

The Child Heart

The Child heart is so strange a little thing—
So mild—so timorously shy and small,—
When grown-up hearts throb, it goes scampering
Behind the wall, nor dares peer out at all!—
It is the veriest mouse
That hides in any house—
So wild a little thing is any Child-heart!

Child-heart—mild heart!—
Ho, my little wild heart!—
Come up here to me out o' the dark,
Or let me come to you!

So lorn at times the Child-heart needs must be,
With never one maturer heart for friend
And comrade, whose tear-ripened sympathy
And love might lend it comfort to the end,—
Whose yearnings, aches and stings
Over poor little things
Were pitiful as ever any Child-heart.

Times, too, the little Child-heart must be glad—
Being so young, nor knowing, as we know,
The fact from fantasy, the good from bad,
The joy from woe, the—all that hurts us so!

What wonder then that thus
It hides away from us?
So weak a little thing is any Child-heart!

Nay, little Child-heart, you have never need
To fear us;—we are weaker far than you—
'Tis we who should be fearful—we indeed
Should hide us, too, as darkly as you do,—
Safe, as yourself, withdrawn,
Hearing the world roar on
Too wilful, woful, awful, for the Child-heart!

Child-heart!—mild heart!—
Ho, my little wild heart!—
Come up here to me out o' the dark,
Or let me come to you!
—Jas. Whitcomb Riley.

"Be Careful for Nothing."

The Lord Jesus Christ is always at hand, therefore turn all anxiety into prayer. Be anxious about nothing. Anxiety is an idle thing; it eats the very life out of the energies; it leaves the man not only where he was, but ten times less capable and less vigorous than at the beginning: an irritating thing; it ruffles the temper; it upsets the balance of the spirit; it is the sure source of moodiness, and sharpness, and petulance, and anger; it sets a man at war with himself, with his neighbour, with God's providence and God's appointments. Anxiety is a sign of mistrust; a sign of feeble faith, of flagging energy and languid obedience. In Christ's presence, in His human soul, in His compassionate heart, we may lay aside our anxieties, we may rest from our burdens, and we may take refuge from our fears and from our sins.—Dean Vaughan.

The Bible Theory of Man.

The Bible theory of man is this, that he is not his true self, that he is a creature not in his proper and true element. What the Bible tells us concerning man is this, that he differs from all other creatures in the universe, not in a fine and imperceptible degree, but in kind; not in an anatomical difference of structure, but in this essential difference, that the God who made him—whether it were by an instant act of creation, or by infinitely protracted creative act of evolution—in the hour when he produced man on the earth, He made him and fashioned him in His own image, and gave him that mystery of mysteries, a spiritual nature, with a free and self-determining will; and that is the nature of this spirit of man that only in communion with and obedience to the Spirit which made it can it find its true happiness, that the only place where he can be happy, if he can attain to it, if he can find it, is the Father's home. It tells us more. It tells us that it has been the curse and the disorganization of the nature of man, that in the exercise of this strange and mysterious spiritual power of which I have spoken, the power of free will, he has wandered away from the Father's home and claimed the selfish and solitary possession of the goods that the Father

lavished upon him. It tells us that the origin of all human sin and sorrow has been this, that he has said, "Give me the portion of goods that falleth to me;" give me the wealth of the imagination, the treasures of the affections, the strength of the intellect; give me all that makes me and glorifies me as a man; let me carry all these away into the far country of selfish possession and enjoyment without God. The Bible tells us that man's misery is the result of this vain effort to do in this world of God without the God who made him, that his weariness comes from this, that all the immense ennui of life, all the wretchedness of satiety that makes man from time to time, and now more than ever, ask, "Is life worth living?" is but the sublime discontent of the soul that was made to rest in its God, and cannot rest in anything less than God; the soul that was made to find its peace and enjoyment, its aliment and sustenance in the infinite God, and cannot rest and cannot satisfy itself until it finds peace in the infinite. This is the Bible explanation of the satiety of man, and of the remorse of man when the lower part of his nature conquers the higher.—Archbishop Magee.

The First Christmas Gift.

"If you had the wealth of the world you could not equal that first Christmas gift," writes Ruth Ashmore in an article on "Girls and their Christmas-Giving, in the December *Ladies' Home Journal*. "And you can only imitate it by making your gift a pure one, and giving it with love. You want to share, this Christmastide, your faith, your hope and your charity with those you love. You want to make your very 'good-morning' tell of that good morning that came so many hundred years ago when the little Child first awakened on this earth. You want to think of the gifts that were brought to Him and what they typified. You want to have your heart full of joy, and love, and hope—so full that it will brim over and the rest of the world share it with you. You want to tell, in your speech and in your eyes, and from your heart, of the gladness of the time. You want to make this gladness go out to some one who is in grief. These are the days when you must needs give of your good things, and among all your possessions there is nothing so good as a belief in God and a hope for the future. That was what the little Child came to tell about. Surely the Christmastide is the feast of all others that appeals to women, and as the story is told again and again by the bells as they ring, by the carols as they are sung, by the preacher from the pulpit, we know that 'Unto us a Child is born,' and peace and good will reign all over the land. Let peace and good will be in your heart, and from you they will go and spread all over the land. It is to the women, thank God, that the happiness of the Christmastide specially comes. And women are generous, else one of them never would have given her Son to die that all might live. She gave to all the world her only Son—the gift that meant eternal life."

Self-Sacrifice in Love.

Self-denial, self-sacrifice, self-surrender! These are hard doctrines and impossible! Whereupon, in silent hours, we sceptically ask, is this impossible? Is it natural? Let preacher or moralist say what they will, I am not here to sacrifice myself to others. God sent me here for happiness, not misery. Now introduce one passage of scripture, and the dark doctrine becomes illuminated: "the love of Christ constraineth us." Self-denial for the sake of self-denial does no good; self-sacrifice for its own sake is no religious act at all. If you give up a meal for the sake of showing power over self, or for the sake of self-discipline, it is the most miserable of all delusions. You are not more religious in doing this than before. This is self-culture, and self-culture being occupied for ever about self, leaves you only in that circle of self from which religion is to free you; but to give up a meal that one you love may have it, is properly a religious act—no hard and dismal duty, because made easy by affection. To bear pain for the sake of bearing it has in it no moral quality at all; but to bear it rather than surrender

truth, or in order to save another, is positive enjoyment as well as ennobling to the soul. Did you ever receive even a blow meant for another in order to shield that other? Do you not know that there was an actual pleasure in the keen pain far beyond the most rapturous thrill of nerve which could be gained from pleasure in the midst of painlessness? Is not the mystic yearning of love expressed in words most purely thus: "Let me suffer for him?" This element of love is that which makes this doctrine an intelligible and blessed truth. So sacrifice alone, bare and unrelieved, is ghastly, unnatural, and dead; but self-sacrifice, illuminated by love, is warmth and life; it is the life of Christ, the life of God, the blessedness and only proper life of man.—F. H. Robertson.

Hints to Housekeepers.

A noted physician says one of the finest remedies for liver disorders is to be found in apples, eaten raw, or baked, if the raw fruit is not easily digested. Of course, a disordered liver causes the complexion to be "muddy," and the constant eating of apples will do a great deal toward clearing and beautifying the skin. Eat them raw, if no inconvenience is experienced; otherwise, have them baked or stewed, and partake of them freely.

TURKEY SALAD.—The cold meat, dark and white, may be cut or chopped in small dice, and mixed with an equal amount of white celery stalks, cut in half-inch lengths, but split if the stalk is thick. Beat with the yolks of two eggs, one-half teaspoonful of salt, a teaspoonful of sugar, one-half saltspoonful of mustard, a dash of cayenne pepper, and mix with a cupful of cream or one of milk with melted butter. Stir in gradually a few drops of lemon juice, or a little vinegar. Put the bowl in boiling water, stirring the dressing constantly till of a thin custard consistency. When cold, pour over the prepared turkey and garnish with celery tips, and olives, if you have them.

TURKEY TOAST.—If few bones remain from the turkey, and the meat is somewhat dry, pick the bones clean, mince the meat, adding the dressing, heat it in the gravy, using a little milk, cream or water if very thick. Toast small slices of bread nicely. Put a spoonful of the prepared turkey on each. Do not butter the bread. Dust the turkey with celery salt, and if the dish is garnished with celery leaves it is the nicer.

ROAST GOOSE.—Chop six onions very fine, season with salt, pepper and sage; add bread and butter or mashed potatoes, and stuff the fowl. Sprinkle with salt and pepper; baste frequently. Two hours will bake a good-sized goose. Boil the giblets for gravy three hours, with salt and an onion in the water.—C. A. P.

ESCALLOPED SWEET POTATOES.—Peel and wash the sweet potatoes, and cut them, lengthwise, into slices about a quarter of an inch thick. Put a layer in a pudding dish, sprinkle with sugar, add bits of butter, and salt and pepper to taste; then put on another layer of potatoes and season, and so continue until the dish is full. Pour over a little water, then bake them, serving them in the dish in which they were baked. They are delicious.—Edith M.

CORNMEAL CAKE.—Mix thoroughly together two cupfuls of sweet milk, one cup of cornmeal, one cup of flour, one egg, one teaspoonful cream of tartar, one scant half teaspoonful of soda mixed with boiling water, two tablespoonfuls of sugar and a pinch of salt. Bake in a hot oven and serve hot.

It is well to remember for use in cases of illness where the burning thirst of the patient cannot be assuaged by cracked ice or water, that a teaspoonful of glycerine will afford prompt and comparatively long relief.

When the lungs, stomach or throat bleed give a teaspoonful of salt and repeat it often. For bleeding at the nose use ice on the back of the neck or keep the head elevated and pour cold water on the neck.