

The lady felt very-borrowful, very unwilling to do what would, she knew, more than nullify the effect of all her endeavors during the past year, and would put a complete stop to her excellent work among her poor neighbors.

After earnest, prayerful thought, she decided to take another opinion.

She went up to London to consult Sir Andrew Clarke. He examined into her case, and questioned her very carefully, and at last inquired, "Do you take stimulants at all?"

"No," she replied timidly. "I was in the habit of taking a little, but for the last year I have taken none at all—and—"

"I am glad to hear it. Never touch stimulant of any sort, it is the very worst thing you can take."

"Oh doctor!" she exclaimed eagerly, "will you write that down and put your name to it?"

"Very willingly," he replied.

Armed with her precious document she returned home, and when next she saw her own medical man she showed it to him. He took it up and read it and looked at the signature.

"Ha! Sir Andrew Clarke! H'm, yes, he is a great man, and can say these things. We country doctors can't afford it."—*Watch-Word.*

#### IDLE WORDS: A STORY FOR GIRLS.

I wonder if any of us ever think of the harm that may be done by jesting, careless words. How quickly it is spoken! How merry the laugh that follows! I say, often, if we could look below the surface, I fear we might see a deep scar upon the heart. Five minutes after they are uttered the speaker forgets them, but perhaps for days they rankle in the mind of the hearer.

Some months ago a dear friend of mine lost her large Sunday-school class. One by one withdrew; some by marriage, some by leaving the city, and some by death, till her flourishing class was reduced to one scholar, and continued this size for two years. During that time, much was the fun I "poked at her"—"It must take you a long time to prepare your lesson for your large class," or "I suppose you have no time in the week except to visit your numerous scholars," or "Which one of your classes came late to-day?" And with many such funny speeches did I amuse myself, and apparently her. She suffered and gave no sign. Only recently did I learn that this had been to her an awful trial.

Every effort that she made to increase the number of her scholars proved vain. She seriously thought of abandoning the Sunday-school work, where in former years she had been so successful. The heavens seemed as brass to her fervent prayers. But all that time God was only trying her. Her class is full now, and her hands and heart entirely occupied. She has been too generous to remind me of my thoughtless words, but I need no reminder, for my own heart condemns me. Girls, take warning.

Said a lady to me the other day,—"Nearly two decades have passed since I made my public profession of faith, but all the joys and sorrows of these many years have not obliterated a scene from my mind and of how my heart was wounded by a thoughtless friend.

"It was on the Monday morning following that sacred Sunday I walked into the schoolroom a few moments before nine. A crowd of girls were gathered around the old-fashioned stove, studying a little, and laughing and talking a good deal.

"Oh, here she comes now," called out Sophie—which gave the disagreeable sensation that I had been the subject of conversation—"Girls," she continued, "you ought to have seen her walk up the aisle yesterday; here she is, now look."

"And drawing down the corners of her mouth and rolling up her eyes, she began slowly walking between the long row of desks. How my cheeks tingled! I fear that the entrance of the head-teacher, and not my religion, prevented the angry retort. I thought then, as we hurried to our seats, that it was very hard in the other girls to laugh. I see now that they could not help it.

"That girl was my most devoted friend. Not for the world would she have hurt me, but her jest was from pure thoughtlessness."

"Girls, be happy, be merry, let your very spirits bubble over. It is your prerogative, your birthright, I might say, but, oh, re-

strain the sharp words, conquer the desire to mimic, and remember, that

"Evil is wrought by want of thought  
As well as by want of heart."  
—*Sel.*

#### THE UNEXPECTED HAPPENS.

A correspondent of the *New York Observer* writes:

"When Mrs. Dr. Augusta Smith, of Springfield, Missouri, was a little girl, she received a letter from her uncle, Millard Fillmore, of Buffalo.

"And what does your uncle say to you?" asked her mother.

"He says I must fear God, be good, and do all the good I can—that's what he writes me."

"And what will you say to him in reply?"

"I will tell him that I will do just as he says—that's right, mother, isn't it?"

"Yes, my child—but in what way will you do good?"

"Oh! in many ways—I will learn to be a doctor, and help the sick people."

"What an idea, my child! I would as soon believe that your uncle Fillmore would become President of the United States, as that you would become a physician!"

"In the course of time Millard Fillmore became President, and his little niece, after a thorough course of study has become a physician.

There is a moral in this anecdote. The mother was not correct in her prophecy, and the child, influenced by the words of the uncle, is doing great good.

#### INCREASING SAFETY ON RAILWAYS.—The Erie railway and the Chicago and Alton Road, have enacted a prohibitory law on their respective lines. They are teetotallers, too. They remove all employees who use intoxicants in moderation, as well as those who drink to excess, well knowing that he who drinks at all is always in danger of drinking too much. In other words they recognise the fact that any man who is addicted to the use of alcoholic spirits, all of which are brain poisons, is an unsafe man to be entrusted with human lives or valuable property.

A. M. Richards, Division Superintendent of the Chicago and Alton Road, in an interview says:—"A comparatively modern thing required in railwaying is total abstinence. In former times a little indulgence in the social bowl was winked at. But whiskey has been made a foe of railwaying. It has caused the loss of a great many lives and much money. Railway managers have learned that a man who drinks is dangerous. Hence, if a man indulged even at night he is discarded. If he is on duty at night and stays up during the daytime he is likewise bounced for not going to bed. He may be warned once of his faults, but a repetition costs him his job. Railwaymen must have not only clear brains, but well-rested bodies. They want every man at his best. Formerly the 'half-fellow well-met' man was likely to rise in authority in railwaying. This is no longer true. Conviviality is frowned upon everywhere in the service. Urbanity is expected of all, but debauchery permitted in none."—*Alliance Record (Melbourne, Victoria).*

#### ONE STEP AT A TIME.

I once stood at the foot of a Swiss mountain which towered up from the foot of the Vishay valley to a height of ten thousand feet. It looked like a tremendous pill to the top. But I said to myself, "Oh, it will require but one step at a time!" Before sunset I stood on the summit enjoying the magnificent view of the peaks around me, and right opposite to me flashed the icy crown of the Weissborn, which Professor Tyndall was the first man to discover, by taking one step at a time.

Every boy who would master a difficult study, every youth who hopes to get on in the world, must keep this motto in mind. When the famous Arago was a schoolboy he got discouraged over mathematics. But one day he found on the waste leaf of the cover of his text-book a short letter from D'Alembert to a youth discouraged like himself. The advice which D'Alembert gave was "Go on, sir, go on."

"That little sentence," says Arago, "was my best teacher in mathematics." He did push on steadily, until he became the greatest mathematician of his day, by mastering one step at a time.

#### BROKEN BREAD AND WHAT TO DO WITH IT.

There is one bread pudding which is cheaply and easily made; yet it is very wholesome, and not by any means to be despised.

*Cake Pudding.*—Put a quantity of broken bread into a bowl, pour boiling water on and soak until quite soft. Drain away the water, not too dry, and beat the bread until quite free from lumps, add a good slice of butter, sweet dripping, sugar and chopped lemon-rind, with a few currants or raisins. Pour the mixture into a well greased pie-dish, and bake until it is brightly browned on the surface. Sweet sauce or a little jam may be served with this pudding, and surely even the most rigid economist would not object to this, seeing that neither eggs nor milk enter into the composition of the dish.

Boiled puddings which are made of a mixture of suet and flour with flavorings (and their names are legion) will be much lighter if the proportion of flour be made of two parts bread-crumbs and one part flour. Stale bread cannot easily be crumbed to the last bit. Where it is possible, therefore, it is an economy to procure what is called a "rotary" grater. This little machine will speedily save its cost in the prevention of waste it will render possible.

After all that is said, the most certain way of preventing waste in bread is the very obvious one of being careful in cutting it. If a little thought is given to this matter, so that one loaf is finished before another is begun; if children are taught that they must not leave small portions of food, but make "tidy plates," as it is called, and if everyone in the house follows the same rule, there will be little need for contrivances in order to use the "pieces." A good deal may be done also by looking after the condition of the bread-pan. If this be kept covered so that the bread does not become dry, if it is wiped out every day with a damp cloth, and, above all, if stale pieces are not allowed to accumulate in it, but he used in the ordinary way before they become stale, the receipts which I have given here will not be required.—*Exchange.*

#### SLEEP.

Sleep in a well ventilated bedroom, if you wish to spend healthful, happy days.

The bed and the bedclothes have a deal to do with the amount of sleep one obtains. It would be impossible to lay down rules that would suit the cases of all my readers, but I may just say that people in good health ought to sleep on a not-too-soft mattress. The feather bed is not by any means a healthy one, nor, unless it be put under the mattress, is it one that is conducive to sleep. The bed-clothes should never be heavy, but they ought to be warm. An eider-down quilt is a capital thing, but it is too hot for the summer months. The pillows on the bed should be particularly well arranged for comfort. One ought to be very large, so as to quite support the shoulders, and it should be elastic and not too yielding; it is an uncomfortable feeling that of sinking in a pillow.

Hot water bottles or hot sand bags do good in many cases, while in others they do injury by inducing a nervous, fidgety, feverish condition of body. Young healthy girls and boys have no business with any such luxuries. Curtains around beds are objectionable, they keep away the air.

Darkness and silence conduce to sleep. Unhappily, the latter is not always obtainable, although if one does not sit up late, sleep will be got during the stiller hours of the night, and there really is some truth in the old proverb about one hour's sleep before midnight being worth two after. Night-lights should only be used in sick rooms and they ought to be so placed that while the rays do not fall in the sleeper's eyes, neither do they make ghostly shadows on the walls or ceiling.

A warm bath, or a tepid, or even a Turkish bath taken before going to bed, is an excellent and very safe means of procuring sleep. Both the former act by determining the blood from the brain towards the skin, and also by calming the nervous system.

The mind should be as calm as possible before going down to rest, therefore one should undress leisurely, wash the feet and hands and face, the latter with cold water, then read and contemplate for some time before lying down. The light ought to be put out immediately after it, not before lying down.—*By a Physician.*

#### TRUST FUNDS.

The old dictum that a man's work is from sun to sun, but a woman's work is never done, is as true now as in the days when she planted the seed, and weeded the ground and spun the flax, and wove the linen, and made the garment. Thousands of cultivated women in America do the work of house-servants, regularly, cheerfully, admirably, because they must, though their husbands would certainly not consent to a corresponding drudgery for economy's sake. Are washing and ironing, sweeping and dusting, baking, baby-tending, sewing on the machine, kneading bread, cutting out night-gowns and kickebockers, hearing little lessons, enlightening little brains, and comforting little hearts—are these such airy pastimes as to be their own reward? Are they not worth wages as certainly as standing behind a counter, or keeping books, or following a trade? But no Saturday night or last day of the month brings her stipend to the woman, as to the man for whom she labors. He buys his stores and pays for them with a sense of manly independence; she receives hers as a favor and kindness from him.

Wives who have servants do not the less earn their living. All the thought and care which make the housekeeping both economical and elegant, the endless struggles with ignorance and incompetency below them, the grace and culture and refinement which turn a mere cook-shop, feeding-place, and dormitory into a home, the possibility of hospitality, the wise nurture of children, the beauty of the daily life, depend on the wife. But men who are liberal in their dealings with their fellows, prompt to pay servants' wages, proud to owe no man anything, do not recognize the money value of their wives' services, and bestow as a bounty what is due as a debt.

It is not good for either man or wife that one should be the patron, the other the beneficiary. It is not good that the treasurer of the partnership, the trustee of the funds, should conduct himself as if he were the owner. Whatever portion of the common income equitably belongs to the wife, she should be paid promptly and regularly as wages, allowance, or share, but always as a right, not as a favor.

In many cases this matter settles itself on a basis of justice. In many others the whole married life of the wife is passed in abasement of spirit because of her husband's substitution of a false theory of ownership for that of stewardship. It is true, of course, that there is a sentiment in marriage which rates the services of a wife above a mere money value. But this is an additional reason why they should at least be acknowledged in money. And a higher civilization than ours will be amazed that the right of the wife to her own purse should ever have seemed a question to be argued.—*Harper's Bazar.*

#### NO.

Somebody asked me to take a drink.  
What did I tell him? What do you think?  
I told him—No.

Somebody laughs that I will not swear  
And lie and steal; but I do not care;  
I told him—No.

Somebody asked me to take a sail  
On the Sabbath-day; 'twas of no avail;  
I told him—No.

"If sinners entice thee, consent thou not,"  
My Bible said; and so the spot  
I told him—No.

—*Band of Hope Review.*

*BARLEY SOUP.*—Put into a stock-pot a knuckle of veal and two pounds of shoulder of mutton chopped up; cover with gallons of cold water; season with salt, whole peppers and a blade of mace; boil, for three hours, removing the scum as fast as it rises. Wash half a pint of barley in cold water, drain and cover it with milk, and let it stand for half an hour, drain and add to the soup; boil half an hour longer, moderately; strain, trim the meat from the bone, chop up a little parsley or celery tops, add a tablespoonful to the soup and serve.

*BAKED ONIONS.*—Wash, but do not peel the onions, boil an hour in salted water, changing the water twice. When tender lay in a baking tin and bake an hour and a half. Serve with melted butter.