

So I began to split and take off, layer of wood after layer. But all the knots were there.

"Deeper still," said the dry stick.

Then I split it all off, and separating it the heart was laid bare; it looked like a little rod, about six feet long, and perhaps an inch through at the large end. Ah! and I was now surprised to see that every limb and knot and gnarl started in the heart. Every one was there, and every one grew out of the heart. The germ, or the starting-point of each one was the centre of the heart.

#### Hints to Housekeepers.

**A GOOD CHOCOLATE RECIPE.**—Three-fourths of a cake of chocolate, 1 quart of cold water, 1 quart of sweet rich milk, sugar to taste. Grate or scrape the chocolate and mix with the water thoroughly and smoothly; then sweeten and allow it to boil until it becomes quiet a thick paste. Boil the milk separately, and stir it into the chocolate mixture, and cook a few minutes longer.

**AUNT DINAH'S MOLASSES CANDY.**—Boil one quart of sugar house molasses over a fire until brittle. Dissolve half a teaspoonful of soda in a little hot water and stir in. Flavor with cinnamon bark. Pour out to cool. When cold enough to handle pull until light. Draw out in sticks.

**LEMON TAFFY.**—Put one pound of yellow sugar and two cups of water in a candy kettle, let boil five minutes, and add two ounces of butter, boil until it hardens, but not until brittle, flavor with lemon, pour in well buttered tins. When nearly cold mark off with a knife in squares, press nearly through. When cold turn out on buttered paper, and break the squares apart.

**A GOOD PLAIN CAKE.**—One egg, 1 cup of white sugar, 1 cup of sweet milk, (water may be used if preferred) butter size of an egg, 1 pint of flour into which has been well sifted 2 teaspoonfuls Royal Baking Powder. Work well together the butter, sugar and yolk of eggs until foamy, then add the milk and flour, and lastly the beaten white of the egg.

**SPICED PUDDING.**—One cup of molasses,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup brown sugar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup of butter, 2 eggs,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup stoned raisins,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoonful cloves, cinnamon and nutmeg, 1 small teaspoonful soda dissolved in  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup warm water, and flour enough to make stiff as common gingerbread. Pour into a mould and steam two hours.

**A SAUCE FOR PUDDING.**—One cup of white sugar, 1 scant half cup of butter, 1 egg, melt the butter and sugar over tea-kettle and beat well. Break in the egg and beat very hard five minutes. Then add one tablespoonful each of vinegar and raspberry jelly.

**FRIED CHICKEN WITH OYSTERS.**—This makes a delightful supper dish for company. Joint a young fowl as fricasseeing. Sprinkle with salt and roll in flour; have ready a frying-pan with at least four tablespoonfuls of very hot drippings (do not use lard), put in the chicken, and fry until brown and cooked through. Lay the pieces neatly on a hot dish, pour all the fat from the pan; throw in a pint of large oysters that have been thoroughly drained from their liquor, two tablespoonfuls of butter, half a cup of rich cream, and a seasoning of salt and pepper. As soon as the least signs of boiling are seen, pour over the chicken which should have a small square of toast laid under each separate joint.

**BAKED CALF'S HEART** is a very cheap and economical dish and savors strongly of venison. Wash the heart well in cold water, letting it stand half an hour in the second water. Remove the tubes, and fill the spaces with a stuffing made of bread crumbs, melted butter, salt and pepper. Press this well down, and skewer the holes, or sew them together. Stand it point down in a saucepan of such a size that the largest part of the heart will fit in snugly and keep it from falling over. Cover two-thirds with water, and simmer so gently that the water will not boil over the top of the heart, and thus soften the stuffing. Cook for one hour,

then lay it in a baking pan, and bake a nice brown, basting with butter. Make a sauce by thickening the gravy in the pan, and some of the water in which it was boiled, with flour and seasoning to taste. Serve some sour jelly with it.

**HOW TO MAKE A GOOD YEAST.**—Boil two ounces of the best hops in four quarts of water for half an hour: strain and let the liquor cool down to the warmth of new milk, then put in a small handful of salt and half a pound of sugar; beat up one pound of the best flour with some of the liquor and then mix well altogether. Let this mixture stand until the third day, then add three pounds of potatoes, boiled and mashed, let it stand a day longer, stirring frequently and keeping it near the fire, in an earthen vessel, then strain and put in bottles and it is ready for use. The advantage of this yeast is that it ferments spontaneously not requiring the aid of other yeast. If well cooked and kept in a cool place, it will keep six months or more. It has been thoroughly tested and never fails to make delicious light bread.

#### A "Little Pillow."

"O Lord, Thou knowest."—JEREMIAH XV. 15.

This little text has been a comfort to many a sorrowful child as well as to older persons. Things are not always bright with the little ones, and they do not always get as much sympathy as they want, because their troubles are not exactly the same sort as those of grown up people. Has there been something of this sort to-day, dear little one? Have you felt troubled and downhearted, and you could not explain it to any one, and so no one could comfort you, because no one understood? Take this little pillow to rest your tired and troubled little heart upon to-night: "Thou knowest." Thou, Lord Jesus, kind Shepherd of the weary or wandering little lambs, Thou knowest all about it. Thou hast heard the words that made me feel so bad; Thou hast seen just what happened that troubled me; Thou knowest what I could not explain; "Thou understandest my thought"; Thou hast been looking down into my heart all the time, and there is nothing hid from Thee. Thou knowest all the truth about it, and Thou knowest all that I cannot put into words at all.

Is it not comfort already just to know that He knows? And is it not enough to know that He knows? Why, you know that He can do anything; so, surely, He can make things come right for you—really right, not perhaps what you fancy would be nicest and most right. And you know that He careth—that is, goes on caring—for you; so, if He knows about your trouble He cares about it too. And He not only cares, but loves, so that He would not have let this trouble touch His dear child, when He knew about it all the time, but that He wanted it to be a little messenger to call you to Him to be comforted, and to show you that He is your best friend, and to teach you the sweetness of saying, "Thou knowest."

"Jesus is our Shepherd,  
Wiping every tear;  
Folded in His bosom,  
What have we to fear?"

"Only let us follow  
Whither He doth lead—  
To the thirsty desert  
Or the dewy mead."

—Frances Ridley Havergal.

#### Generous of Praise.

How much better the world would be if only people were a little more generous of praise! Let no one suppose that we are speaking of flattery—we mean simply praise, or, as Webster gives it, "Honor rendered because of excellence or merit." How easy it is to find fault when everything does not run smoothly—when anything is omitted which ought to have been done! Why should it not be just as easy to give commendation for the right done?

The day is drawing to its close, and the wife and mother, weary with household care, sits for a moment waiting the sound of the home-coming feet. The door opens quickly, and they have come. "How bright and cheery you look here! But you always make home look that!" and the

husband's kiss on her cheek brings back the careless girlhood days, and the life looks suddenly bright again.

"The boys wanted me to stay all night, mother, it was stormy; but I thought I would rather come home, and I'm glad now, I did!" and the boy glanced around the pleasant sitting room with a look that told plainer than words how attractive a spot it was to him. The mother's weariness had gone, like the shadows before the light.

How many homes are rendered unhappy by too much fault-finding, and too little just praise! And if one cannot praise—what then? Whittier, in his beautiful poem—"My Birthday," says:

"Love watches o'er my quiet ways,  
Kind voices speak my name,  
And lips that find it hard to praise,  
Are slow at least to blame."

Yes, one can always be "slow, at least, to blame." The fact that little faults try and vex us, in those dear to our hearts, only goes to prove that the general character is good, and there is much to praise. The whiter the snow, the darker look all objects against it. Why not admire the whiteness which forms the background?

Then, if we look within, if we see with impartial eyes the short-comings of our own lives, will we not be slower to notice flaws in others? Shall we not say, in the words of Shakespeare, "I will chide no breather in the world but myself, against whom I know most faults?" If then we are so frail, so weak ourselves, so dependent on the kindness and forbearance of others, shall we not do the little we can to make the world brighter in turn for them?

If there is anything to admire or praise—and there is always something—speak the word now; it will brighten the weary hours, it will prevent, mayhap, a failure to-morrow—a failure caused by discouragement and pain. Oh, there is no time like to-day for speaking the words of praise; and the to-morrow may never come!—*Exchange.*

#### A Word To The Tired.

This is a beautiful world, and God meant us to rejoice and be glad in it. We ought to make our homes cheerful. It is astonishing what a depressing influence some houses have upon you before you enter them, and after you enter them—they look so cold, so cheerless, so colorless and comfortless. It is not want of furniture nor want of means, but there is an absence of that cheeriness, and coziness, and brightness, which says so eloquently, "Welcome to a home." Our churches, too, ought to unite reverence with brightness and heartiness of worship. We read concerning the temple of Jerusalem, "Upon the top of the pillars was lily work." Yes, strength and beauty are to be in God's sanctuary; everything therein should help and not hinder, the lifting up of our hearts unto the Lord. We cannot close without remarking that there can be no true lifting up of the heart where any habit of sin is dragging down the spiritual nature. We must be lifted up to God by the Holy Spirit, or there will be no true uplifting of the heart at all.

#### Don't Scold.

Mother's don't scold. You can be firm without scolding your children; you can reprove them for their faults; you can punish them when necessary, but don't get into the habit of perpetually scolding them. It does them no good. They soon become so accustomed to fault-finding and scolding that they pay no attention to it. Or, which often happens, they grow hardened and reckless in consequence of it. Many a naturally good disposition is ruined by constant scolding, and many a child driven to seek evil associates because there is no peace at home. Mothers, with their many cares and perplexities, often fall into the habit unconsciously; but it is a sad habit for them and their children. Watch yourselves, and don't indulge in this unfortunate and often unintentional manner of addressing your children. Watch even the tones of your voice, and, above all, watch your hearts; for we have divine authority for saying that "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh."