

HOUSEHOLD.

'No Room in the Inn.'

No beautiful chamber,
No soft cradle bed,
No place but a manger,
No where for His head;
No praises of gladness,
No thought of their sin,
No glory but sadness,
'No room in the inn.'

No sweet consecration,
No seeking His past,
No humiliation,
No place in the heart;
No thought of the Saviour
No sorrow for sin,
No prayer for His favor,—
'No room in the inn.'

No one to receive Him,
No welcome while here,
No balm to relieve Him,
No staff but a spear;
No seeking His treasure
No weeping for sin,
No doing His pleasure—
'No room in the inn.'

—A. L. S.

A Morning Call.

'That is something I will not do!' exclaimed Miss Blank, one morning, as she surprised Mrs. Brown at the kitchen porch door. 'No thank you, I will not come in; if I may have a chair, I will rest out here; I just ran over to thank you for that delicious cake you sent me yesterday. I would like very much to know the name of it, and perhaps you will favor me with the recipe?'

'There you have it, the name I mean, for that is just what it is, "delicious" in feature and name. If I want cake par excellence for home or abroad (socials) I can always depend upon it. It never yet has failed me.'

'But pray tell me what is that particular "something" you will not do?' queried Mrs. Brown, referring to her friend's greeting.

'Pay my cook three and a half dollars a week, and then do the baking!' Mrs. Brown smiled at her friend's emphatic statement.

'It's John,' she replied.

'He declares my pies and cakes are the best he has ever eaten. And, moreover, that there is an element of "hygienic virtue" in them which dispenses with the necessity of the so-called "aids to digestion."'

'Now if there is anything next to duty that inspires one to one's level best, it is appreciation of unremitting effort. So I bake all the pie and cake eaten in this house. John receives my labor with such a graceful spirit, that always has a "thank you" in it, that—well, it is no labor at all.'

Miss Blank was not convinced, and shook her head in merry disapproval, remarking, 'Oh, I see our difference of opinion is the difference of a "John, or no John." You have everything so conveniently at hand,' she observed.

'Yes, John's appreciation is decidedly practical and substantial. He had a carpenter come to put up this little cabinet table. It contains all my baking paraphernalia, and saves me many a step. This morning it is lemon pie,' informed Mrs. Brown, as she proudly opened the cabinet door, to bring forth the necessary articles.

'With a meringue?' questioned her visitor, with interest.

'With a meringue,' Mrs. Brown quoted.

'Ours is always leathery, and the crust soggy,' complained her friend.

'Oh, I can help you there,' encouraged Mrs. Brown. 'A leathery, fallen meringue is the result of one of two things, or both. Either your oven is too hot or else you do not beat your eggs sufficiently. I learned how to avoid soggy crust through disappointment,' laughed Mrs. Brown. 'One day I prepared my crust for lemon pie expecting my grocer with the lemons, but he did not come. I was sure my crust would spoil over night; the fact proved otherwise. Never before had I such success. Now I plan to have the crust stand over night. This is especially true for custard and berry pie. Apple too. I cannot explain the

philosophy of the result; unless the moisture in the dough evaporates.'

Miss Blank stored these facts in her mental pigeon hole for future use, as she went down the garden walk, repeating also in her mind the recipe for 'delicate cake.'

One half cupful of butter, two cupful of granulated sugar, one cupful of sweet milk, three eggs, beat whites and yolks separately, three cupful of flour, three teaspoonsful of baking powder. Bake in these layers. Ice each layer with boiled iceing, also the top layer. All thickly studded with almonds.

Boiled iceing.—Two cupful of granulated sugar to one half cupful of water. Boil till it threads. Beat the whites of two eggs to stiff froth. Add to the boiled sugar while warm, pouring very slowly.—M. Frances Rankin, in New York 'Observer.'

Three Good Recipes.

(From 'W. R. Signal'.)

Ginger Pudding.—Half-a-pound flour, quarter pound suet, quarter pound moist sugar, two large teaspoonfuls of ground ginger. Put all in a well-buttered basin, after thoroughly mixing. No liquid to be used. Boil for quite three hours.

A Delicious Pudding.—Fill a pie-dish with alternate layers of bread-crumbs (dotted with butter and slightly sprinkled with spice) and sharp flavored apples, sliced very thin, and well covered with sugar. Let the top layer be bread-crumbs and then bake a nice light brown.

Potatoe Fingers.—Take six large potatoes, boil them and then peel them; place them while hot on a paste board; mash them with a rolling-pin. Add a good sprinkle of salt, two tablespoonfuls of flour, and one egg. Make a stiff dough of it, roll it like a long sausage, then cut into sections, which you lightly roll with the fingers. Place in a frying-pan three tablespoonfuls of dripping; when bubbling put in the potato fingers; when brown all round, serve at once.

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Messrs. John Dougall & Son :

Sirs,—I want to ask some questions which you may or may not deem proper to answer. I will preface the questions by saying that ever since I saw the 'Witness' some two years ago, I have been WISHING that some of Boston's big men, who profess to care, at least, a little for the rising generation, would unite and follow your example in giving, at your price, the same kind of a daily paper. Each additional copy of the 'Witness' that reaches me increases and intensifies my desire. My mind has been running over the names of men, but I could only think of one who was competent to take the editor's chair, and when I had sought him, he had left to take charge of a fortune left him. I do not know if more congenial, but probably his fortune will prove more comfortable than journalism. The mystery to me is, how can such a paper be made to pay. To my mind the man to take the chief editor's chair would be harder to find than those who would advance capital. The chief manager of finances yet harder to find. But if the information, which I hope to obtain from you, is sufficiently encouraging, I will make an energetic effort to find some one who will lead off in the movement. If I fail to find the right one, I shall have done my best, and be better satisfied than if no effort was made. I have been told that Elliot F. Shepherd lost a fortune on his paper, 'The Mail & Express,' but his was not like yours. To my mind a Daily should not undertake to rival a religious Weekly. It should be like the 'Witness' evenly balanced on all points of interest to the better half of the people, and yet so alive and up to date that the poorer half will buy it for its cheapness, and read it for its brightness and smartness, and be satisfied, even if they find neither minute descriptions of horrible murders nor other vile crimes, nor advertisements of an injurious nature. In other words, a Daily should be like a plenteous and well prepared meal, which so satisfies the stomach that it has no longing for things stimulating and injurious.

Now for the questions. 1st can you make your Daily pay for itself without the profits from your Job Printing and kindred de-

partments? Would you advise, or believe it wise for any one, or a syndicate to undertake the publication of such a paper as yours in our wicked city of Boston? I do not know if Boston is wickeder than Montreal. We have two penny papers here, but neither is worth the cost of the paper upon which they are printed, and they are doing their readers an incalculable amount of harm.

'Oh, for a good penny paper' is the cry of large numbers of our people, for the elevation of humanity the wide world over, beginning at Boston.

MRS. L. H. DAGGETT.

The fact that people in Great Britain, in Australia, and in the United States, have written us letters similar to the above clearly denotes the need of such papers as the 'Witness.' Where such a paper does not exist people are willing to move heaven and earth to have such a paper.

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