

A Laugh in Church.

She sat on the sliding cushion,
The dear wee woman of four;
Her feet in their shiny slippers
Hung dangling above the floor.
She meant to be good; she had promised;
And so, with her big brown eyes,
She stared at the meeting-house windows,
And counted the crawling flies.

She looked far up at the preacher;
But she thought of the honeybees
Droning away in the blossoms
That whitened the cherry trees.
She thought of the broken basket,
Where, curled in a dusky heap,
Three sleek, round puppies, with fringy ears,
Lay snuggled and fast asleep.

Such soft, warm bodies to cuddle,
Such queer little hearts to beat,
Such swift, red tongues to kiss you,
Such sprawling, cushiony feet!
She could feel in her clasping fingers
The touch of the satiny skin,
And a cold, wet nose exploring
The dimples under her chin.

Then a sudden ripple of laughter
Ran over the parted lips,
So quick that she could not catch it
With her rosy finger-tips.
The people whispered: "Bless the child!"
As each one waked from a nap;
But the dear wee woman hid her face
For shame, in her mother's lap.

—Emily Huntingdon Miller.

"Why is He so Irritable?"

This question is often heard and nearly as often unanswered.

It is not always remembered, as it should be, that the occasion of ill-temper and irritability is often to be found in the physical condition of the persons affected. What is the use of trying to "harmonize" a man whose liver has gone back on him? If a man is tortured with rheumatism, how can he be expected to be affable and agreeable? Can a confirmed dyspeptic be expected to be cheerful and always ready to tell a funny story? The only way to remove the difficulty is to get at the cause. Dyspepsia, rheumatism, impure blood and liver troubles yield to Hood's Sarsaparilla; this is why it is an effective tranquilizer, a peaceful messenger, and a preventive of domestic quarrels.

The 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 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 scoria (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 noon-day sun. Beyond, the mountain slopes into a broad and deep valley, containing several miniature volcanoes and half choked with jagged rocks. Still further on, another and smaller mountain rises, and then the eye travels over peak and peak and crater and 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 be 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 even 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 extreme 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.

Do you have headache, dizziness, drowsiness, loss of appetite and other symptoms of biliousness? Hood's Sarsaparilla will cure you.

The Religion of Doing.

Religion is not selfishness, nor coddling, nor moralizing, but it is visiting the fatherless and the widow and keeping one's self unspotted from the world, living with Christ and for Christ. Worship is not all of religion, though it is an important part. The church is a place where we are to get strength and power to do God's work. God cares not for the length of our prayers, or the number of our prayers, or the beauty of our prayers, or the place of our prayers, but it is the faith in them and the work following them that tells. Says a noted divine: "Believing prayer soars higher than lark ever sang; plunges deeper than diving-bell ever sank; darts quicker than lightning ever flashed;" but such a prayer is backed and braced and made an instrument of mighty power by the whole man resigning himself to the stream of divine influence which drops from his hands, pours from his eyes and issues in works of holiness and love. Don't talk of your weakness; that your lot is to be but a hearer, not a doer; that your hands are full; that your home duties are exacting; that the cares of your family claim so large a share of your attention; that your bodily health is not good. Don't count up your ills, your defects, your weaknesses; but count up your blessings, your powers, your talents. Think of the souls that you may bring to God if you rightly go at it. The formal talk with a godless man or woman, the formal talk which begins with a sigh and ends with a canting, feeble suggestion that he or she should attend church, is not what is wanted to be a doer of the Word. What is needed is the heart-throb of a man in dead earnest. They said Gibraltar could not be taken. It is a rock sixteen hundred feet high and three miles long. But the English and the Dutch did take it. Artillery, and sappers, and fleets pouring out volleys of death, and men reckless of danger, can do anything. The stoutest heart of sin, though it be rocked and surrounded by an ocean of transgression, under Christian bombardment, may be made to hoist the flag of redemption.

The Mantle of Charity.

It is the one garment the fashion of which never changes, writes Ruth Ashmore in the October *Ladies' Home Journal*. The years may go and come, and yet she who cloaks herself in this mantle is at once happy herself and the giver of happiness. In cut it never changes. It is always large and full, so that it can envelop those who are unhappy and give them warmth and comfort. Like the cloak worn by the prince in the fairy tale, it is invisible to all but those whose eyes are made clear by faith. It is the garment that I would like my girls to wear. It is true that much patience and much self-denial are required before this cloak is put on, as it should be, for all time; but once assumed the amount of joy to be gotten from it, and the happy heart beats to the wearers of it, cannot possibly be overestimated.

Hints to Housekeepers.

A delicious filling for layer cakes is made of fine ripe cherries, crushed and sweetened, sprinkled with lemon juice, and placed between the cakes.

BAKED TOMATOES.—Select large specimens, cut around the stem end, remove part of the inside; make a stuffing of any kind of cold, cooked meat chopped fine, bread crumbs, green corn, minced onion, a well-beaten egg, butter, salt, and pepper; fill the tomatoes with this dressing, put a piece of butter on top of each and bake in a quick oven for forty-five minutes.

Dear Sirs,—I have used Yellow Oil for two or three years, and think it has no equal for croup. Mrs. J. S. O'BRIEN, Huntsville, Ont.

Slices of ripe raw tomatoes, alternating with layers of cold boiled cauliflower, a French dressing, and grating of onion and a garnish of sardines, is an English salad-mixture that those who like it pronounce excellent. The salad should when served be very cold. Tomatoes sprinkled with a very little chopped onion and sweet peppers, alternating with shrimps, and dressed with oil, vinegar, and a little lemon juice, is also a new salad mixture. Chopped oysters mixed with celery and dressed with a good mayonnaise make a good salad for luncheon or tea. An excellent salad dressing without oil is made as follows: Pound the hard boiled yolks of two eggs until perfectly smooth, then add a teaspoonful of mixed mustard, a saltspoonful of salt, a good pinch of pepper, the same of cayenne, a teaspoonful of lemon juice and a teaspoonful of sugar. Mix these ingredients well together, then add a sufficient quantity of cream and vinegar—equal parts—to make the preparation the consistency of a good thick cream. The dressing may be either poured over the salad or set on the table in a pretty glass cruet or bottle, so that each one may use it as desired.

Sour tempers sweetened by the use of K.D.C.

GINGER PUDDING.—One pound flour, one-half pound of finely-chopped suet, one teaspoonful and a half of powdered ginger, one ounce of candied peel, one-quarter pound brown sugar, a little salt, a good dessert spoonful of baking powder, a sufficiency of milk to mix. Put into a well-greased basin, tie over securely, and boil two hours, or else put into a well-greased dish, and bake until browned over, of course, guided by the oven.

MASHED POTATOES, BROWNED.—Fill the dish you intend to serve the potatoes in with mashed potatoes, and after smoothing the top, and besprinkling with good butter, put on the shelf of a hot oven until browned, and then serve.

COLD SLAW.—Shave cabbage into shreds; mix one well-beaten raw egg in a half teacupful of vinegar; boil till it thickens. Pour this mixture over the cabbage. Sprinkle with salt. Some merely serve the shredded cabbage.

For Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum, Cramps, Colic, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, and Summer Complaint, Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is a prompt, safe and sure cure that has been a popular favourite for over 40 years.

CHILLED WATERMELON.—Split a nice ripe watermelon into halves. Scoop it out, removing the seeds. Now, with a silver spoon, chop the watermelon into small pieces. Sprinkle over about a half-pound of powdered sugar and the juice of a lemon. Turn this into a freezer, pack with salt and ice, and stir very slowly for about fifteen minutes, until the watermelon is frozen like soft snow. Serve in glasses.

EGG LEMONADE.—Separate four eggs. Beat the whites and yolks separately until light. Dissolve one cup of sugar into one pint of boiling water, add to it the juice of four good-sized lemons. Now, turn into this say one quart of grated ice, enough to chill it quickly. Stir the yolks of the eggs into the whites, turn them into a pitcher and pour in, at a good height, the lemonade. Pour the mixture from one pitcher to another for a moment and serve.

Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry cures Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Cramps, Colic, Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum, and all looseness of the bowels. Never travel without it. Price 25c.