

A Prayer

Jesu, let me never be
Severed from Thy company;
None such peace or comfort gives,
Truly then my spirit lives.

When fell off acquaintance old,
And life looked so gray and cold
That mine eyes with tears grew blind,
Thou did'st whisper, "Never mind."

So it was when one most dear
Lay before me on his bier,
I could scarcely bear the pain
Till Thou spake'st to me again.

Then whatever be my lot,
All its hurts shall be forgot
If Thou ne'er will let me be
Severed from Thy company.

F. D. J.

A Dream of the Ages.

The recent and sudden growth of the Jewish population in Palestine is hailed in many quarters as the beginning of the realization of the dream of centuries, the first practical step toward the restoration of the Jews to their ancient lands. The movement has undoubtedly assumed surprising strength. It is now estimated that in the past seven years over 100,000 Jews have entered Palestine from other countries, and the number is increasing at a rapid rate yearly. The idea of a reconquest of Palestine and the re-establishment of a Jewish Kingdom in Jerusalem has been held to by the race through long centuries of persecution. It was promised by their prophets, and, like other prophecies, it tends to its own fulfilment. The social and political treatment to which the race has been subjected has doubtless fixed it only more firmly in their belief, and spurred the hope into action at the first opportunity.

Sentiment is a powerful factor in life, yet it is not probable that the movement now in progress is going to result in the settlement of the bulk of the Jewish race on the soil of their forefathers. The hundred thousand Jews may multiply to a million by immigration, and Jewish wealth and enterprise may break down the barriers raised by a jealous and despotic government, overcome the difficulties set by nature, and make Palestine and Syria a strong Jewish community. But there are something over 7,000,000 Jews in the world. There are nearly 500,000 in the United States. In most of the civilized lands they hold wealth and power, and in many they are assimilated in thought and custom to the people among whom they live. It is not to be supposed that the race instinct will be strong enough to call the Jews from the comfort they enjoy in America and England, for instance, to take their place in the regeneration of Palestine. The Jew who is despised and mobbed and robbed in Russia and Austria, and other lands where prejudice rules, may long to get back to the home of his fathers, and will go there when means are provided. But it is not to be expected that the men who join the colonization scheme from America and Western Europe will form more than a small body of enthusiasts.

A Reading Idea for Invalids.

To make an envelope library take ten envelopes and put either a short story, an essay or illustrated article in each, writes Rose Crosby in an article describing an envelope library in the September *Ladies' Home Journal*. Lay the envelopes lengthwise before you, and rule off a space at the top in which to write the words "Envelope Library No. I," "Envelope Library No. II," and so on through the series of ten. Rule off a space at the bottom in which to write the name of the story or article and the author's name.

When the envelopes are filled tie the ten together with a dainty ribbon, and send them where they will do the most good.

For use in hospitals these dainty packages of stories have proved very satisfactory. Weary convalescents, and especially those never visited by friends, are not only pleased with the gift, but are relieved from the fatigue that accompanies the holding of a heavy book or magazine.

"The Song in the Night."

BREATHING PEACE AND HOPE, AND TRUST AND PERFECT
SUBMISSION.

God sees that it is well for us to be small and weak; to lie prone before the mighty forces we cannot measure, the mystery we cannot fathom; to stand stretching pleading hands across the border that meet no answering human touches. He would bring us to know that we can only live in and by Him. There, prone with our faces in the dust, the weight of desolation on the heart, He sends us the impulse of the song in the night. We feel its throbbing in the air. It is all around us. Thus we compose our own little threnody, our own little elegy, poor clumsy thing, perhaps, as a work of art, but vital because it lives in us as a part of life, weaves into itself all colours of experience, all tender words, all generous thought and deed, all memory of meetings and partings, of fallings-out and reconciliations, all regrets and desolate, lonely times. A thousand little forgotten things come up to enrich our threnody—a thousand unimportant memories, foolish to others, sacred to ourselves, giving comfort unconsciously, like the wandering touches of baby hands. Our little night song is for no human ear. It is for one with God. What a vain thing it would seem if held up to the critical light of day! how irrational and poor! If parts of it make us weep bitter tears because of the scant box of spikenard we have broken on the feet of Love, they are the parts of our dark-hour song we can least afford to miss. Pain for the deed undone, the word unspoken, the thought unhallowed, may help us to a tender thoughtfulness in the future.

The shock of death ever and anon brings us back to the only ground of reality, to a sense of the flux of all human conditions, the incessant change that converts solidest seeming things into mist wreath and dewdrop, into fitting cloud shadow and withering herb. But the song is eternal, one with consciousness. It lives in us while memory holds its seat—the sweet, sad song made in the night of our desolation; the nightingale strain we first heard pulsing through the dark hours of hopeless grief. In the place of our sorrow lives at last the thrilling song sent to us as an earnest of the permanency of love, the hope of future meeting somewhere in God's boundless universe. It holds in itself the essence of promise in place of possession, the essence of those words, "Peace! be still!" Stop your raving and your resistance, poor bruised heart! Just rest on the Divine arm, be guided by the Divine hand. And of those other words, it holds the meaning and the essence—"Thy will be done!" It fills the void in the soul with birdlike flutterings of hope and promise. It croons to us when we pine for the touch of the vanished hand, the dear lost presence of friend and housemate. All of immortality is pulsing in this song of the night, when faith spreads her wings and rises like the meadow lark into heaven; and then as grief is ever more and more sublimated, the throbbings of the song become constant in us, and we are soothed to rest, and weep no more with that desolating sense of loss and loneliness. But we can never convey this little song to another; each must hear it for himself. We can never explain nor prove its truth to the sceptical or unbelieving. It cannot be reduced to syllogisms, or worked out to a logical conclusion. We can only hint of it vaguely to those who have had a like experience. There are people who would think it all moonshine and nonsense. We are very sorry for them, but we cannot help them. We can only pray that in some dark hour they, too, may hear its throbbing melody—the little song whose substance is faith, whose refrain is assurance of the Divine competency and goodness. They must be broken on the wheel of loss, their pride of life and self-importance destroyed by blows of the mysterious powers above us, before the song will come to them, breathing peace and hope and trust and perfect submission.

Scrofula humors and all diseases caused or promoted by impure blood or low state of the system, are cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

President Cleveland's

Brother, the Rev. Wm. N. Cleveland, certifies to Mr. John D. Rose's sickness and cure. Mr. Rose's statement is as follows:—I, the undersigned, feel constrained to bear testimony to the value of your remedy for Dyspepsia. Last summer my stomach failed so entirely that I was unable for weeks to digest any food except an occasional cracker; meanwhile, I was reduced to a skeleton, and became so weak as to be unable to walk without staggering. Having seen in a Toronto paper your remedy advertised, I procured, through my sister, a bottle of your medicine. Upon trying it I at once began to mend, and in a short time entirely regained my health, gaining in eight days 13 lbs. To-day I am well and hearty, which blessing, under God, I owe (as I think) to your medicine, K.D.C.

Yours truly,
Chaumont, New York.

JOHN D. ROSE.

Hints to Housekeepers.

STEWED CELERY.—In preparing celery for the table, reserve the outer stalks, not sufficiently blanched, to be eaten raw. Clean them thoroughly, and cut them into pieces half an inch long. Stew these pieces in water until quite tender. Drain off the water, add butter, a little flour, and sufficient milk to make a sauce to cover the celery, besides salt and pepper. Heat up to boiling and serve. We should not be surprised if, after one trial of this, the entire heads of celery should be treated in the same manner.

GREEN TOMATO CATSUP.—One peck of green tomatoes, one dozen large onions, one-half pint of salt. Slice, add salt, and let stand twenty-four hours. Drain and mix with tomatoes one-half pound of mustard seed, one tablespoonful allspice, one ounce each of cloves, ground mustard, ground ginger, pepper, celery seed and one-fourth pound of brown sugar. Cover with vinegar, boil two hours and bottle hot.

The clergy have tested K.D.C. and pronounce it the best.

CARROTS.—It is strange that carrots are so little used in this country as a table vegetable. Cooked in the following manner, they are always welcome upon the table. The roots are first scraped, then cut cross-wise into slices, about a quarter of an inch thick, the slices are then cut across to form small pieces or dice, which are then stewed in water until tender. A sauce is then made by adding salt, butter, flour and milk, sufficient to cover the pieces of carrot. A very slight addition of cayenne gives the sauce a piquancy acceptable to most persons. If those who have never tried carrots treated in this manner, should do so, they will be very apt to repeat it.

TOOTHsome ALMOND COOKIES.—One-half pound of butter, one-half pound of sugar, one and one-quarter pounds of flour, five beaten eggs, one heaping teaspoonful of baking powder; flavour with almond extract. Mix to a smooth dough. Roll it a quarter of an inch in thickness. Brush with the beaten white of an egg, and sprinkle with fine sugar. Cut with a cake cutter into hearts and diamonds, or make simple rounds with the lid of the dredging-box. Bake in a quick oven.

RUTH'S PUDDING.—One quart of plums, blue or red, and three-quarters of a cup of tapioca, each boiled separately, a slice of buttered toast, cut finely; add all together. Place in pudding-dish in oven ten minutes. Eat with whipped cream flavoured with vanilla.

For Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum, Cramps, Colic, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, and Summer Complaint, Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is a prompt, safe and sure cure that has been a popular favourite for over 40 years.

Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry cures Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Cramps, Colic, Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum, and all looseness of the bowels. Never travel without it. Price 25c.

Dear Sirs,—I have used Yellow Oil for two or three years, and think it has no equal for croup. Mrs. J. S. O'BRIEN, Huntsville, Ont.