

the bright side; and the way to do it is to really believe that God's side is always bright. This is true, as we shall always find, for "the Lord God is a sun and a shield," and you know the sun never stops shining. Storm-clouds may obscure it, and the earth, in its revolutions, carry us beyond the reach of its rays: but its light is never quenched. Somehow, fixed and glorious, it is shining as warmly and brilliantly as ever.

"EDITOR'S BACK STAIRS."

THE INTERESTING VIEWS OF THE LATE DR. J. G. HOLLAND.

The columns of the newspapers appear to be flooded with proprietary medicine advertisements. As we cast our eye over them, it brings to mind an article that was published by the late Dr. Holland in *Scribner's Monthly*. He says: "Nevertheless, it is a fact many of the best proprietary medicines of the day were more successful than many physicians, and most, of them it should be remembered, were at first discovered or used in actual medical practice. When, however, any shrewd person, knowing their virtue, and foreseeing their popularity, secures and advertises them, and then in the opinion of the bigoted, all virtue went out of them."

Is not this absurd?

This great man appreciated the real merits of popular remedies, and the absurdity of those that derided them because public attention was called to the article and the evidence of their cures.

If an ulcer is found upon one's arm, and is cured by some dear old grandmother, outside of the code, it will be pronounced by the medical profession an ulcer of little importance. But if treated under the code, causing sleepless nights for a month, with the scientific treatment, viz., plasters, washes, dosing with morphine, arsenic and other vile substances, given to prevent blood poisoning or deaden pain, and yet the ulcer becomes malignant, and amputation is made necessary at last, to save life, yet all done according to the "isms" of the medical code, this is much more gratifying to the medical profession, and adds more dignity to that distinguished order than to be cured by the dear old grandmother's remedy.

One of the most perplexing things of the day is the popularity of certain remedies, especially Warner's Safe Cure, which we find for sale everywhere. The physician of the highest standing is ready to concede its merits and sustain the theories the proprietors have made—that is, that it benefits in most of the ailments of the human system because it assists in putting the kidneys in proper condition, thereby aiding in throwing off the impurities of the blood, while others with less honesty and experience deride, and are willing to see their patient die scientifically, and according to the code, rather than have him cured by this great remedy.

The discoverer comes bodily before the people with its merits, and proclaims them from door to door, and is in our opinion much more honorable than the physician who, perchance, may secure a patient from some catastrophe, and is permitted to set a bone of an arm or a finger, which he does with great dignity, yet very soon after takes the liberty to climb the editor's back stairs at 2 o'clock in the morning to have it announced that "Dr. So-and-so was in attendance," thus securing for his benefit a beautiful and free advertisement.

We shall leave it to our readers to say which is the wiser and more honorable.

HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

MOTHS IN WOOLENS AND FURS.—Most persons think it necessary to hang their winter clothes in the open air before packing them away for the summer. Experience has taught us that this method is not only useless but injurious. The clothes certainly do not need airing, having been in use all winter—most of them out of doors—and a moment's reflection will convince any one that clothing thus exposed is more than likely to be siezed upon by the tiny moth millers which fly about in such numbers during early spring. Winter clothing should be thoroughly brushed immediately before being packed away, as it is liable to

receive the germs of destruction if allowed to lie about for even a few minutes, and if the tiny eggs of the moth are once deposited, we put them comfortably away in the trunks with the clothes, and irreparable mischief is set on foot. Gum camphor is the best thing to put with the clothing, and about a pound of it should be used in each trunk, but the most essential part of the whole proceeding is the brushing. All woolen garments that are worn during the summer—shawls, jackets, gowns, etc.—should be taken out of the closets and brushed regularly if not kept in constant use.

RICE OMELET.—Take a small cup of cold boiled rice and mash to a paste with an equal quantity of milk seasoned with pepper and salt; beat three eggs, the whites and yolks separately and stir into the rice and milk. Bake in a buttered pudding dish.

SPANISH CREAM.—This is a good Sunday dessert, as it may be made the day before. Pour a pint of milk on a quarter of a box of gelatine and let it stand one hour; then set on the stove and let it come to a boil; add the yolks of two eggs and half a cup of sugar; cook one minute; take from the fire add the whites whipped stiff, flavor with vanilla and pour into molds dipped in cold water. The eggs and gelatine will separate.

CREAM OF TOMATO SOUP.—This is a nice spring soup. Cook one quart can of tomatoes for half an hour with a minced onion and some sprigs of parsley. Rub through a strainer fine enough to keep back the seeds. Set the saucepan over the fire with a tablespoonful of butter; stir in a heaping teaspoonful of sifted flour, and when smooth add slowly the liquid of tomatoes and a scant half teaspoonful of baking soda. Measure the soda with a very light hand. When the foaming stops, add a quart of boiling milk. Season to taste with salt and pepper, and pour at once into the tureen. Serve thin wafer crackers with it.

BREAD FRITTERS.—Soak two cupfuls of stale bread crumbled into bits over night in a pint of milk. In the morning add two beaten eggs, and as much flour as will make the batter drop from a spoon. Sift a little baking powder through the flour. These may be made thin like pancakes if you prefer, in which case add a handful of cerealine or Indian meal. Serve these with link sausages that have been split and broiled. This is an unusual way of cooking sausages, but it deserves to be better known. They are more digestible, and quite free from fat. A few drops of orange juice sprinkled over them is a delicious addition.

DANISH FRITTERS.—Whisk five egg until light; stir in half a pint of flour and add enough milk to make a smooth batter, a pinch of salt, a scant teaspoonful of powdered cinnamon, one and a half ounces of finely minced citron and the grated rind of a lemon. Heat a clean smooth stewpan, and grease it well with butter; put in the mixture, and cook it slowly over a gentle fire, but do not let it stick to the pan. Turn out on a buttered dish, and when cold cut in strips about one inch wide by three long. Dip these in a batter made by beating one egg very light in a half pint of milk, and flour enough with a teaspoonful of baking powder sifted through it to make a thin batter. Fry in hot fat until a light brown. Eat with sweet sauce.

IS IT WELL WITH THEE?

It was a breaking heart that responded "It is well." The Shunamite mother had sounded the entire scale of emotion. Hope, joy, possession had gone up in her spirit to the utmost heights of human ecstasy, and then in one short morning agony all was changed. Her life went out with her child's life literally "at noon." But when in her ride to find the prophet, which seems almost like a flight from herself and her sorrow, she is met by the injury as to her own and her household's welfare, her reply is not at random. You cannot tell all that was going on in

that soul, so tired, so tossed. But you must know that it did not deny or contradict itself: for when sorrow is sincere, its utterance is veracity itself, unquestionable and ultimate. The truth she spoke that day was the unconscious prophesy of faith. Her soul held her like a smitten ship by its anchored trust. When she pulled at that line, she was not only safe, but in the way to salvation. With the child laid on the bed on the man of God, as on an altar of offering and of prayer, she met the messenger and cried out "It is well." Was she not right? When the world has done its worst, what is there more to fear? If then there is one hope in place of despair, all is indeed well. It is the sublimity of faith that it goes up to God, and not down into the abyss, when it has come to "the ends of the earth." Our poor human hearts are often "overwhelmed" like ships that the seas submerge. But our faith in God is a strong angel that hovers over the place where the heart went down, and it will lift it up out of the deeps, and land it safe at length in the "everlasting arms."

It contents some to say that we are only shadows; that God is only a greater shadow; and that our religion is a worship of shadows. But every man knows that love and joy and sorrow are realities; and when you begin to admit one substance into your life, you must go on to acknowledge all the rest. More then this, if love of child or wife or mother is substantial, they are of the earth, yet there is One above them all. Is not the love of our Father in heaven the greatest reality? Tell us, if you can, where to seek anything more real than the sorrow of that smitten mother. Then dare to say her trust was only a shadow. You see the whole fabric of this shallow system of doubt and denial, crushes itself and collapses like a baseless arch. He that insists that the only substance is matter—who cries out for ground, for clay or rock under his feet, in order that he may be sure of his foothold—should in consistency shiver in affright because the star-swinging systems above and beneath are not moored to some mountain of sand, or at least floated on some ocean of mud. Ah, doubter of things spiritual, the safe spirit sails freely in the presence of the Infinite One, and holds firmly the Hand held out from beyond the visible and perishing.

It pleases some to say that our faith in God is cowardice; that to trust in God is what no brave man would desire to do in his extremity. Yet in all the annals of courage where do you find a braver heart than hers who faced that day the worst of this world's woes, and yet answered, "It is well?" Then think of all that do say so now, though the lips are white with the greatness of their grief. They falter not; they complain not. They cry anon, as He in Gethsemane, "If it be possible, let this cup pass," but when He puts it into their hands, they do not dash it away; nor do they pretend like the pagan philosopher of the past and the twice hardened of to-day, that it is only bitter to the sense. Nay, they drink it when its bitterness reaches the soul, and they say, "Not my will, but Thine be done." This is the sublimity of courage, and it is only the man who has a supreme and a serene faith in God, that is brave enough to live with any joy in a world like this. God give to us that faith by which we gain and hold his greatest Gift! Over us who rejoice, as over them who mourn, may there sound the sweet refrain of the song of the life beyond: "It is well, always well, with him who believeth." Rollin A. Sawyer, D.D.

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 cure 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, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N.Y.