

requires you to be thoughtful of his honor and your duty to him. As thoughtlessness cannot justify, neither can it be an excuse for any sin."

"I see that I have done wrong, sir; will you pardon me?"

"I am glad to hear this frank confession," and the gentleman held out his hand in a friendly way; "but the offence is against God. He alone can pardon. I have found him a merciful God, slow to anger and ready to forgive; and if you ask him through faith in Jesus Christ, forsaking every sin, you shall find mercy too."

"Accept my thanks, sir, both for the matter and manner of your reproof. I will never swear again, nor take the name of the Lord in vain."

"A good resolution, if made in humble dependence on the grace of the Holy Spirit of God for help and strength."

#### HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

Complete crops—corn and clover.

Seasonable—paint and whitewash.

Prepare to fight insects and weeds.

Good fences indicate good farming.

Yellow corn is surest for cold land.

Co-operative dairying is profitable.

Put and keep all farm tools in repair.

Don't fail to grow roots in plenty the coming summer. Decide now where they will grow.

Carefully "hand-pick" the garden seeds you saved last season, saving only the perfect ones.

If the growth of a young pig is suddenly checked he feels the force of the blow as long as he lives.

Raw onions chopped fine and mixed with food twice a week, is better than a dozen cures for chicken cholera.

Cabbage and turnips for milch cows should be cooked and fed after milking, so as not to injure the flavor of the milk.

The best way of protecting full-grown peach trees is by mulching heavily under the tree as far out as the branches extend.

An Eastern farmer says that he does not know of anything finer than a good ox team, and that wherever you see one you see good crops.

Peach trees growing near the house, where dish and wash water are thrown out, are long-lived and free from worms and disease.

**SPICE CAKE.**—One and one-half cups of sugar; two-thirds cup butter; one cup raisins seeded; two-thirds cup sweet milk; three cups flour; two eggs; one heaping teaspoon cream tartar; one-half even spoon soda, or two tea-spoons baking powder; cinnamon, nutmeg and cloves to taste.

**CHOCOLATE FROSTING.**—One cup of light-brown sugar, one-half cup of cold water, whites of two eggs and one-quarter of a cake of grated chocolate. Boil the water and sugar till it forms a brittle thread as it drops from the spoon. Have the eggs beaten very stiff, and as you pour the syrup on stir them briskly. Pour it very slowly at first till the eggs are warm. Flavor with vanilla and add the chocolate, then beat till nearly cool and spread between three layers of cake and on the top.

#### A TRUE HERO.

The giving of a man's life for his friends, is the highest act of heroism to which man can raise himself. In these prosaic days it is inspiring to read of such a glorious act as is commemorated by the following inscription, on a monument in the Church named therein:

"To the Glory of God, and in memory of Thomas Henry Swinburne, aged 25, a native of this parish, who lost his life in an attempt to save a youth, at Gateshead, August 9th, 1886.

The adjoining window was erected by the Holy Trinity institute members and friends. This tablet is placed here by the Ancient Order of Foresters as a token of admiration for their late heroic brother. A.D. 1887.

The story is this. On August 9th, 1886, says the Forester's Miscellany, Brother Thomas Henry Swinburne, who was a member of Court Milton, was proceeding home as usual from his work at the Friar's Goose Chemical Works, and in passing over a large open space strewn with refuse from chemical works, &c., and protruding through which are two or three shafts or ventilators from an underground drain, constructed to carry off chemical liquid refuse—the gases from which are of the most deadly character—he observed a young lad crying in evident distress. Naturally of a sympathetic nature, Brother Swinburne inquired the cause of the lad's agony, and ascertaining that one of the lad's associates was immured in one of the shafts he forthwith laid aside the dinner dishes with which he was encumbered, took off his coat, and descended the shaft for the purpose of effecting a rescue. Down the dark and pestilential shaft he clambered, and, gripping the lad under his left arm, he started to ascend again; but had not ascended more than three or four steps ere he was overcome by the noisome gases, and fell backward with his burden again, utterly insensible, and to all appearances dead.

Another brave youth, named Quinn, an apprentice, who worked along with Brother Swinburne, then descended the shaft. Alas, however, only to meet with a similar fate. In the meantime, other persons had become aware of the "terrible trap," and one, Edward Scullion, having obtained a "muzzle" from one of the chemical works, descended by means of a rope, and, assisted by others at the top, brought out the three lifeless bodies. Scullion has been publicly presented by the Mayor of Gateshead with the Albert Medal of the second class.

The public of Tyneside have erected beautiful monuments over the graves of Quinn and Swinburne, the latter one being adorned with the Foresters' horn, and the letters A. O. F. nicely worked in on the ribbon scroll which suspends the horn.

To these we would now add, "Well done, ye good and faithful ones."

#### THE CAPTIVE BIRDS.

"Liberty to the Captive."—Isa. lxi, 1.

We have somewhere read of a traveller who stood one day beside the cages of some birds that were exposed for sale, ruffled their sunny plumage on the wires, and struggled to be free. A way-worn and sun-browned man, like one returned from foreign lands, looked wistfully and sadly on these captives till tears started in his eyes. Turning round on their owner, he asked the price of one, paid it in strange gold, and, opening the cage, set the prisoner free; and thus he did with captive after captive till every bird was away soaring to the skies and singing on the wings of liberty. The crowd stared, and stood amazed; they thought him mad till, to the question of their curiosity, he replied: "I was once myself a captive; I know the sweets of liberty."

And so they who have experience of guilt have felt the serpent's bite, the burning poison in their veins; who on the one hand have felt the sting of conscience, and on the other the peace of faith, the joys of hope, the love, the light, the liberty, the life that are found in Jesus—they, not excepting heaven's highest angels, are the fittest to preach a Saviour, to plead with man for God or with God for man.—Guthrie.

—How many of us are experiencing the joy of one who desired to support a Bible reader "because it was such happiness when she laid aside the cares and duties of the day here, that on the other side of the globe she could have a substitute, who would be entering upon the new day of service, and thus her work for the Master would cease neither day nor night?"—Missionary Review.

#### A LADY BORN.

An aged truckman bent under the weight of a big roll of carpet. His bale-hook fell from his hand and bounded into the gutter out of reach. Twenty idle clerks and salesmen saw the old man's predicament, and smiled at his look of bewilderment. No one ventured to help him. A fashionably-dressed young woman came along, took in the situation at a glance, and, without looking to the right or left, stepped into the gutter, picked up the hook in her dainty, gloved fingers, and handed it to the man with a pleasant smile. The idlers looked at each other and at the fair young woman. The old truckman, in a violent effort to express his thanks politely, lost his hat. It rolled into the gutter where the hook had been. This was almost too much for any woman, young or past young, but this New York girl was equal to the occasion. Into the gutter she tripped again and got the soiled hat. When she handed it to the truckman a happy smile was seen to play about her lips. "God bless ye miss," the old man said, as the fair maiden turned her back on the idlers and went on her way.

#### RELIGION IN DAILY LIFE.

But then comes this inquiry: "My work, as pointed out by my station, is not what is called God's work—it is man's work. If a man's work is anywhere it is with me—yet it is my duty. As head of a business; partner in a firm; mistress of a house; servant in another's home; or employed in another's affairs—mine is man's work. Man's feet and turmoil about me, not God's cause. Can I think of God only while I do it? Should I not be dreaming instead of working? How can the higher life you speak of in sermons be marked out for me?"

Then, why do all St. Paul's most exalted revelations to us, not only of higher earthly life, but of heavenly life, wind up into advice—tender, kind, sympathetic advice—to wives, husbands, children, servants, masters? The idea of living out of God's world in order to live to God is quite a later idea—I will not call it a bad one—but it is a later one. The way in which, living to God was first conceived was altogether life of the world, and in the world filled with the freshness of the thought that you might do your work for God—call it God's because no one else has a final claim on it—make it God's by offering it up in its plainest details in Him, and saying to him that as it was all you could do for Him, though you would fain do more, "would accept this simple offering?" And he would. Nothing so welcome as the sweet incense of obedient days. A very holy person once said, "That the most excellent method he had found of going to God was that of doing our common business (as far as we are capable) purely for the love of God. That God never failed offering us His grace in each action. That He Himself distinctly perceived this offer, never failing to do so, unless he had wondered from the sense of God's presence, or had forgot to ask His assistance. That our sanctification did not depend on our changing our works, but in doing for God's sake what we commonly do for our own."

This is the way to live. Not to shut the door as it were of the Presence Chamber of God, while you go about your work elsewhere forgetting Him, till hours, and ministers, and proper times summon you to appear in your best mind before Him. But to do all in the presence of God, and ask Him to be present at all. This would soon teach you secrets in your own heart which are not known to you now.—Archbishop Benson.

—Every day a self-denial. The thing that is difficult to do to-day will be an easy thing to do 365 days hence, if each day it shall have been repeated. What power of self-mastery shall he enjoy who, looking to God for grace, seeks every day to practice the grace he prays for.

The most comforting of David's psalms were pressed out of him by suffering; and if Paul had not had his thorn in the flesh, we had missed much of that tenderness which quivers in so many of his letters.

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