

COLD WATER CAKE.—To make at the same time: One cup of butter, two of sugar, one of cold water, two cups of raisins, chopped fine, three and a half cups of flour, one teaspoonful of cloves, one of cinnamon, one nutmeg, half a teaspoonful of soda, and the yolks of six eggs, well beaten. Flour the raisins well.

STEW.—Cut up into small pieces vegetables of any kind, and four-pound shin of beef. Put them into a saucepan with pepper and salt, and a teaspoonful of vinegar and water. Stew gently three hours. Small button onions may be put in with the vegetables.

FRIED POTATOES.—Peel a raw potato as apples are peeled; let the parings be as near as possible the same thickness, and let them be as long as possible. Dry them thoroughly in a cloth, put them in the frying basket, and plunge it in boiling hot lard. When the chips are a golden color drain them well in front of the fire, sprinkle fine salt over them, and serve.

OYSTERS FOR LUNCHEON.—Drain the liquor from one quart of oysters; add a small teaspoon of hot water, some salt and pepper; set it over the fire in a saucepan; when it boils add a large cupful of rich milk. Let it boil up once; then add the oysters, and let them boil four minutes; add one tablespoonful of butter, as soon as it is melted and stirred in remove from the fire. Serve at once on grated cracker.

STEWED TRIPE.—Select two pounds of double tripe, well cleaned and blanched, cut in pieces of rather less than a quarter of a pound each. Put in a clean saucepan with a pint of milk and one of water, two teaspoonfuls of salt, one of pepper, eight middle-sized onions, carefully peeled. Set it on to boil, which it should do at first rather than at last. Then simmer till done, which will be rather more than half an hour. Put it into a dish or tureen, and serve with the milk and onions.

Children's Department.

AN EXPERIMENT.

When the kind-hearted Isaac Hopper, a member of the Society of Friends, met a boy with a dirty face and dirty hands he would stop him and inquire if he had ever studied chemistry. The boy, with a wondering stare, would answer no. "Well, then," said Francis Hopper, "I will teach thee how to perform a curious chemical experiment. Go home, take a piece of soap, put it in water—and rub it briskly upon thy hands and thy face. Thou hast no idea what a beautiful froth it will make, and how much whiter thy skin will be. That's a chemical experiment; I advise thee to go home and make it."

OUR DOG BULLIE.

Here is a real true story, about a smart dog that we had when I was a little wee girl.

One day when he had got over being a mischievous puppy, and nibbling at children's feet, and carrying off the little red stockings, and such tricks as that, and he was a real grown dog, he lay in the sunshine, near us, as we children were sitting on the grass-plot, looking at the pictures in our Sunday School books. I remember that we were all laughing at a picture of good old Elijah, who was dressed in great flowing gown, that fluttered out behind him, like a waving banner.

I am very sorry now, dear little ones, that we were such a naughty set of children as to laugh at the picture of the good old prophet whom God loved so much; and I am very certain if our mother had heard us, she would have been grieved. But she, good woman, was busy getting supper, and did not know her children were doing such a wicked thing.

When went to tea the book was left lying on the door-steps, with some other books, and when we came out, there, on the grass, lay Bullie, the dog, with the book open at the picture of dear old Elijah—a fat, white paw on each page, to keep the leaves down, and his mouth wide open with real human-dog laughter! Why, he giggled and chuckled

like a boy, and his round, brown eyes sparkled, while his cunning, inquiring nose, was bent down close to the picture.

We were so delighted with our clever pet, that every one of us went and hugged his soft neck, again and again.

Poor Bullie! Dear old Bullie! I hate to tell what became of him; but if you all want to know very badly, I will tell you some time. And now good-bye, dear little children, and try and be good always.

Learn to tell the truth or nothing. If there is something you do not wish any one to know, just keep quiet and say nothing about it, but be careful and not to act a lie.

In every noble burns a desire to improve.

HOW TO TREAT BROTHERS.

Girls, be kind to your brothers. Don't be afraid you will spoil them by showing them plenty of sisterly attention. They are tiresome chaps sometimes, consequential and overbearing, treating their sisters like inferior beings. But never mind that, girls; carry with you the two bears—bear and forbear. The consequential age generally passes off with the growth of the incipient moustache, and when real manhood dawns upon them, they will realize how gentle and kind their sisters have been. Make home pleasant to them; let them see and feel you enjoy their company sometimes equally as well as that of some other girl's brother. If you sing or play the piano, do your best for brother Will or Bob, or whatever his name may be, and reward him with a smile when he turns over your music or gives up his seat to you, just as you would any other gentleman. Lay aside your work or book to have a pleasant chat or innocent game with your brother; draw out of him with whom and where he spends his evenings outside of the family circle. Encourage him to speak of his associates. A sister has often more influence with a brother than a parent. If he can confide in his sister regarding his friends and amusements, you need have no fear of how he spends his time away from you. Let him see you take an interest in his studies or his business. When he asks you to sew on a button or mend his glove, don't put on an aggrieved air; do it cheerfully, willingly. He will reward you in his secret heart with wealth of brotherly love, though he may not show, for some think it unmanly to display affection. Treat his friends with politeness, even if they are not your style. Throw all the safeguards you possibly can around your young brothers, by sisterly kindness and forbearance. Try to make home the happiest and dearest place on earth.

WHAT DO ASCENSION AND WHITSUNDAY MEAN?

We do not suppose our boys and girls will fully understand all that is meant by the observance of Ascension and Whitsunday, but they can understand enough to make them take a very great interest in them. On Ascension Day we commemorate the departure of the blessed Saviour from this world to His heavenly home. Among other things He is preparing a home for all those who love and serve Him, that when they die, they may go to that home and be forever at rest. We have all lost many friends. Some of us have lost our father or mother, or both. Some of us have lost brothers and sisters, and other dear friends. Our hearts were filled with a great sorrow when they were taken away. Perhaps even now our eyes fill with tears as we think of them and our great loss. But it was to prepare a home for those we have so tenderly loved that Jesus ascended up into heaven. To that home they have gone, and there they will remain and be all

ready to welcome and embrace us when we are called away. There we shall find our precious mother, our darling sister, and all others who have gone before us. In the Ascension of our Lord, therefore, we have a pledge and promise that, when we die, we shall ascend to that heavenly home He has gone to prepare for us.

On Whitsunday we commemorate the coming of the Holy Ghost the Comforter into this world. He comes in one sense to take the place of the Saviour in this world. He is here to help us. Though we cannot see Him, still we may feel Him in our hearts. He tells us what is right and what is wrong. He would make us to love God and to be like Jesus. When we are tempted He will help us resist and overcome the wicked desire. He will fill our minds with good thoughts and our hearts with good desires. We must not resist Him or drive Him away. If we want to love God—if we want to be useful and Christ-like—He will help us. Never will He leave us or forsake us unless we drive Him away. We can grieve Him, but let us remember what He has come to this world for, and how much He may do for us.

MARY HERBERT'S CROSS.

Let us never minds the scoffs nor the frowns of the world,
For we've all got a cross to bear;
It will only make the crown the brighter to shine,
When we have got the crown to wear.

So sang Mary Herbert, as she tied on her warm hood, and took her school-books from the table. Her good morning kiss had been given, but she lingered to say another parting word to her mother.

"You know, mother, Kittie Cummings and I are to stay all night at Tillie Scott's. I won't be home till tomorrow afternoon."

"Yes, dear—what is your text today? You want to carry it to Tillie's for a talisman."

"It is the verse which was our pastor's text last Sunday morning: 'If any man will come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow me.' But, mother I have not had a cross to bear yet. I never felt so truly happy in my life, as since I was confirmed."

"You have received nothing but encouragement, so far, my child. Trials of faith must come, however. Few Christians go through life without bearing a cross, and we too must bear it. The cross before the crown, Mary."

Mary went thoughtfully to school. She was a young Christian, and had been but a little time a communicant of the Church. In the ardor of her first love, how should she look upon anything that her Saviour sent as a cross?

After school she and Kittie accompanied Tillie Scott to her beautiful home. They spent a happy afternoon and evening together, and after preparing their lessons for the next day, at Mrs. Scott's request, they played in turn upon the piano, and sang some of their school songs. When the clock struck ten, Tillie took her friends to their room, and school-girl like, they sat down and had another long talk together. At last Kittie proposed they should retire, and she and Tillie, standing before the mirror, began to unbraid their hair, and brush it. Mary, in the meantime, sat still, trying to decide a conflict which was going on within. At home, she always read a chapter in the Bible before she went to bed. But her young friends evidently did not do this. Perhaps they would laugh at her. How hard it is to be laughed at.

"Never mind it for one night," whispered the tempter.

"Take up thy cross," said conscience in a louder tone.

Mary decided rightly. "Tillie," said she, "will you lend me your Bible?"

Tillie stared a moment in surprise, and Kittie laughed and said:

"Now, Mary wants to show us sinners how good she is! I wonder if you read your Bible at home?"

"Mary's cheeks flushed, but she said quietly. 'Yes, Kittie, I read it and I love it.'"

Tillie took from her drawer a beautifully bound Bible, which she kept wrapped up in tissue paper. She had not learned how sweet it is to say, "Thy word have I hid in my heart."

Mary read and prayed, and her soul was full of joy, for she had won a moral victory. One year after that, the girls again met at Tillie's home. But this time they read and prayed together. Tillie said, with tearful eyes, "Mary, we both, under God, owe our conversion to your faithfulness."

Dear friends, this trial of Mary Herbert's may seem little to you, but it was her first cross and she bore it by the grace of God. Who among you will do likewise?

PEACE I LEAVE WITH YOU.

Jesus is our Friend and Saviour,—
We should ever think of this,—
He is ready, He is willing
To give us sweet rest and peace.

"Peace to you I give," He saith,
"Not as gives the world to you,
Let your heart be free from trouble,
I will help you safely through."

Oh! we surely need a Saviour!
Oh! we surely need His peace!
Shall we not then go to Jesus?
For His mercy ne'er shall cease.

In this world of care and sorrow,
While our burdens we must bear,
He may ever go to Jesus—
He our every grief will share.

MAXIMS OF ROTHSCHILD, THE BANKER.

Hold integrity sacred.
Endure trials patiently.
Observe good manners.
Be prompt in all things.
Make few acquaintances.
Pay your debts promptly.
Lie not for any consideration.
Yield not to discouragements.
Join hands only with the virtuous.
Watch carefully over your passions.
Respect the counsel of your parents.
Keep your mind from evil thoughts.
Consider well, then decide positively.
Never try to appear what you are not.
Sacrifice money rather than principle.
Fight life's battles bravely, manfully.
Dare to do right; fear to do wrong.
Question not the veracity of a friend.
Go not into the society of the vicious.
Use your leisure time for improvement.
Attend carefully to details of your business.
Extend to every man a kindly salutation.
Injure not another's reputation in business.
Touch not, and taste not, intoxicating drinks.
Venture not upon the threshold of wrong.
Zealously labor for right, and success is certain.

French Cambrie Shirting are now more used than ever. I have the finest assortment in the City. These goods can be ordered to measure, or ready made. Any gentleman who requires shirts and cannot get them in his own place, can rely on having a good fit by addressing a postal card to A. White, 65 King Street West.

Patterns and rules for self measurement sent free.

Victor Hugo says that love gives him perspicuity. In this country it sets a man to buying dresses.

As a sign of good times it is stated that contracts for over two million pounds sterling in building and other improvements have been signed in London.

It is amusing to see very young swells, who form the background of counters during the day, assume the air and nonchalance of a Mr. Von Somebody at hotels at night.