

## HOUSEHOLD.

### Shadows.

In my path a shadow lay,  
Stretched before me long and dark;  
And I feared the next step onward,  
With a heaviness of heart.

And I tripped and stumbled blindly  
Over stones I could not see;  
When a voice of silver sweetness  
Called from overhead to me;

Turn about, O weary traveller,  
Face the sunlight of God's day;  
'Tis yourself that casts the shadow  
That is darkening your way.

Face the light, so shall the shadow  
Lay behind thee—seen no more;  
And the stones o'er which you stumbled  
Shall lead up to heaven's door.'

As I turned to hear the message,  
Slowly moved the shadow, too,  
'Could it be,' I thought, in wonder,  
'That the angel voice spake true?'

Yes, 'twas self that cast the shadow,  
I have proved it many a time;  
For I'm facing God's bright sunlight,  
And the shadows lay behind.  
—From 'Smile and Sing,' by Annie Marie Bliss.

### Don't Fret.

When I see a woman, with that beautiful countenance which has won the heart of her husband darkened by a frown, constantly fretting and making all about her uncomfortable because there will be 'dirt somewhere; the maid-servant is slow, and doesn't understand her business; baby is cross, always crossest when much is to be done; husband is unreasonable, didn't want me to do anything before marriage, expects more of me now than I can do;' and so on, I am tempted to exclaim, 'Hush, dear woman, these useless, sinful repinings! examine yourself; perchance the blame lies at your own door after all. There is a talisman possessing a magic charm that will scatter all these evils. It is cheerfulness. The maid-servant is quickened and improved by kind, encouraging words. The very cast of your countenance, the tones of your voice, are forming the temperament of that little one. Then let your husband see that instead of a termagant and a fretter, his wife is gentle, kind, uncomplaining, self-denying, shedding peace and happiness around his hearth, and brightening his home by the sunlight of her smiles. A man of sense is not slow in discovering the gentler virtues of his wife. The secret of her influence over him lies here. It is the mystic tie binding him to her, that aught of earth, nor death itself has power to sever.

### Be Careful How You Idealize.

Who of us has no faults? Not one! Most of us have many.

We all know this. Yet the most curious thing in the world is the way we go on idealizing frail human creatures exactly like ourselves.

We centre our affections upon someone. Instantly that person becomes endowed with a mysterious glamor.

It is a very unreal glamor. They are probably not one whit more nearly perfect than ourselves. It is like a soft, rose-colored light, bathing everything in the room with beauty. But the wrinkles and the defects are there, just the same, and it is only due to the unreal light that we don't see them.

Of the ordinary man or woman whom we love we expect, somehow, the deportment of an angel. When the angel descends to an extremely earthly grade of conduct we are bitterly grieved and disappointed. We take it as a personal offence against our devotion.

We weep and wring our hands, and cry,

'Alas! And I thought her—or him—perfect! How I have been deceived!'

Now, the truth is, we haven't been deceived at all. We have wilfully pulled the wool over our own eyes.

If we choose to make gods out of clay, and our idols crumble to pieces, it is our own fault.

What business have we to expect the manners and morals of an ethereal being from a mere flesh and blood creature like ourselves?

Ten thousand times more sensible is it to recognize such plain facts as these:

That there is no living man or woman who is not hampered by many faults and weaknesses. Even the greatest are not exempt.

That these faults and weaknesses are more or less apparent, but more so the closer you come to the person and the more you see of him.

That the great thing is to recognize these as mere side issues; hindrances, indeed, but not the whole character. If the character is lovable, love it in spite of its faults. Don't be so blind as to suppose it has none.

Idealization is for some purposes a beautiful thing. But it is responsible for much misery and heartache in the world.

It is wiser and better to see human nature just as it is—weak and faulty, but always climbing up; and so always worthy of love and faith in spite of its errors.—'Evening Bulletin.'

### Selected Recipes.

**APPLE TAPIOCA.**—In making apple tapioca pour six cups of boiling water over one cup of tapioca and cook until clear. Then add six cups of peeled and quartered apples. Add also a cup of sugar, a little lemon peel or nutmeg, and one teaspoonful of salt. Stir all together and bake in an earthen pudding dish in a slow oven. Serve cold with cream.

**CABBAGE SALAD.**—Shave enough cabbage fine to measure one quart, and let it stand in slightly salted water for two hours. Drain and add two cups of celery cut fine. For the dressing mix one-half level teaspoon each of salt, mustard, and sugar, and a speck of cayenne, and one egg, and beat well, then add slowly, drop by drop, one-quarter cup of melted butter, and when about half of the butter is added put in two tablespoons of vinegar. Beat until smooth, then add two tablespoons of cream. Mix lightly with the cabbage and celery and serve at once.—'Inter Ocean.'

### Religious Notes.

The Rev. Horace Underwood, missionary in Korea, writes, 'A native doctor came from a mountain village into the capital to buy medicine. At his request I gave him an introduction to the doctor in Seoul, and told him he could stay in my quarters. Thinking to repay this obligation, he bought from me the four Gospels and the Acts, and when he reached home he put them on his shelf. Later on, another heathen doctor inquired of Dr. Kim what the package contained. He explained, and offered the books to him. So old Dr. Cho took the Scriptures and read them in his own home. As he did so, the power of God entered his heart, and he became a Christian. Then he sent round to the neighbors, saying, "I have here a wonderful Book, that tells a man how he can get rid of his sins." He gathered his neighbors in, and they talked together on the subject. Then they subscribed money and sent to Seoul, saying, "We want one of your missionaries to come down and teach us." There was no one to go. At last I went, and found the people gathered together. They told me what in the scriptures they had understood very well, and what was puzzling to them. I explained the difficulties, and found that repentance toward God and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ had already been exercised by them, and therefore I administered the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. As we gathered for the first time round the table and

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passed around the emblems of our Lord's broken body and poured-out blood, those stolid Koreans burst out sobbing and crying as they had thus brought before them the sacrifice of Christ.'

Of the estimated 200 millions of Mohammedans, 5 are in Europe, 60 in Africa, and 135 in Asia; 18 millions are under Turkish rule, 26 under other Moslem rulers, 32 under heathen rulers, and 124 under Christian rule or protection. Over 60 millions speak Indian languages—Urdu, Bengali, Pushtu, Gujerati, etc.; 45 Arabic, 28 Hausa and African languages, 20 Chinese, 15 Malayan, 13 Slavonic, 9 Persian, and 8 Turkish. Nearly every important city in the Moslem world of over 100,000 population is a centre of missionary effort by printing press, hospital, school, or college.

The general conference of missionaries to Moslem lands, held recently in Cairo, was the second of such gatherings to be held. Between sixty and seventy missionaries were present, representing twenty-seven societies, and the meetings were held in a private house in order to attract as little attention as possible. The proceedings of the conference will be published in book form, and all those interested in this most difficult work will find the volume a valuable one.

A purely native Christian Missionary Society has been formed in India. This is a sign of progress that will be widely welcomed, especially since the new organization appears to be a thing of quite natural growth and not to have sprung up as a protest against any of the foreign societies.

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