

HOUSEHOLD.

Is the Fault in the Sermon?

(By C. R. Bush, in the 'Sunday-school Times'.)

'There is the first bell' We're late again! Maud, run up and turn the water into the bath-tub! Paul, come here, so I can button your shoes! Bridget, leave the table, if you want to go to church,—you can't clear it now!

Thus giving orders, the Widow Dumont hastened from the dining-room and up to the disorderly chamber, where for an hour she sought to dress herself and children amongst a chaos of unmade beds and scattered clothing.

Just as the last bell ceased from ringing, Mrs. Dumont and her little flock ran down the steps and started for their long walk to the church. Breathlessly she hastened through the streets, and sharp and nervous was her voice, entreating and commanding her children to 'Come on, quick!' Arrived at the church, she paused to give an anxious searching glance over her small son and daughter, and then, holding a hand of each, she glided breathlessly into her seat just as the minister began the reading of the Bible lesson.

When the service was over, Mrs. Dumont walked home with her next-door neighbor, while the children of both wandered home together. Unusual good fortune had made Mrs. Dumont's next neighbor an old school-mate, two years older than herself. As they walked homeward, discussing the sermon, Mrs. Dumont said:

'I wouldn't say it to anyone else, Mary, but I do think we have the most stupid sermons! I never can get my mind on them. I have tried my best. I like the minister when he calls, and at funerals and such times, even Sunday evenings, but Sunday mornings I can't make the least thing out of his sermon.'

So long a silence followed this remark, that Mrs. Dumont looked at her companion inquiringly.

'What is the trouble now? I like the new minister except when he is preaching.'

'Yes, Kate, I remember you found the same fault with the other minister. I hadn't lived near you so long then, and didn't understand it. But I do now. Will you mind if I tell you just what I think is the trouble? You know, we agreed long ago that we could not help knowing what went on in the next house.'

'Yes, I know, Mary. Say what you like. If you can tell me how to enjoy the sermons, I shall be glad. They are a perfect drag.'

'Well, then, Kate, here goes. I can't help knowing, living so near, that on Sundays your kitchen fire is made nearly two hours later than when the children have to go to school. Your bathroom blind opposite my window goes down just as the first bell is ringing, and I am in church with my little brood a long time before you come. I've been through it all. I used to be late to church, and think the sermon and all the rest of it stupid, till my old uncle taught me better. I had no mother to bring me up, and I used to leave everything till Sunday morning. Uncle Charles visited us, and taught me how to enjoy Sunday. He taught me to be ready for church, to give the children their bath, and to have their Sunday things laid out. So now I really do enjoy Sunday morning, the service, and walk to church. On Saturday, the children not only take a bath, but lay out their Sunday clothes. Every shoe button and glove-fastening is in place for them and me. We have breakfast at the usual hour, and the maid can finish the work and have time for her Sunday-school and church. The children and I are dressed when we come to breakfast, and so can spend the time before church in reading or talking or walking. We walk slowly to church, with minds free to enjoy the beauties of the walk, and in tune to the meaning of the service. Sunday is a day of rest all the way through because we have prepared for it, and have leisure to receive any thought that comes. I have tried both ways, Kate, and I know the only way to enjoy Sunday and the sermon is to prepare for it.'

'Well,' replied Mrs. Dumont, 'I will try

it, for I certainly do not enjoy it now, though it seems as if late rising and late breakfast should be enjoyment.'

A few months later, Mrs. Dumont sent to her friend a little note between the pages of 'The Imitation of Christ.' The note said: 'Thank you a thousand times. The fault was in me, not in the sermon. I find that no sermon can make an impression on a mind blurred and half-covered (so to speak) with half a dozen reflections. It should have a clean, fresh plate.'

Cabbage Pudding.

'Norah, did you cook a cabbage for me as I asked you this morning?' said Marjorie, coming into the kitchen one afternoon about an hour before dinner.

'That I did, Miss Marjorie, and I laid it aside to cool and drain as you told me; here it is,' and Norah handed the little girl a collender.

'You mustn't ask me what I am going to make; it's a secret, Norah,' said Marjorie, as she began to chop the cabbage on the hash board.

'Well, I hope it will be to my taste when I get it,' said Norah, and then they both laughed.

When the cabbage was chopped fine enough to suit Marjorie, she took a round white dish, which she buttered well and turned the cabbage into it. Then beating the white and yellows of two eggs until they were as light as possible, she added them to the cabbage.

'Let me see what comes next,' said Marjorie, consulting her recipe book. 'One gill of sweet milk. Oh, dear, there's that tiresome gill again. Let me see if I can remember; it takes one cup to make two gills, so there must be half a cup in one gill,' and Marjorie gravely poured half a cupful of milk over the cabbage, adding pepper and salt to taste. Then for a few minutes she stirred them together until they were all well mixed, and then put the whole thing into the oven.

'Norah, as soon as it is brown will you please take it out and bring it to the table?' asked Marjorie.

'Sure and I will, Miss Marjorie, but am I to be serving it with the roast or as dessert?'

'I forgot; with the roast,' and Marjorie laughed as she ran out of the kitchen and took her seat at the dining table.

'Is this something new, Norah?' asked papa, as he helped himself to it when it was passed.

'You must ask Miss Marjorie, sir; she made it.'

'In that case it's sure to be good, so I'll take another spoonful to be sure to get all my portion.'

'It's delicious, Marjorie. What do you call it?' asked papa when he had tasted it.

'Cabbage pudding,' burst out Marjorie, excitedly.

'If it's pudding,' cried papa, 'I want some honey sauce to eat with it,' and then mamma and Marjorie and Tommy, and even Norah laughed, while papa pretended not to know why.—New York 'Observer.'

Emergency Notes.

In asphyxiation from gas, bathe face and chest with vinegar, and hold some also to the nose. Give strong coffee, and apply cold water to the head and warm water to the feet. In drowning, if the heart seems to have ceased beating, place patient on abdomen, one hand under forehead, raise the body to empty the stomach and air passages of water and mucus. Remove all clothing from chest; lay patient on his back, place a bundle of clothing (a man's body will do) under his back to raise the stomach and lower the head. Pull tongue forward and secure it by tying string over it and under jaw. Stand astride or kneel at patient's head; grasp his arms below the elbows and draw them outward, upward and backward till they meet over the head. Keep in this position two seconds, then carry them down to sides of chest again till elbows nearly meet over the stomach, and press firmly. Repeat these manoeuvres at the rate of sixteen per minute. Persevere in these efforts until breathing is restored, then promote the circulation by friction, artificial heat, etc. When the patient can swallow, give some hot milk, beef tea or coffee to drink.—Presbyterian Review.

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