

HOUSEHOLD.

Bearing Disappointment.

(By Sallie V. Du Bois.)

Ellen turned carefully over the leaves of her new bible. There was a certain verse in the Psalms that she wished to mark. When Miss Ellis presented the book, she said: "Ellen, you will find a verse reading like this: 'It is good for me that I have been afflicted, that I might learn thy statutes.'" And the young girl had quietly answered, 'Thank you.'

Ellen was one of a class of ten girls in the Hillside Academy, and the close of the school term was to have seen them all graduated, when an unexpected event caused our friend to drop from the class. Nervous prostration overtook the taxed mother's strength, she was ordered a complete change, which meant, of course, that she must go from home. The father could not afford the additional expense of hiring extra help, and there was no alternative but that Ellen must be taken from school to shoulder her share of the burden. Mrs. Louis was melted to tears. 'My dear daughter,' she said, 'I cannot bear that you should sacrifice so much for me.'

'Hush, mamma, dear,' she answered, 'we will not think of that, but only pray that your health may be restored.'

'What a brave little girl Ellen is,' father said that evening. 'I had no idea what sterling stuff was in her until I saw how willing she was to sacrifice her heart's dearest desire. She never demurred, just put her shoulder to the wheel like a brave young soldier of the Cross.'

And it was all true. Miss Ellis was the only one that had a realization of what the disappointment meant to Ellen. In telling the circumstances of her leaving school to her teacher, she gave way to a flood of tears, and for a time all words seemed powerless to comfort her. 'I shall have no time to pursue my precious studies,' she said.

'Ellen, dear,' was the answer, 'perform your duty faithfully, as unto the Lord, and sometime, somewhere, somehow, you shall find that which you seek.' Then there was contrition in the girl's heart; she was ashamed that she should have manifested such feeling before dear Miss Ellis, who was so unselfish and noble.

So the weeks sped by, Commencement Day dawned, and sitting in the audience, with a little sister each side of her, was Ellen, bright and happy, the flush of girlish expectation on her face making her appear positively beautiful.

'Ellen's indifference about leaving the class is something surprising,' said one lady to another.

'Oh, hush,' was the low-spoken answer. 'You mistake Ellen; she has been diving in sorrow's streams and has found precious pearls.'—Christian Intelligencer.

The Little Boy Who Died.

By Ernest Gilmore.

'The little toy dog is covered with dust,  
But sturdy and staunch he stands;  
And the little toy soldier is red with rust,  
And his musket moulds in his hands.  
Time was when the little toy dog was new,  
And the soldier was passing fair,  
That was the time when our little Boy Blue  
Kissed them and put them there.

"Now, don't you go till I come," he said,  
"And don't you make a noise!"  
So toddling off to his trundle bed,  
He dreamt of the pretty toys.  
And as he was dreaming an angel song  
Awakened our Little Boy Blue—  
Oh, the years are many, the years are long,  
But the little toy friends are true.

'Aye, faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand,  
Each in the same old place,  
Awaiting the touch of a little hand;  
The smile of a little face.  
And they wonder, as waiting the long years  
through,  
In the dust of that little chair,  
What has become of our Little Boy Blue  
Since he kissed them and put them there?"

No mother who has been bereaved of a little one can read the above poem by our lamented and beloved Eugene Field, without

eyes dimmed with tears. How he loved the children!

These little ones, who are beholding the face of their Father in heaven, how we long for a look into their sweet faces! How we yearn for a touch of their little hands! How our hearts would leap if we could catch even one whisper of the loved voices that are still!

But whatever our agony may be, let us never be guilty of saying that we have lost our children. We have only parted with them, and, however great may be our sorrow to lose their sweet companionship, we have the inexpressible joy of knowing that they are saved. As Bishop Hall says: 'That is properly lost which is past all recovery, which we cannot hope to see any more. It is not so with this child for whom thou mournest. He is only gone home a little before thee. Thou art following him. You two shall meet in your Father's house, and enjoy each other more happily than you could have done here below.'

Some one tells the story of a nobleman who had a spacious garden, which he left to the care of a faithful servant, whose delight it was to train the creepers along the trellis, to water the seeds in the time of drought, to support the stalks of the tender plants, and to do every work which could render the garden a paradise of flowers. One morning he rose with joy, expecting to tend his beloved flowers and hoping to find his favorites increased in beauty. To his surprise, he found one of his choicest beauties rent from its stem, and, looking around him, he missed from every bed the pride of his garden, the most precious of his blooming flowers. Full of grief and anger, he hurried to his fellow-servants, and demanded who had thus robbed him of his treasures. They had not done it, and he did not charge them with it, but he found no solace for his grief till one of them remarked, "My lord was walking in the garden this morning, and I saw him pluck the flowers and carry them away." Then he found that he had no cause for his trouble. He felt that it was well that his master had been pleased to take his own, and he went away, smiling at his loss, because his lord had taken them.

Dr. Cuyler gives the best of advice to bereaved mothers and fathers. He says: 'Parents, spare your tears for those whom you have laid down to sleep in their narrow beds of earth with the now withered rosebud mingled with their dust. They are safe. Christ is their teacher now, and has them in his sinless school, where lessons of celestial wisdom are learned by eyes that never weep.'

'My little one, my sweet one,  
Thou canst not come to me;  
But nearer draws the numbered hour  
When I shall go to thee;  
And thou, perchance, with seraph smile,  
And golden harp in hand,  
May'st come the first to welcome me  
To our Immanuel's land.'  
—Christian Intelligencer.

Halibut.

Halibut is an economical fish to buy; as there is so little waste, besides this particular fish seems to be equal to meat, more so than most kinds, for its substantial, sustaining properties. It will 'stand by' most stomachs like a piece of juicy sirloin steak. A piece of four pounds, cut so near the tail, across the fish, as to make a suitably shaped piece for the table, is ample for six persons, and then some will be left for pickling. We are explicit in writing for the benefit of those who do not yet know all that time and experience teaches, in cooking or even in buying for the table.

I have in mind a young friend who went, almost from the graduation day, to be the mistress of a beautiful home. Going to market to order her dinner, she inquired what kinds of fish were to be had. The market man named over several kinds. 'Well,' my young lady replied, 'you may send me home a halibut.'

Get a piece the size and shape given above, wash in cold water, and lay upon a cloth to drain. Chop one onion fine, also have a large spoonful of chopped parsley. Now take a large spoonful of butter, cut it into bits, and lay into the dripping pan. Over it sprinkle half the onion and half the parsley, a tea-spoonful of salt, and liberal sprinkling of pepper. Now lay in the piece of fish, the

cut side to the pan, of course, and on the top sprinkle the other half of the parsley and onion. Also the juice of a large lemon, and one well-beaten egg, spread evenly around, with pepper and salt. A wee sprinkling of flour all over, and just cover the bottom of the pan with hot water, and it is ready for the oven. Forty minutes in a good oven and it is ready to serve, with a tomato sauce poured over it, or served from a sauce tureen, with alternate slices of lemon and a sprig of parsley around the fish. Drain the juice from a can of tomatoes, thicken, add butter generously, pepper and salt, and a little onion juice if liked for the sauce.

Another way to cook this same cut of halibut, yet equally delicious, is to use salt, fat pork, for the moistening of this naturally dry fish, instead of butter, and it gives it a fine flavor. A quarter-pound of pork will do for a four-pound piece of fish. Cut it up in very thin, narrow slices, put half in the dripping pan, with a bay leaf, and half a sliced onion. Lay in the fish, and on it put another bay leaf, the rest of the onion, salt and pepper, and a spoonful of flour, creamed together, spread evenly around. Then sprinkle fine cracker crumbs over all and lay the remainder of the pork, cut in very fine strips, over all, to bake. Thirty minutes will bake it in a good oven. Serve on a hot platter. It is a delicious flavor, and moist, and no sauce is required.—N. Y. 'Observer.'

NORTHERN MESSENGER.

(To the Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.')

Sir,—We cordially approve of the material, make-up and teaching of your little 'Northern Messenger,' and hope for it an extended circulation on a solid cash basis.

F. MELBOURNE MAY,  
Veteran of the U.S.A.

Shutesbury, Mass.

(To the Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.')

Sir,—My eldest child, a winsome lass of five, is delighted with the stories in the 'Messenger,' and calls it her paper. Wishing you continued success,

A. H. CAMERON.

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