

A SHREWD PASTOR.

North Carolina probably never produced, says the *Washington Post*, an abler preacher than Dr. Francis L. Hawkes, who a quarter of a century ago was pastor of Grace Church, New York. Short, thick-set, swarthy, black-eyed, and black-haired, he was a striking personage. He was not only a great pulpit orator, but was considered the best reader in New York. One day a delegation from a Buffalo church waited upon him and invited him to accept a pastorate in that city.

"Well, gentlemen, other things being satisfactory, the question of acceptance narrows down to a business matter," said Dr. Hawkes. "What salary do you offer?"

"Dr. Hawkes," said the spokesman, "we recognize that you have a high reputation and are willing to be liberal. Our recent pastor has received \$2,500, but on account of your standing we have decided to offer you \$3,500."

"My good man," cried the Dr., gasping, "do you know what salary I am receiving here?"

"No, sir."

"I get \$15,000 and this parsonage, and as I have an expensive family, I do not see my way clear to accept your offer."

The spokesman looked rather sheepish, but made another essay.

"If we had known that fact, sir, we would undoubtedly have looked elsewhere; but you should remember that the work of the Lord must be done, and as for providing for your family, you know the story of the ravens."

"Now, my friends," responded the clergyman, quizzically, "I have made the Bible my study ever since I was twenty-eight. I have read it through carefully and prayerfully over a hundred times. I remember the raven incident perfectly, but nowhere can I find any reference to the Lord's providing for young hawks."

LEARN TO BE HOUSEKEEPERS.

Begin with your own possessions, girls. Reform your upper bureau drawer; relieve your closet-pegs of their accumulation of garments out of use a month or two ago. Institute a clear and careful order in the midst of which you can daily move, and learn to keep it so that it will be a part of your toilet to dress your room and its arrangements while you dress yourself, leaving the draperies you take off as lightly and artistically hung, or as delicately folded and placed, as the skirts you loop carefully to wear or the ribbon and lace you put with a soft neatness about your throat. Cherish your instincts of taste and fitness and every little thing you have about you. This will not make you "fussy"; it is the other thing that does that—the not knowing, except by fidgety experiment, what is harmony and the intangible grace of relation.

Take upon yourself gradually for the sake of getting them in hand in like manner, if for no other need—all the cares that belong to your own small territory at home. Have your little wash-cloths and your sponges for bits of cleaning; your furniture brush and your leather duster, and your light little broom, and your whisk and pan; your bottle of sweet oil and spirits of turpentine and piece of flannel to preserve the polish or restore the gloss where dark wood grows dim or gets spotted. Find out, by following your surely growing sense of thoroughness and niceness, the best and readiest ways of keeping all fresh about you. Invent your own processes; they will come to you. When you make yourself wholly mistress of what you can learn and do in your own apartment, so that it is easier and more natural for you to do it than to let it alone, then you have learned to keep a whole house so far as its cleanly ordering is concerned.—*St. Nicholas*.

THE WAY TO USE SUNDAY.

What is the use of Sunday to a business man or a working man? It often seems to put a stop to his work just when he wants another day; but a sensible man knows that he cannot get on without

his Sunday, or day of rest and change and recreation. Men have tried to do without it, and some men have no real Sunday. Napoleon tried to make his army do without it, but was obliged to give it up. The men who do not keep Sunday are generally bitter, discontented, hard and disagreeable. Why is it so and what is the use of Sunday?

1. Sunday is a day of rest. No man was ever intended to go on at his work day after day without change. It is not healthy. This was partly the reason why one day in seven was appointed for rest. The Sabbath was made for man. God considered man's health when he made the law. He told him to do things because they were good for him, and not to do other things because they were bad for him.

2. Sunday is a day of worship. Man is an animal, and needs rest. Man is a spiritual animal, and needs to lift his mind to God and hold communion with him, and offer sacrifice and thanksgiving. Without these there is no worship; and Sunday is a day on which he can do this without the distraction of business.

3. Sunday is a day of instruction. Sermon hearing is not worship, however much we may learn from it or be moved by it. But we ought to know *whom* and *why* and *how* we worship. Wilful ignorance is a common vice among Christians, and many men who think that they worship God do not know as much about their religion as they could learn from a five cent catechism.

4. Sunday is a day of good works. Our Lord and Master healed the sick on the Sabbath, and preached that the right use of the day was rest from work for self, but not from work for others. Sunday may be used as a day for works of mercy. All spiritual works of mercy may be done on Sunday. To convert the sinner, instruct the ignorant, counsel the doubtful, comfort the sorrowful, bear wrongs patiently, forgive injuries—all these are Sunday works, and every man can do some of them if he will. But that is not all. The corporal works of mercy can be done on Sunday, and few men can do them except on Sunday. A man can feed the hungry, clothe the naked, entertain strangers, visit the sick, go to see prisoners, even if he has no other opportunity.—*Iron Cross*.

HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS

APPLE PUDDING.—A very nice pudding is made from stale cake and stewed apples, either fresh or dried. Crumble the cake and put a thick layer in a buttered pudding dish, add a layer of stewed apples and add another of cake crumbs. For a quart dish of this mixture, beat the yolks of two eggs and the white of one with a pint of milk and three tablespoonfuls of sugar; pour over the cake and apples and bake thirty minutes. Draw to the oven door and cover with a meringue made from the white of an egg beaten with sugar.

DEVILLED FISH.—Half a pound of any cold, boiled, flaky fish; shred fine. Mix one tablespoonful of flour with a little milk and stir it into a gill of boiling milk; add a dessertspoonful of butter, and remove from the fire. Pour over the fish; add also two yolks of hard boiled eggs mashed fine, a tablespoonful of finely minced parsley, and salt and cayenne pepper to taste. Fill clean scallop shells with the mixture, brush over with beaten egg, cover with crumbs and brown.

ROLLED BEEFSTEAK.—Make a dressing of a cup of fine bread crumbs, an ounce of minced salt pork, sage, salt and pepper, and mix well with a tablespoonful of melted butter. Lay two pounds of round steak on a board, trim off the fat, and with a chopping knife gash the upper surface, but do not cut through. Spread the dressing on this side, roll up like jelly cake and fasten with skewers. Lay over a few thin slices of salt pork and lay in a saucepan a little chopped onion and carrot, cover with a pint of water to which has been added salt and a little vinegar. Simmer until very tender, probably three hours. Lay in a baking pan, dredge with flour, and brown quickly. Strain and thicken the gravy and pour over the meat.

RASPBERRY PIE.—Line a pie dish with a good paste and fill with raspberries sprinkled with sugar. Dredge with a little flour over the middle layer and bake half an hour. Eat cold covered with a layer of whipped cream.

CARROTS AND WHITE SAUCE.—The small, French carrots, or larger ones sliced, are delicious if simmered until tender in salted water, and served in a white sauce, made by adding a spoonful of flour wet with cold milk to a cup of boiling milk. Stir in a lump of butter, season to taste, lay in the carrots and let them get hot enough.

SHOULDER OF LAMB.—A shoulder of lamb cooked as follows is a very cheap and excellent dinner: Have the butcher cut out the shoulder-blade, and the first length and half the second of the foreleg, taking care not to mangle the meat. Stuff with a forcemeat made of bread crumbs with one boiled and mashed onion, seasoned with salt, pepper, and sage. Truss it up something in the shape of a duck and sew shut. Lay in a dripping pan on a few sliced vegetables, pour over a gill of hot water, and bake twenty minutes to the pound. Garnish with new, small carrots, onions and new potatoes; strain and thicken the gravy, pour it over all and serve.

SWEETBREADS.—Farmers frequently kill their own calves and sell them to a country butcher, who does not know the value of sweetbreads, for which a city customer must pay from forty to seventy five cents a pair. They are easily cooked, and most delightful when prepared properly. Soak them in a bowl of cold water for an hour; pull off the skin and fat; parboil for twenty minutes in water with a little salt; throw in cold water for five minutes and then press between two plates with a weight on top until perfectly cold. Dip in beaten egg and bread crumbs, and fry in hot dripping. They are especially nice with green peas served in a circle around them.

—There is a story told of Minnesota in the early days of good Bishop Whipple's Episcopate. The Bishop had left a flourishing Mission in a country town in charge of a zealous layman, and on his return to the place found everything doing well. But the layman desired to ask the Bishop a question that had troubled him. He said, "Bishop are we High Church or Low Church?" "Why do you ask that?" said the Bishop. "Well," he replied there was a Methodist preacher here not long ago, and when he found we were holding Episcopal services he wanted to know whether we were High Church or Low Church. To tell the truth, I did not know what to answer him for I had never heard of the distinction before."

"What did you say?" returned the Bishop, much amused. "Well," said the layman, "I was not going to let that preacher think I did not know about my own Church, so I told him we were High Church, for I thought it would not sound well to say you were low in anything." The Bishop laughed heartily and told his lay friend he had given a very good answer indeed.

GOD'S PARENTAL CARE.

In front of a window where I worked last summer was a butter-nut tree. A humming-bird built her nest on a limb that grew near the window, and we had an opportunity to watch her closely, as we could look right into the nest from the window. One day there was a very heavy shower coming up, and we thought we would see if she covered her young during the storm; but when the first drops fell she came and took in her bill one of the three large leaves growing close to the nest, and laid this leaf over so it completely covered the nest. She then she flew away. On looking at the leaf, we found a hole in it; and in the side of the nest was a small stick that the leaf was fastened to or hooked on. After the storm was over the old bird came back and unhooked the leaf, and the nest was perfectly dry.