

show some active interest and participation in household work, better, more intelligent and more reliable women would be attracted to the kitchens of our homes, and the destructive rush of young girls to work in stores, counting-houses and factories, would be largely checked, and a modern evil to a great extent curtailed.

"AN EMERGENCY CORNER."

To the housekeeper of moderate means and simple living there is sometimes a feeling of actual panic at the arrival of an unexpected guest to lunch. When John is away all day, John's wife is not particular about what she eats at noon, but she feels ashamed to set her chance guest down to cold bread, cold meat, and a cup of tea. In order to guard against such an uncomfortable *contretemps* one housekeeper has a certain corner of her butler's pantry which she calls her "emergency corner." Here are tin cans of pork and beans, boxes of sardines, anchovy paste, and, *par éminence*, a tin box of grated cheese. This matron's great stand-by is a cheese *soufflé*. It is economical and savory, and can be prepared in a short time. First a white sauce is made by cooking together a tablespoonful of flour and one of butter until they bubble, and adding to them a half-cup of milk. This is stirred constantly until thick, when two tablespoonfuls of grated cheese and a little salt and pepper are beaten in. The saucepan is then taken from the fire, and two well-beaten yolks of eggs are added. Last of all the whites of two eggs, whipped stiff, are stirred lightly into the mixture, which is now turned into a buttered pudding-dish and set in a hot oven. As soon as it is of a golden-brown color it is done.

Cheese is the basis of many a palatable hastily prepared luncheon dainty. Sardines rolled in cracker crumbs and set in the oven until brown are excellent appetizers. A little lemon juice should be squeezed on them before sending to the table. Toasted bread spread with anchovy paste and set in the oven until smoking hot is another excellent emergency dish. The list might be lengthened indefinitely, but it is well to fix upon a few dishes for which all material is always kept at hand.

Wise is the housewife who keeps an emergency corner well stocked. She has then a heart for any fate in the way of an uninvited guest, as she is never then caught unprovided. She can enjoy her friend's society with the calm consciousness that the friend will enjoy her lunch.

—Harper's Bazar.

The New York *Observer* has an outspoken article on "The Growth of Ritualism." The unlooked for recent developments in England and Scotland are noted. The writer concludes: "The revival of ritualism brings all thoughtful Christians face to face with the dilemma that saintly Horatius Bonar never wearied of pointing out. With all the earnestness of which he was capable he maintained that the cross and the crucifix could never agree. Either ritualism will banish Christ or Christ will banish ritualism. The rulers of the Jews were thorough ritualists, and their ritualism crucified Christ. Ritualism still crucifies Christ. It conceals the cross in temples where truth is lost in the blaze of candles, pomp of dress, and strains of melodious music. If ritualism comes to the front, the cross must go into the background. That fact should determine the attitude of every follower of Christ to the revival of ritualism.

Our Young Folks.

NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP.

The fire upon the hearth is low,
And there is stillness everywhere;
Like troubled spirits, here and there
The firelight shadow fluttering go.
And as the shadows round me creep,
A childish treble breaks the gloom,
And softly from a farther room
Comes: "Now I lay me down to sleep."

And somehow with that little prayer,
And that sweet treble in my ears,
My thought goes back to distant years.
And lingers with a dear one there;
And as I hear the child's Amen,
My mother's faith comes back to me;
Couched at her side I seem to be,
And mother holds my hands again.

Oh, for an hour in that dear place!
Oh, for the peace of that dear time;
Oh, for that childish trust sublime!
Oh, for a glimpse of mother's face!
Yet as the shadows round me creep,
I do not seem to be alone—
Sweet magic of that treble tone—
And "Now I lay me down to sleep."
—The late Eugene Field.

GUESS.

Guess was a good-natured little black-and-tan terrier. He liked to play with the children, and the children liked to play with him. Frank Flavel, his little master, used to have fun when other boys would ask, "What's your dog's name, Frank?" and Frank would say, "Guess"; then the boys would say,

"Rover?"

"No."

"Dandy?"

"No."

"Flash?"

"No."

"Oh, Frank, what's his name? Tell us."

Then Frank would say, "Guess," and the boys would guess again till they were tired; and Frank would laugh and say: "I was telling you his name all the time. It is *Guess*," and then the boys would all laugh and say, "Here *Guess*! Here *Guess*!" and *Guess* would run and bark and frisk among the boys. But there was one boy who was quite mean, for he would pinch poor little *Guess*'s tail and ears very hard every chance he got, and the dog learned to hate that boy. One day this cruel boy, when Frank was not looking, sneaked up to *Guess* and pinched one of his ears till the blood came, and *Guess* flew at the boy and bit his hand till the blood came out of that, two. Then the boy ran home crying, and told his papa that Frank Flavel's dog had bitten him till the blood came; but he was careful not to tell that it was because he had pinched the dog's ear till the blood came out of it. Little people, and big people, too, are often very ready to tell of other folk's bad deeds, but are careful not to tell the bad things they do themselves. That is mean! If we must tell of something bad that somebody has done, let us tell the bad things we have done ourselves, or else keep quiet.

The boy's papa was very angry, and came to Frank's house and told Frank's papa that *Guess* must be killed. Frank heard the cruel boy's papa say this, and he ran into the back-yard and called "Guess!" "Guess!" and then he whistled, and *Guess* came, frisking and barking, from behind the stable. Then Frank took a string out of his pocket—Frank always had strings in his pocket—and, fastening one end to the dog's collar, he took the other end in his hand and ran out the back gate with *Guess*, and down the alley as hard as he could run, and he wished he could run "a lot faster," for he

had heard the cruel boy's papa say that he would bring a policeman and make Frank's papa give *Guess* up to be killed. He said he would tell the policeman the dog was mad and must be shot.

Frank ran down the alley till he came to another back gate. He knocked on this gate and called:

"Jim! Jim!"

"Halloo!" some one answered inside the yard.

"Open the gate—quick, Jim!"

"What's up, Frank?" Jim exclaimed opening the gate. Frank bounced in with his dog in his arms, and banged the gate shut, and bolted it, nearly knocking his friend Jim down in his hurry.

"Halloo, Frank! What's up?"

Jim was picking up his hat, which Frank had unintentionally knocked off, while Frank wiped the perspiration from his forehead with the cuff of his coat-sleeve.

Frank was nearly out of breath, but he told Jim as quickly as he could what had happened. Jim looked very serious, and said:

"Pete Blink's father will do it, Frank that's sure. He's just that kind of a man. He's as mean as Pete is, and he'll have a pistol shot into poor little *Guess* as certain as Monday is sure to come after Sunday."

"Not much, he won't. I ain't going to give him the chance!"

Frank's eyes were flashing, while his heart beat fast.

"What will you do?"

"Hide my dog!"

"Where?"

"I don't know. Can't you help me, Jim?"

Jim thought a minute. Just then they heard men talking in the alley. The fence was so high and close that the boys could not see the men, and the men could not see the boys, but Frank and Jim heard Pete Blink say:

"Papa, I saw Frank run down this alley with his dog, and I believe he's gone into Jim Rodney's house with it."

Then the policeman knocked on the gate with his club, and called in a rough voice:

"Open up, here!"

Then he listened, but he did not hear anything, because Frank was holding the dog's mouth tight shut so he could not bark, and Jim was whispering:

"Come this way, Frank," and running on his tip-toes, and Frank was running after him as fast as he could run, not making the least bit of noise.

They ran into Mrs. Rodney's sitting-room where Jim's farmer uncle John was just saying good-bye to Jim's mamma—she was his uncle John's sister—and he held a big, empty market-basket in his hand, while his old-fashioned carriage stood at the door. Jim gasped out poor *Guess*'s danger, and said:

"They are at the back gate with a policeman, now, mamma!"

"Give the dog to me, Frank. I'll hide him for you till the danger is over; I'll take good care of him. Put him in here."

There was a twinkle in the farmer's eyes as he lifted the lid of the big market-basket, and Frank slipped his dog into it, as Jim said afterwards, "before you could say 'Jack Robinson';" and the farmer shut down the lid, and strode through the hall, and jumped into his carriage, set the basket between his feet, and taking up the lines he drove down the street as fast as he could, calling "good-

bye" as he went. The boys stood in the hall laughing; Jim's mamma was standing on the front steps, and she saw a policeman coming round the corner with Mr. Blink and Pete. She told the boys, and they took to the heels and ran out the back gate and up the alley to Frank's house.

Mr. Blink was very angry because he could not find *Guess*; but he never knew that Farmer Kingsley had helped Frank hide his dog.

Frank and Jim went down to the farm to spend a week and had many a fine run with *Guess* while there; and in the fall the Blinks moved to another town, and *Guess* was home again playing with the boys just as he used to.—*Central Christian Advocate*.

A LESSON WELL LEARNED.

A poor man on the way home from his day's work, was walking along just ahead of me, with a sack of flour on his shoulder. His little boy was trudging by his side with a beetle swung over his shoulder.

It was a heavy thing to carry, and I heard the little boy say very wearily, "Oh, father, how glad I am that we left the wedges till to-morrow night. This beetle is just all I can carry."

"Do the best you can, my son," said the father. "I know you are tired, and the beetle is heavy, but be patient."

For some time after these words of encouragement, the little fellow was very patient, but the farther he went, the heavier the beetle seemed to grow.

At last he stopped, and lowering it to the ground, said, "Father, I cannot carry it any farther."

"You need not carry it any farther my boy," was the father's reply. "You have done well. Some little boys would have complained in a very short time, but you have done nothing of the kind. You have been patient, and you have nobly strengthened your own power of endurance by what you have done. Now, my darling, I will carry the beetle the rest of the way for you."

How easy and how pleasant the remainder of that walk was to the little boy whose father was carrying the burden for him.

I saw the two—father and child—as they entered the little yard in which their low, vine-covered cottage stood.

Two lessons were learned during the evening walk.

The little boy learned that when he really needed help, his father would help him. He would not shirk. He carried the heavy beetle as far as a little boy ought to carry it, and then he learned the grand lesson of his life: that his father could be depended upon to help him.

I also learned a lesson. I learned that if I bear life's burdens patiently, my heavenly Father, all unseen, will, when the proper time comes, take them and bear them for me.—*Egbert L. Bangs, in The Messenger*.

Three thousand boxes of candy and pieces of clothing were recently distributed to as many poor children in New York city by a youth eighteen years of age. His name is Tells J. D'Apery. He is editor and proprietor of a small paper called *The Sunny Hour*. All the profits of the publication are used to purchase shoes for barefoot children.