HOUSEHOLD.

No Time.

A busy man, recently approached upon the subject of religion, said: 'I really have no time to spare from my business for religion. I wish I could get time, and hope to do so in a few years from now.' This very same answer is so often given by the careless and the indifferent that we must tell the following story picked up from some forgotten source. It carries its own moral and will bear repeating:

A pious, farmer was busy clearing his lands. He had a number of hands employed, and was anxious to accomplish a large amount of work while the weather was favorable. He called them early and went out with them before breakfast was ready. A horn was blown, and they came and ate, and returned to their work. The farmer had been accustomed to have prayers every morning in his family. But to keep so many morning in his family. But to keep so many men from chopping and log-rolling while he read and prayed was more than he could afford; so Satan suggested, and the good man yielded. His pious wife saw with grief that the family altar was neglected, and her husband, in his haste to get rich, was departing from God. She talked with him she nlead-

the family altar was neglected, and her husband, in his haste to get rich, was departing from God. She talked with him, she pleaded with him, but in vain. At last she determined to try another experiment.

The next morning the farmer and his men went out, as usual, to their work. The sun began to climb up the sky, but no breakfast horn was heard. They grew hungry, and looked anxiously toward the house; they listened, but the expected summons did and looked anxiously toward the house; they listened, but the expected summons did not come. After waiting an hour they went into the house. No table was set, no coffee was boiling on the fire, no cook over or before it. The good wife was knitting quietly, with the Bible on her lap. 'What does this mean?' cried the nusband. 'Why isn't our breakfast ready?' 'I thought you were in such a hurry about your work that you hadn't time to eat.' 'Haven't time to eat! Do you think we can live without eating?' 'You can live without eating as well as you can live without praying. The spirit needs the bread of heaven as much as the body needs the bread of earth.' 'Well, well,' said the farmer, 'get us some breakfast, and we will have prayers every morning, no matter how busy we are nor how many weakers.

morning, no matter how busy we are nor how many workmen I have.'

She got the breakfast and he kept his word. The lesson was a good one, and never forgotten.—'Evangelical Churchman.'

Reading Aloud.

If you ask eight people out of ten now, they will tell you that they hate being read And why? Because from their childhood they have been unused to it, or used only to such a monotonous drone as robbed even the 'Arabian Nights' of half their charm. The husband, at the end of a hard day's work, returns home to pass the evening, absorbed in his book, or dozing over the fire, while the wife takes up her book or knits in silence. If he read to her, or if he could tolerate her reading to him, there would be community of thought, interchange would be community of thought, interchange of ideas, and such discussion as the fusion of two minds into any common channel cannot fail to produce. And it is often the same when the circle is wider. I have known a large family to pass the hours between dinner and bedtime, each one with his book or work, afraid to speak above his breath because 'it would disturb papa.' Is this cheerful or wise, or conducive to that close union in a household which is a bond of strength through life, which the world can neither give nor take away?

But it was not always so. In the last century—even as late as fifty years ago—reading aloud was regarded as an accomplishment worth the cultivation of those with pretensions to taste; and it was, consequently, far more frequently found enlivening the domestic circle. Shakespeare and Milton were more familiar to the young gen-

Milton were more familiar to the young ge eration of those days than they are now

mainly, I feel persuaded, because they were accustomed to hear them read aloud. The accustomed to hear them read aloud. The ear, habituated to listen, is often a more safe conduit to the memory in youth than the inattentive eye, which rapidly skims a page, and the words that are read aloud will remain fixed in the mind in many cases where the mere reading of them in silence would leave but an ephemeral impression.—'Christian, Work.'

Maternal Responsibility.

The woman who works should remember that her children need her first of all-need her more than anything else in all the wide world, and she has no right to put anything between herself and them, whether it be a mountain of work, an ocean of selfishness or-a grave.

Give the children bread and butter to eat, plain clothes to wear, a simple home to live in, but let them have their mother.

Do you know any of the children who run about the neighborhood because mother is too busy to notice? The clothes and the table and the house are above reproach, but

table and the house are above reproach, but the children?
Yes, I know you have to work; so do I. I fail, too, in my duty, many and many a time, so do you. But all the same, my sister, you can do with less work.

The house ought to be cosy, pleasant and clean, the food wholesome and the family gaments, comfortable, but the trouble is

clean, the food wholesome and the family garments comfortable, but the trouble is that you aim faither than just that. You attempt to go beyond what is necessary, and so in many instances nothing is accomplished. You have lost your time and your labor and—who shall say what beside?

Common sense, next to Christian love, is what we want, my sisters, in this world—is what we need most. When you come to think of it, we have precious little of this commodity.

We have no right to injure the bodies that

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We have no right to injure the bodies that God permits us to use, for a while. Why, they belong to him! And there are the little bodies that are placed in our special care. What of these?

And if our bodies belong to God, what of the intellect—the soul? Ah, I tell you, these are questions that we must look squarely in the face. We are not beasts of burden—not dumb driven cattle, but we are actually and truly the children of the King. No task that He has set us can be unworthy, but in the task we must not forget the taskmaster.

In this matter of work each woman must

In this matter of work each woman must make her own laws. She must be wise in choosing the real duties and in setting aside such things as have by practice and custom come to be accounted necessary. One mode may suit you, quite a different one your neighbor.—'Womankind.' She must be wise in

Cocoanut Cake.

One cupful of sugar.
One tablespoonful of melted butter.
One half cupful of sweet milk.

One egg.
One cupful of flour.

One rounding teaspoonful of baking pow-

der.

After it is put into the pan sprinkle a little coarse sugar and shredded cocoanut over the top. Bake in a moderate oven, carefully watching the top that it does not scorch.

Sponge Cake.

Two eggs; beat the yolks with one-half cupful of sugar. Beat the whites and add to the yolks with another one-half cupful of

one large cupful of flour in which one teaspoonful of baking powder has been thoroughly sifted. Add one-half cupful of warm water last. Stir up quickly and bake twenty-five minutes in a moderate oven.

Date Cake.

One cupful of molasses, one teaspoonful of soda, beaten with the molasses until light; one-half teaspoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of melted drippings, one-half cupful of warm water, and flour enough to make rather a thick batter. Add last one cupful of chopped dates, which have been dusted with flour. Bake in a sheet.—Housekeeper.'

NORTHERN MESSENGER.

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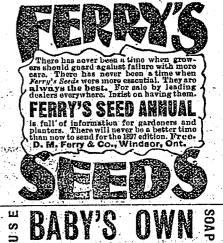
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