

## Be not Weary.

BY FRANCIS RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

Yes, He knows the day is dreary,  
Knows the weakness of our frame;  
Knows that hand and heart are weary;  
He "in all points" felt the same.  
He is near to help and bless;  
Be not weary, onward press.

Look to Him who once was willing  
All His glory to resign,  
That for thee, the law fulfilling,  
All His merits might be thine.  
Strive to follow day by day  
Where His footsteps mark the way.

Look to Him, the Lord of glory,  
Tasting death to win thy life;  
Gazing on that "wondrous story,"  
Canst thou falter in the strife?  
Is it not new life to know  
That the Lord hath loved thee so?

Look to Him who ever liveth,  
Interceding for His own;  
Seek, yea claim, the grace He giveth  
Freely from His priestly throne.  
Will He not thy strength renew  
With His Spirit's quickening dew?

Look to Him and faith shall brighten,  
Hope shall soar, and love shall burn;  
Peace once more thy heart shall lighten;  
Rise! He calleth thee, return!  
Be not weary on thy way;  
Jesus is thy strength and stay.

## Having His Own Way.

There is, perhaps, no way in which a man may be more sure of utter ruin than to have his own way. Many have tried it. They have determined that they would have their own way; they have had it: and the results have been most disastrous. Many a man to-day is in trouble because he would have his own way. He has alienated his friends, wasted his property, destroyed his chances for usefulness in the world, involved himself in troubles, and now finds at the last that he did not want what he thought he wanted; that things have not turned out as he was sure they would turn out; that his own way was the worst way he could have had; and has brought ruin and sorrow instead of blessing and prosperity. "All we, like sheep, have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way." This is our fault, our folly, our sin, and our calamity.

It is not good for us to follow our own ways. If we choose our own ways, God will choose our delusions, and the time will come when we will lament our wilfulness and regret our folly. Men need guidance; God is willing to guide them. "The meek will be guide in judgment, and the meek will he teach his way." Let us be meek, and take His yoke upon us, and learn of Him who is meek and lowly of heart, and we shall find rest to our souls.

## The Crown of Motherhood.

I am horrified these days when I hear such expressions from mothers as this: "Oh, I'm not at all tied to my baby. I go out as much as ever."

Do you? Well you ought not to. If you give your baby over to the nurses, I say you are missing the grandest thing God ever gave you. The most blessed "tie" any woman can know is the "tying" to her baby. I don't mean it is wrong to have a nurse; not at all. I do mean the heaven of a baby is "the heaven of its mother's face," and it ought to lie in your lap and look up into this heaven, and, as in your holiest moments you look down in your baby's face and realize and see that it is heaven to the baby, you ought in that moment (to recall George MacDonald's saying) to get the idea that you lie, like a little baby, looking up into the Father's face, and your heaven is in looking up and reading His wonderful love for you. Any woman that misses such moments for the whirl and rush of social life is cursing herself and her child.

In the first three years of your baby's life you are putting your stamp on that child for all its future. The motherhood, the brooding tenderness,

the passing into the child of the mother heart, are what are needed, and no woman will ever wear the crown of noble motherhood that neglects the baby for the sake of the outside world. Mother! mother! Blessed name. I feel that all mother-love is from the heart of God. And I never think it but I am so helped of God; for all the memories that I have of a mother are holy memories. I don't care who or what you are, I don't care whether you have ever been called mother or not, let me say you don't have to be called "mother" to be mother. Besides this there is a spiritual motherliness. Don't you suppose that all in the hospital felt that Florence Nightingale was their mother, when the shadow of the woman passing by the pillow made the poor sufferers turn and kiss the spot where that shadow fell? She mothered the soldiers. And so women have gone out in this world and "mothered" others.

## Condescension.

"Condescend to those things which are lowly." Is it not just the neglect of this rule which makes the chief evil of what is called society? It is a constant pursuit of high things; a struggle to rise one step higher, and then one yet higher, on the ladder of ambition, whatever its particular ambition be; it may be of rank, it may be of fame, it may be of fashion, it may be of excitement generally; most often it is, in some shape or other, the ambition of distinction; but whatever the particular aim, it is briefly to be described as a minding of high things, and the proper remedy for it is that described by St. Paul, "Condescend to things that are lowly." There is a narrowing effect as well as a widening in the pursuit even of divine knowledge, if that knowledge be chiefly intellectual. How many a man has ended his course a doubter or a disbeliever, mainly, we may well believe, for this reason, that he never forced himself to condescend to the humble, never discovered that the true way to knowledge is through love! If he had learned to condescend to things lowly, he would have entered at length, with a true insight, into the things which transcend knowledge.—C. J. Vaughan.

## Righteousness in Us.

While truth and righteousness are not of us, it is quite as certain that they are also in us if we be Christ's; not merely nominally given to us and imputed to us, but really implanted in us by the office of the blessed Spirit. Let us never forget this great and simple view, which the whole of Scripture sets before us. What was actually done by Christ in the flesh eighteen hundred years ago is in type and resemblance really wrought in us one by one even to the end of time. Christ Himself vouchsafes to repeat in each of us in figure and mystery all that He did and suffered in the flesh. He is formed in us, born in us, suffers in us, rises again in us, lives in us; and this not by a succession of events, but all at once; for He comes to us as a Spirit, all dying, all rising again, all living. We are ever receiving our birth, our justification, our renewal, ever dying to sin, ever rising to righteousness. His whole economy in all its parts is ever in us all at once; and this divine presence constitutes the title of each of us to heaven; this is what He will acknowledge and accept at the last day. As the king's image appropriates the coin to him, so the likeness of Christ in us separates us from the world and assigns us over to the kingdom of heaven.—J. H. Newman.

## Church Attendance.

A magazine has recently divided church-going folk into four classes: first, those who attend regularly and punctually morning and evening; second, those who come when the bishop comes, also on Easter and when there is a new rector; those who are likely to be present on six or eight particularly fine Sundays in the course of the year; and fourth, those who are present only half of the Sunday mornings, and for the other half of the Sundays they find themselves unable to bear up under such dreadful afflictions as headaches,

toothaches, etc., etc. The last three divisions represent by far the largest per cent. of Christian people. The number who attend Sunday service morning and evening with regularity is distressingly small, and this carelessness springs from the failure to realize the value and obligation of Sunday worship. We do not go to the house of God as we would go to a popular lecture or a concert, to be charmed by eloquence or by harmony. If Church people once grasped this idea we should not hear of them absenting themselves from God's house on such trivial pretexts as that "the music was poor," or the sermon dull, or the seats uncomfortable.

## Do We?

Do we make much of Christ in our lives? Is He really much to us in conscious personal experience? Do we not go on making plans and carrying them out without once consulting Him? We talk to Him about our future interests, but do we speak to Him of our daily work, our trials, our perplexities, our week-day, work-day life? We are to shut Christ out of no part of our life. We must have something besides human nature, even at its best, if we would be ready for all that lies before us. We must get our little lives so attached to God's life that we can draw from His fullness in every time of need.

## Hints to Housekeepers.

**STUFFED APPLES.**—Select as many apples as required, being careful to have them of the same size. With a long, slim knife take out the core. Prepare a filling of grated bread crumbs, a small lump of butter, sugar to taste, and a little cinnamon or nutmeg. Rub all well together, fill the hollow in the apples with it, set them in a hot oven and let them bake until done.

Ginger pears are a delicious sweet-meat. Use a hard pear, peel, core, and cut the fruit into very thin slices. For eight pounds of fruit after it has been sliced use the same quantity of sugar, the juice of four lemons, one pint of water, and half a pound of ginger root, sliced thin. Cut the lemon rinds into as long, thin strips as possible. Place all together in a preserving kettle and boil slowly for an hour.

Spiced pears are an excellent relish. To make them, place in a porcelain kettle four pounds of sugar, one quart of vinegar, one ounce of stick cinnamon, and half an ounce of cloves. When this comes to a boil add to it eight pounds of pears that have been peeled, and cook until tender. Skim out the fruit and put in glass jars. Boil the syrup until thick and pour it over them. Apples may be used in the same manner.

Pickled pears are made thus: Boil together three pounds of sugar, three pints of vinegar, and an ounce of stick cinnamon. Use seven pounds of sound pears, wash and stick three or four cloves in each pear and put them in the hot syrup and cook slowly twenty-five minutes. Turn them into a stone jar with the syrup, and cover. The following day pour off the liquid and heat and turn over the fruit again. It may require heating the second time.

In making brandy pears Bartlett's are the only variety that will give entire satisfaction when brandied, as they have a more decided flavour than any other. Select firm but ripe pears, peel and boil in a weak syrup until they can be pierced with a straw. Take the fruit out, drain, and put in jars. Have ready a rich, hot syrup made with three pounds of sugar and a half pint of water, and fill the jars containing the fruit with equal parts of the syrup and white brandy. Cover immediately.

**FOR CANNING PEARS.**—To every three pounds of fruit allow one and one-half pounds of sugar and a half pint of water. Peel the pears and lay them in cold water to keep them from turning dark before they are wanted. When the syrup is boiling put the pears in and cook until they look clear, or a fork can be stuck into them easily. Have the jars standing in a pan of hot water and carefully fill them with the fruit. Pour the hot syrup over them, filling the jars to the top. Cover and seal.