

THE BRIGHT SIDE

There is many a rest in the road of life
If we only would stop to take it,
And many a tone from the better land
If the querulous heart would wake it
To the sunny soul that is full of hope,
And whose beautiful trust ne'er faileth,
The grass is green, and the flowers bright,
Though the wintry storm prevaileth.

Better to hope, though the clouds hang low,
And to keep the eyes still lifted;
For the sweet blue sky will soon peep through
When the ominous clouds are rifted.
There was never a night without a day,
Or an evening without a morning,
And the darkest hour, as the proverb goes,
Is the hour before the dawning.

There is many a gem in the path of life,
Which we pass in our idle pleasure,
That is richer far than the jewelled crown
Or the miser's hoarded treasure,
It may be the love of a little child,
Or a mother's prayers to heaven,
Or only a beggar's grateful thanks
For a cup of water given.

OUR BURDENS.

We are bidden, writes the Rev. H. J. Wilmot-Buxton, M.A., to cast our burden upon the Lord. That does not mean that it will be taken from us, but that Jesus will help us to carry the load, when it is one of His own appointing. There are some burdens, you know, which we must carry for ourselves, because we have chosen them and placed them on our own shoulders. Sometimes people make a foolish or wrong choice, and suffer for it; if we select a dirty path, we must expect to have soiled feet; if we play with fire, we must expect to be burned. In this case every one must bear his own burden. But when this burden is our cross, a load laid upon us without our seeking, then we may cast our burden upon the Lord, and He who gave it will help to bear it. Our cross may be poverty or disappointment or uncongenial work, but whatever it is, let us remember that it is Christ's legacy to us. Remember, too, that as our day so is our strength; we must not try to bear the burden of the future now; sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof, and the load thereof.

HAVE FAITH.

If you were drowning in deep water, writes the Rev. H. J. Wilmot-Buxton, and some one came to you and said: "Take hold of my hand and I will save you," what would you do? Would you say, "No, I cannot trust you, because I do not know all about you, and there are many questions I should like to have answered; I cannot take your hand until all is made clear to me?" No, I think you would take that friend at his word; you would clasp his hand, rather than perish in the deep waters. So, there are many mysteries in religion that we cannot understand now, just as there are mysteries in Nature far beyond our comprehension; but one thing is clear enough—Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners. We are all in danger by reason of our manifold transgressions, and Jesus says, "Come unto Me." He holds out His hand to us; shall we not take Him at His word; shall we not trust Him, and say, "Lord save me, I perish"? Gather out the stones of doubt from your own path and the path of others. Let those who are troubled by religious difficulties pray to be as little children, who do not fret themselves about what is doing in this great world, but just keep hold of their Father's hand, and feel safe.

"FORGIVE US OUR DEBTS."

We are all debtors. We owe to God that which we can never pay for ourselves. What we need, therefore, is a remission of the debt. If we bear this well in mind we shall look upon sin and death with truer eyes. Exemption from any penalty supposed to be incurred by non-payment of the debt could not benefit us. "Forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors." Here the word debtors is clearly used for all who have failed to pay us our due, whether that due be money or the commoner obligations of every-day life. Every time an offence is committed against us, it is a debt that is incurred. Our friend owes us something which he has not paid. The language of the Lord's Prayer, as recorded by St. Matthew, strictly accords with that of the parable of the two debtors. A friend does us a wrong. It is for us either to retain or remit the debt he has incurred. We are willing to remit his debt if he is willing that it should be remitted. It is impossible to forgive where forgiveness is not desired. I cannot remit the debt of sin which my brother has incurred unless he is willing that it should be remitted. His debt is love, and no suffering or penalty could restore that broken link. Reconciliation is a bond of righteousness. The offender cannot be forgiven without penitence on his side. If it pleased God to save us from hell fire, still He could not save us from an avenging conscience. It is idle, and worse than idle, for us to murmur against a revelation of hell. If there is a heaven, there must be a hell. If the pure in heart see God, the vision of the impure must be sin and Satan.

THE RESPONSIBILITY OF LIFE.

In the light of the resurrection, life is seen to be worth living, for the stone of a purposeless and brief existence is rolled away, and with its new aims and responsibilities and functions and motives this life on earth has a new meaning and force. There is its stupendous responsibility, for some day we shall rise to receive the things done in our body—that is, their results, whether they be good or bad. There is its universal jurisdiction. For the resurrection of the race, like its inevitable mortality, is generically bound up with the resurrection of its head: "As in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive." There is its potential grace: "If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above." There is its majestic consecration: "Render your bodies a living sacrifice, which is your reasonable service." Now we may make ties, for death cannot dissolve them; now we may scatter the seeds of goodness, since we shall not be sowing them on the waves of a remorseless sea; now, as we rear our children, and win our friends, and grasp our duties, and pursue our studies, the chilling taunt does not come to mock us: "You are all of you but as the shadows of the clouds on the mountain side." Now we feel it worth while to try for humbleness and purity, for great tasks and meek virtues, for steady effort, and patient love. All shall not be in vain, all shall have its sure and happy recompense for Jesus is Lord and Christ.—Bishop Thorold.

THE CONSCIENCE.

In ordinary times our consciences seem to us no more than one of the faculties of the soul. The guidance that they give does not seem very much to differ in kind from the light given by the understanding, from the influence exerted by the feelings. But every now and then we know that this is not so. Every now and then that spiritual voice which we call the conscience seems to rise up into a separate being, seems to command, to forbid, to warn us, with an awful authority; seems to assert a claim to obedience even to the death; seems to

sting and pierce, or else to inspire or uplift the soul with a power altogether beyond the power of earth. This is assuredly nothing else than the revelation of the Holy Spirit which we read in the pages of the New Testament. Then, if we have eyes to see the truth, we shall recognize that the voice which speaks to us is the voice of the Divine Person who has promised to guide all Christians.—Archbishop Temple.

TRUE RICHES.

The true riches, given through God's mercy in Christ as a reward for our faithfulness in these mean, earthly things, are the very joy and glory of heaven itself, that joy and that glory of which it is written, that when He was rich in it, for our sakes He became poor, that we through His poverty might be rich. Nothing here can be truly called our own; it is only lent for a short time, just to see how we will employ it; how can it be our own, indeed, seeing we must so soon part from it? We may call it ours as little children call things their own which are put into their hands as playthings for a time; but really and truly that only is ours which we shall meet with in the other, the eternal, part of our being; that which we have committed in faith and love to the keeping of our Lord Jesus Christ, that is ours, and will be so for ever. Our time, our money, all that we will call ours, is in reality His time and money, to whom we ourselves belong. To Him we must account for all. None of them have passed away for ever; they will one day surely find us out.—J. Keble.

HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

Squash Pies.—A quart of squash, a quart of milk, three eggs, a teaspoonful of flour, 2 teaspoons of ginger, 1 of cinnamon, butter size of a nutmeg, 1 cup of sugar, and a small teaspoon of salt. This will make two good-sized pies.

Mushrooms may be dried either in the sun or oven and put away for future use. They should be peeled, washed and folded dry in a towel. After they are once dry, a portion may be pulverized in a mortar, and sifted, then put away in well-corked bottles for use in flavouring soup, gravies and broths. Dried mushrooms should be thoroughly soaked in cold water, until quite well softened, before their preparation is undertaken for the table.

Ginger Pears.—Of hard autumn pears take, after paring, five pounds; parboil until slightly tender, in one and a half pints of water. Lift them out of the water and chop them to pieces the size of dice. Return them to the syrup and add four pounds of sugar, one ounce green ginger cut fine, three lemons sliced very thin. Boil until clear; seal while hot in air-tight jars.

Snow Cakes.—Half tablespoonful butter, one tablespoonful sugar, whites of two eggs, one and one-half cups of flour, one saltspoon salt, one and one-half teaspoons baking powder, one cup milk. Sift flour, salt and baking powder together four times. Cream the butter and sugar with a little of the milk; add the whites of the eggs well beaten, and the rest of the milk, and, last, the flour. Bake this batter in hot buttered gem pans from twenty-nine to thirty minutes, or you can bake in small earthen cups. These cakes are delicious eaten hot for lunch or tea.

Sweet Pickles.—To five hundred small cucumbers, take three quarts of cider vinegar; add two ounces each of cinnamon, allspice and cloves, three pounds of light brown sugar and a few small peppers. Let the pickles stand over night in salt and water, then put them in the cold vinegar and let come to a boil, and boil two or three minutes. If the vinegar is too strong add one quart of water.