

A Prayer for the Ill at Ease.

When sickly thoughts or jarring nerves invade
My morning sunshine or my evening shade,
When the dark moods career without control,
And fears and faintness gather on my soul;
Oh Lord, whose word is power, whose gift is peace,
Bid my spent bosom's tides and tempests cease,
Bid Thy blest Jesus walk a stormier sea
Then ever chafed the azure Galilee,
And if too soon my spirit craves for ease,
Hallow the suffering that Thy love decrees,
Work my soul's faith from out my body's fears,
And let me meet my triumph in my tears.

By the Earl of Carlisle.

Loving Words.

A loving word is always a safe word. It may or may not be a helpful word to the one who hears it; but it is sure to be a pleasant memory to the one who speaks it. Many a word spoken by us is afterwards regretted; but no word of affectionate appreciation, to which we have given utterance, finds a place among our sadly remembered expressions. Looking back over our intercourse with a dead friend or fellow-worker, we may, indeed, regret that we were ever betrayed into a harsh, or hasty, or unloving word of censure or criticism in that intercourse; and we may wish vainly that we had now the privilege of saying all the loving words that we might honestly have spoken while yet he was with us. But there will never come into our hearts at such a time, a single pang of regret over any word of impulsive or deliberate affection which passed our lips at any time.

We have reason to be on our guard in our speech in most directions; but we can be fearlessly free in our loving utterances. Apart from any question of the good we do to others by our words of love, we are personally the gainers, for now and hereafter, by every such word which we speak explicitly; and we are sure to be the losers, now and by and by, from every such word which we ought to have spoken and failed to speak.

Little Things.

What absurd little things people quarrel about! What trivial matters cause ill-feeling in families! The mutton being roasted too little or the beef too much; an opinion about the temperature of the house or the style of curtains that ought to be bought for the front windows; the definition of a word, or its pronunciation, are things that might be argued pleasantly about, but surely are not topics worth a quarrel when peace and good-will are of so much importance in the home. A little ill-feeling is like a seed that may grow into a large tree, which will shadow the whole house. Many men and women must look back with regret on the hasty word or the cold reproach which was the entering wedge that split the household in two, and yet how few make a point of uttering the soft word that turneth away wrath! Quarreling is one of the original sins, I suppose; for the babies sitting on the floor will fall out over their toys, and one will push down the block tower that the other has built with great pains; and there will be a "name called" and a "face made" and a slap given, and mamma will be called to settle a quarrel, and no truth can be got at, for each is right in his own estimation, and each has been wronged by the other. So it is through life. A reasonable quarrel about great matters may be settled, and the parties made friends again; but little tiffs about nothing are such foolish, intangible affairs that reason cannot overcome them.

Faith and Zeal of Native Converts.

A missionary of the English Church Missionary Society in the prefecture of Hing Hwa, in the province of Fokien, China, gives a number of incidents which show how the rays of light are breaking through the gloom of a great and populous district containing over 6,000,000 people. Those who have received the light have been most faithful in transmitting it. The superintendent of the catechists bears in his body "the marks of the Lord Jesus" in the form of a scar inflicted by an older brother because he had embraced Christianity. He wears his scar with the more satisfaction from the fact that his brother finally became a Christian.

In one village a woman brought six or seven others to the mission service as a result of her faithful labour, and twelve of her own family are followers of Christ. In another village six women had been prepared for baptism by the faithful labours of the catechist's wife. A girl of fifteen had been very active in influencing her friends to receive the truth. In another place a man, who had been treated in the mission hospital at Kang Chu, had made known the glad message which he had received to relatives and neighbours, whereupon they sent a deputation begging that a teacher might be given to them.

At the little village of Kiang Sang, the missionary, arriving late, began after tea to examine candidates for baptism, and continued until ten o'clock, after which the superintendent of catechists continued his exhortation to his interested audience until midnight. In the morning the work of examination continued, after which nineteen were accepted, all men from the neighbouring mountains.

At Taeng Ting, where two years ago there were only three Christians, there are now more than 100, and they are building a nice church. At Sang Pang Taing the number of worshippers has increased from 80 to 140, and they are subscribing to build a church similar to that at Taeng Ting. The missionary who furnishes these facts in his letters (the Rev. L. Lloyd) says that the liberality of the native Christians in this extensive district is almost without a parallel in the history of missions. The work is practically self-supporting.

Words.

Keep a guard on your words, my darlings,
For words are wonderful things;
They are sweet like the bees' fresh honey;
Like the bees, they have terrible stings.
They can bless, like the warm, glad sunshine,
And brighten a lonely life;
They can cut, in the strife of anger,
Like an open, two-edged knife.

Let them pass through your lips unchallenged,
If their errand is true and kind;
If they come to support the weary,
To comfort and help the blind.
Keep them back if they're cold and cruel,
Under bar, and lock, and seal;
The wounds they make, my darlings,
Are always slow to heal.

Christians in the National Diet of Japan.

It seems clear that in the first Japanese Diet there will be ten Christians. This is one in thirty, although in the whole country the Christians do not yet number one in a thousand. This shows that Christianity is affecting the life of the nation. Even the greatest stronghold of Buddhism in Japan, the lower district of Kioto, has elected a Christian representative. This, however, was owing to divisions among the Buddhists, and their having more than one candidate. In one district, in pressing a Christian to be a candidate, some of the voters said: "Better give up your Christianity." "I would rather be a Christian than a candidate," he replied. "Give up your office in the Church, then," they said. "No, I can't do that; to be an officer in the Church of Christ is more pleasure to me than to be a member of the National Diet." He lost nothing by his firmness.

Hints to Housekeepers.

ROASTED TURKEY.—Select a large, fat, tender turkey, and have it nicely dressed, drawn, washed, wiped dry and well singed. Rub it all over, inside and outside, with pepper and salt. Make a stuffing of the following ingredients. One pound of light bread-crumbs, half a pound of butter, a heap of teaspoonful of finely minced onion, salt and pepper, one raw egg and enough water to mix rather soft. Stuff the breast first, and sew it up, then stuff the body. Rub the turkey all over with melted butter, and dredge well with sifted flour. Lay it in the pan on its breast, and pour in a quart of cold water. Have the oven well heated but not too hot, as the turkey must cook slowly to be done. Allow a quarter of an hour to each pound. Have some butter in a plate with a lard-

ing mop. From time to time baste the turkey with the gravy in the pan, rub over with the larding mop and dredge again with flour. As it browns turn from side to side, and last of all brown the breast. Frequent basting, dredging and turning, will insure perfect cooking. When done it should be a rich, dark brown all over, and when a fork is stuck deep into it no red juice should run. Remove it to a hot dish, and if the gravy is not quite thick enough add a teaspoonful of flour creamed smooth enough with some of the grease skimmed from the gravy. If while cooking the gravy in the pan boils away too much, more water should be added. When the turkey is done there should be about a pint of gravy.

FOUR YEARS IN SAWYERVILLE.—"For four years I had pimples and sores breaking out on my hands and face caused by bad blood. Medicine from the doctor was tried without avail, but after using two bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters I am well." MISS MABEL LINDSAY, Sawyerville, Que.

BOILED HAM.—Soak the ham over night in a boiler full of cold water. When ready to cook it, scrape, wash and trim it carefully and cut off the hock. After being properly cleansed and trimmed put it on in cold water sufficient to cover it well, and after it begins to boil allow a quarter of an hour for each pound, and let it boil slowly. When a fork stuck in it comes out readily, it is done. The boiler should then be lifted off the fire and the ham allowed to stay in it until it is time to serve it. Remove the skin, trim again if it needs it, which is apt to be the case, and send it to the table hot. The gravy that runs in the dish, being the juice of the ham, is very nice served with rice.

CHICKEN PIE.—Cut up a pair of fat, tender chickens and put them in a sauce-pan with just water enough to cover them; add a quarter of a pound of butter, and salt and pepper to taste. Cover the sauce-pan and let them stew until tender. Make a rich pastry with one quart of flour, salt to taste, half a pound of butter and a quarter of a pound of lard; mix with cold water, not too stiff. Line a deep pan with some of the pastry. Put a layer of chicken in the bottom of the pan, put bits of butter over it, sprinkle well with sifted flour, and a little more salt if it requires it. Put in another layer of chicken, butter and flour, and so on until the chicken is all in the pan. A gill of flour and a quarter of a pound of butter is sufficient. The water in the sauce-pan should have been boiled down to a pint. Pour into the pan three gills of sweet cream and the pint of chicken liquor. Put on the top crust, which should be about half an inch thick, ornamented at the edge with a double strip of pastry. Cut two slits in the top crust for the escape of the steam. Bake rather slowly and serve hot. The chicken should have been cooked until tender enough to leave the bone readily.

IT SAVED HIS LIFE.—GENTLEMEN,—I can recommend Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, for it saved my life when I was about six months old. We have used it in our family when required ever since, and it never fails to cure all summer complaints. I am now fourteen years of age. FRANCIS WALSH, Dalkeith, Ont.

ROASTED SIRLOIN OF BEEF.—If the sirloin weighs twelve or fifteen pounds two hours and a half will be sufficient to roast it in. Beef must hang at least two days. Its flavour is so much improved thereby. Rub it with soft butter, sprinkle all over well with salt, black pepper and a pinch of cayenne; dredge well with sifted flour, set in a pan in which there is a quart of cold water, and put the pan in the oven. Leave the door ajar until the meat begins to cook. Baste often with a larded mop and with flour, and cook slowly. On pricking the meat with a fork if no red juice follows, it is sufficiently done. Beef should be cooked slightly rare. It is more nutritious and juicy. It should be done a fine brown. Remove from the pan and keep warm while the gravy is being carefully skimmed. If it is not quite thick enough add a little cracker dust and boil up for a minute. Serve roast beef with horseradish sauce, walnut catchup and freshly mixed mustard.