

THE HOUSEHOLD.

BETTER THAN A DOCTOR.

Mr. John Willis Baer, general secretary of the Christian Endeavor societies, prescribes the following, which he has found exceedingly helpful. Mr. Baer says:

'God placed a restraining hand upon me one summer, and finally I was compelled to take a long vacation. On my return the following prescription was uppermost on my personal mail, having been placed there by some kind friend':—

A GOOD PRESCRIPTION FOR DAILY USE.

Don't worry.

'Seek peace and pursue it.'

Don't hurry.

'Too swift arrives as tardily as too slow.'

Sleep and rest abundantly.

'The best physicians are Dr. Diet
Dr. Quiet, and Dr. Merryman.'

Spend less nervous energy each day than you make.

'Work like a man; but don't be worked to death.'

Be cheerful.

'A light heart lives long.'

Think only healthful thoughts.

'As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he.'

Avoid passion and excitement.

'A moment's anger may be fatal.'

Associate with healthy people.

'Health is contagious as well as disease.'

Don't carry the whole world on your shoulders, far less the universe.

'Trust in the Good Lord.'

Never despair.

'Lost hope is a fatal disease.'

PLAIN CAKES AND DESSERTS.

Bath Buns.—Scald one pint of milk. Add, while hot, one cupful of butter. When lukewarm add one yeast cake dissolved in a quarter-cupful of warm water. Add one and a half quarts of sifted flour. Beat well, cover and stand in a warm place over night. In the morning beat the yolks of six eggs with a half-cupful of sugar until light. Add then one teaspoonful of cinnamon and a half-cupful of chopped citron to sponge. Work the sponge until thoroughly mixed. Turn out on a floured board, adding sufficient flour first to make a soft dough. Roll out; cut into good-sized buns; place in greased pans, far enough apart not to touch in baking; cover in a warm place until very light. Brush same as for rusks and bake in a quick oven thirty-five minutes.

French Crullers.—Put half-pint of water and two ounces of butter over fire; when boiling, add hastily four ounces (one cupful) of flour; beat rapidly until a loaf of soft dough is formed. When cool, add four eggs, one at a time, unbeaten. Just break in one first, beat until mixed, then another, and so on. After adding the last, beat well and turn the mixture into a pastry bag. Have ready a large kettle of smoking hot fat. Press the mixture out into shapes in the hot fat. As it swells, be careful to put only a small quantity in the fat at one time. Mix a half-cupful of powdered sugar, one teaspoonful of cinnamon and one of vanilla sugar. Roll each cruller in this as soon as you take it from the fat.

Moravian Sugar Cake.—Cut four ounces of butter into small pieces; add to it one pint of milk that has been scalded in a double boiler. Sift one and a half quarts of flour; put it into a bowl; when the milk is lukewarm, add half a compressed yeast cake dissolved, or a half-cupful of yeast. Make a well in the centre of the flour and pour in the milk;

stir in sufficient of the flour to make a thin batter; cover, and stand in a warm place two hours. When ready, add two eggs, well beaten, and a half-cupful of sugar and teaspoonful of salt; then stir in the remaining part of the flour. Beat this very hard; pour into a greased shallow pan and stand in a warm place about one hour, or until very light. Mix together two ounces of butter and two teaspoonfuls cinnamon; beat until smooth. Make little holes all over the cake; put down into each hole a little ball of this mixture. Bake in a moderate oven about one hour.

Bachelor's Pudding.—Pare and remove the cores from two good-sized apples; chop fine. Then mix with them one cupful of cleaned currants and one pint of bread crumbs. Beat, without separating, three eggs; add the grated rind of one lemon and a quarter-cupful of sugar, and then pour this over the dry ingredients; mix and put into a greased pudding mould; steam or boil for two hours. Serve hot with a hard or liquid sauce.

Lemon Dumplings.—Mix half a pound of bread crumbs with a quarter-pound of shredded and chopped suet and a quarter-pound of brown sugar; beat two eggs and add a table-spoonful of lemon juice; pour them over the dry mixture; work well until all is well moistened; pack into egg cups that have been brushed with butter; stand in a steamer and steam for one hour; turn out, dust with sugar and serve with them foamy sauce.—'Household News.'

SELECTED RECIPES.

Potato Balls.—Flouring the hands, work cold mashed potato into small round cakes, and fry brown in lard, with a sprinkle of salt, or meat drippings, which is better. Parsnips are nice cooked in this way.

Tea Loaves.—One pound of flour, two eggs, two ounces of butter, one teaspoonful of baking powder and a pinch of salt. Moisten with milk, knead well, and make it into the shape of little loaves. Bake in a quick oven ten or fifteen minutes.

Rissoles of Salmon.—The contents of one tin of salmon freed from bones and liquor, pepper and salt to taste, sufficient fine bread crumbs to make the fish adhere well; fry in boiling lard either in little rolls or cakes. Note.—These rissoles can be made of any cold fish, but none are equal to the tinned salmon.

Cranberry pie.—Stew a quart of cranberries, without adding any water. When thoroughly cooked sweeten to taste. Line a pie plate with rather 'short' pastry, and fill with the stewed cranberries. Add a cup of sugar. Cut pastry in strips and cross and re-cross until it is a poem in diamonds and squares.

Chicken Patties.—Pick the meat from a cold chicken and cut in small pieces. Put in a sauce-pan with a little hot water and milk, butter, salt, and pepper. Thicken with a little flour and the yolk of an egg. Line patty pans with good crust, glaze with the white of an egg, and bake. When done fill with the chicken and send to the table hot. Cut out round cakes of the crust for the tops, and bake them. Children are delighted with individual patties.

Salmon Cakes.—The contents of one tin of salmon freed from bone, a few potatoes, mashed very smooth, a hard-boiled egg cut into small pieces, some chopped parsley, pepper and salt to taste, a little anchovy sauce, and sufficient of the liquor in the tin to moisten the whole; knead into little flat cakes, and fry till both sides are nicely browned. Note.—This recipe likewise can be applied to any cold fish.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR TOPICS.

FEBRUARY 17-23.

Sunday.—Topic — Lessons from the parable of the Good Samaritan.

Monday.—Eyes opened: to sin. Luke 5: 1-8.

Tuesday.—To danger. Mark 9: 42-48.

Wednesday.—To satisfy. Matt. 16: 13-20.

Thursday.—To Peace. Luke 19: 41, 42; 1: 76-79.

Friday.—To power. Matt. 17: 14-20.

Saturday.—To heaven. Rev. 7: 9-17.

'Give me the gold that the Church wears and I will feed and educate thousands of girls and boys.'—John S. Keen.

WHOSE WORK WAS IT?

(By Grace E. Crossman.)

Continued from Last Number.)

The laughing and whispering ceased and they listened to the lesson, because she was so intensely interested herself, and because she was so different in all her ways from the elegant teachers who had preceded her.

Once on the street, and they rally around their leader, and all begin talking at once, 'What do you think of her, Frances?' 'Isn't she a different specimen from anything we have had lately?' 'She looks to me as if she might have lived in the ark with Noah and the other animals,' said a dark-eyed, saucy little girl. 'Come, what do you think, Frances, shall we endure her, or tell Mr. Graham we will not come again unless he gives us a change?'

'My idea, girls, is just this—the teacher is horribly countrified, and awfully bashful, and more than half afraid of us, but she is different, and therefore interesting, and I shall go again, and I mean to enjoy studying her, whether I do the lesson or not,' answers Frances Tyler, a tall, handsome girl, the acknowledged head.

And as Sabbath after Sabbath the strong, quiet voice falls on their ears, leading them into the study of the prophets, or studying with them, since she will not call it teaching, the life of Christ, they cease to ridicule her, and become interested in the search for truth. Not that they love or admire her, or try to copy her, but they do begin to have glimpses of what a true life is; begin to desire a little of the beauty of character found in the lives held up to them as examples.

Now there is a lesson on the tongue, and they go home with a realizing sense that it is both weak and wicked to gossip, and that all words must be true and pure to be acceptable, and they carry with them the watchword, 'Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips.' Remembering that the pen of the wisest man once wrote, 'He that loveth pureness of heart, for the grace of his lips the king shall be his friend,' and it isn't the fault of the tongue after all, for 'out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh,' and thus a second watchword is added to the first, which keeps saying to them, 'Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life.'

Then there is a lesson on worldly amusements. This little timid creature, with all the fresh, country atmosphere still clinging to her garments, does not tell these daughters of fashionable parents, who are sent each year to the best of dancing schools, that dancing is one of Satan's best devices, and wicked and ungodly men and women enjoy it in consequence of its sinful tendency. She does not tell them, either, of the large company of respectable people who prefer to dance with light feet down the broad and glittering track that leads through the ball-room rather than climb the hills of self-sacrifice found in the straight and narrow way. She simply holds up to them the beauty of a true life, its purity, unselfishness, its duties, responsibilities and privileges, the value of an immortal soul, and the power of influence. With a quiver of pain in her quiet voice she tells them of gentle, lovely girls, and fair-faced, noble boys lost, of manhood and womanhood blighted and blasted through the intoxicating, seductive influence of the dreamy, measured, and soft, slow, bewildering sweetness of the waltz.

She asks no promises from them, questions nothing of their pleasure, but they go home with an uncomfortable sense of having lost a little of moral purity and with a firm resolve for future living.

Silently, surely, she is writing upon their heart tables letters which are not erasable. Did she know it? Alas! no; she taught in love and patience, prayed earnestly, but saw no fruit; she saw the growing interest in bible study, but the thing she

longed for, in common with every true teacher—the conversion of the soul—was not given her.

Work in the shop grew scarce; she took poorer lodgings and wore poorer clothes than ever. How she longed sometimes for a sympathetic word, a kindly interest expressed.

One Sabbath at the close of the lesson she tells the girls, in an almost childish manner, of her hopes, fancies and day dreams. How she has wished to build a beautiful church in some obscure country town; to erect a home, and gather into it the unfortunate, deformed and helpless children of the city, and give them tender care—to sail away over the blue waters, carrying the bread of life. 'Yet I can do nothing for the Master I love. I trust, girls, you may be considered worthy to do some great work for him, and I shall not have hindered you by my poor example,' and she goes out and leaves them. It is her last lesson, and her last words are, 'Remember, girls, to press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling in Christ Jesus.'

Miss Harley goes home wearily with a strange pain in her head, and a home-sick longing in her lonely heart. Once there she drops down on the hard mattress to rest. She does not care for supper, such as she knows she will find, and so pays no attention to the bell. Later, she falls asleep, and sleeps almost stupidly, and awakes in the darkness, and feels giddy and faint, with a terrible throbbing in her temples, and then as she seems floating off into space, she calls pitifully, 'I am sick—so sick—will no one come?' but her voice dies away in a moan along the narrow corridor, and no one heeds it. Oh, the loneliness of being sick unto death in an upper room of a tenement boarding-house!

When she opens her eyes again strange faces bend over her, but she does not heed them; she is indifferent now to the care and help she longed for; she starts, and says, wanderingly, 'Tell my girls, they were mine, you know, I did the best I knew, the very best.' Then the life goes out, the sweet, patient voice is hushed forever.

Strangers place the shining brown head in the plain casket, fold the tired little hands over the home-sick heart, and lay her down to sleep on the green earth's mother breast, away from all she had ever loved in life.

Years after, a noble ship rides out of the harbor carrying with it a dark-eyed woman bound for India, going because she feels it the greatest work she can do for God, and if you look closely you will recognize the saucy little girl who ridiculed the plain teacher. In a valley a church spire rises, which attracts all strangers by the quaint, peculiar beauty of its architecture. It was built, so the country people tell you, by a city lady of great wealth as a memorial for a Sabbath-school teacher who had died.

Just out of town you may see a pretty brick building, with happy-faced, comfortably-dressed children playing in the well kept grounds. Who founded this beautiful home for destitute children?—for it is a private building—and the picture of the owner hangs in the hall. Above it a motto, 'I press toward the mark,' and below it another, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these.' The true, tender face, with its serious eyes, is that of Frances Tyler, the class leader.

One in one place and one in another, each found a work for God. The Christian world spoke in praise of the many noble deeds wrought by this band of consecrated women. No one remembered the little teacher who had prompted the work. No one ever visited the little grave in an obscure part of the churchyard. Whose work was it?

Praxiteles, of whom the little teacher never heard, earned for himself an historical immortality by the marvellous skill with which he represented in marble the wondrous beauty of the Roman face and figure. To her was entrusted the more noble and satisfying work of molding into forms of eternal beauty the spiritual natures of these girls.—'Christian Nation.'