

## TO THE DOUBTING ONES.

When a man has to go over a river, though he ride once and again into the water, and come out, saying, "I fear it is too deep for me," yet, considering that there is no other way for him, he resolves to venture. "For," saith he, "the longer I stay the higher the water will rise, and there is no other way for me. I must go through at the last, why not at the first?" And so he ventures through.

Thus it is with you. You say, "Oh, but my heart is not humbled; oh, but I am a great sinner—and how can I venture upon Jesus Christ?" Will thy heart be more humbled by keeping from Jesus Christ? and wilt thou be less a sinner by keeping from Him? No, certainly; the longer you stay from Christ the harder it will be to venture on Him at the last. Wherefore, if there be ever a poor, drooping, doubting, fearing, trembling heart reading these words, know that I do here, in the name of the Lord, call out to you and say, "O soul—man or woman—venture, venture, venture upon Christ now! for you must come to trusting in Him at last; and if at last, why not now?"

Bring all thy hardness, His power can subdue it;  
How full is the promise! the blessing how free!  
"Whatsoever ye ask in My name I will do it,  
Abide in My love, and be joyful in Me,"

## HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

**MOCK TURTLE SOUP.**—Stew a knuckle of veal and two calves' feet for four hours in four quarts of water, to which have added two onions, twelve cloves, twelve peppercorns, and a little salt, some thyme, marjoram, and parsley. The meat should be put on in cold water, and should not be uncovered whilst stewing, as the goodness of the soup by uncovering easily evaporates. When stewed from five to six hours, strain the soup and cut the best part of the meat into nice square-shaped pieces and put it again to the soup. Set it by to cool; when cold take off the fat, make about two dozen forcemeat-balls to put into the soup; before serving add a quarter of a pint of sherry, a tablespoonful of lemon juice, a little ketchup or sauce, and some very small button mushrooms are a great improvement to the soup.

**LARDED PIKE.**—Choose a large fish; when clean lard it over with fresh bacon, put 4 oz. butter into a baking-dish with a little water, lay in the fish, the tail skewered into its mouth; bake in a quick oven; when half done strew fine breadcrumbs over, with pepper and salt; baste occasionally, and when cooked of a delicate brown remove on to a dish; pour caper sauce with a good squeeze of lemon juice added into the baking-dish; mix well with the crusting of the dish, pour over the fish, and serve.

**LOBSTER OUTLETS.**—Pick the meat from the shell and pound it into a mortar with a seasoning of pepper and salt to taste. A hen lobster should be selected, as the spawn improves the appearance of the outlet. 1 oz. butter should be mixed with the lobster while pounding it; when it is beaten to a smooth paste shape it into outlets; wash them over with egg, cover with breadcrumbs, and fry in boiling lard for rather less than ten minutes; drain the outlets before serving; garnish each with a short piece of the small claw of the lobster, arrange them neatly on the dish, and pour bechamel sauce in the middle of the outlets.

**ROAST RIBS OF BEEF.**—Choose a fine rib of beef, bone it, and roll the meat around, secure it with wooden skewers, and if necessary bind it round with a piece of tape; split the beef firmly, and place it near a clear fire; let it remain near until the outside of the meat is set, when draw it to a distance and keep continually basting until the meat is done, which you will know by the steam from it going towards the fire; allow a quarter of an hour to each pound of beef; garnish with scraped horseradish.

**BOILED TURKEY.**—After drawing the turkey,

wash the bird inside, wipe it dry on a towel, and fill the breast with breadcrumb and butter stuffing. If oysters are liked, some persons use them minced finely with the breadcrumbs for the stuffing. In trussing draw the legs into the body, break the breast-bone, and give the bird as round and plump an appearance as possible, tie it in a floured cloth with some slices of lemon on the breast; put it into plenty of warm water, or into as much boiling water as will rise an inch above it, and when it has boiled ten minutes cool it down by the addition of cold water, and then take out a portion of the water, leaving only as much as will keep the bird entirely covered until it is ready for table. Clear off the scum carefully as it rises to the surface, and boil gently for from an hour and a half to two hours according to size. When serving, a good tureen of celery sauce or of white sauce must be sent to table with it.

**BREAD SAUCE.**—Peel one onion and quarter it, simmer it in one pint of milk till perfectly tender, break the bread, which should be stale, into small pieces, carefully picking out any hard outside pieces, put it in a very clean saucepan, strain the milk over it, cover it up, and let it remain for an hour soaking, beat smoothly with a fork, and add a seasoning of cayenne, pounded mace, salt, and 1 oz. butter; serve; a little cream added is a great improvement.

**PLUM PUDDING.**—1½ lb. raisins, 1½ lb. currants, 1 lb. sultanas, 1 lb. moist sugar, 2 lb. breadcrumbs, 2 lb. finely-chopped suet, ½ lb. chopped candied-peel, 1 oz. spice, ½ oz. chopped almonds, sixteen eggs, the juice of one orange, and one lemon. Mix all the dry ingredients well together, moisten with the eggs and two wineglasses of spirits; boil for six hours in a well-buttered mould or basin a day or two before it is to be eaten, and for two hours when it is wanted for use. A spray of holly is put into the top of the pudding; it should be sprinkled over with sifted white sugar.

**MINCE MEAT.**—1½ lb. beef suet, 1½ lb. apples, 1½ lb. raisins, 1½ lb. moist sugar, ½ lb. candied-peel, half a tumbler each of sherry and brandy, the juice and grated rind of two lemons, a pinch of salt, powdered mace, nutmeg and cinnamon to taste; chop the dry ingredients all rather finely, and when well mixed pour on the sherry and brandy.

## "I HAVEN'T FELT MY SINS ENOUGH!"

"I hear people say what an awful load their sins were, and what misery they were in for a long time before they got peace, and I haven't felt all that."

"What, then, do you suppose that helped to save them?"

"Perhaps, not; but I always thought we must feel like that about our sins before we could be saved."

"It is quite true that we must know that we are lost sinners before we can believe in Jesus as our own Saviour, for he is the Saviour of sinners and not of righteous persons; but that is a very different thing from supposing that we must undergo a certain amount of misery about our sins before he can save us. Suppose you and I were asleep in two different rooms in a burning house. You wake up, and finding out your terrible position, you throw up the window and shriek for help, but none seems near."

Every moment your anguish increases and only when you are almost frantic with despair, the fire escape appears and you are rescued. I am still sleeping on, and the first I know of my danger is from the fireman getting in at my window, and calling on me to descend by the 'escape.' Is it necessary for me to wait till I have gone through a like period of agony to yours? No, of course not, I must believe in the reality of the danger, or I will not leave my room; but, if I believe that, and trust myself to the fireman's care, I shall be just as safe as though I had in imagination passed through all the torture of being burned alive. Just so, friend, if you are convinced that you are a lost sinner, you may at once trust in the Lord Jesus, who died for sinners; for years of misery you might feel could not add to his power to save you.

## QUIETNESS IN GOD.

Warmth of imagination, ardor of feeling, acuteness of reasoning, and fluency of expression can do but little. The true agent is a perfect abandonment before God, in which we do everything by the light which he gives, and are content with the success which he bestows. This continual death is a blessed life known to few. A single word uttered from this rest will do more, even in outward affairs, than all our most eager and officious care. It is the Spirit of God that then speaks the word, and it loses none of its force and authority, but enlightens, persuades, moves and edifies. We have accomplished everything, and have scarce said anything.

On the other hand, if left to the excitability of our natural temperament, we talk forever, indulging in a thousand subtle and superfluous reflections; we are constantly afraid of not saying or doing enough; we get angry, excited, exhausted, distracted, and finally make no headway. Your disposition has an especial need of these maxims; they are as necessary for your body as your soul, and your physician and your spiritual adviser should act together.

Let the water flow beneath the bridge; let men be men—that is to say, weak, vain, inconstant, unjust, false and presumptuous; let the world be the world still; you cannot prevent it. Let every one follow his own inclination and habits; you cannot recast them, and the best course is to let them be as they are, and bear with them. Do not think it strange when you witness unreasonableness and injustice; rest in peace in the bosom of God; he sees it all more clearly than you do, and yet permits it. Be content to do quietly and gently what it becomes you to do, and let everything else be to you as though it were not.—*Fenelon.*

## SOMETHING WRONG.

I cannot believe that we can have earnest piety amongst ourselves unless we feel that these blessings which we ourselves possess we must impart to others; and, unless they are like fire in our bones that can set others alight with the same blessed fire—that fire which Christ came to kindle upon earth—I believe that when a Church renounces missionary work, or when a Church is not expanding in the missionary work, there is something fatally wrong in the heart. I am sure that when ancient imperial Rome began to contract its dominions, and to recall its legions and armies from one and another distant land; and, when for instance, she left the Dacian provinces; and when, again, she left England, and could no longer possess it as she had done for centuries, these were signs that she herself was stricken with death at the heart—that the augury was true concerning her.—*Archbishop Trench.*

—A London merchant had a dispute with a Quaker about a bill; the merchant said he would go to law about it; the Quaker tried all means to keep him from doing so. One morning the Quaker resolved to make a last attempt, and he called at the merchant's house, and asked the servant if his master was at home. The merchant heard him and knowing his voice called out from the stairs: "Tell that rascal I am not at home." The Quaker looking up at him, calmly said: "Well, friend, God grant thee a better mind." The merchant was struck with the meekness of the reply; and he looked into the disputed bill, and found that the Quaker was right and he was wrong. He called to see him, and after confessing his error, he said: "I have one question to ask you; how were you able so often to bear my abuse with patience?" "Friend," said the Quaker, "I will tell thee. I had once as bad a temper as thou hast; I knew that to yield to this temper was sinful, and I found that it was unwise. I noticed that men in a passion always spoke loud, and I thought that if I could control my voice I should keep my passion. I have therefore made it a rule never to let my voice rise above a certain key, and by carefully observing this rule I have, by God's help, mastered my temper."