

### Professor Martin on Words and Realities.

After the graduation ceremony at Edinburgh University, the usual commemoration service was held in St. Giles' Cathedral at noon. Rev. Professor Patrick conducted the service, and the sermon was preached by Rev. Professor Martin, D. D., of the New College, Edinburgh, who said: Words and realities, were apt to be confused in our minds, especially, perhaps, in a worldly age like this. We forgot the distinction between knowledge and learning. The great facts of existence—the kingdom of God among men—were independent of what was said of them. When we were done talking of them they stood where they had stood. They were reminded by the text how ineffectual a thing, comparatively, was human speech. It would be foolish to overpress that statement. Words might be the vehicles of power. After all, speech was the gift which lent itself most readily to the turbulence of spiritual ends. Was not the symbol of the progress of the kingdom itself a tongue of fire? There could be few things that each generation needed more than that it should embrace men who were enriched with the gifts of utterance and of knowledge, and who in the faithful exercise of their gifts, should be able to enrich others. And yet words at the most bore witness to something else. They were counters doing duty for things, the current coin in the market of the mind, representing values beyond themselves. To estimate them overmuch, accordingly, was to be guilty of the miser's folly, and perhaps, speaking mainly to those who were seeking by an academic training to prepare themselves for the work of life, he might be allowed to emphasise that point. The world of books and ideas was a world both pure and good, and naturally it exercised a vast fascination over the mind. But a great scholar, lately dead, who was one of the most veracious as well as virile minds of his generation, said:—"I have never cared much for books except as they may help to quicken one's sense of the reality of life." Perhaps there was no lesson more valuable to the student than that he should learn to weigh the significance of language, should become incapable of being imposed on by it, and should acquire the power so to read, and so to write, and so to speak as, that, when the clouds of words had fallen again, the world of actual things should stand before their eyes in clearer outline than before, more absolute in its appeal, more intelligible and worthy and true.

Christian England laughed much when Sydney Smith sneered at William Carey as a "consecrated cobbler," going on a fool's errand to convert the heathen. Carey died, aged seventy-three years. He was visited on his death-bed by the Bishop of India, the head of the Church of England in that land, who bowed his head and invoked the blessing of the dying missionary. The British authorities had denied to Carey a landing-place on his first arrival in Bengal; but when he died the government dropped all its flags to half mast, in honor of a man who had done more for India than any of her generals.

A bright Christian young woman of Boston, after hearing a brilliant address along speculatively philosophical lines, said to the preacher who had delivered it, "Just what do you believe, any way?" Much of the meat of this matter lies there. What do we believe? What do we stand by?

### Dainty Deserts.

"I shall long remember your dainty deserts," said the guest of a week, as, at her last dinner, a delicate, quivering mound of pink, surrounded by whipped cream, was set before her, "and if you would be so kind as to give me the receipts for them I will be ever so glad."

"Indeed I will, most willingly," replied the hostess, who was always pleased to have her culinary skill appreciated. "This desert which we will call Gelatine Moulds, is what you saw me preparing yesterday, and you thought it would not amount to any thing because, as you said, 'it was as thin as water' when I put it in the molds, but I have made it many times and knew it would be all right when wanted. To make it I take half a package of granulated gelatine, and mix with it half of the pink powder that is in a small envelope in the box. I add to this about half a cupful of cold water, and let it stand for fifteen minutes. Then I heat a quart of milk, and great care must be used not to let it scorch; when it comes to a boil add three-fourths cupful of granulated sugar and the gelatine. Let it boil for five minutes, stirring constantly, add a little vanilla, and pour it in the molds. This quantity will make eight, and it is a favorite desert of mine, as it is to be made the day before it is wanted, or, for that matter, it will keep a week or more in the refrigerator. The cream is sweetened just a trifle and partially whipped."

"It tastes as good as it looks pretty," said the guest, evidently enjoying the dessert under discussion, "but you seem to be able to combine the two in everything you make."

The talk drifted to other desserts that had been served, and when they arose from the table the guest procured notebook and pencil, and with help from her hostess, jotted down, in addition to the one already given, the following desserts:

**Lemon Cream.**—Yolks of four eggs and four tablespoonfuls of sugar beaten together. Add the juice and grated rind of one lemon and two tablespoonfuls of hot water. Cook until it thickens, then take from the fire, and add the whites of four eggs beaten stiffly with two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar.

**Snow-Drift Pudding.**—Let two cupfuls of water and one cupful of sugar come to a boil then add three tablespoonfuls of cornstarch, the juice of one lemon and a pinch of salt, and boil the whole ten minutes. Beat the whites of three eggs to a stiff froth, and add the cooked ingredients by spoonfuls, beating well all the time. Put it into molds, and serve with boiled custard poured around it.

**Stale Cake Pudding.**—Lay thick slices of any kind of delicate cake in a deep pudding dish. Over this pour hot boiled custard, made from the yolks of three eggs, and one pint of milk sweetened and flavored to taste. Do this several hours before the dish is to be served. Just before serving, put a layer of sliced peaches or oranges over it. Cover with meringue, and brown slightly. The fruit can be omitted if preferred.—Miss L. E. Hutchinson, in *New York Observer*.

### TO CONSUMPTIVES.

The undersigned having been restored to health by simple means, after suffering for several years with a severe lung affection, and that dread disease Consumption, is anxious to make known to his fellow sufferers the means of cure. To those who desire it, he will cheerfully send free of charge a copy of the prescription used, which they will find a sure cure for Consumption, Asthma, Catarrh, Bronchitis and all throat and lung troubles. He hopes all sufferers will try his remedy, as it is invaluable. Those desiring the prescription, which will cost them nothing, and may prove a blessing, will please address:  
Rev. EDWARD A. WILSON, Brooklyn, New York

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Among the many many persons throughout Canada who owe good health—perhaps even life itself—to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is Mrs. Alex. Fair, a well known and highly esteemed resident of West Williams township, Middlesex Co., Ont. For nearly two years Mrs. Fair was a great sufferer from troubles brought on by a severe attack of the grippe. A reporter who called was cordially received by both Mr. and Mrs. Fair and was given the following facts of the case: "In the spring of 1896 I was attacked by the grippe for which I was treated by our family doctor but instead of getting better I gradually grew worse, until my whole body became racked with pains. I consulted one of the best doctors in Ontario and for nearly eighteen months followed his treatment but without any material benefit. I had a terrible cough which caused intense pains in my head and lungs; I became very weak; could not sleep, and for over a year I could only talk in a whisper and sometimes my voice left me entirely. I came to regard my condition as hopeless, but my husband urged further treatment, and on his advice our family doctor, with two others, held a consultation the result of which was that they pronounced my case incurable. Neighbors advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, but after having spent over \$500 in doctor's bills I did not have much faith left in any medicine, but as a last resort I finally decided to give them a trial. I had not taken many boxes of the pills before I noticed an improvement in my condition and this encouraged me to continue their use. After taking the pills for several months I was completely restored to health. The cough disappeared. I no longer suffered from the terrible pains I once endured; my voice became strong again; my appetite improved, and I was able to obtain restful sleep once more. While taking the pills I gained 37 pounds in weight. All this I owe to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I feel that I cannot say enough in their favor for I know that they have certainly saved my life."

In cases of this kind Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will give more certain and speedy results than any other medicine. They act directly on the blood thus reaching the root of the trouble and driving every vestige of disease from the system. Sold by all dealers in medicine or sent post paid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

**Orange Pudding.**—Cut five oranges in thin slices and pour over them one cupful of sugar. Let one pint of milk get boiling hot, in double boiler. Dissolve one tablespoonful of cornstarch in a little cold milk, add to it the yolks of three eggs well beaten, stir into the hot milk and when thickened pour over the oranges. Make a meringue of the three whites well beaten. Place in the oven till slightly brown.