

Sunday.

Sweet day of rest! the very sound is healing—
A hush amid the conflict and the strife;
The calm of heaven is softly round us stealing,
We hear the whispers of a holier life.

Earth's misty veil that hangs so closely round us
Is gently lifted this one day in seven;
And pressing tears which in their net have bound us
Retire, and leave us transient gleams of heaven.

This day on which the Saviour rose to glory
Has left a shining radiance on its track;
Again we hear with joy "the old, old story;"
Our childhood's faith on wings of light comes back.

Oh, wherefore, wherefore should we lose the blessing?
When morn restores the round of earthly care?
Happy the souls who all in Christ possessing,
Breathe, e'en below, heaven's pure celestial air.

Doorways to the Heart.

A renowned singer tried hard to win the applause of those who listened to her. Her notes were as clear as a bell; her voice was under perfect control; her enunciation distinct. She had mastered the most difficult work of the old masters and rendered it perfectly. Still she failed to secure the appreciation she so much sought. The audience admired coldly; that was all. Then the singer, in a voice of exquisite purity, sang a simple lullaby song, just as her mother used to sing it years ago at bedtime, and the audience burst into a torrent of sympathetic applause, which could hardly be stayed, and she was the heroine of the hour.

What made the difference? The song of home and childhood found its way to the hearts of the listeners.

After all, that is the secret of this life—to find the doorway to the hearts of those about us. Who are our greatest poets? Those who have put into verse the things of every-day life. Who are earth's most successful artists but those who have the genius to put upon canvas scenes which recall something in our own experience? Who are the authors whose names will linger longest in our memories but those who have studied the world and have written of it as they found it?

The weary traveller, distant from home, listens almost unmoved to the most classic music, be it ever so artistically rendered; but the little songs which charmed away childhood's cares and wooed the sweet sleep of forgetfulness stir his heart and bring the tears to his eyes. How often, when wandering far from the scenes of his youth, has the sight of some picture brought to mind home, friends, and dear ones never more to be seen on earth.

Along the road travelled by us poor mortals, there are all too many things which have a tendency to close up the doors leading down into our affections. For much of this we have only ourselves to blame. Selfishness, avarice, ambition, pride—a thousand things continually close the avenues of the heart, and rank weeds spring up along the untrodden paths thus deserted and lonely.

Blessings on the one who drops a word which helps to throw open the doorways to the heart! Blessings on the voice that calls back the memories of laughing happy bygone days! Blessings on him who by voice, look, or act, helps us to keep bright the hinges which swing back and forth, admitting to our souls better thoughts, purer motives, more generous impulses, and holier aspirations.

The Virtue of Patience.

You are well and strong, and you don't think of the virtue of patience that might show itself in consideration for the one who is always sick. In the first place do not find it necessary to tell her every time you see her how dreadfully she is looking, but if she finds a certain pleasure in telling you of her worries and woes, listen to them with patience, while at the same time you do your best to change the subject to one which is proper and which will be really better for her. If you live in the same house with an invalid, learn that every

time you slam a door it makes each nerve in her body quiver. Every time you speak loudly it causes her mental teeth to be set on edge, and every time you laugh in your loud, startling way, you make her sufferings as much greater as if she had really undergone something in the way of blows. Take some of the sunshine of your life and give it to the one who is always sick. Do not allow yourself to believe that anybody finds pleasure in it, or that anybody is in bed, or claiming to be in pain—as I have heard cruel or thoughtless people say—from mere laziness. Now, if in your life in any way there comes an invalid, I want you, like the good girl you are, to practice on her the virtue of patience, and be sure blessings will come to you.

A Word about Prayer.

It is a preparation for danger, it is the armour for battle. Go not, my Christian friend, into the dangerous world without it. You kneel down at night to pray, and drowsiness weighs down your eyelids. A hard day's work is a kind of excuse, and you shorten your prayer and resign yourself softly to repose. The morning breaks, and it may be you rise late, and so your early devotions are not done, or done with irregular haste. No watching unto prayer.

Why Many Miss the Way.

Many do not find the life work God designed for them because of indolence; the path seems one of toil; they are without energy to pursue it. Others fail from pride and earthly ambition. God intended them to rise by slow degrees and make the last step a short one, but pride destroyed patience. Many fritter life away in profitless experiments, and more paralyze themselves with discontent by judging their attainments by worldly standards. Most have missed the main chance by looking for something great; waiting so long for the stage that never came, they find it too late to walk; watching for the sun that never rose, they have neglected the star that ever twinkled before them.

Appreciate Your Parents.

One of the saddest stories ever written is Shakespeare's tragedy of King Lear. Kingship was no source of happiness, and in a forlorn and deserted old age the kind-hearted, generous king became insane, because he had been forced to feel "How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child."

"A thankless child!" Could there possibly be a more cruel combination of words! "Thankless,"—without gratitude or appreciation for benefits conferred, for sacrifice made, for time and love and labour. Every effort gone for naught. "Child,"—the dearest object to a parent's heart. Most fathers and mothers will make any sacrifice for their children. Often the restraints that seem so irksome to youth are really great sacrifices for the parents. It would be so much easier to indulge; but thoughtful fathers and mothers plan not only for this life, but for the life to come; not only for the pleasure of the moment, but for future years. They study the best plans for the mental, moral, and physical growth and development of their children, and spend their lives in carrying them out.

A mother whose children are very charming and widely beloved once said: "Sometimes I am very strict with them, and it is so hard when I think how little they are; but love is the best thing in this world, and I want my children to have it. They are dearly loved now; but that affection will be lost, if the little people grow up selfish and inconsiderate; so, small as they are, I try to check all these unlovely impulses."

What a work it was and how many heartaches were encountered in the determined carrying out of this course of training! Think of the mother's anguish if her children's love had been denied her!

It is not to be supposed that many young people are so heartless as King Lear's elder daughters; but many young people are thoughtless and inappreciative of the efforts their parents make for them.

A careful consideration of father's and mother's wishes will afford more pleasure than the child can understand. Do not let the caresses bestowed upon your mother be so few and far between that she will be not only pleased when she receives one, but surprised as well. Do not imagine because your father is engrossed in business that he will not care for attentions from you. One of the busiest of men, who was influential in very weighty matters and was honoured by distinguished people, found the brightest spot in his day made by his daughter always being at the window watching for him when he came home at night. He never had to use a latch key or ring the bell to enter his house, for a loving hand always turned the doorknob when he was coming up the steps. Can not you find some such sweet ways of showing thankfulness for all that is being done for you?

Hints to Housekeepers.

CHICKEN SALAD.—Cut meat from your cold chicken, add equal quantity of shredded lettuce; when you have cut chicken into narrow strips two inches long, mix in bowl and prepare following dressing, beat yolks of two eggs, salt lightly and beat in, few drops at a time, four tablespoonfuls salad oil, then as gradually three teaspoonfuls extract celery. The mixture should be thick as cream. Pour over meat and lettuce. Stir up with a silver fork; place salad in dish.

POTATO SALAD.—Slice one and one-half dozen large, cold boiled potatoes, put into salad dish and season as follows: Two tablespoonfuls best salad oil, one-half teaspoonful sugar, same of pepper, made mustard and salt, and about same of celery salt. Rub to smooth paste, and whip in, teaspoonful at a time, five tablespoonfuls best vinegar. When thoroughly mixed pour upon salad and serve.

TOMATO SALAD.—Pare, slice and lay in salad bowl. Make dressing as follows: Work up salt-spoonful each of salt, pepper and fresh-made mustard, with two tablespoonfuls of salad oil, adding only a few drops at a time, and when thoroughly mixed whip in with an egg beaten four tablespoonfuls of vinegar; toss up with fork.

LOBSTER SALAD.—Cut the meat of two small lobsters into small pieces. Then season with salt and pepper, and pour over enough mayonnaise dressing to moisten well. Put in the middle of a platter, garnish with lettuce leaves, pour over the remainder of the dressing, and put slices of boiled egg and olives over the top.

CABBAGE SALAD.—Chop the cabbage fine, sprinkle with salt, and let stand over night; beat one egg thoroughly, and add to one-half pint boiling vinegar; rub two spoonfuls mustard into more vinegar to form a smooth paste; add this to the boiling vinegar; pepper to taste. Let all come to boil, and pour over the cabbage, stirring thoroughly.

BEETS.—Do not break the skins in washing or they will lose their colour in cooking. Boil one hour in hot, slightly salt water. Rub off the skins, split in half, dish, and pour on them a boiling mixture of one tablespoonful of melted butter, two of vinegar and a little pepper and salt. Serve very hot.

TOAST WATER.—Bread for toast water should be toasted as brown as possible without burning, and covered with boiling water. When cold strain off the water and sweeten if desired. It may also be flavoured with a little orange or lemon peel.

CHICKEN TEA.—Cut in small pieces a chicken from which the skin and fat have been removed. Boil the pieces in one quart of water, with a little salt for twenty minutes. The tea should be poured from the chicken before the meat is quite cool.

SNOW PUDDING.—Dissolve one-half box of gelatin in one pint of cold water; when soft, add one pint of boiling water, the grated rind and juice of two lemons, and two and one-half cups of sugar. Let stand until cold and begins to stiffen. Then beat in the whites of five eggs, well beaten. Pour into a mould and set on ice. Serve with custard sauce. — One quart of rich milk, the yolks of five eggs, with two extra eggs added, one-half cup of sugar. Flavour with vanilla.