

OUR MESSIAH.

"Lo! He came, the Lord of glory,
Born and cradled in a stall,
Sure He had but scanty welcome,
Seeing He was Lord of all.

"Yet, in sooth, He sought no other;
Nor to earth for homage came;
Here He took the form of servant,
Here He bared the cheek to shame.

"Not of this world was His kingdom,
He lived not at monarch's cost,
He sought not the known and honored,
But he came to seek the lost."

—E.

MRS. ALDEN'S HOME.

As we traverse the neatly kept walk, leading from the highway to the front door, we see on each side those small delicate flowers such as pansies, daisies, etc., which denote at once both culture and taste in the owners. The wide porch over the door is neatly trellised on each side, upon which is trained and kept well trimmed a woodbine, which through the hot summer months with its thick screen of dark green leaves, makes the broad hallway inside delightfully dim and cool, as we can see, for the door stands invitingly open.

Mrs. Alden smilingly answers our ring and courteously invites us in. Several chairs, one of them a sewing rocker, are comfortably arranged on one side, not set against the wall like sentinels erect at their posts of duty.

Here we seat ourselves by invitation, with our hostess, who is very ladylike and entertaining. We chat pleasantly for a short time, when a man's step is heard in the room at the upper end of the hall, and a voice says:

"Julia, are you in the front hall?"

"Yes, James, come in, we have lady callers and I invited them to stop here because it is so much cooler here where the sun does not strike the house," Mrs. Alden answers.

She does not leave the room, or seem to feel embarrassed at all to invite him in, although he has been at work on the farm all day, and may not feel like helping to entertain callers, if he is like a great many farmers. But we are soon at our ease with Mr. Alden, for he comes in genial and smiling, in plain clothes to be sure, as befits his employment, yet neat and whole. He is very agreeable, but is less of a talker than his wife is.

While we sit talking, the sound of children's voices is heard outside as they come from school. The Alden children leave the others at the gate, and come into the house. They are three in number, and the two boys seem inclined to dispute.

Mr. Alden rises from his seat, and bowing to us, leaves the room, evidently to quell the childish quarrelling in the next room. We listen to hear if he will speak harshly to them, for we can hardly believe he will, after what we have seen of his pleasant manner, and he does not disappoint us. He addresses them in this way:

"Come, children, do not dispute like this. What is it all about, any way? Will, you seem to have started it, what were you arguing with Harry about? Let me hear all about it, and I will see if I can help you settle it."

"I told him that Jim Lake's new pup that his father brought home to him from New York, last week, was a hound, and he says it isn't, it is a spaniel like Eddie Wilder's, but I know better than that."

"Well, the best thing for you both to do, is to leave it all to me to decide upon. I will go over and call on Mr. Lake after tea, and I can see the little dog, and you know I am something of a judge of canines, and I think I can settle it satisfactorily for you, if you will both abide by my decision."

The matter was at once dropped between the two boys, and we, at the same time, signified our intended departure by rising from our seats.

We were invited to remain longer, but my friend declined on our part, as it was nearing her tea time, and she had no one at home to prepare it for her, as she did her work herself. But before we left, Mrs. Alden invited Mr. and Mrs. Alden to come and take tea while I remained a guest with her, on the coming Wednesday.

The invitation was graciously accepted by them both, Mr. Alden having returned to his good-day.

The tea party proved a pleasant affair as

such parties always are, other neighbors being invited as well as the Aldens.

Mr. and Mrs. Alden, and myself, were invited to each neighbor's house, who had visited them, in turn; invitations which we accepted, and returned visits at a later day. And at no place did we find discipline exercised with the children so firm and at the same time, so kindly, as we did at Mr. Alden's. At table they did not reach to help themselves, but asked politely to be helped to what they wanted, and we could see at once that it was not "company manners" with any of the family, and it was not a stiff and formal meal as it was at some places.

The father and mother spoke politely to each other always, thus setting an example of politeness before their children, which we could plainly see by a little judicious training they were learning to follow, and which would, in time to come, make of them lovable and useful men and women, as they were now sweet and engaging children. Maud, the youngest of all, was a sweet little five-year-old, and as pretty as a picture, with golden hair, and rosy cheeks, and a shy bashful way of approaching strangers.

After tea we were all invited to go over the house which had lately been remodelled inside. We noted all the modern conveniences of a comfortable farm house. They consisted of a bath and washroom combined; with a stationary kettle for boiling clothes, and stationary tubs, also a bath tub; two sleeping rooms on the lower floor instead of one, as we usually find it, and a pantry so arranged that food and dishes could be passed through it by means of a wicket, from the kitchen to the dining room, without opening doors. Gems of fancy articles were also to be seen in the sitting room and parlor, which were now thrown into one room by the opening of folding doors.—*Household.*

"ON EARTH AS IT IS IN HEAVEN."

BY ELIZABETH F. ALLAN.

Joseph was not in a very good humor that Sunday, though it was her birthday, her tenth birthday.

In the first place, a Sunday birthday was a dull sort of thing, she thought, and then baby Fritz had been so sick that mamma had not had a chance to get any little present ready for her. It is true that was only put off; the present was to come, but still Joseph felt out of sorts.

And when mamma called her to get her Bible verses, she broken into a regular pout, and grumbled out that it was a hard case she couldn't have any fun at all on her birthday, not even a holiday from Bible verses.

Mamma at once shut the Bible and laid it on the table.

"I can't let you learn your verses while you are in a bad humor, daughter," she said, "so I will preach you a little sermon instead."

"Once there was a little boy who used to beg his father every morning to keep him away from the bees, but instead of helping his father to help him, he went straight out and played with their hives, and of course they stung him again."

"Well, what next?" asked the little listener.

"That's all," said mamma.

"All! Why, I don't call that a sermon."

"Yes, it is a sermon," answered mamma, "but it is a short one, and it has my little daughter for a text."

"Now, mamma, you know I never do anything like that!" exclaimed Joseph.

"I think I can show you that you do something very much like that every morning. When you are repeating the Lord's Prayer, what do you say after 'Thy kingdom come'?"

"They will be done on earth as it is in Heaven," repeated the little girl, briskly.

"That is, you ask God to make you do His will, just as the angels do it. How do you suppose the angels do God's will?"

"I don't know," said her listener, slowly.

"Of course we don't know exactly, but of some things we may feel confident. I am sure they do it promptly; I am sure they do it perfectly."

"The angels know just what God's will is, but I don't," answered Joseph, who felt as if she needed somehow to defend herself. Her mother pointed to an illuminated text hanging on the nursery wall: "Children, obey your parents."

There was a long, quiet time then, in

which mamma drew her little girl to her knee, and kissed her tenderly.

"I won't give you any verses to get today," she said gently, "but I give you this little sermon to 'learn by heart.' Every time you say, 'Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven,' remember that you are asking God to make you do what you are told—promptly, cheerfully, perfectly. And then you must help the Lord to answer this prayer."—*Churchman.*

PAUL THOMPSON—A TRUE STORY.

One afternoon, a few weeks since, while passing through one of the principal business streets of a large city, we came upon a crowd of school-boys standing in front of a saloon. The boys had come out of a school-house only a few moments before, and had their books, slates, etc., in their hands. They were a company of bright, intelligent, happy-looking lads, but they all seemed deeply interested in something that was going on inside of that saloon. As they opened their ranks to make way for us to pass, we stopped and asked what it was that had attracted such a large crowd of boys.

"Paul Thomson's been in a fight in the saloon there, and a policeman has just gone in to arrest him," said one of the boys.

While he was speaking, a large, blue-coated, brass-buttoned officer came out leading a man, or rather jerking him, by the coat collar. The man in custody was young, with slight form and delicate features, and as we looked into his face we saw traces of intelligence and cultivation.

"He is drunk," said another boy, "and when he's drunk he is always ugly and wants to fight. This isn't the first time he has been taken, either."

The crowd of boys followed the policeman and the prisoner, and we soon lost sight of them. As we passed on, we noticed the public-school building was only a short distance from the saloon; many of the scholars had to pass by it every day. The same proprietor had been in possession of the building for ten years past. Only six years before Paul Thomson had graduated from the High School. He was a scholar of high standing, too. But he had been in the habit of passing this dangerous corner for years before he graduated. He had been attracted to it in his boyhood, as the boys just spoken of had been, by some similar occurrence. He began by looking in to see what was going on behind the green screen-doors. Then he stepped inside to hear what the men were talking about. The saloon-keeper noticed him, for he had a manly bearing, and belonged to a family in high standing. He encouraged the boy's coming in with pleasant, flattering words, and one day he gave him a glass of beer to drink. Paul thought it was manly to take the offered glass, but he could only drink a part of it; he did not like the taste, it was bitter; but the saloon-man patted him on the shoulder, and told him to drink as much as he could, and it would make a man of him. Paul knew it was wrong, and when he went home he felt ashamed to stay in the presence of a good, sweet mother. He could not look her in the face; every smile she gave him, and every kind word, made him feel more and more guilty. He resolved never to pass by the saloon again, but to go home another way although it was much farther. But somehow he did not go the other way but a few times. There seemed to be a fascination about that saloon, and he would linger around it. That was the beginning. Now we see Paul Thomson a constant frequenter of the same saloon. He had been going down, down, from bad to worse for six years or more. The very years, too, of his life which were the most important to him—the time when he ought to have been acquiring a true, honorable, manly character. His mother used to love to hear his step on the walk, and his cheerful, boyish whistle when he came bounding home from school, so happy and light-hearted. But now that dear mother listens and listens night after night for his step with an anxious heart. She is weary and worn with the late watching. She has pleaded with prayers and tears for his reform; but she "had begun in cobwebs has ended in iron chains." He is a slave to liquor. We trust his good mother's prayers will be heard, and that, through the mercy and strength of the Lord Jesus Christ, he may

break those iron chains. But we see where he is to-day. Now boys, this case of Paul Thomson's is a great warning to all of you. Don't stop at saloons, even to look in. Cross over on the other side, and shun those terrible places where so many have lost their manhood and their soul. Remember that every poor, miserable drunkard began his downward career when he took his first glass.—*Evangelist.*

A "WEEK OF PUDDINGS."

MONDAY.—*Steamed Pudding*.—Three cups of flour, two small teaspoonfuls of baking powder, or cream of tartar and soda, one and one-half cups of milk, or water, salt, two table-spoonfuls of butter, one egg if you have it, if not another half cup of flour. Steam an hour. Eat with sweet sauce or cream. Dried berries or cranberries make a nice addition to this pudding.

TUESDAY.—*Boiled Indian Pudding*.—To each quart of milk add nearly a pint of apples cut in pieces, not slices, eight table-spoonfuls of meal, and a little salt. Boil in a covered pail or pudding dish three hours. This is nice cooked with the old fashioned "boiled victuals." To be eaten with cream or sauce. Dried berries are a good substitute for apple or it is good with neither.

WEDNESDAY.—*Molassa Pudding*.—Two and one-half cups of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, salt, two-thirds cup of molasses, one cup of milk, two table-spoonfuls of butter or lard, and one teaspoonful of spice. Raisins make an improvement. Steam one and one-fourth hours. Eat with cream or sour sauce.

THURSDAY.—*Baked Indian Pudding*.—Place the quantity of milk you wish to use in your pudding-dish on the stove. While it is heating pare out into it in pieces, not slices, several apples, sweet or sour. Add salt and sugar according to taste and the sweetness of your apples, and when scalding hot stir in meal in nearly the proportion of seven table-spoonfuls to each quart of milk. As there is a great difference in corn meal, it is necessary to try it after it has baked an hour or two, and add milk or meal as it is too thick or too thin. Bake not less than four or five hours.

FRIDAY.—*Bread Pudding*.—Cover the bottom of the pudding dish with bread crumbs, then slice on a layer of apples, sprinkle on dried currants if you have them, sugar, salt, and spice, then another layer of bread, and so on till the dish is nearly full, then over the top place very thin slices of bread and cover with milk. Bake an hour and a half.

SATURDAY.—*Harry Pudding*.—Heat a quart or more of milk, if it is not plenty use half water, and add salt. When boiling stir in dry flour till thick enough to not run, then set on the back of the stove and let it cook slowly ten minutes. Eat with melted sugar. Graham is excellent, used instead of fine flour, and raisins make it better, but we think cream necessary to eat with it.

SUNDAY.—*Suet Pudding*.—Mix together one cup of suet chopped fine, one cup of raisins, one cup of molasses, then add one cup of sour milk and two teaspoonfuls of soda mixed in a handful of flour, stir till it foams, then add flour to make a stiff batter. Steam one and one-half hours. This is especially nice for Sunday as it can be made in the week and re-heated when desired. Indeed it can be kept for weeks. It is nice eaten with a sauce of butter and sugar, but is best with cream, as are nearly all these puddings, and as I succeed in saving some cream from three pints of milk a day, and don't skim my baby's milk either, I think it is not unattainable to most people.—*Household.*

A PRACTICAL and simple help, for strengthening and invigorating the body is found in the exercise received in sawing wood. Surely no country boy should complain if he can do this, for it is an excellent thing, and there is hardly an apparatus named which can compete with it. It develops the back, chest, and arms and produces a most delightful sense of invigoration, giving tone to the entire body. I have known sons of wealthy men do solely for the physical benefit to be derived therefrom.—*Household.*