

sacrifices, trying to remove all the thorns, to lighten all the burdens, to share all the fatigues. We feel that she is with us, because we no longer experience that misunderstanding of heretofore, those deliberate coolnesses which spoil family life; because we no longer hear those sharp, rude words which wound so deeply, and life is sweeter.

The angel of little sacrifices has received from heaven the mission of the angels of whom the prophet speaks, who remove the stones from the road, lest they should bruise the feet of travellers. There is a place less commodious than another; she chooses it, saying with a sweet smile, "How comfortable I am here!" There is some work to be done, and she presents herself for it simply with the joyous manner of one who finds her happiness in so doing. How many oversights repaired by this one unknown hand! How many little joys procured for another, without his ever having mentioned to any one the happiness which they would give him!

Does a dispute arise? She knows how to settle it by a pleasant word that wounds no one and falls upon the slight disturbance like a ray of sunlight upon a cloud. Should she hear of two hearts estranged, she has always new means of reuniting them without their being able to show her any gratitude, so sweet, simple, and natural is what she does. But who will tell the thorns that have torn her hands, the pain her heart has endured? And yet she is always smiling. Have you never seen her at work, the angel of little sacrifices? On earth she is called a mother, a friend, a sister, a wife. In heaven she is called a saint.

#### Joyful Eastertide!

We are as yet hardly midway through Lent, but before the end of the month Easter, joyful Eastertide, will be with us; and then our hearts will rise in songs of praise and thanksgiving for "Christ, the first fruits from the dead." Death is ever busy among us; hour by hour, minute by minute, thousands pass away, and leave this beautiful world.

Where do they go? What has become of them?

These are questions that force themselves upon us perpetually, as we read the list of deaths in the newspapers, or meet the sad processions on their way to the Churchyard. And then follow, naturally, the questions that press still closer home to ourselves: "Where shall we go? What will become of us when we die?"

The change, the mighty mystic change, may come  
On any smiling summer morn of youth;  
We from our very cradle learn the truth  
That the next step may sink into the tomb.  
But when the pulses flag, the hair grows grey,  
The "may" is altered to the potent "must,"  
However lingeringly we hope and trust,  
Each hour drags closer to the final day.  
The fair old world may show as fine a face,  
The hand of love clasp warmly yet on ours,  
But well we know the canker in the flowers,  
The shadow creeping slowly to our place.  
And, as it presses close on heart and eye,  
The truth comes home—Youth may, but age must die.

How sad would be this thought were it not for the great truth brought home to us at Eastertide, and for the joyful hope that has cheered us since the first Easter morning dawned upon the world eighteen hundred years ago! For when "Christ rose from the dead, and became the first fruits of them that sleep," we were given the blessed assurance that we, too, shall rise again. And with this thought, how thankfully do all the wearied workers of the world, as they grow old, welcome the thought of death as a kind of sleep.

Children do not, of course, care much for rest. They love to frolic and frisk about, like young lambs in spring. They enjoy their lives to the utmost; and so they are apt to regard death as something too gloomy to think about. But it is not really a gloomy thought if we remember that the body is only the garment of the soul, and that the real self is not there. The dear little one that is called away from us is not dead: only his body is dead. The real baby that we kissed and petted is in Paradise. The grave holds nothing but the frail weak frame, with its weary cry, its pain, its nervous irritability. This indeed is laid to rest,

and blossoms into flowers on earth; while the loving soul and busy spirit are beyond. A little child once heard of the death of a dear friend, who had been always especially kind to the children, and said, "How glad I am to think that when we leave this world we shall have our dear P—waiting ready to meet us!" How much more glad shall we be when we meet that best and wisest and strongest of all friends,—the risen and ascended JESUS!

#### "Bear Ye One Another's Burdens."

Who does not feel the need of a friend to help bear burdens! Nothing seems more pitiful than a soul struggling under the load of life alone—except that sometimes that is the only way we can be brought to know the sympathy of our great Burden-Bearer; then our burden becomes the sweetest lesson of our life.

But Jesus said, "As My Father hath sent Me into the world, even so send I you." His work and mission He commits to His followers, and He teaches us by many blessed passages in the Word that we should bear to each other the same relation of helpful sympathy that He bears towards us all, and that the ground of that helpfulness should be in us as in Him, unwearied, unselfish love. Love! no wonder the apostle sung of it in the inspired strains of the thirteenth chapter of Corinthians. What can bear burdens for another as love can bear them? "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ." His law is love.

#### Quiet Lives.

They make no fuss about it—the stars, set like lamps in the skies, but they shine on steadily, quietly. We always know where to find them, and what to count on. They are illustrations of the quiet lives, set out here and there along the dark sea of life's voyage; making no noise or ado, asking no puff or recognition, they work on day by day, year in and year out, with a beautiful self-abnegation and thoughtful devotion to the world's leavening. Into the quiet havens where they dwell run the weary and heavy laden for soothing and healing. Every neighborhood has them, and its barren wastes and dusty ways; they are like the unpretentious blossoms, whose white faces and sweet fragrance make the world bright and beautiful.

It is good for us to have been so much and so constantly with the Master, as to have come to His place of gentle ministry and self-giving service, where the unheralded bit of service for the troubled and needy is sweeter to us than any applause or fame the world can give to its heroes.

#### Whose is the Glory?

The old church lamp hung over the lych gate, its panes frozen over, and covered with a thick mantle of snow.

"It is of no use," said the passers-by; "we shall never be able to see the light through all that frost and snow."

"Wait awhile, friends," said the old lamp; "it'll be a hard frost and heavy snow, indeed, that keeps my light from shining."

"Hark at him!" cried the passers-by; "he thinks no small things of himself!"

"Nay, friends," said the lantern, "don't mistake me—it is not I that shine, but the light in me. So the glory isn't mine, but his who kindles it."

In Holland preachers are never asked for "short sermons," and no newspaper correspondents ever condemn them for going beyond "the orthodox twenty minutes." The people would look upon it as a grievance if a discourse were to last much less than an hour. The late Queen of Holland said to a clergyman for whom she had a great regard, that if he would but shorten his sermons she would like oftener to come and hear him. He replied that he was very sorry, but that his congregation would not allow him to do so.

#### Hints to Housekeepers.

**LEMON TARTS.**—Boil until tender the very thin rind of four lemons, beat them to a paste with one-half of a pound of powdered white sugar; add one-fourth of a pound of sweet almonds blanched and cut finely, and the juice of four lemons with a little grated peel; simmer together for half an hour, and when cold put into small tart pans lined with puff-paste; bake, and sift sugar over them.

**NO MORE BOTHER.**—Gentlemen,—I have used Hagyard's Yellow Oil for my chilblains and it cured them. I have never been bothered with them since. Regie Keown, Victoria, B. C.

**RUSSIAN SALAD.**—Take the breast and drumsticks of any cold fowl and cut fine, slice, and cut into slivers four slices of ham or six of tongue; slice six good-sized potatoes; mince finely one sour apple. Mix all these together. Make either a mayonnaise sauce or an oil and vinegar dressing. Decorate with beetroot and olives. An onion and two anchovies may be added if approved.

**LEMON CAKE.**—One cup of butter, three cups of sugar rubbed to a cream; stir into it the yolks of five well-beaten eggs, dissolve a teaspoonful of soda in a teacup of milk, then add the milk and the grated peel of one lemon, the whites of five eggs, sifting in as lightly as possible four teacupfuls of flour. This will make four long tins full.

**AN ENTERPRISING HOTEL MAN.**—It is stated that a hotel man in Toronto has posted up a notice stating that all diners at his place who use Burdock Blood Bitters to tone up their appetite and strength, will be charged 20 per cent. extra. We do not know how true this is, but B.B.B. undoubtedly does the work and does it quickly and well.

**TO SOFTEN THE SKIN.**—Mix half an ounce of glycerine with half an ounce of alcohol, and add four ounces of rose-water. Shake well together and it is ready for use. This is a splendid remedy for chapped hands.

**BAKED MACKEREL.**—Add a little vinegar to the water and wash thoroughly. Soak over night. In the morning wipe dry and put bits of butter and a sprinkle of cayenne inside. Dredge with flour. Pour a half-pint of water in the pan and bake in a quick oven. Serve with dark gravy.

**DARK GRAVY.**—To one tablespoonful of flour add a little water and beat to a cream. Pour this into the boiling liquor in which the fish was cooked. Stir two minutes and add a spoonful of Worcestershire sauce.

**TURN THE RASCALS OUT.**—We refer to such rascals as dyspepsia, bad blood, biliousness, constipation, sick headache, etc., infesting the human system. Turn them out and keep them out by using Burdock Blood Bitters, the natural foe to disease, which invigorates, tones and strengthens the entire system.

**BREAKFAST CAKE.**—One cup of sugar, two cups of milk, two-thirds of a cup of melted butter, three eggs, one quart of flour, two teaspoonfuls of cream tartar, one teaspoonful of soda. Bake twenty minutes.

**CORN CAKE.**—Two cups of white Indian meal, one cup of flour, one pint of water, one egg, two-thirds cup of sugar, two teaspoonfuls cream tartar, one teaspoonful of soda, a small piece of butter and a little salt.

**FISH CROQUETTES.**—Take one pint of any fresh fish. Remove skin and bones. Flake fine and add butter half the size of a hen's egg. Season with salt, cayenne and onion. Moisten with cream and form into balls. Brush with salted beaten egg. Roll in cracker crumbs and fry.

**OYSTER STEW.**—Take one dozen large oysters. Put them in a kettle with a little pepper, salt, and half a pint of water. Boil three minutes and add half a pint of hot milk or cream. Let them boil one minute and add butter the size of a walnut.