

Mistaken.

Lead me, I pray—the way is dark and lone
Where I must stay, a barren waste unknown—
Give me thy hand only a little way,
So I may stand safely till dawn of day;
For if I wait and still trusting can pray,
Sooner or late my soul will find the way.

The light will come, and to my weary heart,
No longer dumb, some chosen joy impart—
I must not grieve lest the tears should blind,
And I might leave and vainly seek to find
The path before, leading unto the light,
When day once more shall displace dreary night.

Knowing how drear, wearisome is the way,
Was it kind, dear, to take hope quite away?
Groping alone my soul may weakly stray—
Can aught atone for the grief of that day
When thy dear voice, so thrilling, so fondly
My heart's choice, lost all sweet grace for me?

With one dire thrust all trust in thee was slain—
Low in the dust since then my soul hath lain,
And thy dear hand, I now feel, cannot guide
Through any land—whatsoever may betide
Away from thee every thought must turn,
E'en if it be a bitter truth to learn.

Since giving all, for naught, I plainly see,
One should recall a gift foolishly free.
Putting aside the tender joy of life;
May mercy guide through unavailing strife
Unto the light the soul's highest good,
Seeking the height where fond ideal stood.

True Beauty.

A love for the beautiful has its own place in the human heart.

Standards of beauty vary, but the love of something to delight the eye and fill the mind belongs to all. It is natural to enjoy the sight of a beautiful face and expressive eyes, the lovely form and tint of a rare flower, a home where artistic skill has had full exercise, or apparel which wealth and perfect taste have made most attractive.

Some of these things are so absorbing that we forget how short-lived their beauty may be, and do not ask for a gift of the higher type that shall endure forever.

At the close of a psalm presenting a striking picture of human frailty, the psalmist offers this most expressive prayer: "Let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us."

Offer it though all the beauty that earth can give be already yours,—ask for the beauty seen not merely in created forms, but in the spirit of our loving Father.

Offer this prayer though life lack any or all outward attractiveness. Think how "the beauty of the Lord" shone out in the life of One of whom it was foretold, "When we shall see Him there is no beauty that we should desire Him," but to Whom little children came gladly, burdened ones came for relief, and who began even in His humiliation to draw all men unto Him.

Should not one bearing the name of Christ fear to show forth a dull, unattractive reflection of His character?

Let us earnestly offer this prayer of the psalmist and then try to let something of "the beauty of the Lord" shine out in our every-day living.

Self Conquest.

It is well that we should all realize as soon as possible that unnumbered foes on every hand beset the Christian travelling to the land of light and love. These are the outside foes, and day by day we have to meet them and wage a conflict with them. It is not a welcome thought for the young soldier of the cross. But the other thought—that we need never fail, that we shall not fail, if we fight girded with the armour of God, is one that cheers.

Our greatest foe, however, lies nearer home than any of those indicated by the outside foes of which we have spoken. We mean ourself. Self is the most formidable opponent of the Christian who would follow his Master whithersoever He goeth. Self is ever restless, dissatisfied and discontented. It chafes under the easy yoke, frets at the sharp thorns, murmurs at sorrow, rebels against trial, and, worst of all, is constantly prompting us to the commission of evil. This

foe, the most dangerous of all, is ever with us, ever a menace to our safety and our Christian integrity.

We are not now in the domain of speculation; we have no purpose in bewildering; we desire to help and guide. Believe, then, and never forget that we have more to fear from the evil that lies within our own heart than from anything outside of ourselves. If this be true, what shall we do? Conquer self. Which self?—for we have two selves. Our true self is our spiritual self; the other self is carnal, earthly. Let the spiritual rule, and the carnal serve. And when, by heroic struggle, we shall have brought this lower nature into subjection to the higher nature, we shall then have obtained a victory whose honours will be eternal, and the Christ will be fully formed within us.

Self-control is the first feature in a great character, it is the foundation stone whereon all other greatnesses are built. The deep lines on the face, the firm and steady hand-grasp, the unflinching nerve, the grand purposefulness of life, the readiness to do and to die of which we so often hear and read in the lives of some of our fellows, have one and all been the upgrowth of self-control.

He is a pitiable object indeed who is the sport and prey of his own whims, caprices, passions, and desires. He is an abject slave, unstable, untrustworthy and a dishonour to the divine image imprinted upon him. Self-control depends for its nurture and development upon our self-knowledge and self-reverence. The more we know ourself, and the more earnestly we reverence self, the more easily learned will be the hard task of self-control.

The best use to which we can put our will is to offer it to God, and retain none of it for ourself. He will accept it, keep it, mould it, and use it for His own glory and for the furtherance of our salvation.

Prayer.

The iron cables on which the bridges are swung, that span the broad spaces between land and land, are made up of thousands of strands of wire; each is weak in itself, but twisted together they constitute a mighty holding power. A parent's, a brother's, a friend's, a pastor's, a teacher's prayer—all these united help to bridge the way between earth and heaven, between man and God. Not until that day when the books are opened shall we know how our lives have been guarded from evil, our souls delivered in the midst of temptation, or what blessings have been ours in answer to the prayers of those who love us, who, perhaps, while talking with us of common things, are "praying blessings" all the while. And we who pray may never dream how much a deliverance our prayers have wrought; we crave a blessing, and, beyond our thought, the "angel of His presence" saves them.

The Divine Image in Man.

It is not too much to say that redemption itself, with all its graces and all its glories, finds its explanation and its reason in creation. Mystery, indeed, besets us on every side. There is one insoluble mystery—the entrance, the existence, of evil. It might have been fatal, whencesoever derived, whithersoever traceable, to the regard of God for the work of His own hands. He might have turned away with disgust and abhorrence from the creature which had broken loose from Him, under whatsoever influence, short—and it must have been short—of absolute compulsion. No injustice and no hardship would have been involved, to our conception, in the rebel being taken at his word, and left to reap as he had sown. Nevertheless, we say this—that if we have knowledge of an opposite manner and feeling on the part of God, if we receive from Him a message of mercy and reconciliation, if we hear such a voice as this from the "excellent glory," "I have laid help upon One that is mighty, I have found a ransom," there is in the original relationship of the Creator to the creature a fact upon which the other fact can steady and ground itself. He who thought it worth while to create, foreseeing consequences, can be believed, if He says so, to have

thought it worth while to rescue and renew. Nay, there is in this redemption a sort of antecedent fitness, inasmuch as it exculpates the act of creation from the charge of shortsightedness or of mistake, and turns what the Bible calls the repentance of God Himself, that He had made man, into an illustration, unique and magnificent of the depths of the riches of His wisdom, revealing, St. Paul said, to higher intelligences, new riches of the universe, of His attributes, and making angels desire to look into the secret of His dealing with a race bought back with blood. In this sense and to this extent creation had redemption in it, redemption in both its parts, atonement by the work of Christ, sanctification by the work of the Spirit. "Let us make man in our image"—created anew in Jesus Christ—"after the image of Him that created Him."

Hints to Housekeepers.

BANANA CREAM.—Take 5 bananas, skin and pound them to a pulp together with 5 oz. of sugar; beat half a pint of cream to a stiff froth; add the bananas, half a glass of brandy, and the juice of two lemons; mix well; add half an ounce of isinglass dissolved in a little hot water, beat for a few minutes, fill the mould, and set in a cool place.

CAVALIER CREAM.—Melt 2 oz. of chocolate in half a gill of milk; beat three-quarters of a pint of cream to a stiff froth, add 8 oz. of sugar, half a glass of maraschino, the chocolate, the juice of two lemons, and a box of gelatine dissolved in half a gill of boiling water; mix well; pour into a mould, and stand on the ice to cool.

Green salad plants that are eaten uncooked should be washed in plenty of salted cold water. The salt will kill any germs that may have settled upon them in the dust of the market, or any parasite that has fastened upon them in the garden.

A small flannel bag with one end left open is a good receptacle for the end of toilet soap. When a few have been accumulated, sew up the opening and an excellent toilet bath bag is evolved. As only pure soaps of reliable make should be used, it pays to utilize every scrap.

FISH SANDWICHES.—Use Graham bread for these. Remove the skin and bones of three sardines, add one teaspoonful of anchovy paste, the yolks of three eggs, two tablespoonfuls of salad oil and the juice of half a lemon; with a spoon rub all these into a smooth paste and spread it on the bread.

CABBAGE SALAD.—Many who don't care for cooked cabbage enjoy this relish. Slice fine half a head of cabbage and place it in the ice-box. Make a dressing of one-half cupful of white sugar, two tablespoonfuls of butter and one tablespoonful of flour, well beaten together, and two eggs well beaten. Stir in slowly one-half cupful of vinegar, half a teaspoonful each of salt and mustard. Stir well together until smooth; then cook in a double kettle until thick as custard. Set away to cool. Just before serving pour the dressing over the cabbage and mix well.

RASPBERRY JAM.—Pick 6 pounds of raspberries; place in a pan with a pint and a half of currant juice; boil for twenty minutes; skim, and add 4 pounds of sugar; boil for an hour, being careful to remove the scum as it rises; put into jars, and cover.

CUBAN EGGS.—Six eggs, one small teaspoonful of minced onion, four teaspoonfuls of minced sausage meat, half a teaspoonful of salt, one-eighth of a teaspoonful of pepper. Cook meat and onion over hot fire five minutes. Beat the eggs, add salt and pepper. Draw the pan back to the cooler part of the range and add the eggs. Stir until the eggs become thick and creamy; pour into warm dish. Serve on hot buttered toast.

A teaspoonful of powdered borax added to a tablespoonful of dry starch will give a nice gloss to linen.

Borax will soften the hardest water, and it should therefore find a place on every dressing table. It removes stains and dirt from the hands more readily than soap, while softening and smoothing the skin.