

ALCOHOL IN COOKING.

We wonder if we are to answer for all sins of thoughtlessness. If so, a large number of Christian people will find a long score against them, for tempting people who are trying to reform, or for creating an appetite for strong drink by using alcoholic liquors in their cooking. Wine sauces, brandy puddings and cider-flavored mince pies have been the stumbling-block over which many a man, trying to reform, has fallen.

A young man who had been a hard drinker, and had been taken to his palatial home dead drunk many a time, desired to reform and make something of his life. He signed the pledge, and fought bravely to keep it.

One day he said to a friend: "I do not think I can remain at home and keep my pledge."

His friend asked why, and he replied:

"I can make myself go past saloons; I can remain away from the club, but I must go to the dinner-table at home, and there often I find wine sauces; and the very smell of them stirs up my old appetite so it seems as if I would go wild."

The mother was told her son's trials, and replied, as so many other women have: "Oh, it's all nonsense; a little wine or brandy in cooking can't hurt anyone—it's just an excuse."

We know other men who have given up strong drink, who never dare taste of a mince pie or any kind of pudding away from home, for fear they might find some flavor of strong drink that would make it a hard fight for them to keep the pledge.

And yet women, when their attention is called to these facts, will say: "Men have no business to be so weak," and go on cooking with the recipes themselves, and keep recommending them to their neighbors, forgetting what the Bible says about making one of these little ones to offend.

If some voice or pen could only arouse these thoughtless women, and get them to banish wine, brandy and cider from their

pantries, it would not only be a blessing to the men who are trying to reform, but would save so many others from forming an appetite for strong drink at their mother's table.

A FORTUNE.

One day a man was walking along the street, and he was sad at heart. Business was dull. He had set his desire upon a horse that cost a thousand dollars, and he had only eight hundred with which to buy it. There were other things, to be sure, that might be bought with eight hundred dollars, but he did not want those. So he was sorrowful, and thought the world a bad place.

As he walked he saw a child running toward him. It was a strange child, but when he looked at it his face lightened like sunshine and broke into smiles. The child held out its closed hand. "Guess what I have," it cried gleefully.

"Something fine, I am sure," said the man pleasantly.

The child nodded and drew nearer, then opened its hand. "Look!" it said; and the street rang with its happy laughter.

The man looked, and in the child's hand lay a penny.

"Hurrah!" said the child.

"Hurrah!" said the man.

Then they parted, and the child went and bought a stick of candy, and saw all the world red and white in stripes.

The man went and put his eight hundred dollars in the savings bank, all but fifty cents; and with the fifty cents he bought a brown hobby-horse with white spots, for his own little boy; and the little boy saw all the world brown with white spots.

"Is this the horse you wanted so to buy, father?" asked the little boy.

"It is the horse I have bought," said the man.

"Hurrah!" said the little boy.

"Hurrah!" said the man.

And he saw that the world was a good place after all.—*L. E. R., in St. Nicholas.*

Boys' and Girls' Corner.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS.

<i>International.</i>	<i>Institute.</i>
Oct. 1. Acts xxi., 1-15. . . . St. Luke x. 25-42.	
Oct. 10. Acts xxii., 17-30. . . 2 Sam. v., 1-12.	
Oct. 17. Acts xxiv., 10-25. . . 2 Sam. xii., 1-17.	
Oct. 24. Acts xxvi., 19-32. . . 2 Sam. xii., 1-14.	
Oct. 31. Acts xxvii., 13-26. . . St. Matt. vi., 24-34.	

STRETCH IT A LITTLE.

Trudging along the slippery street,
Two childish figures, with aching feet,
And hands benumbed by the biting cold,
Were rudely jostled by young and old,
Hurrying homeward at close of day
Over the city's broad highway.

"Come under my coat," said little Nell,
As tears ran down Joe's cheeks, and fell
On her own thin fingers, stiff with cold;
"Tain't very big, but I think 'twill hold
Both you and me, if I only try
To stretch it a little. So now don't cry."

The garment was small and tattered and thin,
But Joe was lovingly folded in
Close to the heart of Nell, who knew
That stretching the coat for the needs of two
Would double the warmth, and halve the pain
Of the cutting wind and the icy rain.

"Stretch it a little!" Oh, girls and boys,
In homes o'erflowing with comforts and joys,
See how far you can make them reach—
Your helpful deeds and loving speech,
Your gifts of service and gifts of gold:
Let them stretch to households manifold.
—*Selected.*

A WHITE SOUL; OR, BENNIE AND JOE'S TRAMP.

By EMMA L. DICKIE.

Rat-tat-tat!

It was a very peremptory knock, indeed. And Bennie and Joe flew to the door and opened it wide, for they always thought a knock at the door the most interesting thing in the world. "For," as Joe said, "You never know who's goin' to be there!"

It was a very ugly, unwashed, unsightly fellow this time, with torn, dirty clothes and a rusty old hat that looked very ill-used indeed. He had a rough, overgrown beard and a sour look on his face, as he said in a rough voice to Bennie and Joe: "Gim' me sumpin' to eat, can't yer? Bin walkin' miles, and ain't hed nuthin' sense last night! Got a