

So Kiah sat down, and put on his specs, and took his pen, but did not write. "What's the matter?" says I. And he said: "I'm sort o' shamed to subscribe two shillin's. I never signed so little as that for anything. I used to give that to the circus when I was nothin' but a boy and I ought to do more than that to support the gospel. Two shillin' a week! Why, its only a shillin' a sermon, and all the other services throwed in. I can't go less than fifty cents, I am sure." So down he went for fifty cents, and then I signed for a quarter, and then my sonbonnet went onto my head pretty lively, and says I: "Hezekiah, there's some cold potato in the pantry, and you know where to find the salt; so if I am not back by dinner time, don't be bashful, help yourself." And I started.

I called on the Smith family first. I felt sure of them. And they were just happy. Mr. Smith signed, and so did Mrs. Smith; and long John, he came in while we were talkin', and put his name down; and then old Grandma Smith, she didn't want to be left out; so there was four of 'em. I've allers found it a great thing in any good enterprise to enlist the Smith family. There's a good many of 'em. Next, I called on the Joslyns, and, next, on the Chapins, and then on the Widdie Chadwick, and so I kept on.

I met a little trouble once or twice, but not much. There was Fussy Furber, and bein' trustee he thought I was out of my spear, he said; and he wanted it understood that such a work belonged to the trustees. "To be sure," said I, "I'm glad I've found it out. I wish the trustees had discovered it a leetle sooner." Then there was sister Puffy, that's got the asthma. She thought we "ought to be lookin' after sperritoalities." She said we must go down before the Lord. She didn't think churches could be run on money. But I told her I guessed we should be jest as spiritual to look into our pocket-books a little, and I said it was a shame to be tarnally beggin' so of the Board.

She looked dreadful solemn when I said that, and I almost felt as I'd been committin' profane language. But I hope the Lord will forgive me if I took any thing in vain. I did not take my call in vain, I tell you. Mrs. Puffy is good, only she alius wants to talk so pious; and she put down her two shillin's and then hove a sigh. Then I found the boys at the cooper shop; and got seven names there at one lick; and when the list began to grow people seemed ashamed to say no, and I kept gaining till I had jest an even hundred, and then I went home.

Well, it was pretty well towards candle light when I got back, and I was—that tired I didn't know much of anything. I've washed, and I've scrubbed, and I've baked, and I've cleaned house, and I've biled soap, and I've moved; and I 'low that a'most any one of that sort of things is a little exhaustin'. But put your bakin' and movin' and bilin' soap all together, and it won't work out as much genuine tired—soul and body—as one day with a subscription paper to support the gospel. So when I sort o' dropped into a chair, and Hezekiah said, "Well?" I was past speakin' and I put my check apron up to my face as I hadn't done since I was a young, foolish girl, and cried. I don't know what I felt so bad about, I don't know as I did feel bad. But I felt cry, and I cried. And 'Kiah, seein' how it was, felt kind o' sorry for me, and set some tea a steepin', and when I had had my drink, with weepin', I felt better.

I handed him the subscription paper, and he looked it over as if he didn't expect anything; but soon he began saying, "I never! I never!" And I said, "Of course you didn't; you never tried. How much is it?" "Why, don't you know?" says he. "No," I said, "I ain't quick in figures, and I hadn't time to foot it up. I hope it will make us out this year three hundred dollars or so."

"Amy," says he, "you're a prodigy—a prodigal. I may say—and you don't know it. A hundred names at two shillin's each gives us \$25 a Sunday. Some of 'em may fail, but most of 'em is good; and there is ten, eleven, thirteen, that sign fifty cents. That'll make up what fails. That paper of yourn 'll give us thirteen hundred dollars a year!" I jumped up like I was shot. "Yes, we shan't

need anything this year from the Board. *This Church, for this year at any rate, is self-supporting.*"

We both sot down and kep' atill a minute, when I said kind o' softly: "Hezekiah," says I, "Isn't it about time for prayers?" I was just chokin', but as he took the Bible he said: "I guess we'd had better sing somethin'." I nodded like, and he just struck in. We often sing at prayers in the morning; but now it seemed like the Scriptor that says: "He giveth songs in the night." 'Kiah generally likes the solemn tunes, too; and we sing "Hasten sinner to be wise" a great deal; and this mornin' we had sung "Lord, let me know my term of days," 'cause 'Kiah was not feelin' very well, and we wanted to chirk up a little.

So I just waited to see what he'd strike to-night; and would you believe it? I didn't know that he knew any such tune. But off he started on "Joy to the world, the Lord is come." I tried to catch on, but he went off, lickertyswitch, like a steam engine, and I couldn't keep up, I was partly laughin' to see 'Kiah go it, and partly crying again, my heart was so full; so I doubled up some of the notes and jumped over the others, and so we safely reached the end.

And when Sunday come, and the minister got up and told what had been done, and said: "It is all the work of one good woman, and done in one day," I just got scared and wanted to run. And when some of the folks shook hands with me, after service, and, said with tears in their eyes, how I'd saved the church, and all that, I came awful nigh gettin' proud. But, as Hezekiah says, "we're all poor sinners," and so I choked it back. But I am glad I did it; and I don't believe our church will ever go boardin' any more.

IN MEMORIAM.

Died at his residence in Worthing, England, after many years of suffering, Vice Admiral, W. C. F. Wilson, C.B. Aged 56 years.

Put out the lights;
He will not need them more,
Your work is done: his feet have gained
The fairer, purer shore.

Put out the lights;
For him the morning gleams,
The sweetest waking he has known
To-day upon him beams.

Put out the lights;
Sleep on, and take your rest,
He is the patient watcher now,
And we the souls distressed.

Put out the lights;
He walks the heavenly way;
And less than ever yet before,
He needs our tears to-day.

Put out the lights;
The shadows all are past,
And everlasting glory breaks
Upon our friend at last.

"YOU'VE GONE OVER IT."

One Sunday morning an old gentleman was going to church. He was a happy, cheerful Christian, who had a very great respect for the Sabbath. He was, however, somewhat singular in his manner of giving reproof. As he was going along he met a man driving a heavily-loaded cart through the town.

When the old gentleman came opposite the cart he suddenly stopped, and lifting up both hands, as if in alarm, he exclaimed, as he gazed under the cart, "There! there! you are going over it—you have gone right over it!"

The driver was frightened, and instantly cried out, "Whoa! whoa!" and brought his horse to a stand.

He then looked under the wheels, expecting to see the mangled remains of some innocent child, or at least some poor dog or pig that had been crushed to death.

But after looking all about, and seeing nothing under the wheels, he looked at the gentleman who had so strangely arrested his attention,

and anxiously asked, "What have I gone over, sir?"

"Over the fourth commandment, my friend," was the reply; "'Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy.'"

HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

COCOANUT CAKE.—Two cups of sugar, three cups of flour, two-thirds of a cup of butter, one cup of sweet milk, the whites of five eggs, two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder. Bake in layers.

Filling for the Above Cake.—Take one pint of sweet milk, half a cup of sugar, one egg, three teaspoonfuls of corn-starch, and cook thoroughly. Stir in this one grated cocoanut, and spread between the cakes.

CARAMEL CAKE.—Cake same as cocoanut cake. **Filling.**—One cup of sugar, one-half cup of butter, one-half cup of cream; flavor with vanilla, cook to a thick syrup, and then spread between the cakes.

FIG CAKE.—Cook same as for cocoanut cake. **Filling.**—One pound of figs chopped very fine, one cup of sugar, one-half cup of water. Put on the back of the stove and mash with a spoon until it becomes a smooth paste. Flavor with vanilla, and spread between the cakes.

CORN-STARCH CAKE.—One cup of butter worked to a cream with two cups of sugar; one cup of milk in which is dissolved one teaspoonful of soda; two cups of flour, in which is sifted two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar; the whites, only, of six eggs, beaten to a stiff froth. Mix all these ingredients well, then add one cup of corn-starch. Beat well. Bake in a moderate oven. Will make one large loaf.

GINGER COOKIES.—Two and one-half cups of molasses, one cup of sour milk, half a cup of butter, three teaspoonfuls of soda, a little ginger, grated or powdered; flour sufficient to roll out.

GINGER PUDDING.—One-half cup of molasses, two-thirds of a cup of butter, one cup of brown sugar, two cups of flour, four eggs, one small teaspoonful of ginger, one of cinnamon, and one of cloves. Bake in layers and put together with jelly and icing. Serve with sauce or cream.

TRANSPARENT PUDDING.—Beat eight eggs very light, add half a pound of sugar, the same of fresh butter, melted, and half a nutmeg grated; set this on the stove, and keep stirring it until it is thick as buttered eggs; put a puff paste in a pie plate, and bake in a moderate oven. This quantity will make two pies.

PRESERVE PUDDING.—Two eggs, two tablespoonfuls of butter, two of sugar, and two of any kind of preserves or canned fruit. Bake in puff paste.

CITRON PIE.—The yolks of four eggs, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, two heaping ones of preserves, one-half teacup of melted butter, one-half teacup of buttermilk, one-half teaspoonful of soda. Stir in a very little flour. Bake in puff paste. This makes two pies.

JENNY LIND CAKE.—Two and one-half cups of sugar, one cup of butter, one cup of sweet milk, four cups of flour, four eggs, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder; bake in three sheets (two of white). After taking out the quantity for the two of white, leaving less than a third, add two tablespoonfuls of molasses, one teaspoonful of cloves, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, one grated nutmeg; add a little more flour to the dark; put together with thin frosting.

LEMON SYRUP.—Take six lemons, squeeze them and do what you please with the juice. Slice the rinds. Take twelve pounds of granulated sugar and make a thick syrup. After removing the seeds, drop the lemon slices into the syrup, and boil fifteen or twenty minutes, or until they begin to look a little clear.

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