

The Pulpit.

It is but a village pulpit.

It has stood where it stands for years,
And footsteps that now are silent
Have trodden these oaken stairs;
But at last they have reached a region
Where the preacher's voice is hushed,
Where stilled is all passionate pleading,
And the eloquent lips are dust.

It has rung with the soaring echoes
Of a voice that is far away,
And those panels have thrilled with the music
Of a tongue that is turned to clay.
But the thoughts which were brave and kindly,
And the flash of the fearless eye,
Like the love of the Christ-like spirit,
Are things that can hardly die.

It may be some words were homely,
But they flowed from a true brave heart,
Which could throb with a brother's gladness,
Or ache with a sister's smart.
If they knew not the pointless phrases
Of a school that was Low or High,
Yet they taught of the God who loved us,
And they branded a lie, a lie.

There's many a toil-worn peasant,
When the work of the week is done,
Who will gaze at this old oak pulpit,
And sigh for a face that's gone—
For a voice that rang out like silver,
For the locks like the silver too,
For the eyes which were calm and kindly
With the light that was shining through.

It is but a village pulpit,
It has stood where it stands for years,
But some as they gaze upon it,
See dimly through mists of tears,
As they long for the pleading music
Of a voice that is far away;
For the seed that was sown in weakness
Lives on in some hearts to-day.

Longing for the Light.

Archdeacon Wolf of Foo-Chow, China, has baptized an aged Chinaman, who had been up to the age of thirty a devout worshipper of idols. Then, convinced of their worthlessness, he ceased to pray, but was in an agony of desire to find out some worthy object of adoration. After trying in turn the rising sun, the moon, and the stars, he at length simply cried for the true God. Hearing the Gospel for the first time in his old age, he at once believed with all his heart. "Now," he said, "I can die in peace; I have found a Saviour." There are no doubt many in the heathen world, who while living in darkness, are longing for the Light, and while conscious of sin, are longing for the knowledge of a Saviour. Surely we should hasten to supply this knowledge.

Waiting for Results.

Perhaps the severest strain is put upon our faith by what we consider the provoking delays on the part of God. We work for results, expect results, and yet the results do not come. What pastor, what Sunday-school teacher, what praying parent has not had his or her faith sorely tried in this way over and over again? The trouble is that we imagine that we can command the results, when we are no more responsible for them than a diligent farmer is for next week's weather. He that observeth the clouds shall not sow, and he that regardeth the wind shall not reap. For what we entrust to God, you and I are not responsible. *He is our trustee.* It is not my "look-out," but His, whether my honest endeavors succeed or be baffled. Peter was not responsible for the number of sick people he should restore at Lydda, or of the dead he should raise at Joppa, or of the converts he should win at Caesarea. All that we are responsible for is unwearied, conscientious discharge of duty to its very utmost; everything beyond that belongs to God. If He can wait for results, we can. I often think of the somewhat blunt, but honest answer of the old nurse to the impatient mother, who said to her, "Your medicine don't seem to make my dear child any better." The nurse replied: "Yes it will; don't you worry. You just trust God; *He is tedious, but He's sure.*" This simple-hearted old body blurted out in her honest way

what we ministers often feel, though we should hardly dare phrase it as she did.

The pull at the oar of duty is often a long and tedious one. The flesh grows weary, and the spirit faints when the waves smite the bow and hinder our headway. Impatient and discouraged, we sometimes threaten to throw down the oars and "let her drift." But the voice of the Divine helmsman utters the kind but strong rebuke, "O ye of little faith, wherefore do ye doubt?" And, before we are aware, the bow strikes the strand, and we are at the very land whither the blessed Pilot was guiding us.—*Dr. L. L. Cuyler.*

A Noteworthy Event.

An event deserving wide consideration recently occurred in the capital city of Japan. It was the funeral of a native Christian lady, Mrs. Katsura, the wife of Lieutenant-General Katsura, the vice-minister of war. It is said that over 2,000 persons were in attendance, among whom were three cabinet ministers, a very large delegation of army officers of all ranks, and a number of foreign diplomatic officials. A large military band was detailed to furnish voluntaries before and after the services, though the music for the service proper was by the church choir.

A sermon was delivered by a native minister, the Rev. Paul Kanamon. Writing concerning the sermon and the congregation, a missionary says: "The sermon was devoted to setting forth the Christian's hope of a blessed immortality through faith in and obedience to Christ, and it was listened to with marked attention. Never before in Japan has a Christian preacher addressed such an audience, and some of those present were deeply moved as they remembered that less than eighteen years before, a man affiliated with the same branch of Christ's Kingdom died in prison in Kyoto, a martyr to his faith; while now the highest officials of the realm, with uncovered heads, respectfully listen to Christian preaching, and outwardly, at least, share in Christian worship; and the sincerity of the new toleration is emphasized by the presence of the band, under military orders, to aid in the service."

Noble and Hopeful Work.

The work in zenanas and schools among the women and girls of India, China and Japan is one of the noblest and most hopeful of Christian enterprises. Before it was begun in India, education was regarded as unbecoming the modesty of women; but now there is a national movement in favour of female education, and the old heathen institutions of the country are being undermined, for the ignorant and degraded women were the great supporters of them. Some of the highest honours in the Indian universities have been won by native Christian ladies.

The Rev. J. Sadler writes from Amoy, China, that mighty changes have taken place in that city in the treatment of women since female mission work was begun, and that "Chinese women have been found to be splendidly responsive to Christian effort." A native Christian woman had gone over sea and land with a heart yearning for her profligate son, and had perished in the attempt. Another had kept her vow to dedicate property to God on her wandering son being brought home. Native Christian women are now engaged in all kinds of Christian work, and their influence is great in raising and saving their sisters. There are now in Amoy an anti-infanticide society, an anti-foot-crushing league, and a movement against child-selling.

Hints to Housekeepers.

OATMEAL BREAD.—One-half pint of oatmeal, one and one-half pint of flour, one-half teaspoonful of salt, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, three-fourths of a pint of milk; boil the oatmeal one hour in one and one-half pint salted water, add the milk and set aside to cool; then add the flour, salt and powder, mix smoothly and bake in a well-greased tin, nearly one hour; protect with paper about twenty minutes.

OATMEAL GRUEL FOR INVALIDS.—One tablespoonful of fine oatmeal, mixed with water to a smooth paste. Pour into a pint of boiling water, and boil twenty or thirty minutes, stirring often; salt, and add spice and wine if allowed.

EDITORIAL EVIDENCE.—*Gentlemen.*—Your Haggard's Yellow Oil is worth its weight in gold for both internal and external use. During the late La Grippe epidemic we found it a most excellent preventive, and for sprained limbs, etc., there is nothing to equal it. W. PEMBERTON, Editor *Delhi Reporter*.

ANOTHER RECIPE FOR GRUEL.—One quart of boiling water, one-half cup of oatmeal. Salt to taste, and, if you like, sugar and nutmeg. Wet the oatmeal, and stir into the boiling water. Boil slowly half an hour, stirring well. Thin with milk and strain if desired. Always look over oatmeal to get out the black specks, and rinse in cold water.

OATMEAL PUDDING.—Two cupfuls apple sauce, one-half cup of oatmeal, three eggs, one cupful of sugar, one and one-half pint of milk; flavour to taste. Boil the oatmeal in milk one-half hour, add the sugar, apple-sauce, beaten eggs and flavouring; pour into a well-buttered pudding dish, and bake one-half hour in a moderate oven.

A NATURAL FILTER.—The liver acts as a filter to remove impurities of the blood. To keep it in perfect working order use B.B.B., the great liver regulator.

I used two bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters for liver complaint, and can clearly say I am a well woman to-day. MRS. C. P. WILEY, Upper Otnabog, N.B.

OATMEAL PUDDING.—Mix two ounces of fine Scotch oatmeal in a quarter of a pint of milk; add to it a pint of boiling milk; sweeten to taste, and stir over the fire for ten minutes; then put into two ounces of sifted bread-crumbs, stir until the mixture is stiff, then add one ounce of shred suet, and one or two well-beaten eggs. Flavour with lemon or nutmeg, put in a buttered dish and bake slowly for an hour.

COSMETIC.—Oatmeal for the face and hands wet with water soon sours, but prepared in the following way will keep good any length of time: Take three cupfuls of oatmeal and five of water (or less quantity in the same proportion); stir well, let it stand over night in a cool place; in the morning stir again, after awhile stir thoroughly, and strain; let it stand until it settles, then carefully pour off the water, and add enough bay-rum to make the sediment about as thick as cream, or thinner if liked. Apply to the face with a soft cloth, let it remain until nearly dry; then rub briskly with a soft flannel. Shake well before using.

STANLEY BOOKS.—Stanley books are now as common as coughs and colds. To get rid of the latter use Haggard's Pectoral Balsam, the best Canadian cough cure for children or adults. It cures by its soothing, healing and expectorant properties, every form of throat and lung trouble, pulmonary complaints, etc.

OATMEAL MUFFINS.—Two cupfuls of sour milk, one teaspoonful of soda, two teaspoonfuls of white sugar, a little salt, and oatmeal flour to make a moderately stiff batter. Add the soda to the milk and beat a few minutes before adding the other ingredients. Bake in hot, well-greased gem pans.

CONSUMPTION CURED.—An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N.Y.