

A Pearl that is Lost in the Sea.

Why mourn for the hours that have vanished?
 Why grieve for the things that are lost?
 Why weep for the flowers of summer
 That lie 'neath the cold winter's frost?
 Can we make time stand still or turn backward,
 Or revive the dead rose on the lea?
 We might just as well try as go searching
 For a pearl that is lost in the sea!

Why cherish a dream that is ended?
 Why look down the vista of years,
 But to suffer a long-buried sorrow
 To open the wound with new tears?
 It is over—forget it. As useless
 (No matter how anxious we be)
 To try to go back, as recover
 A pearl that is lost in the sea!

Why burden to-day with regretting
 What might have been, had we but known?
 Why long for the much-beloved music
 After the sweet singer has flown?
 Will all the regrets and the longings
 Avail against Fate's stern decree?
 Ah, no—for the Past and its chances
 Are as pearls that are lost in the sea!

Why waste precious moments in thinking
 Of scenes that were beautiful then?
 Why linger o'er graves that hold treasures
 That ne'er will be with us again?
 Why wish for our youth and its gladness,
 When from sorrow and care we were free?
 'Tis gone from our grasp—gone forever,
 As a pearl that is lost in the sea!

The Old Irish Parliament.

According to the old MS. of 1711, now in the possession of Lord Fingall, known as "The Case of the Roman Catholic Nation of Ireland," the Irish Parliament treated Ireland "worse than the Turks treated the Christians—worse than the Egyptians treated the Israelites." This statement finds an echo of later and still louder reverberation. Dr. Hussey, Roman Catholic bishop of Waterford, who had startled the Government with a very ultra-montane pastoral, writing to Clinch, a professor at Maynooth, in 1799, says of the then mooted Legislative Union: "Whatever my reason may tell me upon a cool enquiry, my feelings rejoice at it. I told the Chancellor of your Exchequer here that I would prefer a union with the Beys and Mamelukes of Egypt to that of being under the iron rod of the Mamelukes of Ireland; but, alas! I fear that a union will not remedy the ills of poor Erin." The Irish Chancellor of the Exchequer here alluded to was Sir John Parnell, who because he taxed hearths and window light, it was pleasantly said that he "laid taxes on light."

A HEALTHY AND DELICIOUS BEVERAGE.—Menier Chocolate. Learn to make a real cup of Chocolate, by addressing C. Alfred Chouillou, Montreal, and get free sample with directions.

Queen Elizabeth's Prayer Book.

Queen Elizabeth's Prayer Book is soon to be sold at Christie's, in London. The book, which contains a collection of prayers and meditations specially composed for the Queen by the Lady Elizabeth Tirwit, her governess, is bound in gold and enamelled, and is said to be the work of George Heriot, the favorite goldsmith and banker of James I., and the founder of "George Heriot's Hospital" at Edinburgh. The prayers were printed in 1574 by A. Barker, whose device is seen on several leaves: a man stripping the bark from a tree, and the couplet:

A Barker if you will,
 In name but not in skill.

This book was worn by the Queen suspended by a chain from her girdle through the two rings which are at the top. The cover is of gold, ornamented with colored enamel figures in full relief. In front is represented the raising of the Serpent in the Wilderness, an emaciated figure in the foreground, and three others, one in the attitude of prayer. On the back is represented the Judgment of Solomon. The edges and back of the cover are decorated with black enamels.

K. D. C. offers you an opportunity to enjoy your meals without after-suffering. Try it. Free Sample, K. D. C. Company, Ltd., New Glasgow, N. S., Canada, or 127 State St., Boston, Mass.

One of These Days.

One of these days it will all be over,
 Sorrow and mirth, and our loss and gain,
 Meetings and partings of friend and lover,
 Sunshine of pleasure and cloud of pain;
 One of these days will our hands be folded,
 One of these days will our work be done,
 Finished the pattern our thoughts have moulded,
 Ended our labors beneath the sun.

One of these days will the heart-ache leave us,
 One of these days will the burden drop;
 Never again shall the hope deceive us,
 Never the hindrance our progress stop.
 Freed from the chill of the vain endeavor,
 Winged with the power of endless life,
 One of these days we'll forget forever
 All the defeats of the earthly strife.

One of these days we shall know the reason
 Haply of much that perplexes now;
 One of these days in the Lord's good season,
 Seal of His peace shall adorn the brow.
 Blessed when brought out of tribulation;
 Lifted to dwell in the Lord's own light,
 Happy to share in the great salvation,
 Well may we watch through the passing night.

One of these days the darling faces
 Vanished here from the household band,
 Haunting yet our familiar places,
 Wooing us yet to the better land,
 Smiling then in the light of heaven,
 Once again will be all our own.
 One of these days 'twill to us be given
 To stand with our darlings before the throne.

Patiently then our cross we'll carry,
 Joyously onward daily fare;
 What though the word of the King may tarry,
 One of these days He will want us there.
 One of these days! Some pearl-bright morning?
 One of these days! Some golden noon?
 Or the evening gray, or the midnight warning?
 Even so, Lord, come late or soon.

Come, beloved, and find us serving,
 Come, we cry with our longing soul,
 Come to save from our faithless swerving,
 Come to touch us and make us whole.
 "Till He come!" 'tis our song and story;
 One of these days its thrilling chord,
 Echoing through the immortal glory,
 We shall lift to our risen Lord.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

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Nervous Children.

I want to say a word about nervous children. Never scold or make fun of them. They suffer enough without your threats or sarcasm. Don't let them know you see their awkwardness when in company, nor their grimaces when alone. A case was reported of a boy ten years old, who, on being vexed, and often without any apparent provocation, will clench his hands and make the most frightful contortions of the muscles of his face and head, till his poor mother fears he is idiotic. By no means. He is the brightest boy in his class at school, fond of reading and of natural history, but he is of a highly nervous temperament, and has not been taught to control the little wires, so to speak, on which he is strung. This is no single case. There are thousands of children who give way to their nerves in similar fashion. Never whip them, but talk to them about these curious little strings that should be made their servants, not their masters. A prominent physician in this city says the man or woman who whips a nervous child should for every blow given, receive five, and is on a level with brutes that have no reason. It is our duty to encourage and help them. Be patient with them. They are the making of our future successful men and women, for they will work hard at whatever they undertake. Brace up your own nerves first, and then be indulgent towards the capers of your over-nervous children.

—Try Weather and Waterproof floor paint. It dries quick, finishes with a gloss and wears well. Ask your dealer for it and do not be put off with any other. Manufactured by the Weather and Waterproof Paint Company of Canada, Ltd., 122 and 124 Richmond st. east, Toronto.

Hints to Housekeepers.

LEMON PUDDING.—Pour a quart of boiling water over a pint and a half of bread crumbs, put the mixture into a buttered dish, stir in a teaspoonful of salt, cover closely with a plate and let it stand half an hour; at the end of that time beat into it three eggs and a teaspoonful of lemon extract; beat it until it is perfectly smooth and bake in hot oven.

APPLE PUDDING.—Make a biscuit crust, i. e., one quart of flour, three small teaspoonfuls of baking powder, butter or lard the size of an egg, teaspoonful of salt (less if butter is used), and milk enough to make a soft dough. Fill a deep baking dish with sliced apples sweetened with molasses and flavored with cinnamon, and pounded dried lemon peel. Cover with the crust and bake in a moderate oven.

BARLEY CREAM FOR INVALIDS.—Put a couple of pounds of lean veal or mutton, and a quarter of a pound of pearl barley, into a quart of water, and cook very slowly until it is the consistency of cream. Strain, salt to taste, and flavor with celery, or it may be eaten without.

If you are boiling lamb to be eaten cold, a most delicious flavor may be given it by adding a few cloves and sticks of cinnamon to the water in which it is boiled. Roast lamb may be flavored in the same way by boiling the spices in water and using it to baste with.

CREAM PIE.—Cake: Three eggs, one cup of sugar, one cup of flour, one teaspoonful of yeast powder or baking powder, and a tablespoonful of hot water the last thing. Beat the eggs and sugar to a cream, then add hot water and flour. Bake in three layers in a hot oven. Cream for inside: One pint of milk, put it on to boil, beat an egg with a tablespoonful of corn starch, and stir in, sweeten to taste, let it boil up thick, flavor with vanilla, and spread on the layers of cake.

With very few exceptions, every flower looks best when arranged with the foliage Dame Nature bestows upon it. Flowers should not be crowded. Each one should have a fair chance, therefore do not use a dozen flowers when six would look far better. Buds and foliage are just as important in flower arrangement as the flowers themselves. Dame Nature always arranges her flowers in this manner, and we cannot do better than to copy her as nearly as we can.

CUSTARD AND BLANC-MANGE.—Blanc-mange served ice-cold with preserved fruits and rich cream is delicious. By making a double quantity, dessert may be varied the second day by serving it with a rich egg custard. Custards, baked or boiled, and floating island are most delicious desserts. A pretty dish is made by splitting stale ladies' fingers or sponge cakes—any stale cake may be used—and spreading them with some tart jelly. Cover with custard, and on the beaten whites drop tiny dots of jelly.

Make the table attractive with fresh napery, clear glass and flowers. If you have no garden, try wild flowers, or what you may have called weeds. See how beautifully the dandelions, buttercups, harebells, clover and grasses decorate. You will not mind, then, if the linen is coarse or china common.

SEVERE ABSCESS CURED.—Dear Sirs,—I had an abscess just behind my right ear, in August, 1891. After suffering for three months, I began to take B. B. B. and after one month's use of it I was very much better, and the abscess entirely disappeared in four months. I am certain that Burdock Blood Bitters is an excellent remedy. Florence M. Shaw, Solsgirth, Man.

Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry cures cholera, cholera morbus, diarrhoea, dysentery, and all forms of summer complaint, looseness of the bowels, etc. Price 35 cents.

CONSIDERED THE BEST.—Dear Sirs,—I also can bear testimony to the value of your wonderful remedy for the stomach, liver, bowels and blood, B. B. B. I have used it as well as Burdock Pills for over three years, when necessary, and find them the best remedies I have ever used for constipation. Mrs. Gregor, Owen Sound, Ont.