

had fallen out of his reach, and so he could not fire his signal. All night he had lain in the bitter frost with those terrible wounds. When I lifted him up I say that his fingers were dead frozen; but he knew me, and whispered, "Water! oh, water!" I made a fire and melted some snow. "He said, 'Don't bury me here; take me home,'" and I promised. Then he pointed to his gun, and I brought it to him. He put it in my hand, and said, "It is yours now;" then he just turned away his head, and died.

"You will never be able to take him home," said Pierre doubtfully.

"He asked me, and I promised," replied the faithful friend; "his spirit will not rest unless I take him home."

This poor Indian, however, had to leave the body of his kinsman concealed in a cache till returning spring should thaw the land; then his promise was faithfully fulfilled, and the body of the poor hunter was taken to the home he had loved so well.

D. B.

#### HIGH FEELING BEST CULTIVATED BY SPECIFIC ACTS.

It is, no doubt, the soundest of all principles, that men should love God with all their hearts; but it is a very difficult one to obey. The heights of sacred feeling are not to be reached with a bound. We cannot love because we will and when we will. It is a very gracious and merciful thing to begin by telling us what particular things we had better do, and what particular things we had better not do, of the things which immediately surround us. It is for the ignorant and carnally-minded, hardly necessary that they should even be told towards what states of mind and feeling the practical and negative precepts which they are called upon to obey are intended to lead them. Perhaps they might be so perverse as not to wish to reach them. They might not understand nor appreciate them. Perhaps they might think that they could reach them by some other shorter road. And for those also who do appreciate these states of mind and feeling, and very ardently desire to reach them, it is a very blessed and encouraging thing to be told, upon the most infallible authority, that by turning to the right, or turning their steps away from the left,—by doing this apparently little thing to-day, and taking particular care to abstain from that apparently little thing to-day, to-morrow, and the next day, they will be putting themselves in the right road for reaching that which their souls long for—the tranquil, inner, deep, peaceful love of God, which passeth all understanding.

Any person who has attended to his own heart, or who has had the opportunity of observing the hearts of others, must be well aware how delicate and how difficult is the express culture of feeling. It is seen to sicken and decay at once when the attempt is made to stimulate it directly. What seems to grow under direct efforts of cultivation is almost certain to be counterfeit. It is as if you should try to educate a rose to smell sweet, by a cultivation directly addressed to scent, as by watering it with rose-water, or filling the air in which it grew with odors, instead of encouraging its own natural processes of growth, giving it its own proper soil, and using the knife freely and wisely. And just so is the case with high and holy feeling. Though it be the very thing we most crave and prize, the very perfection of character, the very object of life and action, yet will it not bear to be cultivated, except by the seemingly indirect modes of practical holiness and self-denial, except by keeping the Commandments of God in the strength which the Holy Spirit giveth.—*Moberly.*

#### A SAINT'S VIEW OF HEAVEN.

It is related of St. Thomas Aquinas that he one day stood in class among his fellow-catechumens for religious instruction. The subject was "The Joys of Heaven," and at the conclusion of the lesson the teacher asked each boy to tell him what he thought would be the chief of these joys.

One answered, "God shall wipe away every tear;" another, that "there shall be no pain;" another, "It will be perfect rest;" but when the question came

to St. Thomas, he said earnestly, "His servants shall serve Him!" It was the answer of a Saint, but it touches the heart of every sinner who is painfully toiling along the strait and narrow way. There is nothing sordid in such a reward as this, and also it is boundless and supreme. A man may think that the rest may pall when eternal, the freedom from strong feeling may seem monotonous; but the active, eager, ready service of One whose name is Love, holds out an inducement no ardent spirit can resist. We know a little even here of the delight of serving one superior to ourselves; there is no such pure enjoyment on earth as willing obedience to beloved rule. How a little boy loves to wait upon his elder brother and be at his beck and call! How a dutiful elder son springs to obey his father's slightest wish! But here there may be oppression and tyranny, the faithful service may be unappreciated, and the reward is very small. There, how different it will be! "We shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is;" we shall look up into His glorious face and wait upon his command, making no mistakes as we do here for lack of knowledge, but rendering untiring, unquestioning service to the King of kings, the Lord of lords. We may begin now as St. Thomas did, and daily as we serve Him more we shall grow more enamoured of His service. It is only the slothful servants that say, "I knew Thee that Thou wast a hard man." Day by day the task grows easier if we persevere until the patient, humble, faithful servant finds himself so familiar with the wishes of his Lord, and so versed in His ways, that any other service would be unutterably irksome, and his only desire is to serve Him for ever.—*E. M. Leigh.*

#### HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

If you can do Kensington stitch prettily, there are a great many things that you can make which are of high value to one who cannot embroider. Small square black-silk aprons are lovely if finished with a broad hem, and then in one corner work a bunch or cluster of clover blossoms and grasses; do not have the cluster in a diagonal position, but almost crosswise, though without stiffness. Have one pocket square also, or that and the apron also may be longer than wide; face the pocket and turn one corner over. Embroider a cluster much like that upon the apron, only it should be smaller. Let it be very careless and graceful in composition, a few grasses or a blossom reaching up to the corner that is turned over. The strings should be of ribbon of two contrasting colors, and a small bow should be placed at the side of the pocket.

**TOMATO SOUP.**—Take one quart tomatoes, one pint hot water, a tablespoonful of sugar, one tablespoonful of salt, four cloves, four peppercorns, one tablespoonful of chopped onion, one tablespoonful of chopped parsley, one tablespoonful of butter, two tablespoonfuls of flour. This is a soup without stock. The tomatoes are first put on with the hot water, the sugar, salt, cloves, peppercorns, and onions, and let stew till all is soft enough to strain. It will require from fifteen minutes to half an hour. A little sugar is always a good thing in tomato soup, not to give it a sweet taste, but to take off the edge of the acid. Add the parsley to the soup. Put the butter and flour together as for white sauce; add to the soup, let it cook a moment, strain and serve. Corn-starch may be used instead of flour, one half the quantity being necessary. Strain at once in a hot tureen and serve.

An economical dish is made as follows: Wash a calf's liver; remove the skin, and cut off the white fat from the under side. Lard the upper side with fat salt pork. Brown in a baking-pan two tablespoonfuls of flour in hot butter or dripping; place the liver in the pan and let it brown on both sides. Add one carrot cut in halves, one onion in which six cloves have been stuck, one bay-leaf, and the rind of a lemon. Pour three cupsful of water or broth in the pan and bake for half an hour, basting often. Then add one teaspoonful of vinegar and one of lemon juice, salt and pepper; baste two or three times. Strain the gravy over the liver, garnish with round slices of lemon, and serve.

The following "fried herbs" are served with the liver: Four handful of young spinach, two of young lettuce, and two handful of parsley well washed and drained. Chop fine and add one handful of young onions well minced. Put them in a saucepan with one ounce of butter and some pepper and salt. Cover the pan and put it on the fire, shaking it until it boils; then set it back and let it simmer until the herbs are tender. Garnish the liver with them.

For quince marmalade, pare, quarter and core the quinces, cut them into little pieces, measure them, and allow an equal quantity of sugar, place the fruit in a porcelain kettle with just enough water to cover it, let this boil, or better still, simmer until the fruit is tender, then skim it out, and add the sugar to the water and let come to a boiling point, skim it thoroughly as the clearness of the syrup depends upon this; after skimming drop the fruit into it; do this carefully to preserve the shape of the fruit; let this boil gently for fifteen minutes, then put it into jelly-molds or glasses. The syrup is like jelly, and the fruit, if it has been cooked with care, will not be too much broken to be distinguished; this makes a very ornamental dish; if you do not choose to take so great care in putting it up, the fruit may, after being dropped into the syrup and boiling, be beaten and stirred until it is smooth and like butter. When paring the fruit separate the good peel and cores and seeds, removing any that are musky or rotten. These, with water enough to cover, will make an excellent jelly. By straining through a flannel bag the jelly will be clear and bright. Quinces and sweet apples preserved together are delicious; one third quinces to two thirds apples is a good proportion; cook the fruit much the same as for marmalade, only be sure to preserve the form; this is sometimes most effectually done by steaming the fruit, using the water under the steamer to make the syrup with. It is a good plan to can a quart or two of the clear quinces, for it may be used to flavor apple sauce and apple pies when apples are almost without flavor in the spring. Quinces baked and eaten with butter and sugar, or with cream and sugar make an excellent relish at dinner.

#### REACHING THE MASSES.

The people who expect to reach the world, and especially the "masses," by becoming worldly, will be greatly disappointed. That is not the way to do it. Any great success that has been achieved in this direction has been due to keeping apart from the world, and lifting up a standard higher than its own; higher that is, in the way of moral claim and fleshly condemnation. This does not mean, of course, that religion must be austere and ascetic, or that it must deny itself what is fairly its own, either in the way of enjoyment or usefulness; but that it must make its appeal to spiritual influences, and depend on spiritual help for its prosperity. The advice given, and not given too often, to preach the Gospel, is good, and he is the wisest preacher who follows it.—*Ex.*

#### SLEEP AS A MEDICINE.

The cry for rest has always been louder than the cry for food. Not that it is more important, but it is often harder to obtain. The best rest comes from sound sleep. Of two men or women, otherwise equal, the one who sleeps the best will be the most moral, healthy and efficient. Sleep will do much to cure irritability of temper, peevishness and uneasiness. It will restore to vigor an over-worked brain. It will build up and make strong a weary body. It will cure a headache. Indeed, we might make a long list of nervous and other maladies that sleep will cure. The cure of sleeplessness requires a clean, good bed, sufficient exercise to produce weariness, pleasant occupation, good air and not too warm a room, a clear conscience, and avoidance of stimulants and narcotics. For those who are overworked, haggard and nervous, who pass sleepless nights, we commend the adoption of such habits as shall secure sleep; otherwise, life will be short, and what there is of it sadly imperfect.