

That the storms of life only shew us more clearly the love and power of Christ.

That Christ sleeping in the vessel shews the man.

That Christ stilling the storm shews the God.

Principal Lessons.—We should meet all the storms of life with trust in God. Isa. 30: 15; Ex. 14: 13.

Christ with us, all well. Without Christ, helpless, undone, lost. Deut. 31: 6, 8; Isa. 43: 2; Rom. 8: 35, 39; 1 Pet. 3: 13; John 6: 68.

### PRIZE BIBLE QUESTIONS.

We intend giving monthly a series of Bible Questions, for correct replies to which, during the year, we shall give

#### THREE PRIZES

in books of the value respectively of FOUR DOLLARS, THREE DOLLARS and TWO DOLLARS. The replies are not to be sent until the close of the year. With the December number forms will be sent out for the use of any who desire to try.

The conditions are that those who send replies must not be more than twenty-one years of age, and they must not have been assisted in the questions. The Scripture reference or references must always be given.

For the first three questions see THE INDEPENDENT for January.

#### PRIZE QUESTIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

4. There is a narrative of the dangerous illness of a king thrice told—twice in historical books and once in a prophetic book. Give the passages.

5. Christ and His people are said to be the same in one attribute, blessed and a blessing. What, and where?

6. Quote from the writings of the Apostle Paul an exalted and passionate declaration of the unchangeableness of the love of God and Christ.

### DOMESTIC RECIPES.

**GINGER SNAPS.**—Two cups of butter, 2 cups of sugar, 3 cups of molasses,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup of ginger, 2 teaspoonfuls of soda; mix stiff, and drop on tin for oven.

Our good wives whose husbands are exacting about their dinner, and at the same time not over-punctual, will thank us for the following recipe. The pudding is none the worse for an extra hour's steaming, or even two, provided the pot is kept boiling all the time. These recipes have all been tried and not found wanting:—

**DARK-STEAMED PUDDING.**—One cup of beef suet chopped fine,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup of molasses filled up with sugar, 1 teaspoonful of soda in 1 cup of milk, 2 teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar in  $3\frac{1}{2}$  cups of flour,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups of raisins stoned and chopped, 1 teaspoonful of cloves, 1 teaspoonful of cinnamon, 1 teaspoonful of salt; mix in dish and steam four hours. Sauce.—Four tablespoonfuls of sugar, 3 tablespoonfuls of flour, 2 tablespoonfuls of butter, 1 tablespoonful of vinegar; rub all together, and pour on 1 pint of boiling water.

**A QUICKLY MADE CAKE.**—Three eggs, leaving out the whites of two, 1 cup of sugar,  $\frac{3}{4}$  cup of sweet milk, 4 tablespoonfuls of melted butter, 3 teaspoonfuls of baking powder stirred into the flour, of which take enough to make a thin batter. Put all in a dish as you measure them out. Beat for ten minutes, or till light. Bake in 3 jelly tins. For icing beat to a stiff froth the whites of 2 eggs, add 1 cup of fine white sugar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoonful of vanilla, spread on the cakes while hot; sprinkle cocoanut on top of each, then place one on the top of the other.

### ANDREW RYCKMAN'S PRAYER.

Scarcely Hope hath shaped for me,  
What the future life may be.  
Other lips may well be bold;  
Like the publican of old,  
I can only urge the plea,  
"Lord, be merciful to me!"  
Nothing of desert I claim,  
Unto me belongeth shame.  
Not for me the crowns of gold,  
Palms and harpings manifold;  
Not for erring eye and feet,  
Jasper wall and golden street.  
What Thou wilt, O Father, give!  
All is gain that I receive.  
If my voice I may not raise  
In the elders' song of praise,  
If I may not, sin-defiled,  
Claim my birthright as a child,  
Suffer it that I to Thee  
As an hired servant be;  
Let the lowliest task be mine,  
Grateful, so the work be Thine;  
Let me find the humblest place  
In the shadow of Thy grace:  
Blest to me were any spot  
Where temptation whispers not.  
If there be some weaker one,  
Give me strength to help him on;  
If a blinder soul there be,  
Let me guide him nearer Thee.  
Make my mortal dreams come true.  
With the work I fain would do;  
Clothe with life the weak intent,  
Let me be the thing I meant;  
Let me find in Thy employ  
Peace, that dearer is than joy;  
Out of self to love be led,  
And to Heaven acclimated,  
Until all things sweet and good  
Seem my natural habitude.

—J. G. Whittier.

I PRAY that the Lord would help me; for the pulpit without Him is a terror.—Boston.

CERTAIN it is, every Christian Church ought to be, whatever else it is, an ever-wakeful and totally in earnest "reform club." Its reason for being so is, that it may aid in furtherance of the "universal well-being." As Dr. L. T. Chamberlain has put it, "There is nothing wrong which the Church is not to oppose; there is nothing right which the Church is not to cherish." The Congregational Convention of Wisconsin appeared to take the same view of the matter. It lately re-affirmed its testimony that since the abolition of slavery the next great question to be passed upon by the American people is that of temperance; that the movement for the prohibition of the liquor traffic is "pre-eminently a Christian movement, and one in which the Church should take the lead;" and that the "temperance reform should be taken up as a Christian work by the Church and ministry, and carried forward by all legitimate means till the end."—Advance.