

World of Missions.

Rev. Alex. Robb, one of your young ministers in the Maritime Provinces, has offered to go, at a bare living salary, if the church will send him. Some one has proposed five dollar shares for the purpose, and a gentleman, signing himself, "one who has not hitherto taken any interest in foreign missions," writes to the Presbyterian Witness taking five shares and enclosing \$25.

A story is told of a great traveller who, whenever landing on any foreign shore, was in the habit of taking with him a packet of English seeds. Then seeking a favorable spot, would sow them; thus covering the earth with flowers from his native home. Every Christian should carry with him seeds of the Gospel, and wherever he goes should watch for opportunities to scatter this seed, so that he may hasten the time "when the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord."

Who Shall go as Foreign Missionaries?

A missionary of long experience and extended observation believes that the time has passed when young men or men of comparatively moderate abilities should be sent out as foreign missionaries. He says that the conversion of the people of any country must depend upon the native Christians of that country, and that the missionaries hereafter sent out should be those who are prepared to instruct and train native preachers; men who are superior physically, mentally, intellectually, spiritually—men who already at home occupy leading positions. We should no longer wait for volunteers, but call men to lead the missionary hosts who shall be recognized as equal to the responsibility and who understand that a call to the ministry is a call to work where most needed.—Gospel in all lands.

She Gave The Best.

What sad stories sometimes come to us from India! How touching the devotion—the blind devotion—of this poor mother, of whom a missionary writes—

"She had two little boys, twins, and one was blind. She thought that the god she worshipped must be angry with her. Could she give some sign of her submission, lest some worse thing should happen?"

"One day there was only one babe in her arms; the other she had offered to the great river, the Ganges.

"And the one she clasped to her breast was blind!

"In answer to an inquiring look, she said, in low tones and in her native tongue—

"Yes, of course, I gave the best!"

Canadians must look to their laurels. Rev. Geo. E. Ross, our missionary in Demerara, sends the names of some of his S. S. scholars at Better Hope, four E. Indians, three boys and a girl, one boy only eleven years of age, and four Creoles, all girls, who have committed to memory the Shorter Catechism and are entitled to the Assembly's Diploma. Fifteen others, viz., ten E. Indians, one Portuguese, one Chinese and three Creoles have committed to memory Carson's Primary Catechism.

Rev. Wm. A. Wilson, M. A., our missionary at Neemuch, in India, and now at home on furlough, is the author of a Hindi Commentary on the Shorter Catechism.

Home and Health Hints.

Cider will keep if it is boiled, reduced at least one third, and then bottled. A raisin, or a few mustard seeds, may be put in the bottle previous to pouring in the cider. The corks must be fastened with wires, and the bottles be placed in a dark, cool closet.

A Vegetarian Soup.—Cut up a pound of thinly peeled and well washed potatoes into small dice; prepare in the same way the same weight of Jerusalem artichokes; add about two ounces of very finely cut up white carrot. Put the whole into a saucepan, and pour in one quart of cold water. Carefully skim it as it nears boiling. Put in a leveled teaspoonful of salt, and half that quantity of pepper. Let it boil gently until all the vegetables are soft. Strain them through a muslin cloth. Let the soup boil up, and serve it with toast; or mash the vegetables, mix it with chopped cold meat, season and flour it, make it into cakes, and fry them a light brown.

Mustard Poultice.—Here's for rapid preparation, quick relief, and no blistering. It was recently given me by an experienced nurse as the newest and best idea in poultices, but it is not too new to have been thoroughly tested. Make a paste just thick enough to spread well by mixing Graham flour with warm or cold water. Never use the water hot. Take a piece of stout muslin the size of the poultice needed, and spread thickly with this paste, and then sprinkle over this the prepared ground mustard until the whole surface of the paste is thickly covered. Then place a piece of thin muslin, moistened with warm water, over the poultice, and apply. The paste will keep the poultice moist for hours. The thin cloth between the poultice and the flesh will prevent blistering, unless the skin is very tender—when two thicknesses of the muslin may be used; and several thicknesses of cloth laid between the poultice and the clothing, will keep it from soiling the garments. Then when it is removed there will be no stickiness, nor dampness about the clothing or the flesh, to encourage the "taking cold" which often spoils the good effect of a mustard poultice.

Substitute For Plum Pudding.

"Plum pudding, the traditional Christmas pudding, is expensive, and few people can afford either the time to make it or the cost of the materials. Substitute a Saratoga pudding, and few will know the difference. To make one, roll and sift one pint stale breadcrumbs; add one cupful of flour, a teaspoonful of cinnamon, half of a grated nutmeg, a cupful of brown sugar, a pound of seedless raisins, a quarter of a pound of raw suet, freed from membrane and chopped fine; mix thoroughly. Dissolve one teaspoonful of baking soda in two tablespoonfuls of water, and add it to one cupful of New Orleans molasses; add one egg well beaten, the juice and grated rind of one lemon, and pour it into the dry ingredients. Work all carefully together until it is moist, not wet, and pack it down into a greased kettle or mould. Cover and boil continuously for four hours. Lift the lid of the mould until the pudding is cold, then cover and stand aside. Reheat at serving time. An ordinary lard kettle may be used in place of a mould. This pudding may be made a week before Christmas and heated for the Christmas dinner. Serve hot with hard sauce.—Mrs. S. T. Rorer, in the December Ladies' Home Journal.

La Grippe's Victims

Are Left Weak, Suffering and Dependent

A Nova Scotian Who was Attacked Almost Gave up Hope of Recovery—His Experience of Value to Others.

From the Enterprise, Bridgewater, N. S.

Mr. C. E. Johnson is about 28 years old, a gold miner by occupation, is well known about the mining camps in these parts and is thoroughly posted in his business. Not long since Mr. Johnson was in Porter's drug store, in Bridgewater, when a case of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills was being opened, and he remarked to the clerk, "I saw the time when a dozen boxes of those pills were of more value to me than the best gold mine in the country." A reporter of the Enterprise happened to hear Mr. Johnson's rather startling remark and asked him why he spoke so highly of the pills. Mr. Johnson's statement was as follows:—"About four years ago I was attacked with la grippe which kept me from work about three weeks. I did not have it very hard apparently, but it left me weak all the same. Anyhow, after losing three weeks I concluded to go to work again. The mine I was working in was making a good deal of water and I got wet the first day. That night the old trouble came back with the addition of a severe cold. I managed to get rid of the cold but the whole force of the disease settled in my stomach, kidneys and joints, and boils broke out on my body and limbs. My back was so weak I could scarcely stand alone, while food in every form distressed me, and I became so nervous that any unusual noise would overcome me. I tried several sorts of medicines, but none seemed to do any good. I next went to a doctor. His medicine helped me at first, but after a short time lost its effect. He then changed the medicine but with no better result. About this time a clergyman who called at the house advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I got a box and used them, but they did not materially benefit me. I had now been some weeks idle and was feeling desperate. A friend strongly advised me to go to the hospital for treatment and I had just about decided to do so when an acquaintance learning that I had but taken one box of the pills suggested that I should take three boxes more before giving them up. The matter of money decided me on trying the pills again. I got three boxes and when used I was quite a bit improved. Could eat light nutritious food, sleep better, and felt noticeably stronger. But I was still an unwell man. As the pills were doing a good work, however, I sent for eight more boxes. I continued using them till all were gone, when I felt that I was restored to health. All my stomach trouble had disappeared, I was fully as fleshy as before the first attack of la grippe, my nerves were solid as ever and I knew that work would give strength to my muscles. So after about six months, I went to work again and have not had a sick day since. One dozen boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved my life and gave me better health since than I had before, and that is why I said they were worth more to me than any gold mine, for all that a man has he will give for his life."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves thus driving disease from the system. If your dealer does not keep them they will be sent postpaid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.