

like God. "Be ye therefore merciful, even as your Father in heaven is merciful."

A PICKED-UP DINNER.

Nellie Wick, in the *Ohio Farmer*, sets forth what a tired and cross housekeeper got for dinner one day when house-cleaning was in full blast, as follows :

In the first place she made a big johnny-cake, but of course something must come before that—something appetizing and hearty—and there were four to eat it. She couldn't stand on her feet another minute, so she threw herself on the lounge, and called her little girl, nine years old : "Bessie, is there any cold meat in the pantry?"

"Yes, ma ; two little pieces of boiled beef—not a quarter enough for dinner."

"Got the chopping-bowl and knife and chop it fine." Bessie did it.

"Is there any cold potato?"

"A few little ones."

"Chop them up nicely with the meat. And is there any bread except the small loaf saved for tea?"

"Yes, ma—some broken pieces and nice crusts."

"Moisten them with a little water, and chop with the rest."

"It's done mamma."

"Now take an egg—or if they are plenty, take two—beat them and stir them with the rest. Is there any other eatable thing in the pantry?"

"Just some butter and cheese ; that's all."

"Put in a small lump of butter, and let the cheese go."

"It's done. What a funny mess, mamma!"

"Very funny. Is there enough for dinner, do you think?"

"I guess not, ma, if you and I eat any."

"Of course we must eat. Pour in two-thirds of a cup of sweet milk, (water would do, if milk wasn't plenty,) then sift in a handful of flour very carefully so that it will not lump. This will help the egg to bind all together. Season it with pepper and salt till it tastes savory. Now if it is of the consistency of rather moist mince-meat, you may put the frying-pan over the fire, put in a little lard, dip out the mixture in large spoonfuls, and fry it as you would fish-balls. Be sure that all are well heated through, and browned on both sides."

When the folks came to dinner, Bessie dished up the balls in the new tureen, and they looked tempting enough. But men never think any thing out of the common way can be good until they've tried it ; so the tired house-keeper's husband looked rather contemptuously at the dish and said :

"What kind of formation is that?"

"Conglomerate," answered the wife, spunkily, for she was feeling anything but pleasant.

"Why, it tastes like dressing," returned he, taking a good-sized mouthful. "Did you make it to stuff any thing with?"

"Yes," said the tired house-keeper.

"Well—but—" looking round the table ; "what's to be stuffed?"

"A goose!" said she, giving him such a look that he got off that track immediately.

"Well, they're excellent," said he, taking two more cakes, "but I should like to know what they're made of. What's the foundation?"

"The tureen," said she shortly.

"Is there any meat in them?" says he.

"Just a visible admixture," says she.

"Any potato?"

"All those little white bits are potato."

"Any egg?"

"All those yellow specks are egg."

"Any bread?"

"All that soft substance is bread."

"Any thing else?"

"Nothing but flour, milk, butter, pepper and salt."

"Well they are capital," said he, helping the boys and Bessie again ; and by the time that the originator of all this excellence was rested enough to enjoy something, there was one left on the plate, and the husband looking loving at that. So she just folded her napkin and sat back in her chair, and in a minute it was gone. But what women doesn't count it a happiness to go hungry, if only her cooking can be praised.

BEHAVIOUR IN COMPANY.

On the subject of behaviour in company Leigh Richmond gives the following excellent advice to his daughters :—

"Be cheerful, but not gigglers. Be serious, but not dull. Be communicative, but not forward. Be kind but servile. Beware of silly, thoughtless speeches ; although you may forget them others will not. Remember God's eye is in every face, and his ear in every company. Beware of levity and familiarity with young men ; a modest reserve without affectation, is the only safe path. Court and encourage serious conversation with those who are truly serious and conversable."

Poetry.

A STRAY LAMB.

O, TENDER Shepherd, gather my lamb
Into Thy fold !
How can I sleep while he is astray
On the mountains cold?

Behold, I watch through the perilous night
With dreary fears ;
Seeking my lamb with longing eyes
That are dim with tears.

O, infinite Heart, that for such as he
Bore mortal woe,
Is he not dearer to Thee than to me,
Though I love him so ?

Seeking my lamb on the mountain-side
And wastes forlorn,
I meet Thee, Shepherd, with bleeding feet
And crown of thorn.

And while, thus watching, I hope and pray
The long night through,
It is comfort and rest to feel and know
Thou art watching too.