

World of Missions.

A Little Close-Home Story from the Siege of Peking.

One evening, soon after the burial of little Elizabeth Inglis, her mother's heart was moved at finding that fresh flowers had been laid upon the grave by an unknown hand, as well as a cross of life like forget-me-nots made from delicately tinted porcelain, and a broad white ribbon, inscribed: "Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven. He shall gather the lambs in his arms and carry them in his bosom."

Upon inquiry it was learned that, about daylight, the English Hospital orderly, young Mr. F., had been seen arranging the wreath. Asked if he were making it for one of the English soldiers, "No," he replied, "I am making this for Dr. Inglis' baby; not only because I feel sorry for them, but because my own little baby was born and has died in the eighteen months since I was home in England. It was our first, so I am doing this for its sake."

The same week Mrs. Inglis was approached by two British marines of "the better sort." They lifted their caps, and one said, stammering and blushing: "Madam, if you will permit us, we would like very much to keep your baby's grave in order. We will brick it around, whiten the bricks, and keep the ground level. We used to see your baby near the Bell Tower. He were a happy little chap—weren't he?"

"He called her a boy, but a soldier cannot be expected to know the identity of a baby," writes Mrs. Inglis. No wonder that these incidents deeply touched her heart, and, as she says, she "could hardly utter" her thanks to the fresh-faced English lad who had the father-heart, though he could never see his child.

Of the thoughtfulness of Lady MacDonald and her sister, Miss Armstrong, Mrs. Inglis makes grateful acknowledgment: "We never received so much kindness from any one. We were given cradle, carriage, mosquito netting, distilled and mineral water, daily, and Lady MacDonald even took her own little three-year-old Stella off from cow's milk to let our baby try it for a change. I shall never forget that morning that baby died, when Lady MacDonald came with tears in her eyes, and said: 'I know what it means to lose a child, for I lost two within four days. How a common grief opens our hearts to that Christ-like sympathy that makes the whole world kin.'—Womans work for Women.

Rev. Geo. A. Sutherland, our missionary to Demarara, reports that after spending three or four weeks studying mission work in Trinidad, he reached Demarara 29 Dec., just in time to take up his work with the New Year and Century. "If I do my share of the work here, I will have some 40,000 people under my charge, with over 1,000 immigrants to receive every year.

The American Presbyterian hospital at Chiang Mai was over-flowing last summer, so a carpenter's work-bench was roofed over with thatch where it stood, under a tree in the compound, and one more suffering heathen was accommodated.

One hour alone with God is better than a thousand in the habitations of the foolish.

Home and Health Hints.

Try breathing the fumes of turpentine to relieve whooping-cough.

Parlor ivy (*Senecio scandens*) is a satisfactory vine for a window plant in winter. It does not object to a dwelling room, and as it grows fast and has nice green foliage it is hard to beat.

Fruit Cake.—One cup brown sugar, half a cup of butter, half cup of sour milk, half cup molasses, half cup strong coffee, 3 eggs, 1 even tablespoonful each of soda, cloves, nutmeg and cinnamon, 1 cup seeded raisins, flour to make rather a stiff batter.

With Baked Rice.—Cover bottom of well-buttered pudding dish with a layer of cooked rice. Add seasoning and bits of butter, a layer of chopped tomatoes next of rice and so on. Cover the top with grated bread crumbs and bits of butter, bake half hour in hot oven. Serve hot.

For a new dessert try the following, called nut cream: Take a pint of hazel or hickory nut of almond kernels, pour over them boiling water, rub the skins off with a coarse towel, and pound to a paste with a little white of an egg. Make a custard of half a pint of milk, the yolks of two eggs and half a teacup of sugar. Set over the fire until boiling; take off; when cool add a teaspoonful of gelatine dissolved in warm water. Stir in the nut paste. Mix well. Whip half a pint of thick cream, add to the mixture, turn into a mold, and set on ice till firm.

Lemon Puff.—Beat the yolks of four eggs smooth with two tablespoons of granulated sugar. Then stir in the juice and grated yellow rind of a large lemon, add two tablespoons of boiling water and cook in double boiler until like thick cream, stirring occasionally. Beat the whites stiff, then beat into them two tablespoons of granulated sugar. When very stiff it is to be beaten into the yellow mixture while the latter is hot, which cooks it enough that the whites do not fall. This looks like a yellow puff ball, is not hard to make, and very good; a nice dessert.

Beef Fritters. When nice slices of beef can be cut from cold beef, fritters may be made. Cut as many slices as you wish, about three inches long and one-half as wide. Sprinkle a little pepper and salt and squeeze a half teaspoonful of lemon juice over each. Make a batter by beating two eggs light, with half a cup of milk and half a cup of flour prepared with baking powder and salt. Dip each slice of beef into the batter and then fry to a golden brown in hot fat. Serve these fritters on a hot dish, garnished with parsley. All dishes of this class can be cooked better if a frying basket is used.

Creem of Tomato Soup.—To one pint can of tomatoes add one slice of onion and one sprig of parsley, stew half an hour, press through a soup strainer and return to the fire. Bring one quart of milk to the scalding point; rub two teaspoonfuls of butter and two of flour together until smooth; add a little of the hot milk and stir until the lumps are smooth, then stir this mixture into the milk and cook, stirring constantly, until it thickens to a cream. Add one teaspoonful each of sugar and salt to the tomato, then one-half teaspoonful of soda dissolved in boiling water. When ready to serve, pour the tomato into a hot tureen and gradually add the prepared milk, stirring briskly. The soup must never be heated after the milk is added, or it will curdle.

Doctors Baffled.

A Case of Sciatica Which Refused to Yield to Their Treatment.

The Patient Spent Nearly Three Months in a Hospital without Getting Relief—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Restored Him to Health and Strength.

For upwards of a quarter of a century, Mr. Geo. McLean has been a resident of the town of Thorold. He is foreman in the lumber yards of McCleary & McLean, and is known not only to the citizens of the town, but by most of the inhabitants of the adjoining region as well. Many of Mr. McLean's friends know that he was afflicted with a severe type of sciatica, and know also that he has been released from the pangs of that excruciating trouble. Believing that his story would be of public interest, a reporter called upon him, and asked him to what agency he attributed his fortunate release from pain. Mr. McLean's unhesitating reply was: "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I never hesitate to say so either." Mr. McLean continued: "I was afflicted with sciatica for a number of years. The most severe attack occurred several years ago, when I was confined to my bed for several months. I suffered horribly with the trouble, and the only relief I could get was from morphine, either in tablets or hypodermically injected. I could not put my left foot on the ground without undergoing intense agony. I was treated by physicians, and at the hospital in St. Catherines, to which institution I had to be taken on a stretcher. I was in the hospital nearly three months, but without being cured. Then I returned home very much discouraged. I next tried electricity, but it had no perceptible effect. I also tried a number of advertised medicines, but with no better results. Finally I was urged to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and as I was willing to try anything that seemed to offer hope of a cure, I got several boxes. I had been using the pills nearly a month before I found much relief, but from that on my recovery was rapid, and in the course of a few months, I was as well as ever I had been. I am now a strong, healthy man, and although I have since endured much exposure, I have had no return of the trouble, and feel that my cure is permanent. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills certainly proved a blessing in my case, and I shall praise them when opportunity offers."

Rheumatism, sciatica, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, nervous headache, nervous prostration, and diseases depending upon humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc., all disappear before a fair treatment with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions. Sold by all dealers and postpaid at 50c. a box or 6 boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Do not be persuaded to take some substitute.

Try a silk handkerchief over the face when obliged to go against a cold piercing wind.

Try walking with your hands behind you if you find yourself becoming bent forward.

"Heaven is not reached by a single bound." That depends on what way you jump.