

and women; of gallant and heroic actions; of deeds which we ourselves should be proud of doing; of persons whom we feel to be better, wiser, nobler, than we ourselves.—*Charles Kingsley.*

He Makes His Mother Sad.

He makes his mother sad,
The proud, unruly child,
Who will not brook
Her warning look,
Nor hear her counsels mild.

He makes his mother sad,
Who in his thoughtless mirth
Can e'er forget
His mighty debt
To her who gave him birth,

He makes his mother sad,
Who turns from wisdom's way;
Whose stubborn will,
Rebelling still,
Refuses to obey.

He makes his mother sad,
And sad his lot must prove:
A mother's fears,
A mother's tears,
Are marked by God above.

Oh! who so sad as he
Who, o'er the parent's grave,
Too late repents,
Too late laments
The bitter pain he gave?

May we ne'er know such grief,
Nor cause one feeling sad;
Let our delight
Be to requite,
And make our parents glad.

Moral Education.

Some urge that moral education is impractical just as navigation by steam was once declared, and to the satisfaction of eminent scientists was proven to be an impossibility. The scientist had scarcely finished demonstrating its impossibility, however, when the first steamship pushed into port from across the ocean. In many cases, as illustrated in individual lives and in institutions where moral education has been tried, the results have more than justified expectations. It has reduced crime, and will, when generally adopted, almost revolutionize society, making a far better manhood and womanhood than humanity has yet evoked.

One at a Time.

"Sometimes I compare the troubles we have to undergo in the course of a year to a great bundle of fagots, far too large for us to lift. But God does not require us to carry the whole at once. He mercifully unties the bundle, and gives us first one stick, which we are able to carry to-day, and then another, which we are able to carry to-morrow, and so on. Thus we might easily manage if we would only take the burden appointed for us for each day; but we choose to increase our trouble by carrying yesterday's stick over again to-day, and adding to-morrow's burden to our load before we are required to bear it."

Three Rules in Living.

1. Public worship is not complete without an offering. "None shall appear before Me empty," is the great canon for all attendants at public worship.

2. The first requisite for an acceptable offering is that it should bear a reasonable proportion to the income of the giver. Every Christian can fix, in consultation with his own conscience, what he can afford, and then can resolutely and regularly put that on one side, for God and His service. He will soon find not only that he has something to give, but also something worth giving.

3. The offering is not to be discharged by the head of the household for the whole family. Giving, like prayer and praise, and faith and good works, is a personal matter. True giving involves self-sacrifice—it must cost us something. Children as well as parents, servants as well as masters, all have some money of their own, and all should tithe themselves.

Why the Church is Called Catholic.

The Church is called Catholic because it is throughout the world, from one end of the earth to the other; and because it teaches universally and completely one and all the doctrines which ought to come to man's knowledge, concerning things both visible and invisible, heavenly and earthly; and because it subjugates in order to godliness every class of men, governors and governed, learned and unlearned; and because it universally treats and heals every sort of sins, which are committed by soul and body, and possesses in itself every form of virtue which is named, both in deeds and words, and in every kind of spiritual gifts.—*St. Cyril.*

The Mother's Prayer.

Once there was a good mother, whose chief prayer for her little boy in his cradle was that he might have a loving heart. She did not pray that he might be wise, or rich, or handsome, or happy, or learned, or that others might love him, but only that he might love.

When that little boy, whose name was Edward, grew up, it seemed as if his mother's prayer had been answered, and that in making it she had been wiser than she knew or dreamed.

She had not prayed that he might be wise; but somehow the love in his heart seemed to make him wise, to lead him to choose what was best, and to remember all the good things he was taught.

She had not prayed that he might be rich; but it turned out that he was so anxious to help and serve others that he found the only way to do that was to get the means of helping; and so he became diligent, thrifty, and prompt in business, till at last he had acquired the means he sought.

She had not prayed that he might be handsome; but there was so much love and good-will manifest in his face that people loved to look on it; and its expression made it handsome, for beauty attends love like its shadow.

The prayer had not been that he might be happy; but, dear me! how can there be love in the heart with ut happiness? Edward had no time for moping, discontent, for revenge, or anger. He was too busy thinking what he might do for others; and in seeking their happiness he found his own.

But was he learned? Of course, when he found it pleased his parents to have him attend to his studies, he did his best; and though there were many boys quicker and more apt than he, yet Edward generally caught up with them at last, for love made him attentive and earnest.

But last of all, though Edward loved others, did others love him? That is the simplest question of all. You must first give love if you would get it. Yes, everybody loved Edward, simply because he loved everybody. And so I advise those boys and girls who think they are not loved, to put themselves the question, "But do I love?"

—About four miles from Canterbury is seen the following curious notice: "Traction engines and other persons taking water from this pond will be prosecuted." This is as good as the notice once seen in a barber's window: "Hair cut while you wait." At Tynemouth appeared, some thirty or more years ago, the alarming announcement: "Visitors are cautioned against bathing within a hundred yards of this spot, several persons having been drowned here lately by order of the authorities."

—"Ob what denomination are de chile?" asked an old coloured preacher of a young coloured couple "down South," who had brought an infant to him for baptism. "Sah?" said the young father, evidently perplexed by the word "denomination." "I axed you eb what denomination de chile war," repeated the minister, a little severely. The parents looked at each other in evident confusion for a moment; then the father stammered out: "I doesn't know what you mean by 'denomination,' sah." "Hough, yo' don't?" replied the preacher scornfully. "Well, den, I'll simplify it, 'cording to yo' ig'nance, so yo' kin understand it. Are de chile a boy or gal chile?"

How Do We Give?

A clergyman entered his pulpit in a large and fashionable seaside place. He looked around him, and saw the pews filled with a crowded and well-dressed congregation, and wondered, "Where are the poor?"

But when the sermon was over, and the plates were passed round, and brought back to the clergyman laden principally with pennies and with even lesser coins the clergyman asked himself, "What have become of the rich?"

It is "according as a man hath" that we are expected to give to God's cause; and the "widow's mite," will not be accepted of those who have have more to offer.

Hints to Housekeepers.

CONSUMPTION, CURED.—An old physician, retired from practice having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N.Y.

CELERY SAUCE.—Cut up and stew in half a pint of water until tender, two fine heads of celery. Cream up a teaspoonful of flour with a large spoonful of butter, add to celery with salt, pepper and a cup of sweet cream. Stew a moment and serve. Delicious to eat with game or poultry.

EASILY CAUGHT.—Croup, colds, sore throat and many painful ailments are easily caught in this changeable climate. The never failing remedy is just as easily obtained in Hagyard's Yellow Oil, which is undoubtedly the best of all the many remedies offered for the cure of colds or pains.

4,000,000 MILES.—In a life of 70 years the Blood travels 4,000,000 miles. If impure and unhealthy it carries disease with it. Purify your blood with B.B.B. I was up night and day with a bad arm, and could find no cure from doctors' medicine, so I took two bottles of B.B.B., which cured me.

MISS GERTIE CHURCH, Aylmer, Ont.

ASPARAGUS SAUCE.—Stew one pound of tender asparagus heads, in barely enough water to cover them. When tender drain off the water and cover them with sweet, rich cream, mashing them up thoroughly. Add a large tablespoonful of fresh butter, salt and pepper to taste. Simmer gently for a few moments.

MOTHER AND BABE.—*Gentlemen.*—I have used Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam for a bad cough, and was cured by one bottle. My babe only two months old also had a cold and cough, and on giving him some it helped him very much.

MRS. E. J. GORDIER, Florence, Ont.

BIRD JELLY FOR CONVALESCENTS.—Put twelve fat, well prepared robins, or six partridges, in a saucepan with one quart of water; cover closely, and set on the fire. Boil gently until the birds are ready to pull to pieces, and the water is reduced to half a pint. Strain through the colander, and piece of muslin, and skim-off the grease carefully. Salt to taste and pour into four little fancy moulds. This is very delicate and nutritious.

BUTTER CUPS.—Boil hard twelve fresh eggs. Peel, cut in half and remove the yolks. Cut off the tip of each piece. Set them in a pretty baking dish. Rub the yolks smooth with one heaping tablespoonful of butter, teaspoonful of mustard, salt, pepper, teacupful each of finely minced cold fowl, and old ham; a tiny bit of onion (salt, spoonful), two tablespoonfuls of bread crumbs, gravy to moisten it. Mix thoroughly, roll into balls size of egg yolk, and put one in each half of egg. Pour over the whole a teacup of chicken gravy, put pits of butter in and sprinkle lightly with cracker dust. Bake for about fifteen minutes or until nicely browned. Serve with cold meats.