

An Afternoon at Langdale House.

BY F. SPENSER.

It was a lovely summer's evening when I first visited "The Langdale House for Invalids." As I entered the grounds, I was struck by the brightness and beauty all around me, and the feeling of morbid dread as to what I should see within these, to me, mysterious walls, began to grow fainter.

The door was opened by "the Sister in charge," a tall, dignified woman, with a gentle face, somewhat lined by care. I had known Sister Hester for years, and, though our personal acquaintance had been slight, I had learned to love and reverence her for the sake of the work she had done among the poor. The sound of her name would kindle the light of love on the face of many a wretched man and woman.

Sister Hester and I fell at once into conversation, chiefly about her own life before she had been placed here.

"Ah!" she said, sadly, "that work was easy and delightful in comparison to this!"

Before I could answer, we had entered a large room, where about twenty women, most of them apparently ladies, were sitting at tea.

Was it possible, I asked myself, as I looked at these (in many cases) refined, intelligent faces, that all these women were habitual, confirmed drunkards?

One face arrested my attention directly, it was that of a young woman, so girlish in appearance, that I should not have judged her to be more than twenty years of age. She was talking cheerfully to the Sister who sat at the head of the table, and as I watched her, I thought, surely that girl is not an inmate, but, like myself, a visitor here.

Sister Hester noticed my glance, and when we had left the room she said, sadly, "I saw you were interested in poor Charlotte, here is one of the most distressing cases we have under our care. Young as she looks she has been married some years, and her husband, poor fellow! is almost broken-hearted. It seems that when Charlotte was quite a girl, the craving for stimulants first asserted itself, but no one except her nearest relatives ever suspected the fact. She was a pretty, winning girl, and when only eighteen, became engaged to a man of good position and ample means. The match was considered a very advantageous one by Charlotte's friends, and was urged forward, especially by her father, who dishonorably kept silence as to his daughter's tendency.

"For almost twelve months after her marriage all went well, and then the old craving began to make itself felt again, with ever increasing strength.

"Poor Lottie! at first she struggled bravely against temptation, but shame would not let her seek help even from her husband, so that slowly but surely she began to sink.

"When her husband learnt the truth, which he was long in doing, his grief knew no bounds; there seemed to be no anger in his heart, only a mighty, pitying love, which resolved to win his wife back, and to save her at all costs. For the next two years his life was one of constant devotion, every thought and purpose of his life centred in his wife's redemption, but it was all of no avail, she only resented his care and thwarted all his efforts.

"At last, not long ago Charlotte managed to steal out of the house one night, and having no money, in order to procure drink she pawned her wedding-ring. Then, for the first time, her husband lost hope, and consented to her being brought here. This is the only one case out of many," Sister Hester continued; "every woman here has a history of sin and sorrow, the knowledge of which makes one's heart bleed. No one who has not lived among habitual drunkards, would believe to what depths of degradation a woman can sink."

"Do you not find the life here almost unbearable?" I asked, realising to some extent the amount of patience and tact needed.

"I find it trying, certainly, chiefly because it seems as if, after all, it is so little that we can do. But when I feel most discouraged, then I call to mind a simple story I read long ago, and that always helps me to go on, for it teaches so plainly that it is not the success of the work which makes it acceptable, for 'God regardeth not so much the gift of him who loves Him, as the love of the giver.'"

"Would you mind telling me the story?" I asked half hesitatingly.

Sister Hester smiled as she answered, "I will tell it you gladly. It is very simple, as well as very short, and you may not think it so beautiful as I do.

"It was one of the coldest nights during one of the severest winters ever

known even in Northern Russia. Nip by the bitter wind, a poor peasant walked hurriedly home to his wretched hut; the man was wrapped in a thick coarse cloak, the only really warm garment he possessed. He had yet some distance to go, when his attention was arrested by a traveller who, overpowered by the cold, lay in the road upon the snow. As he looked, his heart yearned with compassion towards the dying man. Quickly he stripped the warm cloak from his own shoulders, and wrapped the sufferer in it, saying, 'Here is this cloak; take it, you need it more than I do, for I shall soon be at home.' With a little rubbing the circulation was restored, and the benumbed traveller, clad in the warm garment was able to resume his journey.

"Some months after, the poor peasant lay dying in the midst of great want and misery, with no one to tend or comfort him. But suddenly it seemed to him that the wretched hovel he called home was filled with a soft radiance, and as he looked in wonder at the brightness, he saw the Lord enter, and stand by his bed. It was the Lord's face. That the poor peasant knew, for he had not come in heavenly grandeur, but in lowly guise; and as the dying man gazed on the blessed vision, he cried, 'Why, Lord, Thou art wrapped in my old cloak' where hast thou found it? It is not fit for thee to wear."

"Then the Lord answered gently, 'Dost thou not remember how one bitter night thou didst take it from thy own shoulders and give it to me? Forasmuch as thou didst it unto one of the least of these My brethren, thou didst it unto Me.'"

"That is the story," Sister Hester added, "and it always makes me realize that I can at least throw the cloak of love round some of these weak ones, and so 'halve' them from the terrible blasts of temptation."

Since my visit to Sister Hester's Home, two thoughts have dwelt in my mind, trite and common-place, perhaps, yet full of mystery and warning. First, the awful possibilities of evil that lie concealed in every human breast. Here were women educated, refined, cultured, the slaves of evil! And if we play with temptation, who shall be the next to fall? Surely no woman, with one iota of self-knowledge, will dare to say, "This degradation is impossible to me." From the lowest standpoint, that of selfishness, it behoves us to beware of the first step towards the abyss of intemperance.

The second thought that was impressed upon my mind by the knowledge of Sister Hester herself, was the simplicity of a noble life. We theorise about the Higher life as we sit at ease, but as one of the old teachers has truly said, we shall understand it when we keep this short and complete saying, "Forsake all, and thou shalt find all"—*Methodist Temperance Magazine*.

Domestic Department.

Sleeplessness.

THE *London Lancet* says in regard to the proper length of time for sleeping and the cause of sleeplessness—

"Practically, man should sleep until he is refreshed. The mistake many persons make is in attempting to govern what must be a matter of instinct by volitional control. When we are weary, we ought to sleep, and when we wake, we should get up. There are no habits more vicious than adopting measures to keep awake, or employing artifices, or, still worse, resorting to drugs and other devices, to induce or prolong sleep. Dozing is the very demoralization of sleep function, and from that pernicious habit arises much of the so-called sleeplessness—more accurately, wakefulness—from which multitudes suffer.

"That day is not the time to sleep is evident upon the face of the fact that nature has provided the night, wherein no man can or ought to work. Instead of trying to lay down arbitrary rules as to the length of sleep, it would be wiser to say 'Work while it is day; sleep when you are weary, which will be at night if the day has been spent in honest and energetic labor. When you awake, rise, and if the day's work has been sufficiently well done, the time of waking will not be earlier than sunrise. The difficulties about sleep and sleeplessness—apart from dreams—are almost uniformly fruits of a perverse refusal to comply with the laws of nature. Take, for example, the case of a man who cannot sleep at night, or rather, who having fallen asleep, wakes. If he is what is called strong-minded, he thinks or perhaps reads, and falls asleep again. The repetition of this lays the foundation of a habit of awakening in the night, and thinking or reading to induce sleep. Before long the thinking or reading fails to induce sleep, and

habitual sleeplessness occurs, for which remedies are sought, and mischief is done. If the wakeful man would only rouse himself on waking, and get up and do a full day's work of any sort, and not doze during the day, when next the night came round, his sixteen or twenty hours of wakefulness would be rewarded by a sleep of nine or ten hours in length; and one or two of these manifold struggles against a perverted tendency to abnormal habit would rectify the error or avert the calamity. The cure of sleeplessness must be natural, because sleep is a state of natural rhythmical functions. You cannot tamper with the striking movement of a clock without injuring it, and you cannot tamper with the orderly recurrence of sleep without impairing the very constitution of things on which the orderly performance of that function depends."

Hard Study Not Unhealthy.

THE exercise of the brain, under the proper conditions, is no more harmful than the exercise of the arm, or of any other part of the body. It was made for use. Its functions are as essential to life and health as those of the stomach and lungs, and its full and powerful development is essential to the highest health and perfection of the bodily powers. Like all other parts of the body, the brain is subject to waste, and demands nourishment, more, in proportion to its size, than any other organ of the body. The fresh air, general exercise, and proper alternations of repose required for the health of all the other parts of the physical system, are also requisite for a healthy brain, and the withholding of these will kill a student as quick as it will any other man, but no quicker. The loss of health in so many students is not due to hard study, but to close confinement without fresh air, and to insufficient general exercise. Intellectual efforts ought to promote health, and doubtless do, when the other functions of the body are not sacrificed for them. We are not so badly constructed that in order to be fat, we must consent to be fools, nor is a dyspeptic stomach the necessary companion to a wise head.

Only the best and the worst students usually show injury,—the best because of overwork and insufficient rest, bad air, and inaction; the worst because of idleness and dissipation. Students between the two classes usually escape injury, except as they approach either one or the other of the classes named.

The marking system in our colleges, while it has certain advantages which professors are quite ready to perceive and use, is fraught with so many dangers and positive evils that it can scarcely be defended. The system of college honors, which usually stands connected with and crowns the system of marking, is another of those bad and dangerous usages to which we expose college life. It is questionable whether the public exercises with which the school year of our public high schools is usually closed, have not the same bad effect. And worst of all, the stimulation excited by these systems of which I have spoken is as unfriendly to sound scholarship and real intellectual power as it is to good health.—*Dr. Gregory*.

A New Edition of "Don't"

Don't keep the sun out of the room in which you live and sleep. Sunlight is absolutely necessary to a right condition of the atmosphere that we breathe and for our bodily well being.

Don't sleep in the same flannels that you wear during the day.

Don't wear thin socks or light-soled shoes in cold or wet weather.

Don't catch cold. Catching cold is much more preventable than is generally supposed. A person in good physical condition is not liable to colds, and will not fall victim to them unless he is grossly careless. Keep the feet warm and dry, the head cool, the bowels and chest well protected; avoid exposure with an empty stomach, take care not to cool off too rapidly when heated. Keep out of draughts, wear flannels and with the exercise of a little common sense in various emergencies, colds will be rare. If colds were a penal offence, we would soon find a way to prevent them.

Don't forget personal cleanliness, but use the bath with moderation and in accordance with your general health. The daily cold bath is right enough with the rugged, but it is a great tax on the vitality of persons not in the best of health, and should be abandoned if the results are not found to be favorable, and tepid water used instead. In these things each man should judge for himself, that which is excellent for one is often hurtful for another.

Don't have too much confidence in the curative nature of drugs. Remember

that Dr. Good Habits, Dr. Diet, and Dr. Exercise are the best doctors in the world.—*Fourth's Companion*.

Seasonable Bills of Fare.

FROM "GOOD HEALTH."

DURING this season of the year, when the supply of fresh fruits and vegetables is limited to the more hardy kinds, which can be stored in the fall for winter use, it is often difficult to plan the daily bill of fare so as to provide a pleasing variety at all times. Much, however, can be done by different modes of preparing the same article of food. As an illustration of this, we offer the following dinner bills of fare, which, although employing much of the same material, are so differently prepared as to be wholly unlike:—

NUMBER ONE		
White Celery Soup.		
Baked Potato with Cream Sauce.		
Mashed Squash.		
Parsnips with Egg Sauce.	Beef Salad.	
Whole-Wheat Bread.	Granola.	
	Cracked Wheat.	
Orange Topioca.	Apples.	Nuts.
NUMBER TWO.		
Parsnip Soup.		
Beets and Potato.	Celery.	Hulled Corn.
Whole-Wheat Puffs.		Dry Toast.
Squash Pie.	Steamed Rice with Raisins.	
	Oranges.	Apples.

It will, of course, be understood that cream, milk, beverages, sauce, and other common food accessories are to be provided with each bill of fare. Recipes for some of the dishes are given below.

BEETS AND POTATO.—Boil six nice mealy potatoes and an equal quantity of beets separately until tender. When done, peel and slice. Put layers of beets alternating with layers of potato in a vegetable-dish, with salt to taste, and enough thin sweet cream to nearly cover. Brown in the oven, and serve hot.

WHITE CELERY SOUP.—Cut two heads of celery into finger-length, and simmer in a quart of milk for half an hour. Remove the pieces of celery with a skimmer. Thicken the soup with a table-spoonful of corn starch braided with a little milk, add salt if desired, and a tea-cup of beaten cream.

TO HULL CORN.—Put enough ashes into a large kettle to half fill it, then nearly fill with hot water, and boil ten minutes. Drain off the water from the ashes, turn it into a kettle, and pour in four quarts of clean, shelled corn of some of the field varieties. Boil till the hulls will rub off. Skim the corn out of the lye water, and put it into a tub of fresh cold water. Scrub the corn well with an old broom, changing the water as often as it thickens. Wash it in half a dozen or more waters, and then take the corn out by handfuls, rubbing each well between the hands to loosen the hulls, and drop again into clean water. Pick out all hulls. Cleanse the corn through several more waters, if it is to be dried and kept before using. If it is to be cooked at once, it should be parboiled in clear water twice, and then put into another water and cooked till tender.

PARSNIPS WITH EGG SAUCE.—Scrape, wash, and thinly slice enough parsnips to fill a three-pint basin. Steam until tender. Have ready an egg sauce prepared in the following manner. Heat a pint of very rich milk or thin cream to boiling, and stir into it a level table-spoonful of flour, rubbed smooth with a little milk. Let this boil a few minutes, stirring constantly until the flour is well cooked and the sauce thickened. Then add the well-beaten yolk of one egg, turning the egg in very slowly and stirring rapidly, so that the egg will not curdle, add salt to taste, let the whole boil up once only, turn over the parsnips, and serve hot. The sauce should be of the consistency of thick cream.

PARSNIP SOUP.—Take a quart of well-scraped, thinly-sliced parsnips, one cup of shavings of bread (that shaved from the top of the loaf, simply the brown portion of the crust), one head of celery, one small onion, and one pint of sliced potato. The parsnips should be young and tender, so they will cook in about the same length of time as the other vegetables. Use only a sufficient quantity of water to cook tender without burning. When done, run all together through a colander, then add sufficient rich milk, part cream if desired, to make the soup of the proper consistency, reheat, season with salt if desired, and serve.

BEET SALAD.—Cook nice beets until tender, chop fine, and turn over them a dressing prepared by thoroughly beating together three table-spoonfuls of lemon juice, one of sugar, and a half a cup of whipped cream.

Miscellaneous.

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WELLINGTON District Council R. T. of T. met at Elora recently. Delegates were present from nearly every Council and District showing good progress made in temperance work generally and law enforcement in particular. A mass meeting was held at night in the Methodist church, addressed by Mr. Buchanan, Mrs. Budd and other workers.