

Madeline's Message.

It would not have seemed so terrible, Madeline's friends told each other, if only Madeline had not from a child so exulted in the mere joy of motion. But to think of Madeline—Madeline—robbed in one cruel moment of all that eager, abounding life, and condemned for whatever years were left to her to an invalid's couch and constant suffering!

If, they said to each other, with choking voices, if only she had died and never known! But she had to know, and very soon. When, broken-hearted, her mother answered her questions, the girl asked to be left alone a while 'to think it out.' And the mother, knowing that it must be, closed the door and left her alone—in her wilderness.

The struggle lasted for days, while the mother waited and suffered with her. In those days Madeline went over and over it all—her happy past, the merry walk from school that windy afternoon, the sudden blow from a falling branch—and then the strange, dark world of imprisonment and pain. She would see no one those days, not even the old minister, who had loved her all her life.

'Tell him I've got to fight it out alone,' she said. 'He'll understand.'

He did understand—they all did. And at last one morning Madeline drew her mother's face down to hers.

'It's all right, dear,' she said. 'Tell the girls I want them to come—everybody. Tell them they needn't think they can leave me out—I won't be left.'

Everybody came eagerly, for Madeline's sake first; and very soon they were coming for their own. Madeline's room to all the 'old crowd,' and to others, who one by one found their way in, became the place where everyone turned instinctively with joy or hope or sorrow. And true to her word, Madeline did not let herself be 'left out.' She learned every kind of light and pretty work that weak hands could do; she kept up with all the new books, the latest interests, even the fashions. More than one pretty gown was planned in Madeline's room.

'You may go to parties,' she would laugh, 'but parties come to me all the time.'

In those twelve years that Madeline waited in her prison, she seldom, as the girls said, 'talked religion,' but soon after she knew what life was to be to her she had had a motto illuminated and hung at the foot of her bed. It was the old command to a people entering a strange land—'Be strong and of good courage, for the Lord thy God is with thee.'

Madeline's eyes so often rested upon this as she talked that her friends began to notice it. And then they remembered that from the day Madeline's doors had opened to them no one had ever heard her complain.

But it was not until Madeline had gone that they understood what she had done for them. Rose Kenton began it by telling of the time when she was discouraged over her failure as a nurse.

'Madeline didn't pity me,' she said. 'She only said, "Dear, there's always something left. One can always be brave, and—one doesn't have to be brave alone." And when I thought of her and of her motto, I tell you, girls, I had to brace up. I'd have been ashamed to speak to her again if I hadn't.'

Other experiences followed. One knew how

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George Alvord had gone to Madeline when Edith Marlow broke her engagement with him; another knew of one who had gone in the deep failure of sin, and many there were who had sought her in the loneliness death had made. To all her message had been the same—One can always be brave—and one doesn't have to be brave alone.

So, having fought her fight and strengthened uncounted hearts, Madeline had passed into the light.—Christian Age.

Selected Recipes.

HOT GINGERBREAD.—Stir about a cupful of butter and two tablespoonfuls of sugar together, rub it into two cupfuls of flour, and a cupful of molasses and the yolk of one egg; beat well and add a cupful of boiling water, a teaspoonful of ginger and one of soda dissolved in a few drops of boiling water. Bake in a biscuit pan in a thick sheet.

APPLE TAPIOCA.—Soak one cup of tapioca in three cups of warm water for hours. Pare and remove cores from six or eight apples that will cook easily. Place in pudding dish that has been well buttered, and put sugar and a sprinkling of cinnamon in each apple. Mix the tapioca and pour over apples. Bake slowly until apples are soft. Eat with sweetened cream.

SALTED ALMONDS.—Shell the almonds, put them in a bowl and pour boiling water over them. Let stand for ten minutes, then try one or two and if the skins slip off easily drain off the hot water and cover with cold. Pressure on the nuts, or pulling at one end of the skin, will make the latter slip off like a glove. Spread out on a dish and stand in a warm place until dry. If not thoroughly dry they will not be crisp when salted. To one-half pint of the nuts allow one teaspoonful of olive oil or melted butter. Pour this over them, turning them well through with a spoon that each nut may receive its share of the oil. Then spread in a single layer on a shallow pan and place in a moderate oven until they are very faintly colored. Take out at once, dust thickly with fine salt, and when cold shake lightly to remove any extra quality.—Table Talk.

Religious Notes.

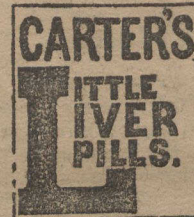
A spirit worthy of emulation is manifested in Tshing Tan, China, where it is reported that the people have been contributing their poor little bits of jewellery to the native pastors, praying them to open schools where the older women and girls who have not learned to read may go and learn, and then go home and help those in their homes who also do not know how to read. One native pastor received thirty-nine ear-rings, fourteen finger rings, three silver hair pins and two pipes. There was almost a peck collected. It is all the poor women have, and they gave it for a purpose.—The 'American Messenger.'

The tree in Africa under which David Livingstone's heart was buried recently showed signs of decay, and was cut down and replaced by a monument in honor of the heroic missionary. The wood of the old tree was cut up into blocks, and at great trouble and expense shipped to Scotland, where it will be disposed of, the amount derived from it to be devoted to mission extension in Africa. Thus Livingstone, though dead these many years, is still working for the Africa he loved so dearly.

The Madras, India, Y. M. C. A. has thirty-nine Bible classes with over 300 men enrolled. These are Mohammedans, Hindoos, Indians, Europeans, and Eurasians, and from boyhood to middle-aged men. Only twelve of these meetings are held in the Association building; the rest are in boarding houses and schools.

What is said to be the largest Sunday school in the world is at Stockport, England. It has recently celebrated its one-hundredth anniversary upon its present site. In 1812 a peculiar institution known as 'Walking Day' was organized, which is something in the nature of a Sunday-school parade, held every year on the anniversary. One teacher was present who had not missed a 'Walking Day' in fifty years.

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The oldest scholar in the line was eighty-six years of age, and the youngest was a babe in arms. They have raised \$25,000 which is to be used toward a new building. There are five hundred teachers in the school.—Sel.

The 'Missionary Review' tells of a new form of collection adopted by Korean Christians. The offering is the pledge of a certain number of days to be devoted to evangelization. Both men and women contribute. In one Christian congregation of a few hundred attendants over thirteen days were offered for such work. One man gave thirty days and others gave a week's or two or three days' time, as they could spare. By the terms each one who contributes is to go a distance from home, to some wholly heathen locality, and to spend the full period of the designated time in preaching the gospel to those who have never heard it. Without any other aid than that of passive encouragement from the missionary force, this movement has come to be one of mighty power among the churches, and already eight or ten thousand days have been pledged and most of them worked out faithfully. Aren't there many Christians in the home churches who might make like offerings, redeeming their pledges by work in needy countries not very far from their own homes?

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