

Winter Scenery.

There is a sombreness about it. Trees without their foliage lose much of their beauty, unless to those who have gone beneath the surface, and, like Ruskin, see beauty in the browns and blending hues. The white snow on dark evergreens will draw exclamations of admiration from any one who has an eye for the beautiful at all. In our picture of the old stone church grown grey, with its faded vines and leafless trees around, do you not see beauty? How beautiful it seems as the worshipper of other days in his distant home thinks of it at this New Year time. The anthems he used to sing come ringing back again; the old minister's voice sounds as of old, although for years the kindly face is gone and the silvered hair is there no more—no more. Those who used to sit side by side with him there, where are they? Scattered. "Some are married, some are dead," but the old clock, like Longfellow's, ticks away his unchanging "forever—never, never forever." Ah, yes; there is much beauty around the old church yet; there is little in life that can call up such sacred memories or such helpful thoughts, as we think of the unforgetting past and the many changes Father Time brings. How small one feels in the presence of these things, almost as small as when beside some great mountain, and helpless as when he would stay that mountain torrent, as it leaps from rock to rock.

Yet, one thing remains unchanged in the old church—the same God is worshipped, the same grand old hymns and psalms of praise are read or sung, and the spirit as powerful as at Pentecost comes down and abides with the real worshipper there.

K. R. McQ.

Prize Essay.—Punctuality.

BY MISS R. MILLER, ST. MARYS, ONT.

The Chelsea philosopher was right when he said that the reason things go on in this world as they do is because people do not think. If we thought how much the so-called "minor virtues," of which punctuality is one, contribute to the comfort and happiness of ourselves and others; if we thought being punctual a duty we owe to one another as members of a family or as members of society, would this good habit not receive more general cultivation?

The importance of doing anything depends largely upon doing it at the right time. If we make an engagement to meet anyone at a certain time, we should be at the appointed place exactly at the hour named, not five or ten minutes later. We should, in short, be honest—keep our word to the letter. We would do well often to call to mind the old adage, "Time is gold," and if we do not properly value our own, we have no right to waste that of another, nor to show to him such discourtesy or want of consideration as we should justly and naturally resent being shown towards ourselves. We would scorn the idea of stealing a man's gold, yet we think nothing whatever of wasting his time.

Punctuality has been called "the hinge of business." Its advantages are self-evident. The young man who is prompt and punctual is the one who is apt to succeed in the world. The order and method he introduces in his business, enforced by being punctual, will be to him invaluable. He will gain his employer's trust and confidence, for he will find he is to be depended on. He will build up character; his success will stimulate others, and when fortune knocks at his door he will be ready to take the tide at the flood which invariably leads on to fortune, for an opportunity once allowed to slip past seldom recurs.

"The first occasion offered quickly take.
Lest thou repine at what thou didst forsake."

If we turn to the realm of nature we find the stars move in their courses, day follows night, the seasons come and go, each in its proper turn. No noise, no jarring, no friction. All nature works in harmony. "Order is heaven's first law."

So, if we are systematic with our work, if we take up the first thing first, deftly and promptly despatch it and proceed with the next, losing no idling no time between, how smoothly glide along the wheels of our domestic machinery. We are able to accomplish more and better work, and have leisure besides; we save ourselves a world of worry, wear and tear, and unnecessary expenditure of nerve force generally. Half the disagreeableness of anything vanishes if we take hold at once and go through with it, whereas, if, for instance, we are not punctual in rising, the morning gets the start of us. We must undertake more than we can accomplish; a multitude of things demand attention at once, so we chase the hours hard all day and fail to overtake them at night. Disorder and confusion is the result; we are nervous and cross, and things and people are blue in consequence.

Alexander conquered the world "by not delaying." Nelson attributed the success of his life to "being always a quarter of an hour beforehand." Alfred de Vigny put off the writing of his great poem, saying always, "To-morrow I will begin it," till one morning the papers announced his death—his great poem unwritten, his life-work all undone. Delay is generally fatal to progress.

Some there are to whom it is natural to be always prompt and punctual—natural, perhaps, because they formed the habit early. Some may be taught promptness, but many there are who never will have promptness thrust upon them. They go through life a little late for everything; they are late for school; they were too late in applying to get that situation; they sit down to meals after the grace has been said; they go tiptoeing down the aisle when the minister is giving out the psalm; they put off, alas! the making of their wills and the salvation of their souls till life's sands are ebbing out and are ready to exclaim, like Queen Elizabeth, "All my possessions for a moment of time." Young, in his "Night thoughts," emphasizes the folly of delay thus:

"Be wise to-day: 'tis madness to defer;
Next day the fatal precedent will plead:
Thus on, till wisdom is pushed out of life!
Procrastination is the thief of time;
Year after year it steals, till all are fled,
And to the mercies of a moment leaves
The vast concerns of an eternal scene."

Sayings by Gail Hamilton.

WOMEN ARE TOLD WHAT TO CULTIVATE AND WHAT TO AVOID.

Wildness is a thing which girls can not afford.
Delicacy is a thing which can not be lost or found.
No art can restore the grape its bloom.
Familiarity without confidence, without regard, is destructive to all that makes women exalting and ennobling.
It is the first duty of a woman to be a lady.
Good breeding is good sense.
Bad manners in a woman are immorality.
Awkwardness may be ineradicable.
Bashfulness is constitutional.
Ignorance of etiquette is the result of circumstances.
All can be condoned, and not banish men and women from the amenities of their kind.

But self-possessed, unshrinking and aggressive coarseness of demeanor may be reckoned as a prison offense, and certainly merits that mild form of restraint called imprisonment for life.

It is a shame for women to be lectured on their manners. It is a bitter shame that they need it. Do not be restrained, carry yourself so lofty that men will look up to you for reward, not at you in rebuke.

The natural sentiment of man toward woman is reverence. He loses a large means of grace when he is obliged to account her a being to be trained in propriety.

A man's ideal is not wounded when woman fails in worldly wisdom, but if in grace, in tact, in sentiment, in delicacy, in kindness she should be found wanting, he receives an inward hurt. — [N. Y. World.]



WINTER SCENE.

A Peanut Hunt.

A pleasant and easily arranged evening entertainment, suitable for winter or summer, is prepared in this way:

First, put in order the room in which you intend to entertain your guests, as any change in the position of the furniture is undesirable after "the party" is ready. It is a good plan to remove any fragile articles of bric-a-brac or furniture that may be within easy reach of the "hunters." Get a good supply of peanuts, according to the size of the room and the number of your guests.

Count the peanuts and record the number. Then let them be hidden in every imaginable, but particularly in every unimaginable place. Exercise all your ingenuity, and remember that wits just as bright as yours are to find what you have concealed. Sometimes, however, it happens that a very conspicuous place is the last to be searched.

Now prepare as many little baskets or receptacles of some sort as you are to have guests. The little "cat baskets" are very good for this purpose, but boxes or larger baskets will serve as well. A little decoration of some sort enhances the pleasure of the seekers, and at the close of the evening the baskets may be given as souvenirs. The small baskets may be prettily grouped in a large basket, and both may be tied with ribbons.

If the company is large the players may be asked to "hunt in couples," and the baskets may be arranged to match each other.

When the hunt begins those who have placed the nuts are to act as umpires, in case there should be any question as to the first finders, and they must also notice whether all the nuts have been found, and so determine the end of the game.

Sometimes a single nut is dipped in ink or dyed red and hidden away very securely, and the person who finds this particular red or black nut is the winner of the game. But generally the prize is given to the person or the couple whose basket shows the greatest number of nuts. — Youth's Companion.

The Pretty Woman.

A pretty woman must first of all have clearly cut, regular features.

She must have full, clear eyes.

She must have a skin that is above reproach, unimpaired by rouge or powder.

She must have glossy hair that has never known the touch of bleach or dye.

She must have a good figure, plump enough, yet slender enough, though never suggestive of an angle.

She must have a white, expressive hand, preferably a small one, but not of a necessity, if it is well kept and white.

She must have small ears and a throat that is like a marble column for the head.

She must know how to put on her clothes, or she loses half her beauty.

She must fully understand what best suits her in the way of hair-dressing, and cling closely to that.

A woman may have all these attractions, and unless her own personality is charming, unless she has tact, it dawns on you, after you have seen her once or twice, that she is not a pretty woman, but a pretty doll.

French Bonbons.

DELICIOUS ONES CAN BE MADE AT HOME WITH LITTLE TROUBLE.

The word bonbon originates from doubling the adjective bon—meaning good. For home-made bonbons confectioner's sugar is used to make the foundation or "fondant." To one pint of sugar add a scant pint of cold water. Put in a porcelain-lined kettle or new tin pan, set on the back of the range until the sugar is dissolved and add one-fourth teaspoonful of cream tartar. Shake it if you wish, but never put a spoon in or stir the liquid while cooking. When the sugar is melted set it over the fire, where it will cook slowly. In fifteen minutes drop some in ice-cold water; if sufficiently cooked it will form a soft ball. When it is cooked just right you can take it between your fingers and work it easily; it should not be sticky; if it is, it is not cooked enough; the cooking requires nearly half an hour, but it must not be cooked too much. When done set it in a pan of snow or ice water, and while it is quite warm begin to stir and work with a wooden paddle or spoon until it is creamy. Much beating is required, and you will find it hard work. As soon as it is cool enough, take out part and work with the hands. When beating with the paddle add vanilla enough to flavor.

Have prepared English walnuts, almonds, dates with the seeds taken out, figs cut in halves, some chopped figs with hickory nut meats, chopped almonds, some of Baker's unsweetened chocolate, grated, and a box of desiccated cocoanut. The fondant must be worked quickly while it is warm, and not handled too much. Take small pieces and work in shape, press half a walnut on either side, or on one side, if you prefer. Cut a slit on one side of each date, taking out the stone; have a piece of fondant, sprinkle a little cornstarch on the moulding-board, roll the fondant into a long piece the size of a pipestem, cut off short pieces and put in the pates. Melt some fondant and add a few drops of cochineal to part of it, which makes it a beautiful pink; dip the figs, cut in halves, in the white; when the pink is cool, with the hands make little oval pieces and insert blanched almonds. Make some pink and some white. Mix chopped hickory nuts with some white fondant, knead together and form in a roll; brush with white of an egg and dry, then dip in warm pink fondant. When dry on the outside slice in thin pieces.

To make cocoanut balls, knead some desiccated cocoanut into the fondant, make into balls and set away to cool. With a brush moisten the outside with the beaten white of an egg, then sprinkle desiccated or freshly grated cocoanut over them.

For chocolate balls, make small balls of white fondant, and lay on a greased plate to cool; put some grated chocolate in a dish in a pan of hot water to melt; if too thick, add half teaspoonful of butter to thin it, but never add water. Put the fondant balls, one at a time, in the chocolate, turning them over so as to coat them well; a hat pin or wooden toothpick can be used to take them out. Set away to harden.

The French candied fruits are often used in making these candies. Pineapple can be cut in tiny bits and pressed into the fondant, then made into any shape and dipped in chocolate. These can be packed in half-pound or pound boxes with paper between the layers.

Sermons in Sentences.

The gate to heaven is not a toll gate.

Childish simplicity is God-like power.

One is not ready to live until he is ready to die.

God deals not with appearances, but with realities.

To be a servant of God one must be an enemy of sin.

Those only live who love; all other life is mere existence.

Stronger power than love can never be exercised by man.

The same wind that brings a cloud will bear it away again.

Distance does not lend enchantment to the view of the Cross.

The most agreeable thing some men ever do is to make their exit.

Some men are prouder of their humility than others of a new suit of clothes.

The perfection of God being infinite, to become God-like means infinite growth.

The best credentials for a candidate for glory are the marks of righteous conflict.

Real beauty is just as durable as a silken wrapper as it can possibly be in silk or satin.