

Living Flowers.

If you could kiss the rose's velvet mouth,
To charm the cruel canker-worm away.
And cry, "Awake, O North Wind, come, thou South!
Breathe on my flowers to-day."

Would you not love to save them from the blight,
And flash them into beauty fresh and new?
To bring them gifts of fuller life and light,
Sunshine and limpid dew?

This you can do for fairer flowers than these,
Flowers that have thoughts and feelings like your
own!

Whose stems are broken by the stormy breeze,
Whose freshest tints are flown.

Out in the darkness of the miry street
Those bruised lilies in their weakness lie,
Down trodden by the tramp of reckless feet—
Left there alone to die.

Go, raise them gently, wash away the stain
Of their white petals with your tender grief;
Your tears shall fall like showers of precious rain,
Cleansing each sullied leaf.

Oh, give those human blossoms human love!
Uplift the fallen seventy times and seven;
Save those sweet living things to bloom above
In the fair land of heaven.

The Face Tells.

Looks tell more than words. It were easier to be Christ-like in speech than to be Christ-like in the expression of the face. We may say what we do not feel, but we cannot show in the lines of our countenance, and in the play of spirit in and through those lines, that which does not exist as a reality down in our heart of hearts. The words we speak show what impression on others we would like to make. The looks we look make that impression on others that our spirit and character justify. Skill and tact, with a kind purpose of pleasing, can make one's words winsome; but only a life that is Christ-like can supply that light that is dearest to us on countenances that command our love and trust:

"A sweet, attractive kind of grace,
A full assurance given by looks,
Continued comfort in a face.
The lineaments of gospel books."

If we would be able to have "a face like a benediction," we must live a life that is a benediction.

The Larger Life.

"When we reflect how little we have done,
And add to that how little we have seen,
And furthermore, how little we have won
Of joy or good, how little known or been,
We long for other life, more full, more keen,
And yearn to change with those who well have run."

Do not these words of Jean Ingelow meet a responsive chord in every truth-loving soul?—when we take the sum of our little lives, looking out upon the world's great work and realizing in some degree its magnitude, and how little we have contributed to its accomplishment, and then, taking into account the many limitations of life, how little many of us have seen beyond the boundaries of our own fair land. Enough in this, 'tis true, to fill us with gratitude to the dear Giver of all, for the wondrous beauties of His own creation spread at our very feet; but with a reverent awe we feel that it is only a small part of the whole universe, whose immensity overwhelms us and confirms our sense of our own littleness.

"How little we have won of joy or good,
How little known or been."

Who has not begun life with anticipations of coming joys lying just before, in the pathway of our lives? The good we would win for others, from others, and for ourselves. This fair vision has come to many a young heart, but seldom to realize its fulfillment.

I would not say there are no lives satisfied with their own achievements; but are they the lives with whom "we yearn to change with those who well have run?" Alas, no! they are in the truest sense unconscious to themselves, the little lives. Bounded by their own horizon, with no aspirations beyond the satisfaction they derive from the gratification of self, with no desire for the uplifting of the race for whom Christ died. But there is a

brighter picture, an inspiration in the life for which we yearn. The life lived by those "who well have run"—a full life. Full of love for the Lord who has redeemed him, and finding outward expression in love to his brother, and fragrant with deeds of love.

Is not this our ideal of a well-rounded symmetrical life? Oh, that we may, with a realizing sense of our own littleness in the presence of such lives, not only "yearn to change with them," but to fix our eyes upon the one glorious Ideal, and looking, may we feel that life so infused into our own, as to mould us and make us fit to be with them "who well have run," and have gone to claim their inheritance beyond.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper.—W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

Treading the Wine Press.

The Eastern wine-press was of the simplest construction. It consisted of two parts, which were made of stone, covered with plaster, or hewn out of the solid rock if convenient. The upper part, called the *wine-press*, was to hold the grapes, and the lower part received the juice as it ran through a spout from the press. There was a rough roof over the press, from which hung ropes for the men to lay hold of as they trod the grapes.

It was hard and tiring work, but as several treaders worked together, they enlivened their task by songs and shouts of mirth (Isa. xvi. 10). When we remember this, we understand the depth of the meaning of Isaiah's prophecy of the Saviour who should bear all His sorrows alone.

Majestic Palms.

The talipot, or great fan-palm, grows for about thirty years, and reaches a height of more than a hundred feet. Then, for the first and only time, it blossoms. What looks like a single huge bud four feet in height is developed, and finally bursts into a pyramid of snowy plumes composed of numberless small cream-colored flowers.

The cluster is sometimes twenty-five feet high, and at its base has a diameter of forty feet. As Miss Cumming says, in her "Two Happy Years in Ceylon," "It is a glorious object, and is visible from an immense distance, as it often grows among flat surroundings, such as rice-fields."

The natives turn the leaves to a thousand uses, domestic and literary. When on a journey, and especially if they are on a pilgrimage to some sacred shrine, each of them carries a portion of one of these great leaves tightly folded into a long, narrow form, like a gigantic closed fan.

This serves as a sunshade or a rain-cloak by day, and at night several friends contribute every man his palm-leaf—three or four of them, with the pointed end upward, forming a very fair bell-shaped tent. And very picturesque a few groups of these tents look when pitched in some forest glade round blazing camp-fires.

Formerly the exact grade of every great noble was shown by the number of such sun-shades which he was entitled to have carried before him, and on state occasions a leaf, inlaid with pieces of glittering talc, and folded like a huge fan, formed the ceremonial canopy which was held above his head by one or more attendants.

The leaves attain their largest size when the tree is about twenty years of age, at which time they sometimes measure twenty-five feet from the base of the leaf-stalk to the outer edge of the fan.

Hints to Housekeepers.

MOLASSES PUDDING.—To a pound of stoned raisins add three-quarters of a pound of shred suet, a pound of flour, a pint of milk, a tablespoonful of molasses, grated ginger and pounded spice; stir all up well, and boil it four hours in a floured cloth.

TO WASH A BLACK AND WHITE COTTON DRESS.—Have a tub partly filled with hot water, and a large teaspoonful of powdered borax; wet only one part of the dress at a time, the basque first. Use very little soap, and only on soiled places; wash quickly, rinse in warm water containing a tablespoonful of salt; stretch on the wrong side, wring very dry, shake out well and place where it will dry quickly. Next wash the overskirt and then the underskirt in the same way.

GUARD AGAINST CHOLERA.—Keep the blood pure, the stomach in good working order, and the entire system free from morbid effete matter by using Burdock Blood Bitters, which cleanses, strengthens and tones the whole system. Cholera cannot attack the healthy.

SWEETMEAT PUDDING.—Take one ounce each of orange and lemon peel, and citron, slice them very thin; line a dish with puff paste, lay the peel at the bottom, mix the yolks of seven eggs with the whites of two eggs, adding five ounces of sugar; pour it over the sweet-meats, put it into an oven well heated and bake thirty-five minutes.

A PROMPT CURE.—*Gentlemen*,—Having suffered over two years with constipation, and the doctors not having helped me, I concluded to try B.B.B., and before I used one bottle I was cured. I can also recommend it for sick headache.

ETHEL D. HAINES, Lakeview, Ont.

TO WHITEN PORCELAIN SAUCEPANS.—Have the pans half filled with hot water, throw in a tablespoonful of pulverized borax, and let it boil. If this does not remove all the stains, soap a cloth, sprinkle on plenty of powdered borax, and scour the pan well.

FOR SEVERE COLDS.—*Gentlemen*,—I had a severe cold, for which I took Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. I find it an excellent remedy, giving prompt relief and pleasant to take.

J. PAYNTER, Huntsville, Ont.

VERMICELLI PUDDING.—Take four ounces of vermicelli, boil it soft in a pint of new milk with a stick or two of cinnamon; add half a pint of thick cream, a quarter of a pound of butter, the same quantity of sugar, and the yolks of four eggs well beaten; put in a dish and bake it.

TO WASH RED TABLE LINEN.—Use tepid water with a little powdered borax (borax sets the color). Wash the linen separately and quickly, using very little soap; rinse in tepid water, containing a little boiled starch; hang to dry in the shade; iron when almost dry.

RAISED FRUIT CAKE.—Take a light dough before kneading up the bread three cups, of sugar three cups, butter one cup. Beat all together, let rise till light, add one cup currants, two cups raisins, four eggs, one teaspoon soda, one-half teaspoon allspice, three teaspoons ground cinnamon, make a batter by the addition of flour, not too stiff. This makes two large cakes or three smaller ones. Put in the pans, let rise from two to three hours, bake in a moderate oven. Icing improves them. They keep a long time.

FOR STARCHING LINEN.—Use one teaspoonful of powdered borax to one quart of boiling starch; it will improve the stiffness and gloss, and prevent its sticking.

GINGER SNAPS.—One pint molasses, one cup shortening (drippings, lard, or butter if plenty), one teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of ginger. Boil up thoroughly, mix stiff while warm, not hot, roll thin and bake quickly.

A simple cure for the hoarse colds which are general in an open season consists of the white of an egg beaten with the juice of a lemon and sweetened with sufficient sugar to make it palatable.