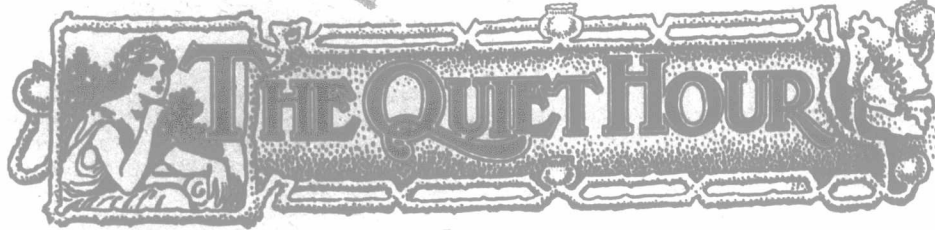


small carriage, something like a Victoria, and drove for the first time through the streets of Rome, and by moonlight too. As we left the station, the broad open streets and the fine large new buildings, the fountains playing in the air, and the electric trains, made us think we were in quite a modern rather than an ancient city. A nice, kind little English landlady awaited our arrival, and we were glad to be shown our rooms and retire for the night, but we found we were in a very noisy city, much more so than old London. Our street, Babuino, one of the most important, is very narrow and cobbled, as all the streets in Rome are. A double electric train line, and the houses running up five and six stories on either side seem to confine the noise, and the cries and shouts of the people even in the middle of the night strikes one as most unnatural, yet natural it seems to Rome. The jehus drive furiously, yet skilfully, for the traffic is often much congested, and the accidents in the street are rare. The shops are most fascinating, and we fix our eyes greedily on the coral and Roman pearls. The flower-stands in the piazzas are truly lovely—roses, jonquils, mignonette, anemones, violets, carnations, freesia, and almond blossom waft their odor for some distance—and the peasants, both boys and girls, in their picturesque dress, are most persistent in their efforts to adorn you with buttonholes, and thereby gain a penny. A number of studios engage the peasants during the season for their models, and in certain quarters groups of these girls, during lunch time, are to be seen sitting chatting and knitting on the steps of the churches, their bright dress, brown complexion, black hair, and large dark eyes, typical of Italian beauty, make a charming picture. The weather has been changeable, some days gloriously sunny and warm, with blue sky overhead; others very wet, but this is natural, for February is the rainy month in Rome, and a few almost oppressive days, for the sirocco was blowing from across the Sahara desert, but it seems that at last we have left the cold and damp behind. Now there is no longer any need for fires and extra rugs on one's bed. There is much more than one could fit comfortably in a lifetime of sights and interesting places here to be seen in Rome, and our short stay of three weeks can only give us a very small insight into a few of those most interesting and close at hand.

The churches, numbering 400, the steps of which are always crowded with beggars, contain many beautiful works of art, but much of the beauty is lost often, owing to the poor light within. The gem of them all is St. Peter's Cathedral, whose mighty dome may be seen for miles around. The piazza in front is bound by a semicircle of four rows of lofty pillars, which enclose an Egyptian obelisk of one solid piece of granite, and two perpetual fountains, one on either side, putting out water to a great height. This stone-paved area makes a very imposing approach to this magnificent building. As you mount the marble steps and take a view of the front of this basilica, you are more and more amazed at its size and splendor. Within is a wealth of marble, exquisite sculpture and mosaic. Adjoining the Cathedral is the Vatican, or Pope's Palace, of 11,000 rooms, of no particular beauty or design, parts of which are open to the public, and the Pope's Swiss Guards, whose uniform was designed by Michael Angelo, here keep watch. Passing up the beautiful corridor, you enter the Sistine Chapel, celebrated for its fresco paintings by Michael Angelo, one wall of which alone took him eight years to paint.

AUSTRALIAN NELL.

"Why do you sign your name J. John B. B. Bronson?" asked Hawkins. "Because it is my name," said Bronson. "I was christened by a minister who stuttered."



In the Shadow of the Rock.

"Just to let thy Father do
What He will;
Just to know that He is true,
And be still,
Just to follow, hour by hour,
As He leadeth;
Just to draw the moment's power
As it needeth.
Just to trust Him, this is all!
Then the day will surely be
Peaceful, whatso'er befall,
Bright and blessed, calm and free."

The readers of the "Advocate" have lately been asked to state their preference for this or that column in the Home Department, but I think if you asked a thousand aged Christians to state their preference for any particular chapter in the New Testament most of them would decide in favor of the fourteenth of St. John's Gospel. Perhaps they might not be able to tell why its words are like a restful lullaby to them in the weariness of old age; but probably it is because it brings such a welcome message of peace. Its opening words are like a strain of sweetest music: "Let not your heart be troubled." Then the strain swells out in grandest melody: "Peace I leave with you; My peace I give unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."

Miller says that the word "peace" is repeated more than 250 times in the Bible. It certainly seems to be a word which only God's servants fully understand the meaning of. St. Paul and Isaiah entirely agree in saying of the ungodly: "The way of peace they know not." And Isaiah repeats the solemn declaration several times, giving it authority as a message from Jehovah Himself: "There is no peace, saith the Lord, unto the wicked." People who care nothing for God, may know what it is to have a "jolly good time," they may even taste something of "joy," although a joy that does not spring from walking hand-in-hand with God can never stand against sorrow; only a Christian really finds it possible to "rejoice in tribulation." But peace is especially our Lord's gift to His disciples. He offers it to each of us, but although we can hardly fail to think it a gift worth having, the fact remains that too often we struggle through life without it. There are rough and stony places in every path, and if we don't put on the sandals of peace of course we must expect to limp painfully over these hard bits. This is a subject that touches us all at times, and we all have good reason to ask the question:

"How shall I quiet my heart? How shall I keep it still?
How shall I hush its tremulous start
at tidings of good or ill?
How shall I gather and hold contentment and peace and rest,
Wrapping their sweetness, fold on fold,
over my troubled breast?"

How shall that important question be answered? Will God indeed keep us "under His folded wings in a peace serene—divine?" Is there really such a thing possible for us as the perfect restfulness and peace in the midst of danger, which is compared by Miss Havergal to resting in a strong fortress, perfectly secure, though deadly foes are raging outside, or resting in a lifeboat when the waves are rolling mountains high? Is there anything we need every day of our lives more than peace? Is there anything God offers more freely? The supply is prepared to meet every demand, and it is offered to poor as well as rich—a priceless gift which no millionaire can buy with his money. We all want it; we may all have it, and

yet the strange fact remains that we very often fail to secure it. The reason for this is not far to seek; want of trust is at the root of the difficulty. We don't trust God, and, therefore, we constantly find ourselves "careful and troubled about many things." Peace can only rest safely on the strong rock of Trust. Those who really trust God are sure to find Him "a strength to the poor, a strength to the needy in his distress, a refuge from the storm, a shadow from the heat, when the blast of the terrible ones is as a storm against the wall." Over and over again Isaiah says that God is a shadow from the heat. His prophecy has been exactly fulfilled: "A man shall be as a hiding-place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest; as rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." What a restful picture is called up by these familiar words. A traveller struggling across a terrible desert, dreary wastes of sand stretching in every direction, the hot blast of the desert wind fills the air with blinding clouds of dust, the throat and lips are parched with burning thirst. To such a traveller it would be like a foretaste of heaven to rest in the shadow of a great rock beside a cool stream. But what a difference it would make in the comfort of his journey if he could walk always in the cool shadow of the Rock, beside the clear waters of the river of Peace. St. Paul says that the Israelites in their journey through the wilderness "drank of that spiritual Rock that followed them: and that Rock was Christ." If they could do that, how much more can we.

I know very well that it is easy to talk about keeping the fence of Trust between to-day and the future, but it is not so easy to keep that fence in good repair. It requires attention every day, and many times a day, or it will be broken down by the cares and worries which are always trying to injure our peace. Every time we find that a worry has crept through and attacked us, let us take it at once to Christ, ask Him to make it work for our good—and then leave it for Him to deal with. It is no use asking Him to manage our affairs for us, and then fretting and chafing because they seem to be as bad as ever. We are commanded to cast "all" our care on Him, and He is surely able to straighten out all tangles. He "careth" for each one of us, says we are of more value than many sparrows, and that He has numbered the very hairs of our head. He says that though a mother may forget her child, yet He will never forget His people. Think of the wonderful love which declares: "I have graven thee upon the palms of My hands." If God cares so much for us, surely we may safely lay down our burden of care, feeling sure that everything left in His hands will turn out for the best in the end. We may safely trust in the Rock of our salvation and say: "I sat down under His shadow with great delight. . . . and His banner over me was Love." If we only trust God fully and completely, we shall certainly find that Isaiah's words are true in our case: "They thirsted not when He led them through the deserts; He caused the waters to flow out of the rock for them." If we trust Him, every day and every hour, then we shall find that our peace shall flow as a river.

"I never thought it could be thus—
Month after month to know
The river of Thy peace without
One ripple in its flow;
Without one quiver in the trust,
One flicker in its glow."

HOPE.

Domestic Economy.

When a teapot becomes musty from being put away damp, fill with boiling water, drop in two red hot cinders, close the lid and let it stand a few minutes; then rinse, first with hot soda water, then with plain boiling water. To keep the teapot sweet, always dry thoroughly, then stuff in a light wisp of paper so that the lid will not quite close.

High collars, besides interfering with the proper pose of the head and the lines of the neck, are harmful from a health point of view. The neck muscles are strained, and, incidentally, the cords of the neck and shoulders. If too high in front they impede circulation, and are said to account for much of the impaired eyesight now so prevalent. Tight collars will often cause headache. If you abolish the high collar, the dark circle around your throat may be removed by bathing the neck with the lather from a cake of iodide of sulphur soap.

An artist scolds gently on the practice of many housekeepers to arrange potted plants, palms, and the like, round a fireplace. The fireplace of a room should centralize its hospitality. Chairs and sofas may be drawn up towards it, little tables also, but plants never belong near the chimney-piece. The arrangement of the furniture of a room should be from the useful and comfortable sides. A window is to let in light, and the reading chair, piano and the writing-desk belong where they will get the benefit of the necessary light. Instead, these articles are often tucked in a dark corner, while a table with a statuette, perhaps, occupies most inappropriately the window niches.

PERMANENT CURE FOR BUNIONS.

Place bandage around the foot over the bunion very tight; carry one end of bandage up around the great toe, forcing it out from the other toes toward the inner part of foot a little more each day. This treatment, if persisted in for a week or two, or, if bunions are very bad, a little longer, will cure the cause of bunions, namely, enlarged joints from ill-fitting shoes. Bandage can be worn very comfortably in the shoe.

USEFUL HINTS.

Does everyone know that bread flour is the best to use for thickening pudding sauces and light or white gravies; also that entire wheat flour is best for brown gravies, and also to use with graham or corn meal instead of white flour in cakes and gems? How many know that a quarter teaspoon of turmeric mixed with the mustard in salad dressing makes a much nicer colored dressing? How many use a short stiff brush for cleaning vegetables? Once tried you would never do without.

APPLE FILLING.

A delicious filling for layer-cake will be found by using this rule: Pare and core four large apples; grate them fine on a clean horse-radish grater. Add to them the juice of a lemon and the grated rind of half the lemon. Sweeten to taste (do not make it too sweet), and place between the layers of the cake, which should be a plain sugar cake, flavored with vanilla and baked in three layers. Spread an icing on the top, made with the juice of half a lemon and sufficient sugar to make an icing which will not run.

CUP CUSTARDS.

Four eggs beaten with half a cup sugar and small teaspoon salt. Stir this into one quart of hot milk, and grate in a sprinkling of nutmeg. Pour into a pan of hot water, and bake in a moderate oven. A teaspoon of vanilla may be used to flavor, if desired. To test if they are done, run the blade of a knife to bottom of cup; if it comes out clean they are done. Custards are so nutritious and so easily made that they should be much more used in the farmer's family than they are.