

if it were necessary you could teach and support yourself.'

'I don't know that I could. I ought to have some practice in it before I get old. If I could get a few years of practice now, while my knowledge is fresh in my mind, why, I could pick it up more easily if I had to at 40 or 50. Now there is Miss X. Her father left her \$100,000, but her bad brother-in-law stole it, and she had no idea what to do to support herself. I don't see why girls ought not to go to work as much as boys. Everybody says work is healthy, and just as good for the mind and the soul as for the body. I wish I could be your stenographer or could teach. I would do it just as well as if I were a boy—now you try me and see if I wouldn't.'

She had the right and common sense view of the matter. The girl at home, after her education is finished, is likely, unless she has some hard and steady work to do, to become lazy, sickly, eccentric—or worse, and where there are two or more such daughters in a family, the discontent is likely to be in proportion to the number of the unemployed.

The bachelor girl has been the butt of the humorist, and has been regarded by too many of our ethical writers as a menace to the home and to the state. But the 'bachelor girl,' as many of us know her, is a busy, happy, useful and noble creature, who is trying to solve the problem of the single woman in a truly good and practical way. She is not always refined—not always wise—but her face is usually turned in the right direction—for she earns her own living, keeps herself upright and bravely works out her own salvation.

She generally lives away from home, because she generally has to in order to reach her place of business. The girls who live at home can learn many lessons from her. And the parents may as well understand that their grown-up daughters and their grown-up sons are far more alike than they have ever before imagined. Both crave independence, and who shall dare to say that they do not equally deserve it and need it, for their well being and their happiness?

### 'Prayer Brings Pardon!'

A Story of Old France.

(The 'Christian'.)

Madame Celestine Carrier had for twenty years made the surplices for the choir of the cathedral, when her son—her only son, Alphonse—was carried off by the conscription—for those were the days when they took even the widow's only son. She lived just under the shadow of the cathedral, in a cottage so small that it was called by the townspeople, 'The Hole in the Wall,' and the name stuck. As the youth kissed his mother at parting, he said:

'But of course, I shall soon again be with you, mother! Dry those tears and think only of the time of my return.'

'Ah!' cried the widow, 'you speak after the manner of this life only—we may never meet again; the good God alone knows the end of everything—make Him your friend, Alphonse.' With many repeated farewells he promised his mother that her God should be his, and that his waywardness and folly were now at an end; and he added:

'Mother I am now a soldier of the King—my life is his. I must see that I do not disgrace him or my country.'

'Remember the words, my son,' said his mother, 'Fear God,' then it will be easy for you to do the next thing, 'Honor the King.'

The widow was nearly heartbroken at the loss of her son, and when he was sent on foreign service it needed all her faith and trust in God to believe that still all was well. Years passed, she heard nothing of or from Alphonse; but she never ceased to pray for him; she never gave up the hope that wherever he was, if he were still living, he would become a son, by his own choice, of the loving God. 'Ah,' her sister would say, 'you have great patience, and more faith in Alphonse than I!'

'My patience,' Madame Carrier would reply, 'is for Alphonse; my faith is in God. It is He, not Alphonse, to whom I pray.' Still, the years passed with no tidings. One day, just thirty years after Alphonse had left his

native place his mother—now seventy years of age—was arranging her linen closet when she came across an unfinished piece of needlework. She called to her sister:

'Babette, here is the fine linen shirt I was making for Alphonse when he was called away. I will finish it, and he shall have it when he comes home.'

'Celestine, are you mad?' asked Babette. 'Alphonse would be fifty years of age were he living, and that is a lad's shirt.'

But Celestine only smiled, and proceeded to finish the garment. On the third day it was completed; but the eyes had grown weary over their task of love, and in the twilight the worker fell asleep.

'Awake! awake!' cried Babette, 'for here is thy grandson!'

Celestine awoke with a start. Her grandson?

'While I slept thou didst my dreaming, Babette,' she cried. But, as a young man, straight and tall, came out of the shadow: 'Oh, my Alphonse!' she exclaimed, throwing her arms around his neck, 'thou hast returned, and all is well, as I prayed.' 'Grandmother,' said the young man, 'I am indeed Alphonse, but the son of your son. He sent me to ask forgiveness for him.' 'Forgiveness for my son, whom I have loved and prayed for these fifty years!' was her reply. 'Tell my Alphonse prayer brings pardon.'

At these words Alphonse himself appeared. He looked with tender pity on her who bore him, his eyes filled with tears: 'Mother,' he said, 'thy son was lost and is found; for long he walked in evil ways, but God has given thee thy answer, and saved thy son.' Babette looked on as one in a dream—Celestine had conquered! 'Why didst leave thy mother in doubt all these years?' she asked. 'Nay, not in doubt,' said Alphonse. 'I knew my mother trusted in God, and though I turned from Him I knew He was her Comforter.'

Then Widow Carrier showed her son the shirt she had just finished. 'Said I not so to thee?' he asked, turning to his son, 'that we should find grandmother making something for our arrival? And now I will wear this garment, for I am travel-stained.'

And so Celestine's faith was rewarded, and she was content. 'But if God loves to bless, why,' asked Babette, 'did He tarry?' 'Thou and thy "buts"!' cried Celestine. 'Does every child get all he asks for at once? Didst not, thyself, yesterday refuse a toy to René, until he should know how to use the gift? I am content. God has sent me two sons today, and both are his. He knows that now I have learned the value of his gifts.' But Babette, who did not understand, shook her head.—M. B. Gerds.

### Selected Recipes.

**ORANGE FILLING.**—Mix thoroughly half a cup of sugar and a rounding tablespoon of cornstarch, then add in the following order a tablespoon of lemon juice, the juice of one orange and a little of the rind, one egg, three-quarters of a cup of boiling water and a tablespoon of butter. Cook ten minutes in a double boiler, stirring constantly. Cool before spreading.

**CHICKEN JELLY.**—Boil one cupful of left-over chicken gravy, and one and one-half cupfuls of water for five minutes; remove from the range, and strain. Have ready one pint of cold minced chicken, and one ounce of gelatine dissolved in one-half cupful of water. Add this to the liquor with one-half teaspoonful of curry powder, and one-half teaspoonful of salt. Line bottom of the mold with thin slices of lemon, and pour in the jelly; set this on the ice to cool and harden.

**SALTED ALMONDS.**—A cooking-school formula for salting almonds requires that after shelling and blanching, the nuts shall be boiled in strong salt water for ten minutes, allowing one teaspoonful of salt to each cupful of nuts. Dry thoroughly on a cloth and sprinkle with melted butter or salad oil, a teaspoonful to each cupful. Spread on a tin and put into a hot oven till they are a light brown. Shake often, watching carefully that they do not burn. Drain on blotting paper.

**MOCK TURTLE SOUP.**—To a soup bone add one pound of meat and one pound of

liver (veal heart and liver are best), one-half cup of browned flour, three hard-boiled eggs. Chop the heart, liver and eggs. Add the browned flour and season to taste.

**EGG SOUP.**—Wash and scrape two small carrots, a turnip, two sticks of celery, and an onion. Slice these vegetables very thin and fry in a tablespoonful of butter until of a yellow color. Take up the vegetables into a strainer, put them in a stewpan, with three pints of water, seasoning of pepper and salt, and a very little sugar. Let the soup simmer for two hours, then pass all through a hair sieve. Return the soup to the fire, and thicken it with potato flour made into a smooth paste with cold milk. Meanwhile, poach an egg for each person, lay these in a tureen, add a gill of cream to the soup, and pour it over the eggs. Scatter chopped yolk of eggs over the soup and serve.

**BREAKFAST MUFFINS.**—Measure a pint of flour after sifting; add a teaspoonful of salt, a tablespoon of sugar and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder and sift thoroughly to mix. Then rub in a large tablespoonful of butter. Beat two eggs light and add them to a cup of milk; stir this into a cup of cold cooked rice and add in the dry mixture and beat to a smooth batter. Pour into buttered gem pans or muffin rings and bake in a quick oven for half an hour.

**VEGETABLE OMELET.**—Omelets in which vegetables are used in the place of meats are nice for entrees. To make a tomato omelet put a tablespoonful of butter in a frying pan. When melted add a cup of freshly stewed tomatoes that have been drained free from liquid, and let cook for a couple of minutes. Beat up six eggs, season with salt and pepper, and add them to the tomatoes. Mix together with a fork, then let the omelet cook, fold over and serve at once. A corn omelet, an asparagus-top omelet or an omelet with green peas, may be made simply by beating a cupful of the cooked vegetable into the eggs before they are cooked and cooking like a plain omelet. A delicious omelet with herbs is made as follows: Break six eggs into a bowl, add half a gill of sweet cream, a little finely chopped parsley, and just enough chopped tarragon and chives to lend it a flavor. Beat well and cook like a plain omelet.—Tribune.

### I Know.

I know the hand that is guiding me through the shadow to the light,

And I know that all betiding me is meted out aright;

I know that the thorny path I tread, is ruled by a golden line,

And I know that the darker life's tangled thread, the richer the deep design.

—Anon.

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