

Domestic Economy.

CREAM PIE.

Make a bottom crust in a deep pie tin, put in a number of holes with a fork, and bake in a quick oven. This may be baked a day or two before using if more convenient. An hour or two before you wish to use the pie, take one pint of moderately thick cream, place it on ice or in a very cold place. A short time before dinner beat it very stiff with an egg beater; stir in it two tablespoonfuls of sugar, and a scant teaspoonful of vanilla or a tablespoonful of sherry, as preferred. Fill the crust with the cream and serve.

CREAM RHUBARB PIE.

To one cup of finely-chopped rhubarb add a cup of sugar and grated rind of orange or lemon. Put a tablespoonful of cornstarch in a cup, moisten with a tablespoonful of cold water and pour in enough boiling water to fill the cup full; add this to the rhubarb. Beat light the yolks of three eggs and add to the mixture and pour into a pie dish lined with good crust. Bake without top crust. When cold cover with a meringue made with the whites of the eggs and half a cup of powdered sugar. Brown delicately in the oven. Serve cold.

RHUBARB CHARLOTTE.

Butter a baking dish well and cover the bottom with bread crumbs to the depth of an inch; then add a layer of rhubarb that has been chopped fine or sliced very thin. Cover well with sugar, then add another layer of bread crumbs, dot this layer with bits of butter, add another layer of rhubarb, sugar and crumbs, and so continue until the dish is full; have the top layer of crumbs covered with bits of butter. Bake slowly—covered at first—for an hour.

TAPIOCA CREAM.

Soak over night two tablespoons tapioca in enough milk to cover. Bring one quart milk to boiling point. Beat well together three eggs, half a cup of sugar and one teaspoon vanilla for flavoring, stir into the boiling milk, add the tapioca, let boil once, and take off the fire. Serve cold. The whites of the eggs may be kept out to spread over the top, if preferred. In this case, they should be whisked stiff with three tablespoons fine sugar. Tapioca cream is delicious served with sliced pineapples, bananas, or oranges. With fresh berries it also combines delightfully. When used in this way, it is nicest placed in alternate layers with the fruit, and the fruit should be lightly sprinkled with sugar.

Her Mother's Voice.

"Imprinted scenes of love gone by" hold the father as by a spell, when the daughter, in the very tones of her young mother's voice, sings one of the old, old songs he loves so well. By the rapt expression upon his face, by its far-away look, and by his attitude of intense attention, we know that he is living over again a scene of his own happy past. Just now he is the young lover turning over the pages for the sweetheart of his youth, and if the young couple should have any very especial request to make, they could choose no better moment to prefer it than now, when the dream ended, the past merges into the present, and the father's blessing is asked in the sweet tones of the young mother's voice.

H. A. B.

The coffee was weak, the toast burned to a cinder, and the ham as hard as leather,—or at least he said so. His wife's long patience gave way.

"John Henry," said she, "I've tried faithfully to cook for you for twelve long years. No one in the town has better cooked food, yet you are always finding fault. Why can't you praise me once in awhile? I'd like to know that!"

He looked up in astonishment. "Well, if you ain't the most unreasonable woman I ever saw!" he ejaculated. "Why, many and many is the time I've sat down to a meal and never said a word about it! Anybody would know there wasn't any fault to be found, or I'd a' found it. And yet you want a better compliment than that! That's just like a woman: she can't tell a compliment when she gets one!"



"I Know Whom I Have Believed."

"I want—am made for—and must have a God, Ere I can be aught, do aught; no mere Name Want, but the True Thing, with what proves Its truth, To Wit, a relation from that Thing to me Touching from head to foot: which Touch I feel, And with it take the rest, this Life of ours!"

How many there are 'who could echo these words of Browning. They, too, "must have a God." How many say to-day, as the Jews said long ago: "How long dost Thou make us to doubt? If Thou be the Christ, tell us plainly." They want physical proof that Jesus is alive. Like St. Thomas, they think they must see and feel Him before they can be quite sure, before they can say with St. Paul: "I know Whom I have believed." People who do not know Christ, of course, think that who who profess to know Him are either hypocrites of half-crazy enthusiasts. They say, "Bring your proofs of His existence, and we, too, will believe." And He has convinced us that He is still alive "by many infallible proofs," as He did His friends in the first century. Millions of clear-headed men have been able to declare, without a shadow of doubt: "I know Whom I have believed," and they did not sacrifice all reason and common sense either, although it was not by reason they found Christ. Now, I am not going to attempt to convince doubters by bringing up an array of Christian evidences. There are plenty to be had, gathered together in handy form by many wise and up-to-date writers, but it is hard to find Christ through them. It may be possible; I don't know, but I think they are chiefly useful to show reason that it may safely follow

where faith has already led the way. We don't wait to understand the science of electricity before we make use of its advantages. We accept as facts the apparently impossible things it can perform, such as the lighting of a room by the turning of a button, moving heavy cars and machinery with its invisible force, speaking with a human voice as in a phonograph, etc. Afterwards, we may, if we like, try to understand how these marvels are done.

Our Lord "showed Himself alive after His passion by many infallible proofs," but He only showed Himself to friends, offering no proof to Caiaphas or Pilate. It is the same to-day. We cannot show our proofs, but they are quite convincing to us, and they are, not the proofs generally called "evidences of Christianity," either. The rich man in the parable wanted to send proof of the after-life to his brothers who were still in this world. He said, as many might say now, "If one went unto them from the dead, they will repent." But his request was refused, for it would have been useless to grant it. Why? Because it has always been true that "if they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded, though one rose from the dead." As if to show the truth of these words, our Lord did raise another Lazarus from the dead. His death and burial were well known to crowds of people, and his resurrection was public and unmistakable—not done in a darkened room, but in open daylight. What was the result? His enemies showed so little sign of repentance that they at once began to plan how they might put Lazarus to death again, because his death helped the cause of the hated "Nazarene."

I think the people of this age ought to know better than to say a thing is impossible, and that no one else can feel perfectly certain of it because they themselves are ignorant. That is about as sensible as the woman who quarreled with her husband because he said water could be made solid. They lived in

the tropics, and he, for the first time, had been shown a lump of ice. When he told his wife, she said she would not live with such a liar, so left him. But that only showed her ignorance, and did not make his statement untrue. A thing may be contrary to our experience, and yet a fact all the same. Suppose that a man who had been accustomed to modern inventions could go back a hundred years or so. He would probably be looked upon as crazy if he declared that without raising one's voice it was possible to talk to a person fifty miles away, and also possible to send a message across the ocean in a few minutes. But could all the ridicule he received for believing in a seeming impossibility shake his belief in these facts? He would "know" they were true, though probably he might not be able to prove his statements so as to convince anybody else. So it is with Christians; they "know" that their Redeemer liveth, and their reasons for this knowledge are founded on experience, and are perfectly comprehensible to other Christians, but incomprehensible to unbelievers. St. Paul's words are still true: "The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, for they are foolishness unto him, neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned."

But our Lord will not willingly leave anyone in the darkness of doubt or unbelief. He still, as on that first Easter Day, offers unmistakable "proofs" to His friends. He has promised that any man who is willing to do His will shall "know." Are you willing to obey Him, even to the death, are you eager to know the truth? Then prove that you want to find Him by a real search. Study the Bible, and read other books which tell you about Him. Go to church regularly. Perhaps you think that won't do you much good, if you are doubtful about the truths taught there, but I think you will make a great mistake if you are careless about this. St. Thomas may not really have been more skeptical than the other disciples, for when the women said that the Lord was risen, their words seemed only "idle tales" to them all. He remained longer in doubt than the rest, and for this reason only—as far as we can see—because he was absent from the Christian service on that Sunday. The other Disciples went to church, as we might say, and they saw and believed. The



(W. Q. Orchardson, R. A.)

"Her Mother's Voice."

(Original in National Gallery British Art.)