

## HOUSEHOLD.

## Talking With Jesus.

(Helena H. Thomas, 'Michigan Advocate.')

'If we could talk with our Lord, as did his disciples of old, we would never be un-mindful of his teachings.'

'I am not so sure of that,' said the friend who walked with the speaker and discussed with her the topic of the weekly prayer-meeting, 'we might follow him "afar off," as did one who had often looked into the face divine, and heard the pearls of wisdom as they fell from the Master's lips.'

'But I do know,' continued she, as no comment was made, 'that it is even now our sweet privilege to talk with Jesus daily, hourly. My precious mother gave evidence of this from my earliest recollections to her dying breath.'

'Tell me about her,' was the pleading request of the one who added, 'for I, too, am following my Lord "afar off," and I long to draw so near that I may lean upon his breast.'

'I rarely attempt to bring to view my sainted mother's life,' was the low answer, 'because I realize that one who never came into it cannot be made to comprehend how literally she talked with Jesus.'

'Mother was bereft of her husband when she was comparatively a young woman. She was left with six children and but a trifling income, consequently, her path was a trying one. As I was the youngest child, I did not fully realize the situation; but I well recall how, when the larder was well-nigh empty, or I heard it whispered that the rent was overdue, mother would go to her room and remain a long time, and that when, in childish fashion, I would ask what made her look so happy, she would draw me to her and whisper:

"My child, I have been talking with Jesus."

'Then, with face aglow, she would turn to the older children, who realized the need, and, with a ring of triumph in her tone, say:

"The Lord will supply our every need, dear children. He has promised to be the widow's God and a father to the orphan, and he will be true to his word. Let us never, never doubt his loving care."

'Mother's trials were many and varied, but she kept sweet through them all, because of those little talks with Jesus. She aimed to bury her sorrows, as far as possible because, as she used to say, "Every heart has an ache that needs a poultice of sympathy, so I will just go to the Comforter with what troubles me, and then I will be strong to comfort others."

'One after another her children slipped away until I alone remained, and to me was given the joy of making her last years care-free. She had led so active a life that during the years when she was unable to work, she was often asked if time did not hang heavy, but she would always answer, in sweetest tone:

"Oh! no; for Jesus is ever near for me to talk with."

'During the last three years of her earthly life, my mother was almost helpless, and much of the time her sufferings were great; but she always wore a patient smile, and when not able to converse, she would point upward, when friends would express wonder at her submission.

'Her mind was unclouded to the last. She loved to see her friends, yet it was evident that she preferred to be alone. Those who did not understand the why of this would sometimes ask if she did not find it lonely when left alone, but she would quickly put to flight all sympathy by answering:

"Lonely! how can I be when I have Jesus to talk with?"

'The summons came unexpectedly, at the last. I slept in a room next to mother's where the faintest call could reach me. I was so accustomed to hearing her "little talks" that I usually left them un-interrupted; but that night I wanted to be with

her, and three times, when the low, sweet voice was heard, I went to her, but each time she said:

"Go right back to bed, dear; I am just having a little talk with Jesus."

'But in the grey of the morning we found that the dear mother's spirit had taken its flight. We would not have recalled her if to us had been given the power, however, for on the sweet face was left the impress of her joy at seeing the King in his beauty.'

## Plum Pudding and Winter Cake.

'Come right in,' said Mrs. Somers, as on opening the side door, in answer to a gentle rap, she found her next door neighbor.

'Oh, I cannot stay, I'm too busy this morning,' said the caller, when, on entering, Mrs. Somers offered her an easy chair. 'I just ran over to see if you will be kind enough to give me the receipt of that plum pudding you sent us a sample of the other day.'

'Certainly I will, with pleasure. Your husband liked it, then?'

'I should think he did!' exclaimed she. 'He thinks that plum puddings, as a rule, are too rich for him, but he said that he could eat your kind every day, and not be any the worse for it.'

'That is the very reason I have always liked this pudding, though it is rich enough to be nice, it will not hurt any one. Excuse me a moment,' said Mrs. Somers, 'and I will get the receipt: I cannot carry them in my head, as some do.' When she returned she read the following, which her neighbor jotted down for future use:

'Plum pudding—One heaping cup of rolled bread crumbs, two cups of flour, one cup of chopped raisins, one cup of best molasses, one cup of sweet milk, one cup of suet chopped fine, one tablespoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of cloves and one of cinnamon. Mix all these ingredients together, put into the molds, and set them in a kettle of boiling water for two and one half hours. Have the water come a little more than half way to the top of the molds, adding more as it boils away, and it must be kept boiling and tightly covered.' As Mrs. Somers ended, the neighbor queried:

'What do you use for molds, to make such dainty, round slices?'

'Oh, I use one pound baking powder cans, and this receipt fills three when cooked. This number will just go nicely into an ordinary kettle. I always put something into the bottom to set them on, and fasten them together with a cord, as the boiling of the water is apt to tip them.'

'What kind of sauce do you make for your pudding?'

'I have several kinds, but the one that was given me with the pudding receipt is lemon sauce. Take one cup of sugar, one egg, the juice and rind of one lemon, one tablespoonful of corn starch, a little butter, and one half pint of boiling water. But when I do not happen to have a lemon, I make a "Vinegar Sauce," as follows: One cup of brown sugar, one tablespoonful butter, one tablespoonful vinegar, one tablespoonful of flour. Season with nutmeg. Beat all together, and pour over it one cup of boiling water, and let boil a few minutes.'

'Thank you so much,' said the neighbor, as she folded her paper and rose to leave. 'I am so glad to get such a good receipt, for I think a nice plum pudding is so handy to have in the house in case unexpected company comes to dinner.'

'Yes, you're right, and being in the little cans it is so easily heated, by setting for a while in boiling water. I always cook my corn bread in baking powder cans, too, and I find it so much nicer than in one large loaf.'

'Well, that is an idea worth knowing; but I must hurry home if I am to surprise Frank with a nice plum pudding for dinner.'

Hardly had she gone before a 'back-door neighbor' entered. Being an old

schoolmate she was privileged more than others.

'Making fruit-cake, Agnes?' she began as she saw Mrs. Somers busily stoning raisins.

'I rather think not!' was the emphatic reply. 'When eggs are thirty cents a dozen, I never indulge in the luxury of fruit-cake, or angel's food, either, but I'm making a cake that I like nearly as well as fruit cake, and there isn't but one egg in it, that's my limit while the hens are on a strike.'

'Well,' said the friend, as she helped herself to some raisins, 'I wish you'd give me this wonderful receipt, for I cannot afford to use any more eggs than you can, and I'll have to make some kind of cake to-morrow.'

'The receipt is right before you, in that book. You can write it off, but I'll give you a sample of mine for your luncheon, and then you can decide in regard to using it.'

'I'll take your word for it, and make sure of the receipt,' taking the paper and pencil offered her and copying the following: 'Eagle Cake—One cup of brown sugar, one half cupful of butter, scant, one cupful of sour milk, one cupful of chopped raisins, two cupfuls of flour, one egg, one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in the milk, one half teaspoonful of cinnamon, one-fourth teaspoonful of cloves, half a nutmeg. Bake slowly.'

'I believe that will be good, and it makes me hungry just to read it over,' exclaimed the young housewife, as she finished copying the receipt.

'I wish I had a piece to offer you, but, as you see, mine is hardly in a palatable condition. Come over again in a couple of hours and you shall have a slice.'—Laura E. Hutchinson, in New York 'Observer.'

## Useful Hints.

To remove egg-stains from silver, rub gently with a damp cloth sprinkled with fine salt. Salt on the hands will prevent fowls and fish from slipping during the process of dressing. Salt dissolved in alcohol or ammonia will remove grease.

Damp brooms streak and ruin a carpet; but damp tea leaves sprinkled about and swept up, collect the dust and do not damage.

A round whisk broom of the finest and best broom corn is, says an old housekeeper, the cleanest and best of dishwashers. It is never musty, being easily cleaned by holding under the spigot and running hot water through it.

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