



Children's Department.

IN THE KITCHEN.

Yes! little ladies, "In the kitchen," for there you have much to learn and duties to perform. and very important duties they are too, though we fear it is too often the case now-a-days that girls are taught to think that if they can speak French or German, and understand music, and are what is called "accomplished," they have learnt all that is necessary. But the management of the kitchen, and how to prepare the various kinds of food, is found to be so necessary a part of female education that there have lately been Schools of Cookery established to give a thorough course of instruction in the culinary art. A very successful school for this purpose is carried on in Berner's St., London, England. Very much of the comfort, and even the happiness, of a family may depend upon knowing how properly and economically to prepare food for the household, and much misery has been caused where the mistress has from her ignorance been entirely dependent upon the extravagance, waste or dishonesty of her servants.

Our young readers may perhaps think it a very simple thing, and that every one knows how to cook a potato, but we have heard of the ability to do that being made the test of a cook's skill at one of the great club houses in England.

The manufacture of a homely dish was a puzzle to one of our English Kings George, who, as the story goes, was once taking a quiet country walk near Dorchester, and entering a farm house saw the "gude wife" making apple dumplings. His perplexity as to how the apples got inside the paste has been amusingly told in the Couplet, "What goody, goody, what no seam, however did you get the apples in?"

Not long ago there were some well written articles in the *Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine* upon *Household Management*, and very prettily was it described how in France Madame would put on her kitchen apron to save her dress, carefully and skillfully prepare Monsieur's dinner, and then when that had been satisfactorily disposed of and the things put away, she was ready in her drawing-room to receive her visitors. It was the description of a very elegant *ménage*, and we can imagine that our pretty little cook in the engraving is setting about the preparation of just such a pudding as Madame would have given to her Monsieur.

Speaking of puddings, did you ever read what the grave and learned Dr. Johnson said of them? "Let us seriously reflect what pudding is composed of. It is composed of flour that once waved in the golden grain, and drank the dews of the morning; of milk—that is drawn from the cow, that useful animal that eats the grass of the field, and supplies us with that which made the greatest part of the food of mankind in the age which the poets have agreed to call golden. It is made with an egg, that miracle of nature, which the theoretical Burnet has compared to creation. An egg contains water within its beautiful smooth surface; an unformed mass, which by incubation of the parent, becomes a regular animal, furnished with bones and sinews, and covered with feathers. Let us consider—can there be more wanting to complete the Meditation on a Pudding? If more be wanting, more can be found. It contains salt, which keeps the sea from putrefaction—salt, which is made the image of intellectual excellence, contributes to the formation of a pudding."

OUR FATHER IN HEAVEN.

Our Father in Heaven:
We kneel as we say,
Thy name be all hallowed
By night or by day;
And to Thy bright kingdom,
That we may all come,
Let Thy will, as in Heaven,
On this earth be done.

Oh, give to us children
The bread that we need,
For which we ask daily,
As humbly we plead.
And as true forgiveness
To others we show,
Oh, Father in Heaven,
Thy pardon bestow!

From each day's temptation,
From evil and wrong,
Lord, keep us and guard us
Through all our life long:
For Thine is the power,
Thy glory and might,
That can shield us and guide us
By day or by night.

YOUR MOTHER WANTS YOU.

You, young man, whom she has baptised, instructed and cared for all these years. She has a claim on you. She has a right to look for you at service on Sundays. She expects you at the Holy Communion, at the daily service. She wants you to bear faithful witness for Christ when you are at your place of business, and especially in your hours of leisure among your companions. That profane expression which you used the other night, that place you visited last night, and your too general neglect of sacred things—all these are cause of grief to your mother Church, and with reason she longs for you, and hopes that you will yet come back to her bosom.

Your mother wants you; you, young lady, whose presence and thoughts are more in the parlor and places of amusement than with her. She is wiser than you are, and you know not the strength of her love. She wants you to learn that what you most prize has little of satisfaction, much of vexation and trouble about it all. You, and your brother there, can be of great use to her, and she wants all your help in her great struggle against evil. She wants you both to know the value of a consecrated life. Noble young manhood, every power dedicated to Christ! Pure and lovely maidenhood, breathing the very spirit of heaven! Have these thoughts, these ideals, no charm for you? These are what the mother Church holds up for admiration and emulation. Youth, maiden, your mother wants you.

THE BASKET OF STEEL.

I have read somewhere a story of a ship that was driven upon the rocks and lost, miles away from the harbor the pilot thought he was entering.

The blame was passed from hand to hand; but neither steersman's skill, nor captain's fidelity, nor sailor's strength, could be charged with the loss. Then it came to light that a passenger was trying to smuggle into port a basket of steel which he had hidden in his berth. The berth lay nearly under the compass, swerved the needle from the North, and drove the vessel wreck.

Your conscience, like that compass, may be swerved from the pole-star of right by the indulgence in secret of a single known sin.

—It is for a man to be checked, crossed, disappointed, made to feel his own ignorance, weakness, folly—made to feel his need of God—to feel that in spite of all his cunning and self confidence he is no better off in this world than a lost child in a dark forest, unless he has a Father in heaven who loves him with an eternal love, and a Holy Spirit in heaven who will give him a right judgment in all things, and a Saviour in heaven who can be touched with the feeling of his infirmities. —Chas. Kingsley.

—When Benjamin Franklin was an editor, he was in the habit of writing to the young ladies who sent in poetry, saying in honeyed language that, owing to the crowded state of his columns, etc., he would endeavor to circulate their productions in manuscript; and then tied the poems to the tail of his kite for "bobs."

—To water an ill plant every day and pray against the growth of it would be very absurd and preposterous.

—The maelstrom attracts more notice than the quiet fountain; a comet draws more attention than the steady star; but it is better to be the fountain than the maelstrom, and star than comet, following out the sphere and orbit of quiet usefulness in which God places us.

—The two most precious things on this side of the grave are our reputation and our life. But it is to be lamented that the most contemptible whisper may deprive us of the one, and the weakest weapon of the other. A wise man, therefore, will be more anxious to deserve a fair name than to possess it, and this will teach him so to live as not to be afraid to die.

—What sculpture is to a block of marble, education is to a human soul.