

HOUSEHOLD.

He Touched Her Hands.

My hands were filled with many things,
Which I did precious hold
As any treasure of a king's,
Silver, or gems, or gold.
The Master came and touched my hands
The scars were in His own.
And at His feet my treasures sweet,
Fell shattered one by one;
'I must have empty hands,' said He,
'Wherewith to work My works through thee.'

My hands were stained with marks of toil
Defiled with dust of earth,
And I my work did oft-times soil,
And render little worth—
The Master came and touched my hands,
And crimson were His own.
Lo! every stain was gone.
'I must have cleansed hands,' said He,
And when amazed, on mine I gazed
'Wherewith to work my Works through thee.'

My hands were growing feverish,
And cumbered with much care,
Trembling with haste and eagerness,
Nor folded oft in prayer.
The Master came and touched my hands,
With healing in His own,
And calm and still to do His will
They grew, the fever gone.
'I must have quiet hands,' said He,
'Wherewith to work My works through thee.'

My hands were strong in fancied strength,
But not in power divine,
And bold to take up tasks at length,
That were not His, but mine.
The Master came and touched my hands,
And might was in His own.
But mine, since then, have powerless been,
Save His were laid thereon,
'And it is only thus,' said He,
'That I can work My works through thee.'

—Selected.

Children.

It is a mistake to think that children love the parents less who maintain a proper authority over them. On the contrary, they respect them more. It is a cruel and unnatural selfishness that indulges children in a foolish and hurtful way. Parents are guides and counsellors to their children. As a guide in a foreign land, they undertake to pilot them safely through the shoals and quicksands of inexperience. If the guide allows his followers all the liberty they please; if, because they dislike the constraint of the narrow path of safety, he allows them to stray into holes and precipices that destroy them, to slake their thirst in brooks that poison them, to loiter in woods full of wild beasts, or deadly herbs, can he be called a sure guide? And is it not the same with our children? They are as yet only in the preface, or, as it were, in the first chapter of the Book of Life. We have nearly finished it, or are far advanced. We must open the pages for these younger minds. If children see that their parents act from principle—that they do not find fault without reason, that they do not punish because personal offence is taken, but because the thing in itself is wrong—if they see that while they are resolutely but affectionately refused what is not good for them, there is a willingness to oblige them in all innocent matters—they will soon appreciate such conduct. If no allowance is made for youthful spirits—if they are dealt with in a hard and unsympathising manner—the proud spirit will rebel, and the meek spirit be broken. Our stooping to amuse them, our condescending to make ourselves one in their plays and pleasures at suitable times, will lead them to know that it is not because we will not, but because we cannot, attend to them, that at other times we refuse to do so. A pert or improper way of speaking ought not to be allowed. Clever children are very apt to be pert, and, if too much admired for it, and laughed at, become eccentric and disagreeable. It is often very difficult to check their own amusements, but their future welfare should be regarded more than our present en-

tertainment. It should never be forgotten that they are tender plants committed to our fostering care—that every thoughtless word or careless neglect may destroy a germ of immortality—that foolishness is bound up in the heart of a child—and that we must ever, like watchful husbandmen, be on our guard against it. It is indeed little that we can do in our own strength, but if we are conscientious performers of our part—if we earnestly commend them in faith and prayer to the fostering care of their Father in heaven—to the tender love of Him, the angel of whose presence goes before them, and who carries these lambs in His bosom—we may then go on our way rejoicing—for He will never leave or forsake those who trust in Him.—'Christian Globe.'

The Mother who Laughs.

There are many conscientious fathers and mothers who make themselves and their children miserable by taking youthful foibles too seriously. It is an innate propensity of a child possessed of average good health and spirits to make other people laugh with him; not at him, but at the things that seem amusing to his own sense. And the mother who has the blithe and ready humor to enter into his fun becomes his most fascinating companion. He heeds her rebukes and bends to her correction without ill-feeling where sternness would arouse his pride and ire, for he is assured she is ready to share all his innocent pranks, and that her disapproval has no foundation in impatience or injustice. And when the day arrives that 'childish things are put away,' and grown men and women look backward to their early homes, with what a throb of pleasure they say, when things happen, 'Mother would appreciate this; she had the quickest sense of humor of any woman you ever saw!' And underneath these light words is the thought, 'How happy that dear mother made us all, and how I love her!'—Australian 'Christian World.'

Honey Remedies.

Honey is a desirable vehicle for many remedies. We all admit that borax is not nice to the taste, but just mix a little of the powder with a teaspoonful of honey, and it is very pleasant. This mixture is excellent for ordinary sore throat, tickling cough and sore mouth. In fevers, water and honey, with a dash of lemon-juice in it, makes a refreshing drink. If you have to give castor oil, mix half oil and half honey. For whooping cough a sprinkling of pulverized alum on a tablespoonful of honey every hour or two will greatly help. Honey with equal parts of common soap makes a drawing plaster for boils. For scalds and burns, honey and baking soda, equal parts, well spread on, is a very cooling and healing application.—Australian 'Christian World.'

Selected Recipes.

MARMALADE.

('Girls' Own Paper.')

Seville oranges come in in the month of February, but I never recommend housewives to make their marmalade till March or April, as the later consignments of oranges are often both cheaper, and I have found from experience they are sweeter and more juicy.

But before commencing to make the marmalade I should like to give you a few hints about your preserving-pan. Be most careful to see that it is scrupulously clean. Preserving-pans are often made of copper, and if they are not quite clean a small deposit left in any interstice quickly turns to verdigris, and this is often the cause of much trouble from poisoning.

This is the best way of cleaning your preserving-pan. Half fill the preserving-pan with cold water, and add to the water a piece of washing soda. Allow the water to boil quickly for about twenty minutes. This softens any grease or sugar there may be on the sides of the pan and makes it easier to clean. Empty the water away. Take a used lemon skin—this reminds me to tell you never to throw away lemon skins—dip it in a little fine sand and well scour the preserving-pan. Rinse the pan thoroughly to free it from any sand,

then dry it and polish it with a clean *camois* leather.

Now get out your pots and bottles from the store-room. Wash them clean, and put them to dry either in a cool oven or on the plate-rack, but be sure they are absolutely dry before using them, otherwise your marmalade will become mouldy.

Here is a recipe for orange marmalade which I have tried and found excellent.

ORANGE MARMALADE No. 1.

Eighteen Seville oranges, nine quarts of cold water, best preserving sugar.

Method.—Cut the oranges into quarters, scoop out the inside from the peel, removing the pips, cut the peel into thin strips as finely as possible; place it all in a large basin, and pour the cold water over it. Cover the basin with a clean cloth, and allow the whole to soak for forty-eight hours. At the end of this time place the mixture in the preserving-pan. Boil the contents for two hours, or until the peel is quite tender. Then allow it to get cold. When it is quite cold weigh it, and to every pound of fruit allow one pound of sugar. Put the sugar and pulp again into the preserving-pan, and boil the whole for one hour. If liked, add the juice and pulp of one lemon to the pulp, while soaking, in the proportion of one lemon to eighteen oranges.

This is another recipe for orange marmalade which is very good, and does not take so long to make.

ORANGE MARMALADE No. 2.

Equal quantities of Seville and China oranges, best crushed lump sugar.

Method.—Wash the oranges and dry them, cut the peel lengthways in four, remove the peel in quarters, place the peel in a saucepan with sufficient cold water to cover it, and boil it slowly till the peel is quite tender. Divide the oranges into their natural sections, and with a teaspoon remove all the pulp from the skin. Place the pulp in a basin, put the pips and skin (not peel) into a saucepan with sufficient cold water to cover them, and boil the whole for half an hour. Now take the cooked peel, and scrape away the pith from it, shred the pith very finely, strain off the liquid from the pips and skin, and add it to the pulp in the basin. Allow for every pound of pulp, peel, etc., all weighed together, one pound of best crushed lump sugar. Boil all together for half an hour, or until the marmalade will set. Put it into the previously dried pots. Next day cover it down and store in a dry place.

I was given the following recipe by a very old friend who was a firm believer in 'kitchen medicine.' She assured me that it was a capi-



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