

## A Mother's Prayer.

Lord, though his sins were scarlet,  
And he went far astray,  
These long years have I prayed Thee  
Show him the narrow way.

Though with the swine he feasted,  
O! bring him back to Thee;  
My youngest born, O! save him,  
Wherever he may be.

The only prayer now left me  
Is, Lord, that Thou wouldst turn  
His heart to Thee in sorrow,  
Thus, Lord, that he might learn:

Though sin may not come nigh Thee,  
The sinner may find grace;  
If he repents him truly,  
Thou wilt not hide Thy face.

For years, Lord, has he wander'd,  
Let him arise and say,  
"Against Thee have I sinned,  
No longer here I stay;

"I will return unto Thee.  
And at Thy feet will pray,  
That, like the prodigal of old,  
I be not turned away."

It may be, Lord, that never  
He will come home to me;  
I dare not pray for that, Lord,  
While he is far from Thee.

Yet, Lord, all things are possible,  
And mighty is Thy grace;  
It may be the day cometh  
That I shall see his face.

The face of him who left me,  
My youngest born, my pride;  
There came a day I deemed it  
Far better he had died.

But now my prayer is only,  
O Lord, Thy will be done;  
It may be in Thy mercy  
Thou wilt bring home my son.

## A "Perfect Man."

The selection of flour, for the emblem, is at one striking and unique. Flour is the only food which contains within itself every element for building up the human body. Bread is the only food upon which, alone, and without supplement, existence is possible. But not only is the substance of the emblem perfect and self-contained, but in its presentment it is in its finest condition. No coarse grain is here; all is perfectly smooth to the touch; all even, all equal. "He was perfect Man." The bitterest hatred, the most perverse criticism, the most vigorous opposition of an unfair world, have been unable to detect a flaw in this "perfect Man." He never spoke a word the most suspicious love would have Him retract. He never uttered a truth to whose fullness exception could be taken. He never put forth His hand to do a work He did not most handsomely complete. From the watchtower of His cross, His clear eye looked back upon the way of His life; no fragment of a venture lay strewn there; no crookedness was there perceptible. The path of His life was straight and even; it took the very centre of the King's Highway—the way of Holiness. And, as His wondrous eye—undimmed by the blood which trickled from His crown of thorns, unclouded by the mists of a death of such horror and agony—as His wondrous eye traced the line of the way of His life, bright all the way with the sunshine of God's approval, from Bethlehem's Cradle to Calvary's Cross, He said, what no other has been able to say of his life's intentions, "It is finished."—*Dean Hart.*

## Love and Fear.

Not shame of ignorance, but love of learning, makes the scholar; not fear of despotism so much as love of liberty makes the patriot hero; not so much the hatred of sin as the love of holiness makes the saint. The fear of hell may be the initial motive to get the sinner's face heavenward, but not until perfect love casts out this fear by taking its place, does the highest, holiest, mightiest motives bear upon him.

## September Days.

From September's misty grass,  
Growing on the furrowed ground  
Comes the cheery cricket sound;  
While from twisted browning trees  
Apples fall.

And the warm and dusty winds,  
Turning white the roadside weeds,  
Whirl the leaves and thistle seeds,  
From the mellow hazy air,  
Blue jays call.

O'er the meadows' aftermath,  
By the August rains made green,  
Harvest spider-webs are seen,  
Showing wet, like fresh drawn net  
Spread to dry.

Threading from the Summer's woof,  
Golden-rod September weaves,  
Binding in with crumpled leaves,  
Sparrows trailing flight from trees  
Through the sky.

Butterflies with slow wings,  
Rising from the asters white,  
Look like petals in their flight,  
Or as souls of summer flowers  
Passing by.

—NINA SHAW, in *The Ladies' Home Journal*.

## The Harp.

The harp is by common consent supposed to be the musical instrument of the angels, and many a clerical metaphor has been made regarding "the celestial harps," "the golden harps," etc., etc. The metaphor is probably taken by very few as a fixed truth, but is nevertheless to the musician an interesting and also a reverential one. At the time that the Scriptures were written, the harp was the finest instrument possessed by man, and in ascribing it to the angels an effort was made to represent the music of heaven by the noblest tones of earth. Were we to imagine celestial music to-day it would be the roll of heavenly orchestras, and some of the old Italian painters scarcely made a musical error in depicting their angels as playing on violins. The violin is far beyond the harp in its representation of bliss. Meanwhile Schumann and Berlioz (in "Faust") have used the harp to picture celestial joys, while Wagner has used the violins in the soft tremolo in highest positions, combined with sweet tones of wood wind. Nevertheless association of ideas is much in music, and the harp must always call up the idea of heaven in the minds of many.

## Temptation, not Sin.

Jesus, our great Master, was sinless, yet was He tempted; yea, in all points and respects, even as we have been, are, and will be. Thus is mere temptation not sin. Often, in these poor lives of ours, with our consciousness of temptation aside, we are the stronger for it, not the weaker. If to be tempted is to sin, He had been a sinner; yea, chief of sinners, for who is tempted as He was? Let our hearts take courage; we are not sore sinners because sorely tempted. Increasing temptation is sometimes proof that we are struggling against it, or it would not so beset us."—*Rev. Dr. Lourie.*

## Hints to Housekeepers

CHARCOAL, pulverized and mixed with water, is now highly recommended as an agent for relieving cattle suffering any derangement of the stomach, such as bloat or hoven, etc. This should be remembered. There is no doubt of its efficacy, if abundance of testimony can be relied on.

SUGAR SNAPS.—One cup of butter; two cups of sugar; four cups of flour; one egg; stir sugar and butter to a cream; and the egg well beaten; and a small teaspoonful of soda dissolved in it; stir half a spoonful of cream tartar into the flour; roll out very thin and bake in a moderate oven.

CLEANING STOVES.—Stove luster, when mixed with turpentine and applied in the usual manner, is blacker and more glossy and more durable than

when mixed with any other liquid. The turpentine prevents rust, and when put on an old rusty stove will make it look as well as new.

FOREWARNED IS FOREARMED.—Many of the worst attacks of cholera morbus, cramps, dysentery, colic, etc., come suddenly in the night and speedy and prompt means must be used against them. Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is the remedy. Keep it at hand for emergencies. It never fails to cure or relieve.

BROWN GEMS.—One pint sour milk, two table-spoonfuls of brown sugar; stir in middlings or shorts until quite stiff; drop in hot gem pans, previously greased, and bake quick; an egg is an improvement. Gems made from white flour, in the same way, are very nice.

HAM DRESSED IN CLARET.—Take a glass of claret, a teaspoonful of sugar, and one of chopped onion; place in a frying-pan; when the claret boils place in the rashers of ham, not cut very thick; cool well, and serve with sauce. This is a most appetizing dish.

STICK TO THE RIGHT.—Right actions spring from right principles. In cases of diarrhoea, dysentery, cramps, colic, summer complaint, cholera morbus, etc., the right remedy is Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry—an unfailing cure—made on the principle that nature's remedies are best. Never travel without it.

HOW TO BANISH RATS AND MICE.—A French paper says that petroleum destroys all insects, and banishes rats and mice. Water slightly impregnated with petroleum applied to plants infected with insects will, it is said, destroy the latter at once.

VEGETABLE MARROW SOUP.—One quart of milk, one and three-quarter pounds of vegetable marrow, two large onions, pepper and salt to taste. Boil till the marrow is quite soft, then pass through a sieve. Add half a glass of sherry before serving.

PLAIN PUDDING.—One pint of milk, four eggs, whites and yolks beaten separately; two cups flour; one small pinch of soda. Bake in a buttered dish three-quarters of an hour. Serve in the pudding-dish as soon as drawn from the oven.

MOTHERS AND NURSES.—All who have the care of children should know that Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry may be confidently depended on to cure all summer complaints, diarrhoea, dysentery, cramps, colic, cholera infantum, cholera morbus, canker, etc., in children or adults.

HOW TO KEEP FURS.—Put your furs into their boxes before the first of May, and with good paste and mucilage fasten a strip of paper over the crack left between the lid and box, and put them in your closets. You need not entertain fears that the fall will find them anything but safe, and free from the unpleasant odors that tobacco, camphor, etc., always leave in furs.

TO CURE HOARSENESS.—When the voice is lost, as is sometimes the case, from the effects of cold, a simple pleasant remedy is furnished by beating up the white of one egg, adding to it the juice of one lemon, and sweetening with white sugar to taste. Take a teaspoonful from time to time. It has been known effectually to cure the ailment.

EXCELLENT CAKE.—Whites of three eggs, yolks of two, beaten separately, one cupful of sugar, one and one-half cupfuls of unsifted flour, one teaspoonful of cream tartar, one-half soda, one-half cupful of milk, flavor with lemon. Bake in quick oven, but do not scorch. This is nice frosted with chocolate, as it does not easily crumb.

RICH FRUIT CAKE.—One pound of sifted flour, one pound white sugar, one pound of butter, nine eggs, one teaspoonful each of cinnamon, mace, cloves, allspice, one ounce extract rose, one-half cupful molasses, one-half teaspoonful of soda, two pounds of currants, one pound of stoned raisins, one-half pound of citron. This makes one loaf, and should be baked an hour or an hour and a quarter in a slow oven. It should have a thick white frosting flavored with lemon or vanilla.