



Good Measure.

"Give, and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over, shall men give into your bosom. For with the same measure that ye mete withal it shall be measured to you again."

We should say that a man did indeed give "good measure," if he always took care to press it down, shake it together, and then fill up the measure again till it overflowed; as we are told to do in the text given above. But do we always give good measure? Someone said to me a few days ago: "If I wanted to get generous help for a person in real need I shouldn't go to church members." If it is really true that church members are not as generous as others who make no profession of love to God or man, then there is something terribly wrong with our Christianity. Our Lord seems to imply that this is too often the case when He tells how the priest and the Levite passed the wounded man without offering him help, while the Samaritan—one who was despised as an outcast, and thought to be worse than a heathen—gave free and generous assistance without hope of reward.

Now "good measure" as described in our text, is not exactly the same thing as honest measure. A man who gives light weight or short measure is dishonest, and I take it for granted that our "Advocate" readers are not thieves. Dishonesty is not only wrong, it is also foolish, for every good business man knows that it never pays. Little acts of trickery and cheating are beneath contempt, and those who indulge in them, hoping to gain a few cents, lose dollars as a result, for other people don't care to do business with men they can't trust. God does not overlook such paltry cheating, for He has said, "Thou shalt have a perfect and just weight, a perfect and just measure shalt thou have," and He also declares that all that do unrighteously are "an abomination unto the Lord."

We all know how aggravating it is to have to do with people who, as Mrs. Whitney says, "borrow big and return small." Let us see to it when we unexpectedly run short of anything and have to do a little "neighboring," that we not only promptly return what we have borrowed, but are also careful to return "good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over."

But there is another very common way of refusing to give good measure. A man who is hired to do certain work will sometimes refuse to do a hand's turn more than he is paid for. This also is poor economy, and never pays in the long run, for "people who take pains never to do any more than they get paid for, never get paid for anything more than they do." The man who is hunting for "a pleasant job with big wages and very little to do," is likely to wait a long time before anyone wants to engage him. Mr. Froude says there are only "three ways of living—by working, begging or stealing." Those who do not work—disguise it in whatever language we please—are doing one of the other two. I suppose he means anyone who is well enough to work.

"I mean by a working man the man who takes little thought or rest, but works with all his might at his toil till he only gives of his best; let him climb the rigging, or choke in the mine! Let him fight 'neath an alien sky, let him dig, let him carve, or plant, or preach, God does not care, nor I!"

I think most of us would agree with Adam Bede, in thinking it mean to drop one's tools the moment the clock strikes the hour of dismissal. He says: "I hate to see a man's arms drop down before the clock's fairly struck, just as if he'd never a bit of pride and delight in his work. The very grindstone 'ull go on turning a bit after you loose it."

Then there is another way of giving good measure. A man was once asked how it was that he had such luck in raising potatoes, for those he sold were good to the bottom of the bag—not a small or rotten one among them. He said that in picking over potatoes, if he was tempted to fill up with poor ones he always turned the transaction round, and looked at it from the buyer's point of view. He knew quite well that he wouldn't care to pay good money for poor potatoes, and he said: "If I think the man or woman that buys the potato will say when he begins to cook it, 'Well, that's an awful poor thing! I should think any farmer would be ashamed to sell such potatoes!' I just throw it out for the cattle to eat. I'm none the worse off for it, and somebody is a little better off and a little happier because I try to do the square thing." Surely he was trying to carry out the golden rule of doing as you would be done by. One of my neighbors does very much the same thing. She picks over her eggs and keeps all the small ones for her own use, selling only the large ones, and I don't think she loses much by giving such good measure.

Let us do our best to remove the impression that the professed disciples of Christ are more "close" than the careless and irreligious—for people always judge Christianity by the lives of Christians. If we claim to be the children of God we should be like our Father, who "maketh His sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust."

Above all, we should give good measure to God. How mean and selfish it is to give only so much obedience as will save us from punishment, to make it our highest aim to be allowed to enter heaven. Did Christ measure His love for us when He gave up everything to save us? Surely His love "passeth knowledge," and who can measure its length and breadth and depth and height. As Bishop Thorold says, its "length" reaches from an eternity in the past to an eternity in the future, the "breadth" is boundless as space itself, the "depth" goes down to the vast spirit world in Hades, and the "height" goes up to the throne of God. In return for such unmeasured love let us give our best love to Him, in full and generous measure, "pressed down, and shaken together, and running over."

HOPE.

I wish to thank John A. Martin for his kind words of appreciation. To hear that the Quiet Hour is "helpful" is very encouraging, for what can anyone desire more in the way of work than to be given the chance of "helping somewhere."

HOPE.

Domestic Economy.

A drop of castor oil in the eye to remove a foreign body is as useful and much more manageable than the better-known flaxseed.

BED COMFORTERS.

Many housewives complain about washing bed-comforters, as the cotton gets stiff and lumpy, says a writer in the Woman's Home Companion. Make a slip of pretty calico or sateen the same size as the comforter, just as you would open a pillow-slip; hem the open end, and, when finished, have it about two inches longer than the comforter. Now slip it over the comforter, fold the hems over each other, and baste down with long stitches; the other three sides tack to position about four inches from the edge. When soiled, it is but the work of a few minutes to take off the slip, and after it is laundered it is quickly replaced. By doing this, one can always have soft and clean comforters. It is no extra expense, as the slip saves wear and tear on the comforters and makes them almost everlasting.

THE NEED OF RELAXATION.

A wife and mother said, not long since, she had dismissed her cook in order to save her soul. Now she does the cooking herself. Being a sensible woman "with brains," in the afternoon she takes a bath, and lies down for a sleep. Other wives and mother, with "no brains," work from early morn till dewy eve, having no rest. Let all such read what one woman writes:

"The need of relaxation is one that has been acknowledged by the sagest men of all ages and climes, and it was the great Esop, poet philosopher, and a weaver of truisms into pithy fables, that so characteristically reproved an Athenian for who sneered at him for indulging in some outdoor sport, decrying it as a "trivial occupation, demeaning to a man of intellect." Handing the effeminate youth an unstrung bow, he said, "This is my answer." Then, as the young Greek gazed upon it vacantly and without comprehension, the philosopher explained, "The mind of man, like that bow, if always bent, would in time lose its elasticity and become useless. By giving it occasional freedom, you preserve its tone, and it will serve its purpose."

FLEAS ON DOMESTIC PETS.

Apropos of fleas on domestic pets, the author gives some wholesome advice. "Oddly enough," she says, "cat fleas are unlike dog fleas. If the two sorts of insects meet upon one poor animal, there is a fight to the finish, ended, commonly, in victory for the cat fleas. They are bigger and more voracious than the dog fleas. If left to ravage unchecked, they soon reduce a sleek, healthy cat to a miserable skeleton, suffering all over from eczema. To get rid of the fleas, wash the cat with sulphur soap, comb out the fleas with a fine-tooth comb while the hair is still wet, then rinse in milk-warm water, dry it with soft towels, and give it, after the bath, a saucer of warm milk, with a teaspoonful of brandy or whiskey in it. A kitten should have only a few drops of spirits, and be kept snug in a clean basket an hour after the bath. When the hair is very dry, blow in all along the backbone some sort of good, very fine insect powder, either larkspur or pyrethrum. Rub behind the ears with sulphur ointment. Next day, brush out all the powder with a fine clothes brush, comb the coat lightly, then part it along the backbone, and rub with the sulphur ointment.—Exchange.

AN ICING WITHOUT EGGS.

An icing for cake that is popular among French and German cooks, and that is economical because it calls for no eggs, is made from a half pound of powdered sugar, a tablespoonful of boiling water, the grated yellow rind of an orange, and enough orange juice to moisten it. Put the sugar in a bowl, then add the rind, next the water, and lastly the juice, and use at once.

which they had entered. Our minds had become so attuned to our surroundings that nothing surprised us, not even when we were called up on deck to see, for the first time, as we saw it often afterwards, clear-cut against the sky, the mirage of our sister ship in duplicate; first of all, the real "Prince Albert," wedged as immovably as we were ourselves in its prison of ice, and then an inverted "Prince Albert," with hull uppermost, mast-head touching mast-head, the real and the ideal, each with its every line of rigging perfectly defined, not merely in close proximity, but the one immediately above the other. "Just see what capers the commodore is cutting, Miss H.," said our jovial fellow passenger, Capt. Hill, an Irish officer going to Red River to assume his duties as staff officer of pensioners. "It's the captain's fault, not the parson's this time, whatever the sailors may say about what they call Mr. Horden's 'plaguey old bellows.' You know, they pretend to blame him for every head wind we get." This, of course, was the standing joke of the ship, and was made good-humoredly enough. Mr. Horden, afterwards Bishop of Moosenee, but then not even ordained, was, with his young wife, about to take up the noble missionary work which only ended with his life some five and thirty years after. Being a practical man, with a mechanical training, he had brought with him on board the Prince Albert several appliances, which afterwards proved of incalculable value to his mission, and amongst them a printing machine and a pair of blacksmith's bellows.

Reading now between the lines of the old journals, I can see that there were times of great peril, and many hours of anxious care passed by the captain and officers, upon whose seamanship and sleepless watchfulness so much depended, but of all these we were kept, as far as possible, in ignorance. If when we were seated at table there would come a resounding crash, the result of a staggering blow, or a grinding sound as though our good ship were about to be sawn in two, a voice would come through the skylight, "The skipper says to tell the ladies there's no call to be scared, the Prince of Wales is built strong enough to bear his thumps than that," or when grappling irons were put out to keep us from encounters with the ice floes, every means being used to ward off collision until we could forge ahead into the space of open water a mile or so before us, we would be told by mate or doctor, "Oh! that's to keep the hands busy. They've got to be doing something or they'd turn lazy." But with such a good disciplinarian as our captain there was not much chance for a man to be lazy, nor was there any need for the use of the rope's-end to enforce the very promptest obedience to a given order. Neither can I recall ever once hearing the sound of an oath from the lips of captain, officers or crew; whilst song and dance, notably the sailor's hornpipe, fun and frolic, within bounds and at recognized hours, were not only permitted, but freely encouraged. Every Saturday night the toast, "Here's to sweethearts and wives," was always given and drunk with three cheers and a "hip! hip! hurrah!" and every Sunday saw us gathered for service, reverently conducted by the young clergyman who was about to take up mission work in Rupert's Land under Dr. Anderson, the first bishop of that diocese. H. A. B.

(To be continued.)

"Yes, they are excellent boots," said the shopkeeper to a young lady purchaser, "they will wear like iron."

"Are the buttons sewn on securely?" "They are. These boots are supplied with the 'old maid's wedding' button—a new invention."

"Why is it called 'the old maid's wedding' button?"

"Because it never comes off."