

which were gained in the very roads from which we shrank back with dread. The real victory of faith is to trust God in the dark and through the dark. Let us be assured of this, that as the lesson and rod are of His appointing, and that as His all-wise love has engineered the deep tunnels of trial on the heavenward road, He will never desert us during the discipline. The vital thing for us is not to deny and desert Him.

#### If Thou Couldst Know

I think if thou couldst know,  
O soul that will complain,  
What lies concealed below  
Our burden and our pain;  
How just our anguish brings  
Nearer those longed for things  
We seek for now in vain—  
I think thou wouldst rejoice, and not complain.

I think if thou couldst see,  
With thy dim mortal sight,  
How meanings, dark to thee,  
Are shadows hiding light;  
Truth's efforts crossed and vexed,  
Life's purpose all perplexed—  
If thou couldst see them right,  
I think that they would all seem clear, and wise, and bright.

And yet thou canst not know,  
And yet thou canst not see;  
Wisdom and light are slow  
In poor humanity.  
If thou couldst trust, poor soul,  
In Him who rules the whole,  
Thou wouldst find peace and rest.  
Wisdom and Light are well, but Trust is best.  
—Adelaide A. Proctor.

For immediate relief after eating use K.D.C.

#### About Your Boys.

Treat your boys as though they were of some importance, if you would have them manly and self-reliant.

Be careful of the little courtesies. You cannot expect your boy to be respectful, thoughtful, and kind unless you first set him the example.

If you would have your boy make you his confidant, take an active interest in all that he does, don't be too critical, and ask for his views and opinions at all times.

Don't keep your boys in ignorance of the things they should know. It is not the wholesome truth, but the unwholesome way in which it is acquired that ruins many a young man.

Don't act as though your boy amounted to nothing, nor be continually making comparisons between him and some neighbor's son to his disadvantage; nothing will dishearten him quicker.

Don't think that anything is good enough for the boys, and that they don't care for nice things; have their rooms fixed up as nicely as possible; let them understand that they are to be kept in order, and the result will justify your pains.

Furnish your boy with good, wholesome reading matter. Have him to read to and with you, discuss with him what you read, and draw out his opinions and thoughts on the subject. Help him to think early for himself.

Make home a pleasant place; see to it that the boys don't have to go somewhere else to secure proper freedom and companionship.

Take time to make them feel comfortable and contented, and they will not want to spend their evenings away from home.

Pick your son's associates. See to it that he has no friends whom you know nothing about. Take an interest in all his troubles and pleasures, and have him feel perfectly free to invite his friends to the house. Take a little pains to make him and his friends comfortable and happy. He will not be slow to appreciate it.

#### Treasure-Ships.

God's ships of treasure sail upon the sea  
Of boundless love, of mercy infinite;  
To change their course, retard their onward way,  
Nor wind nor wave hath might.

Prayer is the tide for which the vessels wait  
Ere they can come to port; and if it be  
The tide is low, then how canst thou expect  
The treasure-ship to see?

#### The Best Way.

Christ saw that man took life painfully. To some it was a weariness; to others, a failure; to all a struggle and pain. How to carry this burden of life had been the whole world's problem. It is still the whole world's problem. And here is Christ's solution: Carry it as I do. Take life as I take it. Look at it from my point of view. Take my yoke and learn of me, and you will find it easy.

Did you ever stop to ask what a yoke is really for? Is it to be a burden to the animal which wears it? It is just the opposite. It is to make its burden light. Attached to the oxen in any other way than by a yoke, the plow would be intolerable. Worked by the means of a yoke, it is light. A yoke is not an instrument of torture; it is an instrument of mercy. It is not a malicious contrivance for making work hard; it is a gentle device to make labour light. It is not meant to give pain, but to save pain.

And yet men speak of the yoke of Christ as if it were a slavery, and look upon those who wear it as objects of compassion. "Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light."—*Drummond.*

#### A Man in the Moon.

On the surface of the moon the force of gravity is only equal to one-sixth of what it is on the earth. A man who can jump five feet here could easily manage thirty feet on the moon, and a strong man who can lift a couple of cart-horses at a London music hall, would almost be able to walk off with the music-hall itself on the moon.

Another interesting fact is that as the moon only turns on its axis once in 27.3 of our days, the lunar day is more than twenty-seven times as long as ours. What would an inhabitant of our globe see were he suddenly transferred to the moon, and were able to exist long enough to make observations?

It is not easy to give any adequate idea of the grandeur of lunar scenery. But suppose a man perched on the edge of the crater of one of the largest of the volcanoes. Around him and down the mountain slopes lies thick the dust, ashes and scoriaceous (cindery fragments) ejected from the crater, with here and there the lava streams showing at the surface. Farther down huge masses of rock in inextricable confusion, as though some giant had been playing at bowls and left his game during the glare of the noonday sun. Beyond, the mountain slopes into a broad and deep valley containing several miniature volcanoes and half choked with jagged rocks. Still farther on, another and smaller mountain rises, and then the eye travels over peak after peak and crater after crater until, in the far distance, sky and rock meet and become one. On both sides the man would see the edge of the crater on which he stood extending in a mighty curve as far as the eye could reach. Terrace after terrace, marking the successive risings of the lava, descends into the crater itself, until, 15,000 feet below, the rough uneven floor is at last reached. Overhead shines the sun with a brilliancy never equalled on our earth. There are no cooling breezes to fan the hot cheek, or water to moisten the parched tongue. A hand is laid on a rock only to become covered with blisters.

The mountain peaks are bare and black—no snow ever falls on the moon. Not a blade of grass is to be seen, not a flower, not a tree, only dust, ashes and rock, rock, ashes and dust. Above all broods the most profound silence, not a stone ever becomes dislodged from its place, not a breath of air moves the dust. For millions of years that silence has been unbroken. For twenty-seven of our days the moon receives the scorching rays of the sun, and then for twenty-seven of our nights it is exposed to the most intense cold. The difference between the temperatures of day and night has been estimated at 500 degrees Fahrenheit. Overhead shines the moon's moon—our earth appearing several times as large as the moon does to us. The beauty of an "earthlight" scene on the moon must be grand; here is a chance for the imaginative artist; my pen cannot do the subject justice.

#### Hints to Housekeepers.

**CHERRY ICE.**—Stone two pounds of ripe cherries, mash them, let them stew for a few minutes with a little water and one-half pound of sugar, and pass them through a fine sieve into an earthen pan. Pound a handful of the kernels and put them into a bowl with the juice of two lemons. Add one pound of sugar to the cherries, and strain on them the juice of the lemons and kernels. Mix well together and freeze. Serve in glasses.

**CHERRY ROLL.**—Roll a nice puff-paste into a very thin sheet, spread over it a thick layer of rich stewed cherries (with as little juice as possible). Commencing at one side, roll carefully until all the fruit is enclosed in the paste. Pinch together at the ends, tie up in a strong cotton cloth, and drop into boiling water. The water must be kept boiling until the roll is done—about half an hour. Serve with sweet sauce.

**CHERRY JELLY FOR IMMEDIATE USE.**—Stem and stone two pounds of sweet dark red cherries; put them into a bowl; pound the kernels and squeeze over them the juice of four lemons. Mash the cherries with a wooden spoon, add a small tumbler of red currant jelly, the kernels, and lemon juice. Boil together one pound of sugar, two cups of water, and half an ounce of gelatine, previously dissolved in a little hot water. Put the cherries into a jelly bag, pour the sugar and gelatine over them, and run through several times till quite clear. Add sugar or lemon juice if not sweet or acid enough. Wet the mould, place it in ice, pour in the jelly, and do not turn it out until the last moment. Delicious.

**CHERRY SYRUP.**—Stone the cherries, mash them, and press out the juice in a crock or bowl; let it stand in a cool place for two days. Filter, add two pounds of sugar to one pint of juice, stir well over the fire until it boils, and bottle. Excellent with hot cakes.

**CHERRY COMPOTE.**—Boil together for fifteen minutes five tablespoons of sugar with half a pint of water; add one and a quarter pounds of ripe cherries, and let them simmer gently for from five to seven minutes.

**PICKLED CHERRIES.**—Put cherries into a jar and pour over them as much hot vinegar and sugar as will cover them. To each gallon of vinegar allow four pounds of sugar. It should be boiled, skimmed, and while hot poured over the fruit. Let stand a week; pour off the vinegar, and boil as before; pour hot over the cherries a second time. As soon as cold, seal closely.

**DELICATE CAKE.**—Two cupsful of white sugar, whites of four eggs, one-half cupful of butter. Beat these together. Add one cupful of milk, two and one-half cupsful of flour, into which one heaping teaspoonful of baking powder has been sifted. Flavor. You may use one cupful of cornstarch in place of the flour, and add half the beaten whites of eggs last.

**ORANGE CAKE.**—Rub thoroughly to a cream two cups of sugar and two-thirds of a cup of butter, adding three eggs beaten separately. Squeeze the juice of two large oranges into a cup, adding water to fill it. Stir this in a mixture, together with three and a half cups of flour, two even teaspoonsful of cream of tartar, one of soda, and a little of the orange rind grated. Bake in layer tins. For the filling use one egg, yolk and white. Grate a little of the orange rind into this and the juice of the orange, adding sugar enough to thicken.

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