

HOUSEHOLD.

The Touch of His Hand.

(By Sophie Bronson Titterington, in 'Standard'.)

The dear Lord sends His children, now and then, experiences that stand out with all the vividness of a miracle. Since He bids us help others by means of the grace vouchsafed to us in times of need, this true story is recorded of a marvellous, gracious manifestation in a most trying moment.

There was sickness in the house; sickness that brought with it nerve strain and anxiety to the watching mother. The absence of the usual helpers, and the sharers in the needed watch care, brought heavy burdens upon a pair of not over strong shoulders. One morning, confronted by a most distracting complication of duties, with a sense of an overwrought-physical condition, this brief petition ascended to the throne:

'Dear Lord Thou knowest all. Let me feel the touch of Thy hand this day.'

There was no time for a longer prayer. It was earnest and heartfelt, prompted by a consciousness of deepest need. Yet the petitioner offered it in a figurative sense, not imagining for a moment that a literal answer was possible.

After attending to the needs of the sick one, a kitchen in discouraging disorder confronted the tired house-keeper. It seemed a herculean task to restore it to its wonted neatness, and at the same time keep a listening ear for any calls from the invalid. Hurrying to and fro, a final stumble over a basket which projected just far enough from under the table to cause the mishap, proved the last straw to the unstrung nerves. The first over-whelming impulse was to send the basket, with a vigorously applied foot to the further corner of the room. Just at this juncture, it was as if a gentle hand was laid on the weary mother's shoulder. A wonderful hush and calm fell over her perturbed spirit, till, soothed and quieted, she took up the day's tasks with a peace unutterable. Until night the sense of that touch stayed with her, and the blessed memory still has power to strengthen and sustain.

"He touched her hand and the fever left her."

O blessed touch of the Man divine!
So beautiful then to arise and serve him,
When the fever is gone from your life and mine;

It may be the fever of restless serving,
With heart all thirsty for love and praise,
With eyes all aching and strained with yearning

Toward self-set goals in the future days.
Or it may be a fever of spirit anguish,
Some tempest of sorrow that does not down,

Till the cross at last is in meekness lifted,
And the head stoops low for the thorny crown.

Or it may be a fever of pain or anger,
When the wounded spirit is hard to bear,
And only the Lord can draw forth the arrows

Left carelessly, cruelly, rankling there.
'Whatever the fever, his touch can heal it;
Whatever the tempest his voice can still.

There is only joy as we seek his pleasure;
There is only rest as we seek his will.
And some day, after life's fitful fever,
I think we shall say, in the home on high,

"If the hands he touched but did his bidding,
How little it matters what else went by!"

'Stupidity Among Children.'

A writer in 'The Hospital' warns parents and teachers against rash conclusions regarding a child's apparent 'stupidity.' He says: 'Stupidity, real and apparent, in children, presents a difficult study. There comes a time when the colt must be put in the harness, the child begin to study. As neither task is natural to the animal involved, it is almost impossible to accomplish it without a certain severity. The thing to be desired in both cases is that the severity may be no more than sufficient, that the powers of each creature may be

guided in the right direction without being cramped and maimed. And, therefore, the application of whip, or bit, or spur, must be accompanied by careful study of the animal. You can never make a cart-horse win the Derby, and you can never make a stupid child a clever one; but you can find out wherein this stupidity lies, and what compensation nature has afforded him. It is only in comparatively recent years that we have begun to perceive how much tone deafness, color blindness, or myopia may have to do with an apparent dulness, which was too often set down as the result of inattention. Even where no such easily diagnosed defect exists one must admit such differences as puzzle the wisest. Against the phenomenal 'calculating boy,' to whom all arithmetical problems are as nothing, you put the child who can scarcely grasp the fact that two and two make four as an abstract idea. Yet he may be no more stupid than the other, but only of a more materialistic temper, which realizes things only when set in visible shape before him. The natural tendency of schoolmasters is to condemn as stupid the child who is dull in things scholastic. Life often reverses the schoolmaster's verdict, and shows that the so-called dulness was intelligence which had not yet found its proper channel.'

How to Open a New Book.

Hold the book with its back on a smooth or covered table; let the front board down, then the other, holding the leaves in one hand while you open a few leaves at the back, then a few at the front, and so go on, alternately opening back and front, gently pressing open the sections till you reach the centre of the volume. Do this two or three times and you will obtain the best results. Open the volume violently or carelessly in any one place and you will likely break the back and cause a start in the leaves. Never force the back. If it does not yield to gentle opening rely upon it the back is too tightly or strongly lined.

A connoisseur many years ago, an excellent customer of mine, who thought he knew perfectly how to handle books, came into my office when I had an expensive binding just brought from the bindery ready to be sent home. He, before my eyes, took hold of the volume, and tightly holding the leaves in each hand, instead of allowing them free play, violently opened it in the centre and exclaimed, 'How beautifully your bindings open!' I almost fainted. He had broken the back of the volume, and it had to be rebound.—'Modern Book-binding,' by William Matthews.

Eating at Night.

A contributor to the 'Illustrated London News' makes this suggestion: 'If you have not been accustomed to taking anything between supper and breakfast at eight begin by taking a cup of hot milk, in which a little nutmeg has been grated, with an arrowroot biscuit, then go on to a cup of chocolate (hot) with any light addition such as a crust well buttered. These will prove distinctly beneficial to all thin, nervous people, especially women, promoting sound, refreshing sleep, and curing that weary lie-abed feeling in the morning that comes upon the ill-nourished. If those who crave a cup of tea or 'just something' before they get up were to take such sustenance over night they would find the morning wakening much more pleasurable. Nature throws off many diseases, if you but help her, by nourishing the body, enabling it to eliminate or throw off the waste of the body, which is the result of friction; if this waste of the body is not eliminated, it is dead and effete material, and if not thrown off must necessarily be reabsorbed. Sustain the body, and it will bring you health. Of course, people who are plethoric or stout must follow the opposite course to these suggestions.'

'Six things,' says Hamilton, 'are requisite to create a home. Integrity must be the architect, and tidiness the upholsterer. It must be warmed by affection and lighted up with cheerfulness; industry must be the ventilator, renewing the atmosphere and bringing in fresh salubrity day by day; while, over all, as a protecting glory and canopy, nothing will suffice except the blessing of God.'

Selected Recipes.

Cheese Pudding.—Make a batter with one quart of milk and four eggs. Grate half a pound of ordinary cheese and mix with it an equal bulk of bread crumbs; then add both cheese and bread to the batter. Season with salt and pepper, and bake in a pudding dish till solid and nicely browned. This pudding has a food value about the same as canned baked beans. With the addition of five and a half ounces of salt pork the pudding will make a full day's rations for a man at moderate work, but will require strong digestive functions.

Cream Dressing for Salad.—Beat together thoroughly three raw eggs and six tablespoonfuls of cream, three tablespoonfuls of melted butter, one teaspoonful of salt, one of mustard, one half of black pepper, and one teacupful of vinegar. Heat, stirring it constantly until it thickens like boiled custard; if it boils it will curdle; let it cool, then mix with salad.

Cocoanut Pound Cake.—Beat half a pound of butter to cream; add gradually a pound of sifted flour, one pound of powdered sugar, two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, a pinch of salt, grated peel of one lemon, quarter of a pound of prepared grated cocoanut, four eggs well beaten, and one cupful of milk or cream; mix thoroughly, butter the tins, and line them with buttered paper; put the mixture in to the depth of an inch and a half, and bake in a good oven. When baked, turn them out, spread icing over them, and return the cake to the oven a moment to dry the icing.

Apple Potpie with maple sugar sauce.—Half fill a deep dish with soup apples which have been quartered, pared and cored. Pour over them a little boiling water and place in a hot oven until tender. Make a crust as for baking powder biscuit, roll out an inch thick; lay it over the apples and return to the oven for about forty minutes or until the crust is done. For the sauce cook together two tablespoonfuls of butter and one tablespoonful of flour, add half a cupful of maple sugar and a tiny pinch of mace and cook until clear and smooth.

Indian Pudding.—Take two quarts of milk, dip out a pint and scald the rest. Stir ten tablespoonfuls of sifted meal in the hot milk and beat well that there be no lumps in it. Add salt to taste, a large spoonful of ginger, half as much ground cinnamon bark, four spoonfuls of fine sugar, a teacupful of good molasses, and last the cold milk. Bake four hours in a slow oven. Half a teacupful of finely cut beef suet makes it richer and dried plums may be added.—'Table Talk.'

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Publishers, Montreal.

THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' is printed and published every week at the 'Witness' Building, at the corner of Craig and St. Peter streets, in the city of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall, of Montreal.

All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son, and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'