

"Its arms shall stretch beneath thy tired arms,  
Thy weary frame shall rest where Jesus hung,  
And lo! the cross of all thy sad alarms  
Shall prove the Staff the sacred poet sung.

"Deep in the shadow of the Vale of Death  
The Rod and Staff of comfort shall be thine,  
Then clasp it closely till thy latest breath,  
And bear rejoicing on, the cross divine."

I awoke, but all my spirit was at rest—  
Our Father's ways are never as our ways,  
I carry now my cross upon my breast,  
And on my lips, a song of love and praise.

#### PROVERBS FROM CENTRAL AFRICA.

Some of our missionaries have collected a number of Central African proverbs. Many of them appear as old friends in a new dress, but most have a freshness of the soil about them. Others, again, are as prosy as—well, as proverbs ought not to be. A few of them are as follows:

He that injures another injures himself.  
He who forgives, is victor in the dispute.  
We should not treat others with contempt.  
An inmate that cannot be tamed (said of fire).  
The sword does not know the head of the blacksmith (who made it).  
A mischief-maker will not do to tell secrets to.  
If the whole assembly of the town convene, they find no sacrifice to make against sorrow.  
Though many guests be absent, it is the cheerful man we miss.

He who harasses one, teaches him strength.  
The pig has wallowed in the mire, he is seeking a clean person to rub against (said of disgraced persons who wish to keep good company).

A strong man without economy is the father of laziness.

Help to the end is the help we must give to a lazy man.

A bribe puts the judge's eyes out, for a bribe never speaks the truth.

The thread follows the path of the needle.

A stubborn man gets into trouble, a pliable man is imposed on.

The vaulted tomb frightens old men.

A scorpion stings with his tail, a saucy servant with his eye.

He fled from the sword and hid in the scabbard.

#### HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

A small dish of charcoal placed in your meat larder will keep the articles sweet and wholesome, almost as well as ice. Charcoal is a great disinfectant. Occasionally used for cleansing the teeth, it will sweeten the breath when nothing else will do so.

Nice sweet pickles can be made from wrinkled and tasteless English russets. To seven pounds of fruit put three pounds of sugar and one pint of good strong vinegar. Stick two or three cloves into each apple, which should be previously well wiped and have any imperfection carefully removed.

To REMOVE OLD PAINT.—Wet the place with naphtha, repeating as often as is required, but frequently one application will dissolve the paint. As soon as it is softened, rub the surface clean. Chloroform, mixed with a small quantity of spirit ammonia, has been very successfully employed in removing the stains of dry paint from wood, silk, and other substances.

BEEF TEA FOR THE SICK.—1 pound lean beef, cut into small pieces. Put into jar without a drop of water; cover tightly, set in a pot of cold water. Heat gradually to a boil, and continue this steadily for three or four hours, until the meat is like white rags, and the juice all drawn out. Season with salt to taste, and when cold, skim. The patient will often prefer this ice-cold to hot.

BIRD'S NEST PUDDING.—Pare and quarter tart apples, set them around in a dish, put in a little water, and stew them. For crust, take one-half cup, buttermilk, one-half cup cream, one-half tea-

spoon soda, salt, flour to make as stiff as soft cake, and spread over the top of the apples. Bake, then turn bottom side upwards in a deep dish, put on butter, sugar, and plenty of cream, (milk will answer, but it is not so rich), and set into oven to warm.

THE SHRINKAGE OF FLANNEL.—To keep flannels as much as possible from shrinking and felting, the following is to be recommended: Dissolve one ounce of potash in a bucket of water, and leave the fabric in it for twelve hours. Next warm the water, with the fabric in it, and wash without rubbing, also draw through repeatedly. Next immerse the flannel in another liquid containing one spoonful of wheat flour to one bucket of water, and wash in a similar manner. Thus treated, the flannel becomes nice and clean, has barely shrunk, and almost not at all felted.

VEAL RISsoles.—One pound of raw veal, chopped very fine, one small cup fine bread crumbs, two cups milk, one tablespoonful butter, pepper and salt to taste. Let the bread crumbs cook in half of the water until they form a smooth, soft paste. Stir in the minced veal, butter and seasoning. Let the compound cool, and when it can be handled, form into small croquettes. Dip these in raw egg, roll in flour and fry to a light brown in really nice dripping. If you have none nice enough, use butter. Take them from the pan with a split spoon, and thicken the gravy with a tablespoonful of cornstarch. Stir in a cupful of boiling milk and season to taste. Put this sauce into a double boiler, drop in the rissoles and stew gently one hour.

#### SOME ADVICE TO WIVES.

Remember that you are married to a man and not to a god; be prepared for imperfections.

Anticipate the discovery by your husband that you are only a woman; if you were not he would not care about you.

Once in a while let your husband have the last word; it will gratify him and be no particular loss to you.

Be reasonable; it is a great deal to ask under some circumstances, but try; reasonable women are rare—be rare.

Remember that servants are made of the same material that you are; a little coarser grained, perhaps, but the same in essentials.

Try and forget yourself; as to your husband, forget that you married him, and remember that he married you; he will probably do the reverse.

Let him read the newspaper at breakfast table; it is unsociable, but then, it is only a trifle, after all and he likes it.

Let him know more than you do once in a while; it keeps up his self-respect, and you are none the worse for admitting that you are not actually infallible.

Read something in the papers beside fashion notes and society columns; have some knowledge of what is going on in foreign countries.

Be a companion to your husband if he is a wise man; and if he is not, try to make him become your companion. Raise his standard, do not let him lower yours.

Respect your husband's relations, especially his mother—she is not the less his mother because she is your mother-in-law; she loved him before you did.

#### AN EGYPTIAN FUNERAL.

A funeral in Egypt is indeed a strange sight, and the first one a visitor sees astonishes very much. At the head of the procession march a corporate body of the blind and a certain number of men, who proceed at a quick step, singing a most jubilant air, while swinging themselves from right to left. Behind them comes the funeral car, or rather a sort of bier, bearing a great red shawl, in which the body is deposited. At the extremity of the bier, on a perch, is placed the turban or the tarbouche of the defunct. Two men

carry this bier. They follow with such high spirit the movement of the head of the cortege that the corpse, rocked in every direction, seems to jump under the shawl that shrouds it. The women bring up the rear, some on asses, some on foot. The first row is formed of weepers or rather screamers, who send forth toward heaven at each step the shrillest notes. The weepers hold in their hand a handkerchief, with which they are not solicitous of wiping their eyes perfectly dry, but which they pull by the two ends behind their head with a gesture that would be desperate if it were not so droll. On arrival at the cemetery they take the corpse from the bier to cast it, such as it is, into the grave. The grand funerals, however, take place with much more solemnity. An important personage is hardly dead in Egypt before his friends and acquaintance hurry to the house; during one or two days they eat and drink at the expense of the dead, or rather his heirs, indulging in the noisiest demonstrations. When the hour of interment arrives, a scene of the wildest character is produced. The ayes and women of the household throw themselves on the corpse and feign a determination to hinder it from passing the threshold. This lugubrious tragedy is played conscientiously; they snatch away the coffin, they belay each other with blows, and the most violent and frightful clamour is heard. At last the procession leaves the house and repairs to the cemetery, preceded by camels loaded with victuals, which are distributed to the poor hurrying in crowds along the road. All along the road the mourners and friends of the family fight for the honor of bearing the bier for an instant, and thus it passes or rather bounds from hand to hand amid the most frightful disorder. The interment over, every one returns to the house of the dead to recommence the festivities, dancing, and the mortuary demonstrations.

—Never put off till to-morrow what ought to be done to-day. Never trouble others with what you can do yourself. Never spend your money before you have it. Never buy what you do not want because it is cheap. Pride costs us more than hunger, thirst, or cold. Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly. When angry, count ten before you speak; if very angry, count a hundred. —Selected.

#### GOOD AND BAD.

"What are all those black ears among the corn?" asked a little child, as she walked with her mother through a corn field in the early summer.

"Those are the bad blighted ears that will never come to any good," was the answer. "What a pity there are so many, the field seems full of them."

"Yes, mother, there are more black ears than white ones, said the child. "I should cut them off if the field was mine."

"I don't think that would be easy, dear," answered the mother; "but it is sad to see a corn field so blighted."

They passed on, and neither of them thought again about the blighted corn until some weeks later on, when the corn now full grown was beginning to change color under the hot July sun.

"Mother," asked the child again "where are all the black ears that we saw in this field before? I can hardly see any now."

It was true. When the mother looked round, she saw with some surprise that while in the growing time there had seemed far more bad ears than good ones, now that the harvest was at hand, the good were much the most plentiful. And she thought to herself—may it not be thus also in the world around us? We see as we think nothing but sin and evil in the world, and wonder why God does not take away the sinners. Perhaps, when the great harvest comes, we shall be surprised to see how many are His hidden saints, and how much more good there was around us on earth than we had eyes to see, or hearts to understand. The black ears are easy to see while the corn is growing, but once let it ripen and they will be lost to sight among the thousands of golden good ones.—E. M. B.