

September.

An amber earth, an azure sky,
A wealth of golden grain heaped high,
Its sheaves in mountains measured,
Thick clustering stacks in every field,
That witness to the full year's yield,
All safely reaped and treasured.

A field where lavish golden-rod,
Victorious o'er the dying sod,
Shoots skyward living spires;
Where gentians gem the yellow wold,
As sapphires might the streets of gold
Where angels tune their lyres.

Around, above, but blue and gold,
Save where the red rose-berries hold
June's burned out fires in ember;
Like love that, kindled long ago,
Still brightens with its steadier glow,
The heart's serene September.

A settled calm, a dreamy hush,
The rest of nature from the rush
Of all the season's growing.
Pause we awhile from wearing toil,
To lift our hearts above the soil,
In silent psalms out flowing.

A Life of Service.

Thousands of men breathe, move, and live;
pass off the stage of life, and are heard of no more. Why? They did not a particle of good in the world, and none are blessed by them; none could point to them as the instrument of their redemption; not a line they wrote, not a word they spoke, could be recalled, and so they perished—their light went out in darkness, and they were not remembered more than the insects of yesterday. Will you thus live and die? Live for something. Do good, and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storms of time can never destroy. Write your name by kindness, love, and mercy on the hearts of the thousands you have come in contact with year by year, and you will never be forgotten. No, your name, your deeds, will be as legible on the heart you leave behind as the stars on the brow of evening. Good deeds will shine as bright on the earth as the stars of heaven.—*Dr. Chalmers.*

Make the Most of Yourself.

It is the duty of every man to make the most of himself. Whatever his capacities may be, he is sure to find some place where he can be useful to himself and to others. But he cannot reach his highest usefulness without good health, and he cannot have good health without pure blood. The blood circulates to every organ and tissue, and when it is pure, rich and healthy it carries health to the entire system, but if it is impure it scatters disease wherever it flows. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the one true blood purifier. It cures salt rheum, scrofula, catarrh, dyspepsia and rheumatism because these diseases have their origin in the blood.

The Lessons of our Lord's Early Life.

Do not the thirty years of silent preparation spent by our Lord teach by direct example? Look back upon our Saviour's home in Nazareth. See how He went down thither with His parents, from His visit to Jerusalem, and was subject unto them. See how He consented to abide there still a son, a faithful and an obedient son, long after He came to man's estate. We do not read in Him of any ambition to be independent: we do not find Him remonstrating or murmuring against the restraints of home, and beginning to remind Himself or others that the time has come for self-management and self-concern. There He continued, in that dull home, in that stagnant village, through thirty long years, until the time actually came for His showing unto Israel. Shall not the son, shall not the daughter, of a Christian home deem that good enough and honourable enough for Him? Let these records of His example sink down into our hearts, not to be idle there, but daily fruitful. And add yet to them this one; how amidst all the docility and all the obedience of His early home-life our Lord yet surrendered not into others' keeping the responsibilities and the sanctities of His personal

being. We are taught by His example to be obedient in all things: but we are taught also to cherish the remembrance that our life can neither be lost in that of others, nor surrendered (into its deeper mysteries) into another's keeping. We ourselves have each a life within, and a life above, and a life beyond, which we cannot delegate to other management, nor shift to other accountability. "Wist ye not that I must be about My Father's business?" was the question asked of His parents at the age of twelve years, by Him who in all things was subject to them, and in all things dutiful. "Wist ye not that I must be about My Father's business?" What is that? What is it for us? Surely it is the setting forward on earth, in our own little sphere, that kingdom of God which is righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost.—*Dean Vaughan.*

The Christian Use of Society.

By the Christian use of society, we mean the social converse, the friendly intercourse, the neighbourly visits and reunions of this world. The very subject implies that society (in this sense) is lawful, and has a use. I know that it has an abuse too. But so have all God's gifts. Food, exercise, toil, affection, speech, influence, genius itself, each has its abuse in a thousand forms of evil, yet none but a madman therefore proscribes it; to regulate is not to discard. Nay, we cannot if we would. What God gives we must take; the only question is how? in what spirit? for use or abuse? A man who pretends to discard really uses, but uses amiss. Society was ordained, first of all, for simple relaxation: Yes, we have missed the point of all, if we would make social converse labourious. It is the rest, it is not the work, of life. A busy brain must have its remission. The bow cannot always be bent. Grudge not, for God grudges not, to a working man of high or low estate, his hour of simple refreshment, while he partakes of his Maker's blessing, and practices those lower charities which are the solace and the brightness of a Christian home. A man who goes into society bent upon innocent relaxation will seldom be a mischievous man there; he will soften down hardnesses and smooth away roughnesses; he will alleviate gloom and exorcise ill-temper, if he does not actually raise a thought towards God, or speak one word directly in a Saviour's praise.—*Dean Vaughan.*

—One of the lighter features of the surplice-in-the-pulpit controversy of some fifty years ago, may be seen in the following epigrams, which appeared in an English Church paper:

A very pretty public stir
Is getting up at Exeter
About the surplice fashion;
And many angry words, and rude,
Have been bestowed upon the feud,
And much un-Christian passion.

For me, I neither know nor care,
Whether a parson ought to wear
A black dress or a white dress;
Filled with a trouble of my own—
A wife who lectures in her gown,
And preaches in her nightdress!

No man can safely go abroad who does not love to stay at home; no man can safely speak who does not willingly hold his tongue; no man can safely govern who would not willingly become subject.

Church Terms Explained.

Palm Sunday.—Called also "Branch Sunday." The sixth Sunday in Lent. This day commemorates the entry of our Lord into Jerusalem when the people strewed the way with palm branches, and cried "Hosanna!"

Passion Flower.—This flower is an emblem of the Passion. In the centre is the Cross; the stamens are the hammers; the styles, the nails; the circle, the crown of thorns; the radiance, the glory around the head of our Lord; the tendrils, the cords with which He was bound; the ten petals, the ten apostles (Peter who denied, and Judas being absent); the leaf, the spear; and its points, the Five Words.

Passion Sunday.—The fifth Sunday in Lent, and the first day of Passion tide. Called also *Judica.*

Passion Week.—The week following Passion Sunday (the fifth Sunday in Lent.)

Passiontide.—The last two weeks of Lent beginning with Passion Sunday, in which our Lord's passion is commemorated.

Pastor.—Literally a shepherd, one who has the care of souls.

Pastoral Staff.—A staff shaped like a crook which a bishop shall either bear in his hand or else have borne or holden by his chaplain.

This is the direction of the rubric in the Prayer Book of 1549, and which is still the law of the Church.

Patén.—A plate of silver or gold on which the Bread is consecrated at Holy Communion and from which it is received by the faithful.

Hints to Housekeepers.

This is the jelly season, and also the season for breaking glasses without stint with the hot juices. Try this: With the end of your finger take up a little sweet, fresh lard and rub it all over the outside of the glass, bottom and all, so that every particle of the service is covered. Pour the jelly in the glass and set it away to cool. After cooling, rub off all the lard, and cover the top with a tough white paper and white of an egg.

For simple cologne, such as is useful in a large family where the children are fond of helping themselves to "mother's belongings," an excellent formula directs that sixty drops each of oil of lavender, oil of bergamot, oil of lemon and orange flower water, be added to a pint of alcohol. This should be corked and well shaken. It is more fragrant, but more expensive, if five drops of attar of roses and five of oil of sandal wood be added.

WHIPPED CREAM FOR SLICED PEACHES.—Fill a bowl or pan with chopped ice and place on top of it a smaller bowl. Cover closely with newspapers, and let it stand until the smaller bowl becomes thoroughly chilled, then put a pint of rich, sweet cream into the bowl. With a cream whip, whip the cream until it becomes a firm froth. Continue to whip until the cream is all changed, keeping the bowl on the ice all the time. Sweeten with two ounces of pulverized sugar and a teaspoonful of sherry wine or vanilla. Whip constantly while adding the sugar and flavouring. Place on the ice or in the refrigerator until ready to use. Serve on sliced peaches.

APPLE ICE.—Cut fifteen cooking apples, peel and stew with half a pint of water, half a stick of vanilla and two tablespoons of sugar. Boil on quick fire and pass through a fine sieve. To this apple puree pour a wineglass of syrup or liquor, add the juice of three oranges and freeze. Serve in glasses.

A very delicate and appetizing dish of onions is to be had by first boiling them, and changing the water several times, covering them with boiling water each time. When tender, drain them, turn into a baking dish, and just cover with white sauce. Sprinkle stale fine bread crumbs over the top and brown in the oven.

SWEET POTATOES A LA CREOLE.—Scrape six large sweet potatoes; cut in halves the long way. Put in deep baking dish, cover with milk, add half-teaspoon salt and tablespoon butter. Wet half-teacup of bread crumbs with one egg lightly beaten; cover the potatoes with these and bake in a moderate oven about an hour.

A good cold dessert is made from rice and gelatine. Take half a cupful of the rice and after washing cover with a pint of cold water. Cook slowly half an hour. Drain the rice, which should be white and perfectly dry, before adding to the gelatine. Soak one-fourth of a box of the gelatine with a quarter of a cupful of cold water until soft. In the meanwhile whip one pint of cream and sweeten with one-half cupful of powdered sugar. Dissolve the gelatine over the boiling tea-kettle, and when melted pour through a cheese-cloth into the cream, add the rice, and mix quickly and well. Stand in mould to harden, packing in ice if possible. Serve garnished with red raspberries, pineapple, or preserved fruit.