

HOUSEHOLD.

The Broken Lamp;

OR THE SPIRIT'S VICTORY OVER TEMPER.

(By Mrs. T. C. Rounds.)

While attending the female seminary at Steubenville, Ohio, at the age of sixteen, I was suddenly told of the death of my dearly beloved father. The shock was so great that I fell to the floor, prostrated by the blow, striking my head on my trunk. This resulted in nervous prostration, and became the opportunity for Satan to 'sift me as wheat.' With naturally a sensitive disposition, he made good use of the circumstances and the natural heart to fasten upon me a very ungovernable temper. A match never took fire quicker than this phosphorescent 'bundle of nerves.' Time would fail to tell of the soul efforts, the soul agonies, the cries, the tears, the prayers that went up for deliverance, but all to no purpose. Many were the times the writer would come downstairs from her knees, crying to God to be kept for the day, only to fall to pieces over a burned biscuit or potato, or any other trifling thing. Do what I would there was always a law in my members warring against the law of my mind, bringing me into captivity to the law of sin.

Upon an occasion that caused unusual disturbance, in a state of helpless hopelessness, crying to the Lord for deliverance, four points were clearly given me by the Spirit as a guide to the coveted blessing:

First. 'Reckon ye also yourselves to be dead unto sin.' (Rom. vi., 11.)

Second. 'Reckon yourselves alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord.' (Rom. vi., 11.)

Third. 'Yield yourselves unto God as those who are alive from the dead, and your members as instruments of righteousness unto God.' (Rom. vi., 13.)

Fourth. 'Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling, for it is God which worketh in you both to will and to do of his good pleasure.' (Phil. ii., 12, 13.)

With a heart full of gladness and thanksgiving I felt these four points were four keys, which if used by the Spirit would bring the deliverance sought.

First Key. I was to reckon myself dead to temper.

Second Key. I was to reckon myself alive unto God to the sweetness of love.

Third Key. I was to yield myself unto God.

Fourth Key. I was to let God work the temper out and the love in.

But as always when truth is received it must be inwrought into our being to be of any practical use, so a test came that worked the truth from the head to the heart.

A few days after, I was awakened by a heavy crash in the hall. Half asleep, I groped my way to the head of the stairs. Looking down I saw my dear husband, in attempting to take the lamp from its place in the hall, had let it slip from his hand, and to my horror I saw kerosene oil streaming down the stairs and over the hall carpet, with broken glass everywhere, and my husband frantically trying to repair the damage, all unmindful of my presence. In an instant I was thoroughly aroused, inside and outside, and notwithstanding all my 'reckonings,' etc., I was 'mad.' The old-time habit of 'giving a piece of my mind,' on such occasions promptly presented itself for utterance. I felt I must say, 'Now, George, how could you be so careless,' (with proper emphasis on 'could').

But a voice whispered, 'Yes, but that would not be Christlike.'

'I know,' I responded, 'but I think I ought to say something that would make him more careful in future.'

'Yes, but that would not be Christlike,' repeated my faithful monitor.

'True, but I want to say something.'

'Yes, but that would not be Christlike,' again uttered the gentle voice.

'Sure, but I must say something, or he will break all the lamps in the house and ruin everything.'

'Yes, but that would not be Christlike. Have you forgotten the four keys I gave you? I went back into my room. In a moment, like Christian, I remembered, and I began to 'reckon myself dead,' to these thoughts

that came rolling like sea billows over my soul, and seemed determined to force out the unkind word, and I reckoned myself alive to the love that would say the kind thing. But still no relief. It was all of self and none of thee. Then I said, 'I yield myself unto thee, O Heavenly Father. Thou must work the wrong thoughts out and the right thoughts in, for I cannot.' Instantly, like a flash of lightning, it was done. Every desire to say an unkind thing was taken away, and my heart was brimful of tenderness and love. I went to the top of the stairs and called down in the sweetest tones, for they came out of his heart:

'Hello, George, what is the matter down there?'

'I was trying to take the lamp down and it slipped from my hand. Oh, it's too bad!'

'Yes, it is quite a mess,' I said, 'but never mind, we'll fix it up after breakfast.'

A more relieved man never breathed. He looked up to see whether it could possibly be his wife, and the look spoke volumes of gratitude.

The 'reckonings,' and 'yielding,' had given the Holy Spirit a chance to get the victory. From that moment the power of sin was broken, and these four keys have been the means of entering and closing many a door that before had been an open entrance to the enemy.

Well, after all, the 'cleaning up' was not so formidable as it seemed, because the Spirit kept working while we kept 'reckoning,' and 'yielding,' and the result was one of the happiest of days, because the Lord Jesus had had the 'right of way,' and he always leads in ways of pleasantness and peace.

It has been a most blessed experience ever since to apply these principles to everything in Christian life where there is conflict, and thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through Christ Jesus our Lord.—'Kingdom Tidings.'

Selected Recipes.

Baked Indian Pudding.—Add one cup of molasses and five table-spoonfuls of corn-meal, to one quart of fresh scalded milk. Melt a piece of butter the size of an egg into a pudding-dish, then pour in the mixture. If whey is liked, add a cup of cold milk to the pudding as soon as it begins to cook. Bake in a moderate oven. Serve hot.

Delicious Poached Egg.—Put a generous cupful of cream and milk, use at least half thin cream — into a spider. While cold break in six unbeaten eggs. Set over a fire and move a spoon carefully through the mixture. The whites and yolks should be broken in pieces, but not rendered smooth. Do not cook long enough to whey—only let it simmer. Add a piece of butter the size of an egg, and salt to taste. Serve in separate dishes with potatoes and meat.

Easy Charlotte Russe.—Take a strip of drawing paper, two or three inches wide and lap the ends, so as to make a circle of the size desired for your mold, suiting the dish upon which you wish to serve it. Inside the paper circle so placed, arrange a picket fence of split lady's fingers, as close together as possible, with the rounded side outward and each fastened by a pin stuck through the paper. Whip a pint of sweet cream and make a pint of rich custard with two eggs, a pint of milk in which half an ounce of gelatine is dissolved, and two table-spoonfuls of sugar. When both are cold mix them lightly together, and flavor delicately, then fill the cake and set on the ice. Remove the paper and decorate the top with candied fruits or in any way that suits the fancy. A Charlotte Russe is easily varied in many ways. Chocolate may be used in the custard or a bright jelly whipped in with the cream. A caramel flavoring will give a rich yellowish tint, and chopped almonds may be used with it.

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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, 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.'