

The Daughter of Jairus.

Again returns the solemn hour of night,
Once more we yield ourselves to gentle sleep,
That mystery and marvel of our God,
Who takes us in His arms, and cradles us
The whole night long, with more than mother's love.
Without Him, could we e'er thus willingly
Resign ourselves to blank unconsciousness,
Become a prey to death and helplessness,
Through the long hours of darkness till the dawn?

My children, ye are young, but I am old,
And many times have slept to wake again
To this world's sights and sounds. How wonderful
One waking, ye know, for ye have heard
The story often:—How, when I was twelve,
I slept that deep, calm sleep, which men call "death,"
But which to me, now looking back thereon,
Seems but a common, ordinary sleep.
Not so the waking! That became for me
The moving spring and pivot of my life.
My withered hand still feels the thrilling touch—
Still linger in my ears the clear, sweet tones
Of Him who waked me. Ye have heard the tale;
Yet seldom from my lips, for I have held
His prohibition sacred, nor have made
With common talk the lovely marvel cheap.
Nay, rather have I sought to bury it
In holy depths of silence, so to be
A root from which all flowers and fruits might spring.
I know not why to night the hidden glow
At length has kindled into flame of speech,
Unless it be that I am near the end
Of this my second term of earthly life,
And He, my Master, bids me ere I go
Bear this my humble witness to His love.

I thought it was my father's voice that said,
"My little maid, arise!" And when my eyes
Unclosed upon a stranger's face and form,
No more was startled than if I had seen
My father standing there, so soft the shine
Of those love deepened eyes. Eternal life
Beamed forth from them upon a dying world,
Life manifest as love, for love is life.

He lingered not, but saying, "bring her now
A little food," and, "Do not spread the tale,"
Passed from my sight, but never left my heart.
'Twas long ere from my father's lips I heard
A full account of that eventful day;
How, half beside himself with grief, he sought
The aid of that great Prophet, of whose power
So much was heard. And then (my father said),
As through the streets they passed to come to me,
The Prophet paused to praise a woman's faith,
Which by a touch had won from Him a cure.
Poor woman! she had suffered for as long
As I had lived. I love to think of her,
Not cured alone, but also with His praise
Returning happy. Haste is not of God,
Who never lacks the time to do us good.
My father chafed, however, for he thought
This brief delay might cost him dear. And when
The messengers appeared, he knew full well,
Before they spoke, the tidings they had brought.
The Prophet read his thoughts, and gently said,
"Fear not, believe!" and then He came to me,
And raised me from my sleep, as I have told.

And afterwards those blessing Hands were nailed
Upon the cross—that life-compelling Voice
Itself was hushed in death, and those dear Eyes
Grew dim with anguish—all for love of men.
(It almost broke my heart to think of it!)
But then He rose again. God's Holy One
The grave could not retain, and we with Him
Are risen. O my dear ones! I, who stand
Between two sleeps (two "deaths," as those would say
Who know not that the Christ abolished death),
I charge you, live for Him who died for you,
And lives for you—for most men lie asleep,
Or, at the best, are only half awake.
Perchance within their graves they sometimes turn
From side to side, and dream they are awake.
Be ye alive! Let His life in you dwell,
Let His love thrill your being through and through,
And keep the fire of life up. Live for Him,
And for your brethren, who to Him are dear.
Intensely live, with energy of love,
For selfishness is death unto the soul.
But it is growing late and we must go
To rest. God's Peace be with you evermore.

—E. D.

—Frequent Communion should involve a
change of life, more collectedness in God, more
retirement, at times, from society, deeper con-
sciousness of His Presence, more sacredness in
our ordinary actions whom He so vouchsafeth to
hallow, greater love for His Passion which we
celebrate, and carrying it about, in strictness of
self-rule and self-discipline and self-denying love.

"Thy Will be Done."

You may do your daily work, whatever it be,
with this for its motto, "The will of the Lord be
done." And they who thus can look at their
trade, or profession, and see the trivialities and
monotonies of their daily occupations, in the trans-
figuring light of that great thought, will never
need to complain that life is small, ignoble, wearisome,
insignificant. As with pebbles in some
clear brook with the sunshine on it, the water in
which they are sunk glorifies and magnifies them.
If you lift them out, they are but bits of dull
stone; lying beneath the sunlit ripples they are
jewels. Plunge the prose of your life, and all its
trivialities, into that great stream, and it will
magnify and glorify the smallest and the homeliest.

Certificate of Analysis.

Laboratory of Dr. R. Bryce-Gemmel, Consult-
ing and Analytical Chemist,
228 Boylston Street,
Boston, Mass.

I hereby certify that I have carefully examined
the sample of K.D.C. submitted by the K.D.C. Co.,
Ltd., Feb. 10, 1893, and have been unable to de-
tect any objectionable or injurious ingredients
therein. It is a compound prepared from pure
drugs, and it is my opinion that, if properly ad-
ministered, it will give ready relief to sufferers
from the different forms of the disease for which
it is intended. It is a perfectly safe remedy.

Respectfully,

R. BRYCE-GEMMEL,
"Late Analyst, Surgeon's Hall," Edinburgh,
Scotland.

Influence.

A man's influence lives forever. He dies, is
buried, and goes to his reward; but his influence
is left behind to work, and it will build up or
wreck lives down through the coming ages,
according as it is good or bad. "Gather up my
influence and bury it with me," were the dying
words of a wrecked young man to his weeping
friends. How his request startled them, and
lacerated their bleeding hearts with a deeper
agony! How impossible to comply with the
request! By living as he had lived he had created
a working force which only the Omnipotent could
annihilate—and God does not annihilate.

Unfinished Tasks.

Every man inherits unfinished tasks from his
predecessors, and leaves unfinished tasks to his
successors. It is, as it used to be in the middle
ages, when the men that dug the foundations, or
laid the first courses of some great cathedral, were
dead, long generations before the gilded cross was
set on the apex of the needle-spire, and the glow-
ing glass filled in to the painted windows. Enough
for us, if we are represented, though by but one
stone in one of the courses of the great building.

Poor Digestion

Leads to nervousness, fretfulness, peevishness,
chronic dyspepsia and great misery. Hood's Sar-
saparilla is the remedy. It tones the stomach,
creates an appetite, and gives a relish to food. It
makes pure blood and gives healthy action to all
the organs of the body. Take Hood's, for Hood's
Sarsaparilla cures.

Hood's Pills become the favorite cathartic with
every one who tries them. 25c.

Fragments.

St. Luke has left plenty of blank paper at the
end of his second treatise, on which he meant that
succeeding generations should write their partial
contributions to the completed work. Dear friends,
let us see that we write our little line, as monks
in their monasteries used to keep the chronicle of
the house, on which scribe after scribe toiled at
his illuminated letters with loving patience for a
little while, and then handed the pen from dying
hands to another. What does it matter though
we drop, having done but a fragment?

Hints to Housekeepers.

CREAMING POTATOES.—Slice cold boiled potatoes
very thin, and have ready a saucepan of boiling
milk, in which place the potatoes with salt, a good
sized piece of butter, and while boiling thicken
with flour mixed with water, stirring until delicate
and creamy. When ready dish for the table.
The goodness of this dish depends much upon
catering just when ready, ten minutes being suffi-
cient time to prepare it.

JENNY LIND CAKE.—Half cup butter, one cup
milk, two tablespoons cream, two cups sugar,
three eggs, one teaspoon cream of tartar, one-half
teaspoon soda, four cups flour.

NICE DELICATE CAKE.—One cup white sugar,
five tablespoons butter, whites of six eggs, one
cup sweet milk, three cups flour and two spoons
baking powder sifted in the flour. Flavour with
orange, lemon or vanilla.

POP OYERS.—One egg well beaten, one cup sweet
milk, one cup flour. Heat the gem pans before
pouring in the mixture, and bake in a hot oven.

BREAD PUDDING.—One pt. stale bread, one qt.
milk, the yolks of four eggs beaten, a small cup
white sugar, the grated rind of a lemon, and a
piece of butter the size of an egg. Mix all well
together, bake; when cool, spread it well with
jelly, beat the whites of the eggs very stiff with
five spoons white sugar, with the juice of a lemon,
pour over the top of the pudding, put in the oven
to stiffen.

TO MAKE APPLE FRITTERS.—Take one pt. milk,
three eggs, salt to taste, and as much flour as will
make a batter. Beat the yolks and whites separ-
ately, add the yolks to the milk, stir in the whites
with as much flour as will make a batter. Have
ready some tender apples, peel them, cut them in
slices round the apple, take the core carefully out
of the centre of each slice, and to every spoonful of
batter lay in a slice of the apple, which must be
cut very thin. Fry them in hot lard to a light
brown on both sides.

MOLASSES CAKE.—One-half cup molasses, one-
half cup sugar, one-half cup sour milk, piece of
butter the size of an egg, two cups flour, spices
and a few chopped raisins; spice with a little gin-
ger, cloves and cinnamon.

FRENCH TAPIOCA PUDDING.—Take two ozs. tapi-
oca and boil it in half pt. water until it begins to
melt, then add one-half pint milk by degrees, and
boil until the tapioca becomes very thick, add a
well-beaten egg, sugar and flavouring to taste.
Bake gently for three-quarters of an hour.

OLD ENGLISH PLUM PUDDING.—One lb. raisins,
one lb. currants, one lb. suet, one-quarter lb. flour
or bread-crumbs, three ozs. sugar, one-half oz.
grated lemon peel, a blade of mace, one-half a nut-
meg, a teaspoon of ginger, six eggs. Work well,
tie in a cloth with room to swell. Boil five hours.

APPLE PUDDING.—Apples pared, cored and
sliced, placed in alternate layers with stale bread
crumbs, very fine; add a little water, mix a few
fine crumbs with butter for the top. Bake. Eat
it with a hard sauce.

Cold boiled ham, or roast or boiled beef, left
from one day's dinner, may be acceptably served
at the next day's lunch or dinner, cooked in a chaf-
ing-dish in the following way: Slice a quarter of
a pound of the meat in thin slices. Heat a table-
spoonful of tomato catsup, with the same quantity
of butter and of sherry. When hot, put the slices
in the sauce, turn them over while heating, and
when boiling serve.

Consumption follows neglected colds. Norway
Pine Syrup cures coughs, asthma, sore throat,
bronchitis and lung troubles.

SCRAPED WITH A RASP.—Sirs,—I had such a
severe cough that my throat felt as if scraped with
a rasp. On taking Norway Pine Syrup I found
the first dose gave relief, and the second bottle
completely cured me. Miss A. A. Downey, Man-
tic, Ont.

REASONS FOR SUCCESS.—The success of Norway
Pine Syrup as a cure for coughs, colds, asthma,
bronchitis, and all throat and lung troubles, is due
to the fact that it is the best and pleasantest re-
medy ever discovered, and because its action is
prompt and certain.

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