

The Economy of Pain.

Mr. Howells says "we are all blinded, we are all weakened, by a false ideal of self-sacrifice." Even a cursory glance at ourselves and those about us confirms the truth of this statement. In some way we have so misinterpreted the Bible as to believe that pure religion and undefiled consists in ignoring common-sense. We do not dare trust our own judgment in the crises of sorrow and disaster, and imagine that the most painful course, by reason of its very pain, is the one we ought to follow. Many of our funeral customs, through a false idea of what is due the dead, become barbarous inflictions upon the living. We are wanting in feeling for those whom God has taken, we believe, if we do not torture ourselves by every sight and sound calculated to increase our suffering. It is a remnant, perhaps, of the savage idea that a grave must be heaped with sacrifices.

There is such a thing as a luxury of woe amounting to dissipation. It is quite as selfish as any avoidance of pain and more injurious to others. Children are dressed in mourning garments, the significance of which they cannot understand, and depressed by darkened windows and hysterical outbursts of grief. Sometimes they grow to hate the very name of the dead, whom in their ignorance they hold accountable for the dreariness of their lives.

Often entire families have been sacrificed through a mistaken conception of the rights of one member. Blood is thicker than water, the adage runs, and hence to the black sheep are offered up all the fatlings of the flock. Sentiment says we have no right to deny the shelter of the home to the prodigal, no matter how vile and impenitent he may be. We forget to ask where the gain lies in allowing the son who has wasted his substance in riotous living to squander the inheritance of his brother.

The young girl insists upon giving up the man she loves and who loves her, in order that he may marry some one he does not care for. Three lives are thus ruined instead of a possible one.

The altars of philanthropy are wet with the blood of women who have both gratified and sacrificed themselves in excessive zeal in behalf of orphanages and reformatories. Their own children are left motherless just at the time when they need careful training most.

In cases of illness there appears to be an idea that it is quite praiseworthy for those caring for the invalid to wantonly overtax their strength, and so expose themselves that the logical consequence is an increase of suffering all around.

The question, where does our duty to ourself end, and that to others begin, is so subtle that it divides the joint and marrow. To quote Mr. Howells again: "It is the economy of pain that naturally suggests itself, and which would insist upon itself if we were not all perverted by traditions which are the figments of the shallowest sentimentality."

—Helen Jay in *Harper's Bazar*.

Shut In.

In 1876, a lady, who had been confined to her bed for several years with an incurable ailment, accidentally heard of another woman in a distant city who was a prisoner from the same cause. "With this difference," said the friend who brought her the story, "you have money and friends; your chamber is made bright and cheery with flowers, books, papers, and news from the outside world. She belongs to a poor family, who are at work all day. She has nothing to read; nothing to do; her room is bare as a prison cell. She suffers in solitude without hope of improvement or release."

When her visitor was gone, the invalid could think of nothing but this story, and it occurred to her to write to her fellow sufferer. Twice she took up her pen and portfolio to do it, and twice she pushed them away, fearing—as we are all apt to fear when on the verge of a kind and unusual action—to be misunderstood or thought intrusive. But at last the letter was written, and out of that kindly act grew a great organization which has brightened and comforted thousands of miserable lives.

This was the way in which it came about. The poor invalid responded, and the two lonely sufferers derived so much pleasure from their letters during the winter that they were moved to inquire

for other sufferers like themselves and to extend the correspondence to them. One, two, five, twenty, pale, thin hands, were held out in welcome during the first year. Books, papers and various little gifts were exchanged, and some of the sketches and letters, full of pathos, fun and courage, were sent from one sick room to another all over the country, until they were quite worn out. The society grew rapidly, and now numbers many thousands of members. Not one of them has ever seen the face of another, but many deep and abiding friendships have been formed. The poems, short stories and essays, together with the useful prescriptions and suggestions contributed to the correspondence, became so numerous that a periodical was started, and by means of this countless rooms are now knit together in an interchange of mutual kindness and hope.

In the mountains of North Carolina there is a remarkable tree, to which the guide invariably calls the traveller's attention. It stands, stately and green, on the top of a huge bare rock, on which there is not an atom of earth. But the roots cling and creep patiently over the face and down the sides of the stone until they reach old mother earth and draw moisture and life from her bosom. Some human beings, like this wonderful tree, have been condemned to grow in hard and sterile places. The very base of their life is poverty, or grief or pain. But beneath the hardest rock of circumstance is the throbbing life, the love, the happiness which God has given to the world.

All that we need to do is to stretch out our roots a little farther, a little deeper, until we reach the water of life. Then, no matter how hard our condition, our lives shall grow and burgeon and bear fruit.—*Youth's Companion*.

Lukewarmness.

There does not seem to be much use for lukewarmness in this world. Nobody wants it nor admires it, and the colourless people who are lukewarm themselves are not attracted by others of the ilk. A lukewarm dinner is a horror; a lukewarm drink is nauseating; a lukewarm friend is far worse than a red-hot foe; and lukewarm praise can successfully damage the most virtuous character.

So we may have grace to be cold or hot, but at least one or the other; to like a person or thing, and say so, though we disagree with the world; to believe heartily and bravely, and be not ashamed to give reason for the faith which is in us; to have the "courage of our convictions," and if we have not got it, to get it as fast as possible.

For there is little time to wait, and none to parley. Choose ye this day, and with a stout heart stick to your choice when made, and be not afraid to unfurl your flag.

Hints to Housekeepers

CORN CAKE.—One cupful of Indian meal, one-half cupful of flour, one teaspoonful of cream tartar, one-third teaspoonful of soda, one egg, two tablespoonfuls of sugar. Mix with milk, thin. Tablespoonful of melted lard last. Bake in sheet.

EGG SANDWICH.—Chop the white of hard-boiled eggs very fine. Mash the yolks and mix them with melted butter, salt and pepper. Then mix all with the chopped whites and spread it on bread. Take a long narrow loaf of bread, shave off the crust till the loaf is shaped like a cylinder. Then slice as thin as possible from the end. Spread with the egg mixture; put two together and arrange them on a plate, one overlapping the other.

LEMONADE.—This favorite and well-known drink is very delicious when well made. Take four lemons to every quart of water, and eight tablespoonfuls of sugar; rub or squeeze the lemons soft, and slice them upon the sugar; pour over them a little boiling water and let them stand fifteen minutes; then add the necessary amount of water, well iced, stir well and serve. Orangeade is made in the same way, substituting oranges for lemons, but much less sugar is needed.

WHITE MOUNTAIN ROLLS.—Four cups of flour, one cup of milk, one quarter cup of butter, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one third cake of com-

pressed yeast, half teaspoonful of salt, white of one egg, beaten stiff. Have the milk warm. Add the butter melted, warm but not hot, salt, sugar, yeast, and the flour. Mix well; then the white of the egg, the last thoroughly mixed in with the hand. Let them rise over night. In the morning roll into shape, cut and fold over or make in any other form. Bake in a quick oven after they have stood one hour.

CONSULT YOUR NEIGHBOUR.—Any one may find out just what Burdock Blood Bitters is and does by asking a neighbour who has tried it. It rarely fails in making a complete cure of dyspepsia, constipation, sick headache, biliousness, and diseases of the stomach, liver, bowels and blood.

BAKED TOMATOES. Select smooth, round tomatoes, of uniform size, not very juicy. Put them in hot water, remove the skin, cut them in halves and scoop out all the seeds. Chop, and rub to a powder one third of a cup of boiled ham or tongue. Add two thirds of a cup of soft bread-crumbs, one teaspoonful of chopped parsley or one saltspoonful of thyme, a little pepper and sufficient melted butter to moisten. Fill the tomatoes with the mixture, place them in a shallow dish, and bake fifteen minutes.

BANANAS IN JELLY. Make a mould of lemon jelly. Cut bananas in slices, and line the bottom and sides of a mould. Pour the jelly in slowly, that it may not float the fruit. Keep in ice water until hard. If you have no mould, use a small, round, glass dish. Put the sliced bananas on the bottom, then turn in a little jelly; when hard, put a row round the sides with spaces between, and fill the centre with bananas; add more jelly, enough to cover. Reserve a cupful of jelly, and, when ready to serve, break this up lightly, and scatter it over the top.

NICOLET NOTES.—"I suffered continual pain from canker of the stomach, and my face and body were almost covered with pimples. I tried Burdock Blood Bitters; the first dose occasioned slight pain, but I soon found relief, and after taking 5 bottles I became completely cured. I think B.B.B. the most powerful remedy known to science."—Stephen Edge, Nicolet, P.Q.

RICE PUDDING WITH FRUIT.—Put your rice in a stewpan with very little milk, that is, to one cup of rice one gill of milk. Stand it where it will be hot, but not boil; when the rice has absorbed all the milk, add to it a quarter of a pound of dried currants and one egg, well beaten. Boil it in a bag till the rice is tender, and serve it with sugar and cream. More fruit may be added to the rice if it should be preferred.

SINCE CHILDHOOD'S DAYS.—"I have been bothered with neuralgic pains in the head and face since childhood and have tried all possible remedies. A friend persuaded me to try Burdock Blood Bitters, and after having used it I obtained instant relief, and thoroughly recommend B.B.B.—Jas. Inglis, Bredenburg, Assa.

ROSE SAUCE.—Peel and slice a large beet and boil it quietly for twenty minutes in one and one half pints water, then add two and one half pounds sugar, the thin rind and juice of one lemon; boil until it becomes a thick syrup, strain, and add one teaspoonful vanilla. It is contrary to the rule to pare a beet before cooking, but in this instance it is done to secure all the juices. The sauce is nice for all plain puddings. It has a pretty rose-coloured hue and its flavor is nice. The sugar may be either weighed or measured for this. One pound of sugar is two cups. There is not enough lemon juice added to give an acid flavor.

BANANA SHORTCAKE.—Banana shortcake can be made, at least, a first cousin to strawberry shortcake, "too good for anything." One pint of flour, one large teaspoonful Royal baking-powder, one third cup shortening, made moist with milk. Slice bananas in the proportion of three to one orange, grate the best of the yellow orange rind, and mix with one cup of sugar. Split the freshly baked cake, butter, and fill with the prepared fruit. Four spoonfuls of sweet cream beaten stiff is a great addition. The white of an egg can be beaten with it, and sweetening and flavor added.