

## Joy.

As the dove at eve returneth  
To its ever faithful mate;  
As the wanton spendthrift yearneth  
For his lost yet loved estate.

As the sailor wrecked, and fighting  
With the night's tempestuous sea,  
Hears at daybreak shouts inviting  
From the life-boat on his lee.

As a child in wayward passion,  
From maternal anger flies;  
Sees forgiveness and compassion  
Shining in its mother's eyes.

As the traveller benighted,  
In some trackless snow-drift laid;  
At impending death affrighted,  
Feels the grasp of timely aid.

As the pilgrim fainter growing,  
When the road no shelter gives,  
Finds the sainted well o'erflowing,  
Drinks and rests, and laves and lives.

None of these can give expression  
To the joy that fills the breast,  
When the soul in meek confession  
Has returned to Jesus' rest.

Toronto.

R. CROOKENDIN.

## A Shrewd Business Man's Advice.

The advice of a shrewd business man is sometimes of more value, even in a financial sense, than direct aid. It proved so in the case of a drayman who was employed by Stephen Girard, the Philadelphia merchant. One day the drayman, who was an industrious, bright fellow with a good many mouths to fill at home, was heard to remark that he wished he was rich. "What's that?" sharply said Girard, who heard the grumble. "Oh," said the man, "I was only wishing I was rich." "Well, why don't you get rich?" said the millionaire harshly. "I don't know how without money," returned the drayman. "You don't need money," said Girard. "Well, if you will tell me how to get rich without money, I won't let the grass grow before trying it," returned the other. "There is going to be a ship-load of confiscated tea sold by auction to-morrow at the wharf. Go down there and buy it in, and then come to me." The man laughed. "I have no money to buy a ship-load of tea with," he said. "You don't need any money, I tell you," snapped the old man. "Go down and bid on the whole cargo, and then come to me." The next day the drayman went down to the sale. A large crowd of retailers were present, and the auctioneer said that those bidding would have the privilege of taking one case or the whole ship-load, and the bidding would be on the pound. He then began the sale. A retail grocer started the bidding, and the drayman raised him. On seeing this, the crowd gazed with no small amount of surprise. When the case was knocked down to the drayman, the auctioneer said he supposed the buyer desired only the one case. "I'll take the whole ship-load," coolly returned the successful bidder. The auctioneer was astonished; but, on someone whispering to him that it was Girard's man who was the speaker, his manner changed, and he said he supposed it was all right. The news soon spread that Girard was buying tea in large quantities, and the next day the price rose several cents. "Go and sell your tea," said Girard to the drayman the next day. The drayman was shrewd, and he went out and made contracts with several brokers to take stock at a shade below the market price, thereby making a quick sale. In a few hours he was worth \$50,000.

## Prayers.

Prayers uttered aloud are more often a shell than aught else, a mask which conceals a lifeless skeleton. They may be beautiful to the ear of man, they may be useful as enabling others to mount the spiritual ladder and thus commune with God; this is the best that can be said of rite and ritual. It is the soul's cry, more often inaudible to the material ear, which reaches God "and brings the helper near"; the yearning of the divine spark within, the intense wish which

sometimes, by the majesty of the soul power of man, seizes the sceptre, as it were, and with authority speaks to the billows and they become calm. It is only when the soul speaks that God hears. The mouthing of material instruments speaks to the material, not to the Father of Spirit, the Over-soul.

The Eastern idea that perfect bliss is not attained by the blessed until they are absorbed in God, has its foundation in the bed-rock of truth. In essence, in aspiration, in spirituality; nay, in reality, man can never know what bliss is until he is lost in God, that is, has become in perfect harmony with the Over-soul, though his individuality is, and must ever remain, with him.

## The Love of God.

Like a cradle, rocking, rocking,  
Silent; peaceful, to and fro—  
Like a mother's sweet looks dropping  
On the little face below—  
Hangs the green earth swinging, turning;  
Jarless, noiseless, safe and slow,  
Falls the light of God's face bending  
Down and watching us below.

And as feeble babes that suffer,  
Toss and cry and will not rest,  
Are the ones the tender mother  
Holds the closest—loves the best;  
So when we are weak and wretched,  
By our sins weighed down—distressed,  
Then it is that God's great patience  
Holds us closest—loves us best.

O great heart of God! whose loving  
Cannot hindered be nor crossed;  
Will not weary, will not even  
In our death itself be lost—  
Love Divine! of such great loving,  
Only mothers know the cost—  
Cost of love which, all love passing,  
Gave a Son to save the lost.

## The Hidden Cross.

To all, sooner or later, Christ comes to baptize them with fire. But do not think that the baptism of fire comes once for all to a man in some terrible affliction, some one awful conviction of his own sinfulness and nothingness. No, with many, and those, perhaps, the best people, it goes on month after month and year after year. By secret trials, chastenings which none but they and God can understand, the Lord is cleansing them from their secret faults, and making them to understand wisdom secretly; burning out of them the chaff of self-will and self-conceit and vanity, and leaving only the pure gold of righteousness. How many sweet and holy souls, who look cheerful enough before the eyes of men, yet have their secret sorrows. They carry their cross unseen all day long, and lie down to sleep on it at night; and they will carry it, perhaps, for years and years, and to their graves, and to the throne of Christ, before they lay it down; and none but they and Christ will ever know what it was—what was the secret chastisement which God sent to make that soul better which seemed to us already too good for earth. So does the Lord watch His people, and tries them by fire, as the refiner of silver sits by his furnace watching the melted metal, till he knows that it is purged from all its dross by seeing the image of his own face reflected on it.—Charles Kingsley.

—When Franklin was a small boy he thought it fine to use hard words, and one day mentioned to his father that he had swallowed some acephalous molluscs, which so alarmed the old man that he shrieked loudly for help. The old lady came in with warm water, and they forced half-a-gallon down Benjamin's throat with the garden pump and then held him upside down, the old man saying, "If we don't get them things out of Benny he'll be poisoned, sure." When Benjamin was allowed to get his breath he explained that the articles referred to were oysters. His father was so riled that he fondled him for a good hour with a heavy trunk strap for scaring the family. Franklin never afterwards used a word of two syllables when one would do.

## Hints to Housekeepers.

**BREADED EGGS.**—Boil the eggs hard. When cold remove the shells, slice them lengthwise; dip each slice in raw egg, beaten, then in fine bread crumbs, and fry them in butter. Serve hot, but drained from all grease.

**HAGYARD'S PECTORAL BALSAM.**—Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam gives prompt relief in coughs, colds, hoarseness, whooping cough, croup, asthma or bronchitis. It is the most pleasant and perfect throat and lung healer in the world for children or adults. Price 25c.

**CORN STARCH PUDDING.**—Set a quart of milk in a pan in boiling water. When scalding hot thicken it with a tablespoonful and a half of corn starch dissolved in milk; add a little salt and two tablespoonfuls of sugar. Beat the whites of three eggs to a stiff froth and stir them in; pour into dishes and set away to cool; make a custard of the yolks of the eggs, flavor to taste and serve as sauce with the pudding.

**IMPORTANT AND TRUE.**—No better evidence of the fact that Burdock Blood Bitters is a certain remedy for all blood disorders can be asked than that of Mr. Geo. V. Thomas, druggist, of Hull, P.Q., whose wife was cured of cancer by B.B.B. The family doctor is certain that the disease was cancer and that it is now cured.

**SPANISH STEW.**—Boil gently one and a half pounds of steak till tender, save the liquor; next day cut the beef into small pieces, put in a saucepan with one teaspoonful of butter, half pint highly-seasoned strained tomato sauce, and the liquor in which it was boiled, and let it simmer one hour. Just before dishing mash fine the yolk of a hard-boiled egg, stir into it one-quarter teaspoonful curry powder and add to the stew.

**SPEAKING OF TIPS.**—A tip is a piece of special or valuable information such as this, that Hagyard's Yellow Oil is a prompt and effectual cure for croup, colds, hoarseness, sore throat, rheumatism, neuralgia, sprains or soreness of any kind. Known as reliable over 30 years.

**HOMINY CROQUETTES.**—Boil the hominy until thoroughly done, then turn it on a plate to cool. To a pint and a half of hominy add a large pinch salt, and spoonful milk, three well beaten eggs, flour enough to roll the croquettes into shape, and one teaspoonful baking powder; cook in a deep frying pan full of boiling fat; when they are a nice light brown remove from the fat and let them drain a few minutes before serving.

**CONSUMPTION CURED.**—An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N.Y.

**BUCKWHEAT CAKES.**—Two quarts water, one cup buttermilk, half teaspoonful soda; stir warm water, buttermilk, good buckwheat flour together and let stand over night: in the morning add one cup hot water and soda; have a hot griddle and you will be sure to have good cakes. Save a little of the batter and add more buttermilk—about one or one and a half cupsful—and you need not start new batter oftener than once in two weeks.

**LOAF CAKE.**—Five cups dough, three of sugar, one and a half of butter; work the ingredients well together; add wineglass of wine or milk, half teaspoonful soda dissolved and strained in as little water as possible, and four eggs; work these in the mixture and add a pound of seeded raisins cut once; spice to taste; line basin with buttered paper pour in the mixture; bake as soon as very light in amoderate oven; make the dough with home-made yeast.