

child who died yesterday knows about it, and we should like to ask him,—oh, how much!—but we cannot.

Now we will go on to another thought.

What is it that makes people happy in Heaven, do you think? It can't be merely the beautiful things they see around them. That will be a joy, no doubt, but still not quite enough of a joy to satisfy them. If you lived near the finest mountains and most exquisite valleys, or had the best pictures to look at all day long, they would give you pleasure (especially if you were anything of an artist, and could enter into the wonderful thing called beauty); but yet it would not be pleasure that positively makes *you yourself* happy, for the eye and taste are not the whole of us—there's a good deal besides.

Some people will say it is the rest of Heaven that will be delightful.

True, everybody enjoys rest; but then that can't go on long, can it? It is delicious to rest in our beds; but suppose resting in bed went on, it wouldn't be rest any more, but dreadfully wearisome. We cannot imagine rest going on always.

So as it cannot be that either, what is it that makes Heaven happy?

If we think over the texts that are in the Bible about it, we seem to get the right conclusion.

It isn't only beautiful sights and sounds, and being free from care and resting, but it is this—the joy of being with Jesus Christ our Lord. I believe that will be the Crown of all the other joys; and without it the other joys wouldn't be worth having.

What do you think about that? Or does it all seem uninteresting to you?

Do you think many people would care about it—being with Christ? Or doesn't it touch them at all? Many wouldn't care; and I think I know why. Because they don't know Jesus. And nobody cares about being with a person he doesn't know. Nor can you learn to care about anybody all at once.

Once there was a boy who had always believed himself to be an orphan. He thought his father and mother were both dead. But when he was sixteen or seventeen, he was suddenly told his father was living, that he was abroad, and wanted him to come to him. Was he glad, do you suppose? "No," he said, "I can't begin directly caring about a father I have never known. Why should I love him?" You can quite understand that. Love doesn't come all at once. And you can't care to be with a person you do not love.

So I am afraid there wouldn't be much joy in getting to Heaven, and being with our Lord, if we have never known Him on earth.

Sometimes people fancy death will make all the difference; that dying will cause an immense change to pass over them. But why should it?

Death will make a great difference to your body. It won't be warm and living any more, but cold and stiff. Yet dying won't make such an enormous difference to your *soul*, that part of you that does not die. Dying is something like passing through a gate, and you know how quickly that is gone through. Or it has been compared to crossing a river; but crossing a river, even a wide one, is soon over.

Going from one world to another, then, can't make such a vast difference after all.

Don't you think that as you lie down to die, so you will wake up in the other world—caring for the same things you cared for before, and loving the same people you loved before?

Yes; to be happy in Heaven you must begin to love Jesus *here*.

There is a very short prayer you can say every evening until next Sunday, when we will think about the subject again—

"Lord, Who art gone up into Heaven, show me Thyself."

Make it an especial prayer on Thursday, for it is the day our Blessed Lord went up into Heaven.

Rest All With God.

A great many persons pray that they may be kept from poverty. Not many persons pray that they may be kept from riches. Is this because the Bible teaches that there are greater dangers

in poverty than in wealth? Or is it because they personally think that it would be pleasanter to meet the temptations of wealth than to meet the temptations of poverty? A great many sick persons pray that they may be restored to health, if it be God's will. Not many sick persons pray that they may be taken away from earth just now, if it be God's will. Indeed, there are those who think it would be wrong to pray even submissively for death, while it would be quite right to pray submissively for privileged life. Yet who shall say that prolonged life here on earth is always a greater blessing than death? And, after all, is it not the better way to leave the choice in any such matter with the Lord, who alone knows what is better for us and for His cause? And why should we be less privileged to indicate to God our preferences in one direction than in another in an emergency? "Is it wrong for me to pray that I may die?" asked a Christian sufferer, who was enduring patiently the progress of an incurable disease. "It is no more wrong for you to pray to die than for you to pray to live," answered the clergyman to whom her question was addressed. And he added, "God knows whether life or death is better for you. It is for you to trust your case to Him restfully, telling Him of your personal preference in childlike confidence, and leaving Him to decide for you in a matter which is clearly beyond your knowledge." It is well for a Christian to be in that frame of mind and heart which contentedly rests everything with God.

The Dead Man's Key.

A story is told of an English minister who, being called to pray by the bedside of a dying man, sought to take him by the hand, in token of their agreement in offering united prayer. The sick man withheld his hand, keeping it under the bed-clothes, and the minister prayed without it. Presently the man died, and then, as his hand was uncovered, the mystery was explained; he was holding in his hand, with the grasp of death, a key—the key of his safe where his money was kept.

The Lewiston Journal tells of a man in Durham, Me., who was very penurious and a very determined man. He died at an advanced age. On his death bed he kept his right hand closely clutched. As he drew his last breath he tightened his hold. Everybody there knew what he held in his hand. It was the key to the chest in which he kept his gold.

As his nerveless hands unclosed, the key dropped from them and clattered against the bedside. As if to hold it even after he was dead, the miser had tied the key about his wrist by a strong cord, which he grasped as long as life remained.

He could not take his gold with him, but he kept the key. They buried him as he was, with the key of his money tied to his wrist.

"And what became of his gold?"

"Oh, the heirs have taken care of that just the same! They split open the chest with an axe, and divided the gold, and let the miser keep the key about his wrist." He is now mouldering in the grave, and the key is rusting beside him. We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out of it.

What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?

To Succeed in Business.

Avoid unsuccessful men.
Don't cover too much ground.
It pays to sleep well, eat well and enjoy life.
Don't brag of what you will do till after you have done it.
Change methods as often as necessary, but not your chosen pursuit.
Don't try to mend heavy losses by hazarding what you have saved.
Decide carefully and keep your decision to yourself.

Be firm and quiet in a bargain.
Watch expenses. Neither spend a cent needlessly nor grudge a dollar when necessary.

Content yourself with small beginnings, but make the most of them. Don't waste vitality in overwork or worry.

Hints to Housekeepers.

SPICED BEEF. Boil a large shin of beef until very tender; pick the meat to pieces, and crush all the gristle that is very soft and fine; set the stock to cool and then remove the fat; reduce the stock by boiling to one quart; roll quite fine eight or ten crackers, and add to the meat; season with pepper, salt, cloves, minced parsley and grated nutmeg, and a little cinnamon; cover with the stock, place on the stove, and let come to the boil; pack in a deep dish and cut into slices when cold.

SUPPOSING.—Supposing you suffer from some disease. Suppose it is dyspepsia or biliousness or constipation or bad blood. Suppose you learn that Burdock Blood Bitters has cured thousands of cases of these and similar complaints. Don't you suppose you ought to try it? It cannot harm you and in nine cases out of ten it cures.

FRIED CHICKEN.—Cut a chicken into good pieces for serving; wipe dry; season with salt, pepper, and a little sage; roll in flour; have a cupful of suet lard boiling hot; sprinkle in a little salt and pepper; put in the chicken and fry slowly until brown; place it on a hot platter; to the fat in the spider add one cupful of warm milk and half a cupful water, and teaspoonful flour mixed smooth; pour this over the chicken; garnish with parsley and pieces of lemon and serve at once.

Coffee is far more delicious when made with eggs than it is without. One egg to a cupful of ground coffee is about the right proportion for rich extract, but less than this can be easily used by adding a teacupful of cold water to a well-beaten egg and using enough of this mixture to thoroughly wet the ground coffee. Beat an egg thoroughly, add two tablespoonfuls cold milk; pour this mixture into a pint of boiling milk; let scald but not boil. Try this when you have no cream for breakfast coffee.

A WINNIPEGGER'S OPINION.—The following is taken from a letter from Mr. D. Davis, Winnipeg, Man.: "Being persuaded to use Hagar's Pectoral Balsam for a troublesome cold, I was entirely cured by the use of two bottles."

BEEF TEA, STIFF.—The only way to have beef tea stiff, like jelly, is to make it with the leg of beef; made of any other part it is always liquid. Meat from the leg with a little of the bone, which with the meat should be finely chopped, will make it a stiff jelly. Let both remain in cold water, with a pinch of salt, for half an hour previous to setting it on the fire, then barely simmer it for three or four hours, allowing a pound of meat to each quart of water, and let it reduce to nearly half the quantity. When cold it will be as stiff as jelly.

ORANGE PUDDING.—Peel and slice half a dozen small oranges, lay in a deep dish, and scatter sugar plentifully on as if they were to be eaten raw. Make a soft custard of one pint of milk, tablespoonful rice flour, four heaping tablespoonfuls sugar, and yolks of three eggs; cook it in a double boiler, and when it has thickened take it from the fire; flavor with lemon and pour over the oranges; put the dish in the oven and bake fifteen or twenty minutes, then draw it to the front and put a meringue over the top made of the beaten whites of the eggs and a heaping teaspoonful of sugar.

WHY NOT TREAT?—Why not treat such troubles as boils, pimples, blotches, sores, humors, eruptions, rashes, skin irritations, etc., with Burdock Blood Bitters. It is filled with virtue as a blood purifier and goes right to the right spot. It makes the skin bright and clear, while also invigorating the entire system.

CODFISH BALLS.—The best codfish balls are made of one-third picked-up cod and two-thirds potatoes. The dry, salt fish, merely washed, is laid in the pot over the potatoes and enough boiling water poured over both to just cover them. The fish and potatoes are boiled half an hour, and then the water is drained off them and they are shaken in the dry and mashed with a potato masher till the lumps are all gone. A tablespoonful of butter and beaten eggs are stirred through the mashed potato and fish with a spoon, and the codfish balls are molded with the hands in round, smooth balls. The balls are now plunged into a pot of boiling fat deep enough to immerse them and very hot, as hot as for Saratoga potatoes.