

A VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY.

This is a story about two very foolish little girls. Mother had put them to bed, and while she was undressing them she had told them about Columbus and his voyages, for there had been a picture of him in the scrapbook. Then she kissed them and tucked them up in bed, and leaving the light burning, slipped downstairs, for there were people coming to supper. The little girls were not exactly afraid of the dark, but they thought a light made things look much nicer.

"Oh, Rosy," said Alice, "now I will tell you. We will go on a voyage ourselves, only in our own bed."

"Yes," said Rosy, and they started down under the bedclothes. It was a splendid voyage. The bed was not very big; in fact, it was only a double crib, but it took a whole while to creep down. They played that the middle part was the ocean, and along the edge was a cool country, where you could poke your toes down in the crack. Alice crawled down one side, and Rosy the other, and then they exchanged places. After a while they sat up and played that they were in a tent. If you sat together in the middle there was one large room; and if you moved away to the sides you had each a separate room, and you could even make a cupboard with your toes. The little girls thought that the next night they would go to bed early, and bring their dollies and play house. After awhile, though, the tent grew hot and stuffy; and then a terrible thing happened! For when the little girls crawled to what they supposed was the place where they had crawled in they found that they could not get out! They tried again and again, but the sheets and the blankets were tucked in firm and strong. They never can believe, what mother afterwards explained to them, that they must have got confused, and never tried the head of the bed at all; they are quite sure that they tried everywhere, again and again, crawling round and round, pulling at the sheets with all their might, and getting more dreadfully frightened every minute. After a while mother and the ladies who had come to supper heard a strange roaring sound upstairs, which puzzled them very much. It grew louder and louder although always queer and muffled. Mother listened more carefully, and then flew upstairs, and found the discoverers hot and sobbing and still struggling desperately to crawl out at the foot of the bed! The little girls were very little, and mother rocked them in her arms before the fire until the sobs had quieted and everything felt safe again. One of the young ladies came upstairs, too, and sat with them by the fire. They had a nice little talk, and then nurse made the tumbled crib up, smooth and cool. But Alice and Rosy do not like mother to tell this story, because everybody laughs; and they know that it is a terrible thing to be lost, even in your own bed.

QUESTIONS FOR THE MISSIONARY MEETING.

What is the consequence of the progress of a civilization without Christianity?

Give brief account of the effects of the opium trade upon India.

What is the common attitude of the English residents toward the natives?

In contrast to the darker aspects of British occupation, name some things which mark the progress of the nation under Anglo-Saxon rule.

What are the forces which are bringing light to India?

What is the character of the missionaries sent out?

What is the character of the native converts?

What significant things mark the decay of Hinduism?

What is the greatest of the forces which are bringing light to India?

SPARKLES.

Pop (explaining the mysteries of country life)—"Yes, a hen will sit on an egg and hatch it."

Tommy—"Gracious. I should think it would hurt to sit on a hatchet."

Tom—Did Maud tell you the truth when you asked her age?

Dick—Yes.

Tom—What did she say?

Dick—She said it was none of my business.

When a Scotch schoolmaster entered the temple of learning one morning he read on the blackboard: "Our teacher is a donkey." The pupils expected there would be a cyclone; but the philosophic pedagogue contented himself with adding the word "driver," and opened the school as usual.

A Jewish newspaper tells of a rabbi who expounded the Mosaic law to the faithful for a small stipend. The learned gentleman was asked by a friend how he was getting on. "Slowly," he answered, with a sigh. "If it were not for the numerous fasts which our religion prescribes I am sure my family would die of starvation."

"Paul," said his mother, "will you go into the room and see if grandfather is asleep?" "Yes, mother," whispered Paul on his return, "he is all asleep but his nose."

Bill had a billboard. Bill also had a board bill. The board bill bored Bill so that Bill sold the billboard to pay his board bill. So after Bill sold his billboard to pay his board bill the board bill no longer boarded Bill.

A Highlander was asked the way to Loch Romagh near Forbes. He gave this characteristic reply: "There's a road to the right; don't tak' the right. There's a road to the left; don't tak' the left. Then ye'll coom to a brudge; don't go over the brudge; and that's the way to Loch Romagh whatever."

The difference between a preacher and an "exhorter" is thus defined by an old African preacher in Virginia, who never became ordained, but was content to remain an "exhorter." This seemed rather strange to some of his congregation, and one day they asked him about it. "Well, it's dis way," said he. "When you's a preacher, you's got ter tave a tex' an' stick right close to it, but if you's only a exhorter you kin branch."

A POWERFUL SERMON.

"I once listened," said a doctor, "to a sermon delivered from the sick bed of a very old man; almost a centenarian."

"It was on my last visit. I was preparing to leave when the aged sufferer turned his face toward the wall, sighing heavily."

"His son asked: 'What is the matter? Do you want anything father?'"

"'Yes, yes,' he whispered, 'want to go home.'"

"'But you are at home, father,' the son said."

"'I know; but I want to go to my Heavenly home,' the old man answered, with something like a sob, reminding one of a homesick child pining among strangers for dear ones far away."

"I was a careless fellow at that time," the doctor pursued, "but that one sentence from the trembling lips of a dying saint went straight to my heart. I could not shake off the impression. I found no rest until I, too, could feel that I was entitled to a home in the city made without hands."

The top round is reserved for him who climbs.

If men were more patient they would be more blessed.

He who wastes his earnings in folly will want in old age.

OLD SOUTHERN RECIPES.

PILLEAU—Boil a hen tender; remove from pot; into four cups of the chicken broth put two cups of the rice a little red pepper and a teaspoonful of powdered sage, or thyme; salt to taste; boil till rice is done; put back the hen in the pot and cook about ten minutes longer; place the hen on a platter with the rice piled all round it and sprigs of parsley to ornament the dish.

BOILED SOUTHERN RICE—One cup of washed rice, two cups water; one teaspoonful salt, boil in an ordinary covered stewpan next to the fire about ten minutes till it boils. Let stand 20 minutes on the back of the stove (on top of the stove not next to the fire), and then remove cover and let dry out for ten minutes. Serve at once.

TO COOKED CANNED VEGETABLES PALATABLY—All canned vegetables, like asparagus, green corn, peas, butter beans, etc., need a little sugar to take away the dead sour taste. Let them cook fully one hour and then add milk, butter, pepper, sugar, and a tiny pinch of flour to thicken, and salt to taste. Tomatoes are never so good as when cooked for one hour, our Southern fashion, with a fried onion, red pepper, teaspoon of sugar and bread crumbs.

CHARLOTTE RUSSE PUDDING—Beat the yolows of four eggs and add to them a tablespoonful of cornstarch dissolved in a little water. Boil one and one-half pints of milk, sweeten and flavor with best vanilla; stir in cornstarch slowly; cook until it leaves the sides of the pan. Line pudding dish with lady fingers divided. Pour in the sauce, set into the oven for a few moments. Beat the four whites to a froth and add two teaspoonfuls of sugar; place this meringue on the pudding and brown slightly.

LIGHT BREAD ROLLS—At bed time put a cake of compressed yeast (for a cake of dry yeast) in two quarts of luke warm water. Put into four quarts of well-sifted flour two tablespoons of sugar and two tablespoonfuls of lard and one of salt. Add the dissolved yeast and enough water to make a rather stiff dough—just stiff enough to work smooth when it rises—if it is unmanageably stiff at first the bread will be too hard. Work till it is smooth and put the dough to rise in a large bucket that has a cover, a peck bucket is the correct size. Cover with the lid and put a cloth over it. Set in a warm, not a hot place and let it rise till morning. When it reaches the top of the bucket you will know it is right for kneading. Work the bread thoroughly till it is smooth and cracks under the hands, then make in into a pan of rolls and five loaves of bread. Set in a warm place to rise for a half hour or so (according to the temperature) and bake. When the loaves have risen to the size of puff brush the tops of the loaves and rolls with butter or milk. If the oven is small it is well to set some of the bread a little distance from the fire, so that all the loaves will not be ready to bake at once. Always bake bread in a moderate, steady oven.

Admiral Lord Charles Beresford claims the distinction of being the first European who was allowed, by invitation, to gaze on the face of the Mikado of Japan. This was in 1868. In that year Lord Charles was gazetted to the Galathea, which, with the Duke of Edinburgh on board, made an extensive tour. Among other places visited by the ship was Japan, where the English prince was invited by the Emperor to visit him at his palace. "Thus," says Lord Charles Beresford, "we were the first Europeans to see the Mikado, and we should have been cut down in the streets by the Japs if we had not been guarded by thirty or forty soldiers." What a remarkable change less than 40 years has brought about!