by 2400.

WASHING WINDOWS.—Some one advises on this subject that it is not an easy thing to wash windows so that they will look clear and well polished, and if sponges are used, it is quite impossible to do it. First brush them off well with a sponge or brush, and then wrap a bit of cloth about a sharp-pointed stick, and wipe out the dust that sticks to the corners, then take some weak tea, boiling hot, and add to it a teaspoonful of alcohol and a few drops of aqua ammonia. Dip a piece of sponge or of old flannel into it and rub the glass one way only until it shines clear.