

devotion and intercession. The shadows lengthen, and we feel that bodily exercise does profit us a little, and we take our recreation without fear and in all heartiness and humour. And when the eventide is come, we know that there is a Presence with us in which, after the prayer of recollection, we can safely take our rest, ready for the morrow, and not afraid of death—the welcome dawn of our eternal day.

3. And so we are brought to one more question, which concerns our welfare and our wisdom: "Am I looking forward enough—beyond the night, across the day, through the few more years—to the light of the everlasting morn?" At its longest "the time is short"; even as we buy it and spend it, "the time" (so the word really means) "is shortened." "Time's gentle admonition," as George Herbert calls it, tells us not only of the flowers' decay, and of our life's decrease, but even of its own departure, its own brief reign. It is a short-lived thing: but it is priceless, for all that; its issues are in Eternity. Give up what you count most dear for it—not sacrificing others for it, but never letting any make you forget its value, and always trying to realize that value by surrender of your ease and pleasure, and, whatever else you take in hand, remembering the end.

Time and tide tarry for no man; so we must not only buy up our opportunities, but seize them ere they pass. We need the lengthening of time only that we may serve God better. We shall hail the speed of time as bringing us nearer to Him.

"For this is that makes life so long,
While it detains us from our God."

Truly for all of us time hastens on, bearing along with it all its fruitful and blessed opportunities. Use them now, at whatever cost of trouble, at whatever sacrifice of self, for His sake Who hath redeemed you to God by His Blood, and Who would have each member of His Church take up the Cross; and then, when time shall be no longer, you shall be safe and joyful with Him and in Him Who liveth for ever and ever.

THE SNOWDROP.

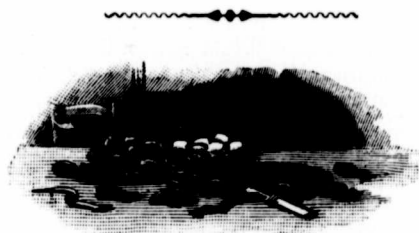


THE snowdrop (*Galanthus nivalis*; order, *Amaryllidaceæ*), is a bulbous flowering plant. It is one of the most highly prized spring flowers which adorns the gardens when no others are seen. When the snow covers the ground how often we see the needle-like spikes of its leaves piercing through the surface! One wonders how the frail, tender leaf can as it were defy the

sternness of Nature and her laws in rising through the hard, half-frozen earth, and soon thereafter produce the graceful bell-like flower which, shaken by the rude stormy winds, seems as if it were announcing in beauteous silence the departure of the dreary months of winter and the advent of the joyous, new-born springtime. Who has not felt an inward joy and delight as they have seen its modest fairy blossoms appear on the scene, giving hope that the dull and dreary winter has gone, and that nature again is budding forth into existence in all its fulness and beauty, and that thus again is the great Creator showing to His creatures the perfection of His works?

The snowdrop thrives well in a light rich soil. The finest variety is *Galanthus Elwesii*, which grows to a height of about twelve inches. The bulbs should not be disturbed for three or four years; they should be then taken up and replanted. The snowdrop is used for pot culture, and if so cultivated will flower indoors much earlier than those in the open ground.

M. BUCHANAN.



HOMELY COOKERY.

BY M. RAE, *Certificated Teacher of Cookery.*

Savoury Rice.

	Average Cost.
$\frac{1}{2}$ lb. rice	d.
1 onion	1
1 teacupful stock or water	
$\frac{1}{2}$ saltspoonful salt	1
$\frac{1}{2}$ saltspoonful pepper	
	2

Boil the onion till tender, and chop finely. Put the rice in a saucepan covered with cold water; when it boils drain off the water, and put with the rice the onion, stock, pepper, and salt. Let all simmer for half an hour, then turn on to a dish, put small pieces of fat or butter over the top, and bake till brown. The water in which meat or fish has been boiled will make suitable stock for this dish.

DO YOU READ IT?—A godson of Dr. Samuel Johnson called to see him a very short time before his death. In the course of the conversation, the doctor asked him what books he read. The young man replied, "The books, sir, which you gave me." Dr. Johnson, summoning up all his strength, and with a piercing eye fixed upon the youth, exclaimed, "Read the Bible: all the books that are worth reading have their foundation and their merits there."