

Anywhere.

Any little corner, Lord,
In Thy vineyard wide,
Where Thou bidd'st me wait for Thee,
There I would abide.
Miracle of saving grace,
That Thou givest me a place

Anywhere.

Where we pitch our nightly tent
Surely matters not;
If the day for Thee be spent,
Blessed be the spot;
Quickly we the tent may fold,
Cheerful march through storm and cold,
With Thy care.

All along the wilderness,
Let us keep our sight
On the moving pillar fixed
Constant day and night;
Then the heart will make its home,
Willing, led by Thee, to roam

Anywhere.

—A. W., in *Church Missionary Gleamer*.

Ten Don'ts from the Doctor.

A prominent physician recently said:

"There are ten simple precautions which form an excellent rule in life, and if people would but observe them I should have to resort to some other means of making a livelihood:

"Don't read in street cars or other jolting vehicles.

"Don't pick the teeth with pins or other hard substances.

"Don't neglect any opportunity to insure a variety of food.

"Don't eat and drink hot and cold things immediately in succession.

"Don't pamper the appetite with such variety of food that may lead to excess.

"Don't read, write or do any delicate work unless receiving the light from the left side.

"Don't direct special mental or physical energies to more than eight hours' work in each day.

"Don't keep the parlor dark if you value your own and your children's health.

"Don't delude yourself into the belief that you are an exception so far as sleep is concerned; the normal average of sleep is eight hours.

"Don't endeavour to rest the mind by absolute inactivity."

Magnanimous.

The big, good natured policeman who keeps people from being run over at the crossing of the cable roads, at the corner of Wood and Smithfield streets, Pittsburgh, witnesses interesting scenes as well as narrow escapes. He recalls with special pleasure a recent encounter between two dogs:

A big Newfoundland was going peaceably along when a cross-grained cur began snapping at him and snarling savagely. This started one or two other dogs, who joined in the attack. The big dog took no notice until compelled to do so in self-defence. Then he turned and sent the crowd of persecutors flying in all directions; all except the ringleader, who fell sprawling in the middle of the street, and was beginning to get the drubbing he deserved, when things took a very unexpected turn.

A cable car came dashing along down the hill, with clanging bell, right upon the dogs. Nobody is expected to warn dogs of danger, and so the car was almost upon them when the policeman cried "get out!"

The big dog saw the danger and sprang aside, but his late assailant was on his back and too much in dread of punishment to see anything else. There he lay, and in a second more would be crushed.

The Newfoundland saw the situation, and, after he had partly turned away, sprang back in front of the car, seized the cur in his teeth, and snatched him, still whining and begging for mercy, out of the very jaws of death. He laid him in the gutter; and then, as though further retaliation had entirely escaped his mind, he gave a good natured wag or two of his tail and started on up the street, unconscious that for less heroic deeds than this men wear medals of honour. He was only a dog, but he taught a lesson to all who stood by.—*Hospital Review*.

Life.

Life bears us on,

And yet not so but that there may survive
Something to us: sweet odors reach us yet,
Brought sweetly from the fields long left behind,
Of holy joy or sorrow holier still:
As I remember when, long years ago,
With the companions of my youth, I rode
Mid Sicily's helm oaks and pastoral dells
All in the flowery Spring, through fields of thyme,
Fields of all flowers: no lovelier Enna knew—
There came to us long after, blowing from these,
Rich odors that pursued us many a mile,
Embalming all the air; so rode we on,
Though we had changed our verdant meadow paths
For steep, rough tracks up dusty river-beds,
Yet haunted by that odorous fragrance still.

Then let us be content in spirit, though
We cannot walk as we are fain to do
Within the solemn shadow of our griefs
Forever; but must needs come down again
From the bright skirts of those protecting clouds
To tread the common paths of earth anew.
Then let us be content to leave behind us
So much; which yet we leave not quite behind,
For the bright memories of the holy dead,
The blessed ones departed, shine on us
Like the pure splendour of some clear, large star,
Which pilgrims travelling onward, at their backs
Leave, and at every moment see not now—
Yet, whenceso'er they list, may pause and turn
And with its glories gild their faces still.

—Archbishop Trench.

Old Age.

Rowland Hill, himself a very old man, says that he heard of one who was asked what age he was. He answered:—

"The right side of eighty."

"I thought you were more than eighty," said the inquirer.

"Yes, I am beyond it," he replied; "and this is the right side, for I am nearer my eternal rest."

A man once said to Dr. Rees, "You are whitening fast." The doctor answered him in a sermon which he preached immediately after:—"There is a wee white flower which comes up through the snow and frost; but we are glad to see the snow-drop, because it proclaims that the winter is over and that the summer is at hand. A friend reminded me last night that I was whitening fast. But heed not that, brother; it is to me a proof that my winter will soon be over; that I shall have done presently with the cold east winds and the frosts of the earth, and that my summer—my eternal summer—is at hand."

To a humble Christian it was remarked, "I fear you are near another world."

"Fear it, sir!" he replied; "I know I am; but blessed be the Lord, I do not fear it—I hope it."

The apostle Paul was an old man, but, happily for him, he was no agnostic, and so he could say, "I know whom I have believed, and that he will keep that which I have committed to him until that day; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness."

But for old age to be happy it must be a time of acceptance. Old age fought against is miserable; old age accepted is calm and peaceful. Enamelled wrinkles dare not smile; the honest wrinkles may even laugh. To be living carelessly is to live in a false position, and in all false positions there is weakness and discomfort and misery. The way to be happy in your old age is to consider that you are not in a false position, but in the right one—in the one which God has ordained for you, and therefore in the one which contains blessings—its blessings, its own peculiar blessings. Where you meet with disappointment it is in expecting from it what does not belong to it, and what would not be blessing if it did.

Hints to Housekeepers.

To remove warts, wet them thoroughly with oil of cinnamon three times a day until they disappear.

It is said that a strong solution of epsom salts in water will cure burns, if applied immediately.

Beef suet boiled in fresh milk is very good for a cough. Take small quantities at a time, but often.

Alcohol is a good remedy for burns if applied immediately. Keep the burn moist with it for two hours.

For bites and stings, apply spirits of hartshorn, if you have it; if not, make a poultice of fresh wood-ashes, moistened with water.

To cure croup, mix one teaspoonful of powdered alum with two teaspoonfuls of sugar, and give in teaspoonful doses until cured.

To cure cold-sores keep them dry from saliva and touch them once very carefully with carbolic acid, then apply alum occasionally.

To cure frost-bites, add one ounce of hydrochloric acid to seven ounces of rain water and bathe the parts two or three times a day in the mixture.

To cure ringing or buzzing sounds in the ears, fill a small vial half full of flour of sulphur, then fill up the bottle with alcohol and take three drops four times a day.

To cure diphtheria, place a live coal in the bowl of a common tobacco pipe, drop a little tar on it and draw the smoke into the mouth, discharging it through the nostrils.

Turpentine will take the soreness out of corns and bunions, and will sometimes cure soft corns. Be careful, however, about using too much of it, for it will weaken the joints.

TRUE FAITH.—"I have great faith in Burdock Blood Bitters as a blood purifier. I have taken three bottles for bad blood and find it a perfect cure. It is a grand medicine and I recommend it wherever I go."—Ida Sanderson, Toronto, Ont.

To cure corns, let a small piece of potash remain in the open air until it slakes, then thicken to a paste with pulverized gum arabic. Pare the corn and apply the paste, leaving it on ten minutes; soak the corn in strong vinegar for a little while, then leave it alone and it will soon come out.

BEAUTIFUL BANFF, N.W.T.—I was induced to use your Burdock Blood Bitters for constipation and general debility, and found it a complete cure which I take pleasure in recommending to all who may be thus afflicted."—James M. Carson, Banff, N.W.T.

As an antidote for a consumptive tendency, cream acts like a charm; to be used instead of cod-liver oil. Also aged people, invalids, and those who have feeble digestion, or suffer from dulness, as well as growing children, will be greatly benefited by taking sweet cream in liberal quantities.—*Good Housekeeping*.

HENRY G. JAMES.—Henry G. James, of Winnipeg, Man., writes: "For several years I was troubled with pimples and irritations of the skin. After other remedies failed I used four bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters, and since then I have been quite free from my complaint. B.B.B. will always occupy a place in my house."

To cure chapped hands, apply the following ointment: Melt one-fourth of a pound of mutton-tallow, add one-half ounce each of gum camphor and glycerine, let it boil two minutes, stirring constantly, then put away to cool. Before going to bed, wash the hands thoroughly in hot water, rub on the ointment and draw on a pair of old kid gloves.

GRAPE SAUCE.—Nine pounds grapes (Clinton), three pounds brown sugar, one quart of vinegar, one tablespoonful of cinnamon, one tablespoonful of ground cloves, one tablespoonful of allspice, one tablespoonful of nutmeg, one tablespoonful of salt (or more if required); one teaspoonful cayenne pepper. Boil the grapes and vinegar together, then put through a cullender; afterwards add the spice and sugar, and boil for fifteen minutes; then bottle, and it is fit for use.