

HOUSEHOLD.

Mrs. Wilmot's Tenth.

(Aphia G. Tillson, in 'Toilers of the Deep'.)

The Wilmot family were in fairly good circumstances for their station. Besides the few luxuries of life, careful Mrs. Wilmot managed to lay aside quite a respectable sum 'against a rainy day.' There was one thing which troubled her, however. Ever since her conversion years ago the plan of systematic and proportionate giving had regularly presented itself to her, and had as regularly been thrust aside.

But the time came at last when she settled the question once for all. It happened in a peculiar manner.

The youngest Wilmot was ill, the baby, and the pet of the entire household. The doctor despaired of its life, and the mother's heart was wrung with anguish. There were nine besides, but the loving mother could not spare even one. The father was away on a trip, and she was alone with the children. About midnight the doctor was called away; and she knelt beside the bed and poured out to her loving Father the story of all her sorrow and anxious fear.

Mrs. Wilmot did not believe, as she afterwards expressed it, 'in making bargains with the Lord,' but this old vexing question came to her so forcibly while kneeling there that she cried, 'O Father, save my child, and I will give thee one-tenth of all I possess.'

The hours sped on, and still the little one lay in the quiet sleep into which she had fallen at midnight. The doctor came, and looking at her, exclaimed: 'She is much better; I think she will live! It is marvellous! I do not understand it!'

But Mrs. Wilmot understood, and knelt once more, this time in thanksgiving. The baby grew better, and in a week or two was as well as ever.

Did Mrs. Wilmot forget her vow? No; from that day to this she has given the Lord one-tenth of all she had. Even more, for many an extra gift has found its way into the Lord's treasury.

But she was called upon to give a tenth of the possession more dear to her than life. It was the only time in all the years she wavered and shrank from fulfilling her pledge. It was years later, although it seemed but a day.

Yet 'the baby' was a young woman of twenty-three when she came to her mother one day, and, placing her arm about her neck, said, 'I do not wish to give you pain, mother dear; but when you promised the Lord to give him a tenth of all you possessed, did that include me?'

Mrs. Wilmot opened her eyes in astonishment. 'Include you? Why, what do you mean?'

'I mean, did you give me to God, too? I hope that you did, for I would like very much to go as a missionary soon. Can you spare me for that, mother? May I not go out as your "tenth"?''

The mother's arms clasped the girl tightly for a moment, and the tears fell softly, then, without a word, she pushed her gently away. When alone with her Master there was a struggle; but when she called her daughter there was no sign of it upon the smiling peaceful countenance.

'Yes, dear, you may go where you will in the Lord's service as my "tenth," though dearer than life to me. May God abundantly bless all your efforts. He may have saved your life for this.'

After the first sorrow and the pain of separation was over, Mrs. Wilmot rejoiced in her missionary daughter. Could you have seen her happy, sun-shiny face, and felt the warm handshake which characterized her after-life, you would agree with me that Mrs. Wilmot derived many blessings from proportionate giving.

As for Mrs. Wilmot herself, should you ask her about it, she would tell you that it was by far the best way of giving. 'Haphazard giving cannot be pleasing to the Lord. Why should not his cause be treated as fairly as our business or family interests? The head of the family who does not know what the income is, does not know how much may be used for this and that purpose; how much for rent, how much for fuel, for food, clothing and other things, but who thoughtlessly spends all upon one thing

and goes without another, would be considered at least a 'poor manager.' Yet many treat our Father's interest in just that manner. Is it not infinitely better to lay aside a small sum, and to know that so much belongs to the Lord, to know how much can be given, and to know how and to what it may best be given? One who tries it will be surprised to see how much such sympathetic giving can accomplish, how much, also, we will have that we may give outside this regular giving. The most delightful time in my life has been when I could give a 'thank-offering' unto the Lord. I would not go back to my old way of giving, for I think, though I may be wrong, that I have been blessed spiritually and materially, because I have thus given to the Lord.'

A Housekeeping Apron.

It is nice made of seersucker, gingham or calico; but is nicer yet made of rubber or oilcloth. I have a friend who made one from the best parts of two old gossamer cloaks,



and she says she wouldn't take a small fortune for it, if she were obliged to promise that she would never wear one like it.—Marie Lias, in 'Housekeeper.'

What Shall We Have for Breakfast?

At no time are appetites so capricious as in the morning. Most people enjoy dinner, hunger being the inevitable result of exercise or a forenoon of labor. The evening meal is usually an occasion of the good cheer and healthy digestion, but the complaint is general that nothing relishes for breakfast. Housekeepers have their inventive faculties constantly on the rack in endeavoring to serve the same article of food in different ways and each time have it taste better than before. Variety is the key-note of success here, but seems sometimes and in some places, quite unobtainable.

A breakfast dish that relishes oftener than almost any other is an omelet and there are 'ways and ways' of making omelets. Every housewife knows the original method but a slight digression will be found palatable as well as economical:

Soak a cup of bread crumbs in a cup of sweet milk over night. In the morning add three well-beaten eggs and a pinch of salt. Have a well-greased skillet, moderately hot, into which pour the mixture. Cook slowly until a golden brown; this may be determined by rising the edges with a knife. Brown in a hot oven and serve immediately.

Another omelet is made by using a cup of mashed potato, three eggs and half a cup of milk. Fry as before. Cold meat, chopped fine, and added to an omelet when ready to brown, or fold, makes a pleasing dish besides utilizing scraps that might otherwise be wasted.

Creamed codfish served with dry toast, eggs boiled, poached and scrambled, bits of fried ham, broiled mackerel, are reasonable and can be kept on hand. Potatoes may be served in a dozen different ways.

Graham Gems.—One cup of white flour, three cups of graham, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, and sweet milk to form a batter. Bake in a quick oven.

Serve oatmeal, cracked wheat, rolled hominy, cerealine, etc., as often as they are relished, not oftener. Fresh fruit is usu-

ally tempting to a listless appetite, but apples are best baked. Cocoa is nourishing and refreshing, and should be substituted for coffee three mornings out of the week. Insist upon a little exercise in the fresh air before partaking of the morning meal.—Mrs. Lillie Arndt, in American Paper.

Selected Recipes.

Apple Omelet.—Beat the yolks of four eggs with two spoonfuls of powdered sugar and the grated rind of half a lemon. Then blend in smoothly half a cup of flour and the frothed whites of the four eggs, then a small cup of whipped cream, and a large pinch of salt. Cook till well set in a thoroughly buttered frying-pan, then spread evenly on the top a thick layer of white, flavored and strained apple sauce. Roll up, sprinkle with sugar and serve.

Nesselrode Pudding.—Make a rich custard of a quart of milk, four cupfuls of sugar, and eight eggs. Scald the milk, pour it on the beaten eggs and sugar, and return to the range in a double boiler. Stir until the custard is thick enough to coat the spoon, then remove from the fire and flavor with two teaspoonfuls of vanilla. When cold, turn into a freezer and grind until half frozen. Have ready a half pound of marrons glaces, minced fine. Remove the paddle from the freezer, and with a long-handled spoon stir the marrons into the half-frozen custard. Put the top back on the freezer, and pack down in ice and rock salt for three hours.

Turn the frozen pudding into a chilled platter and heap whipped cream around it. This is the simplest form of Nesselrode pudding. A more elaborate preparation of this popular dessert has stirred into it, besides the marrons, minced crystallized fruit and blanched and chop almonds.

Sauce for Horseradish.—In a bowl, place half a cupful of butter and beat to a cream, add yolks of two eggs, slowly, and beat in. Add the juice from half a lemon, a salt-spoonful of cayenne pepper and half a teaspoonful of salt. Mix these ingredients, and then place the bowl in a saucepan of boiling water, and beat for a moment or two with an egg beater; when partly heated add a half cupful of boiling water. Cook until it begins to thicken like boiled custard, but not long enough to separate. It will take about five minutes if the bowl is thin, and the water at a brisk boil all the time. Cool this mixture and have ready horseradish grated and mixed with vinegar. Add this dressing just before serving.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

SE **BABY'S OWN** SOAP

NORTHERN MESSENGER

(A Twelve Page Illustrated Weekly).

One yearly subscription, 30c.

Three or more copies, separately addressed, 25c. each.

Ten or more to an individual address, 20c. each.

Ten or more separately addressed, 25c. per copy.

When addressed to Montreal City, Great Britain and Postal Union countries, 50c postage must be added for each copy; United States and Canada free of postage. Special arrangements will be made for delivering packages of 10 or more in Montreal. Subscribers residing in the United States can remit by Post Office Money Order on Rouse's Point, N.Y. or Express Money Order payable in Montreal.

Sample package supplied free on application.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Publishers, Montreal.

THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' is printed and published every week at the 'Witness' Building, at the corner of Craig and St. Peter streets, in the city of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall and Frederick Eugene Dougall, both of Montreal.

All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son, and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'