

**Growing Old.**

Softly, oh, softly, the years have swept by thee,  
Touching thee lightly with tenderer care;  
Sorrow and death they have often brought nigh thee,  
Yet they have left thee but beauty to mar.  
Growing old gracefully,  
Gracefully fair.

Far from the storms that are lashing the ocean,  
Nearer each day to the pleasant home light.  
Far from the waves that are big with commotion,  
Under full sail, and the harbor in sight.  
Growing old gracefully,  
Cheerful and bright.

Past all the winds that were adverse and chilling,  
Past all the islands that lured thee to rest,  
Past all the currents that lured thee unwilling  
Far from thy course to the land of the blest.  
Growing old gracefully,  
Peaceful and blest.

Never a feeling of envy or sorrow  
When the bright faces of children are seen,  
Never a year from the young wouldst thou borrow—  
Thou dost remember what lieth between.  
Growing old willingly,  
Thankful, serene.

Rich in experience that angels might covet,  
Rich in a faith that hath grown with the years,  
Rich in a love that grew from and about it,  
Soothing thy sorrows and hushing thy tears,  
Growing old wealthily,  
Loving and dear.

Eyes that grow dim to earth and its glory  
Have a sweet recompense youth cannot know;  
Ears that grow dull to earth and its story  
Drink in the songs that from Paradise flow.  
Growing old graciously,  
Purer than snow.

—Selected.

**Selected Recipes.**

**SCALLOPED HERRING.**—Soak four or five Norway salt herring over night. Divide down the back and remove skin and bone; cut into inch squares. Have ready a dozen good-sized potatoes, cold-boiled; alternate layers of the sliced potatoes with the fish, adding bits of butter and a good sprinkling of pepper to each generous layer of fish. Begin and end with potatoes. Cover with a custard made of three cups of milk and three beaten eggs. Lastly, add half a cup of fine bread crumbs mixed with a teaspoonful of drawn butter. Bake about forty minutes. Serve from baking dish with napkin folded neatly around it.

**COCOANUT PUDDING.**—One cupful of milk, one-quarter of a pound of grated cocoanut, three tablespoonfuls of bread crumbs, three tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, one cupful of stoned raisins, the grated peel of one lemon, well-beaten whites of two eggs. Beat all until well mixed. Butter a cold pudding dish and pour the mixture in. Bake slowly one hour, then turn out on a flat dish and shake pulverized sugar over it. Serve hot or cold with cream, custard or fruit.

**COFFEE CAKE.**—A delicious cake is made after the following directions: Beat to a cream two eggs, one cupful of sugar, and a half cupful of butter; add one teaspoonful each of powdered mace, cinnamon and cloves, and whip these spices well through the mixture; then stir in one-half a cupful of molasses and stir it well through the other ingredients. Dissolve a half teaspoonful of baking soda in a half cupful of luke-warm coffee. Be sure the coffee is strong. Then sift two cupfuls of flour and have ready a quarter of a pound of currants and a quarter of a pound of seeded raisins. Stir in about half the flour, then add the fruit a little at a time,

alternating it with a little at a time the last half of the flour. Stir the cake after the fruit is in until it is a perfectly smooth batter before putting it in the pan.

Line a good-sized cake pan with buttered paper and put the cake batter into it and bake it in a slow oven. Or bake in little patty pans.

**SAVORY SPAGHETTI.**—Put a tablespoonful of lard into a saucepan and when hot add one cup of shredded ham, a cup of shredded veal or chicken, one onion, minced; one clove of garlic, a bay leaf, few cloves, a small carrot chopped fine, a tablespoonful of sugar and salt, pepper, and pinch of red pepper. Stir constantly until nicely browned, then add a quart of strained tomato, and let the whole come to a boil. Mix a tablespoonful of flour smooth with a little cold water, and stir into the mixture to thicken. While preparing the above, have the spaghetti boiling in plenty of salted water—it will require about 20 minutes. Drain and arrange on a heated platter and pour the tomato sauce over it. Sprinkle grated Italian cheese over the top and serve.

**MACARONI CROQUETTES.**—Break half a package of macaroni into short pieces and boil in plenty of salt water, and uncovered, until every tender, but not soft enough to destroy the form. Drain and add a strained, thick tomato sauce and mix well with a fork. Grate over this quarter pound of mild cheese, Form into balls or cylinders, dip in bread crumbs, then into beaten egg, and again into crumbs and fry in deep hot fat. Serve on a crisp, curly lettuce leaf. Boiled macaroni left from previous meal may be utilized in this manner.

**Don't Worry—Try it This Week.**

Let no day pass without personal secret communication with God.

Begin each day by taking counsel from the Word of God, if but one verse while you are dressing.

Put away all bitter feelings and brooding over slights or wrongs, no matter from whom received.

Have on your heart some person or cause for which you are pleading God's blessings each day.

Let no opportunity pass to say a kind word, do some kind deed, or at least smile upon those you meet. Do this, not affectedly, but sincerely as unto the Lord.

Guard well the door of your lips, that no unchaste word, jest, or story, no slander or cutting remarks, no irreverent or untruthful statement, shall pass out.

Remember each day that Christ will surely come, suddenly come, quickly come; and, it may be, this day will determine how His coming will find us, as it must to thousands.—'Our Hope.'

**Father's Time.**

'Oh, no, I cannot go with you after dinner to-night because that is father's time and we always have so much fun then.' This is what I heard a little maiden say to her school friend, who had invited her to go somewhere with her.

'Father's time.' I wondered what that meant, and so I said to the little maiden, 'And what is "father's time?"'

'Oh, "father's time" is the right after dinner at night, an hour or so before we go to bed. Father makes lots of pleasure for us then, and it is the only time we can see him, except in the early morning, and that is for such a short while. Father never goes anywhere at that time, and we do not; we give that hour to him and he gives it to us. It is our "together hour." Oh, he is such a good, dear father.'

What a testimonial to the high standard of fatherhood was this little girl's. Away all day, immersed in business cares, he could give no time to his children except the hour before their bedtime. With what happy, light hearts those little ones kissed him goodnight when bedtime came and with what smiling faces they went to sleep to dream beautiful dreams of father-love.—S. T. P., in 'Evangelist.'

**A 'Slave.'**

'What a shame for a big, strong man to be such a slave to an invalid wife!

The words were spoken in a disgusted tone by a girl in the the saloon of an ocean steamer. The couple on whom she made her caustic criticism were slowly descending the stairs. The woman was pale and haggard. Her hands were twisted by pain and her voice had the pathos of suffering. She was helped from stateroom to steamer chair and back every day, and all day long her handsome husband attended upon her. He adjusted her wraps, saw that her food was prepared for her helpless hands, read to her hour after hour, or sat quietly with his hand resting near hers and his eyes watching her, even when they seemed fixed on the horizon.

Sympathetic spectators had pitied the man even while they admired his devotion, and the girl had put into words the popular irritation when she called him 'a slave to an invalid wife.'

She spoke in a louder tone than she meant, and the two persons interested in her speech heard her clearly. An hour later the man slid into a deck chair beside his critic, and said:

'I think your remark, which I accidentally overheard, justifies me in telling you a little about my "slavery," as you call it. It began thirty years ago, when my young bride nursed me through yellow fever—alone—because everyone else had fled in panic.

'She did not have a sound hour's sleep for three weeks. Most of the time I was violently delirious, and how she managed to control me was a wonder. We were quarantined three miles from a town, and she cooked for me and tended me, and brought me safely out of the loathsome disease before she fell ill herself.

'After she recovered she pulled me through a worse trial. I was in business with a man who proved a scoundrel, and for three years everybody except my wife believed that his villiany was mine. When I lost money and position, she did herself the work of three women. When children came, she contrived that they should be noticeable for their gentle manners and thoughtfulness, although they wore poor clothes.

'When sickness and death visited our home, it was her courage and wisdom which kept the sordid details of the trouble away from the rest of us, and left us only the ideal sorrow which lifts life toward heaven.

'For twenty-five years all this was her task. I tried to save her from strain when I could, but so great a spirit could not spare herself. Five years ago her health gave way. She will never be well again. She gave her life for mine.

'My "slavery," thank God, is the slavery of wholehearted devotion to one of the noblest women ever given to earth. I love her and delight in her more than the day I married her. Her courage and humor and charm are unconquerable by pain.

'My dear young woman, you may well pray every night that you may some day be so lovely a tyrant and that you may command so happy a "slave"!

So the gay young girl learned with some wholesome humiliation the frequent human lesson of the folly of passing hasty judgments.—'Youth's Companion.'

**Novel Washstand.**

A washstand is a very ugly thing to have in cramped quarters. Occasionally the closet is large enough so that it may be accommodated there, but when such is not the case, the following is a most convenient, simple and cheap device: Get a carpenter to fasten with strong brackets to the inside of the closet door a rounded shelf. A hole must be made near the front edge large enough so that the wash-bowl may be set firmly into it. A thin strip of wood about an inch and a half wide should be nailed to the outer edge of the shelf, and the device is complete. The tooth mug, soap dish and other toilet articles are prevented by the strip from falling. A towel rack may be fastened to the door above the shelf. The modern pitchers of light metal ware are particularly desirable.—'Good Housekeeping.'