

## A Seashore Sermon.

The tide rolls up—the rippling sunny tide.  
The tossing waves throw diamonds to the sun;  
They laugh about the gray old rocks, and fill  
The air with breezy vigour as they run.

The tide rolls out; the clouds hang dark and chill,  
And sadness creeps along the sea and shore.  
The dripping rocks stand silent and alone,  
Like solemn ghosts of days that are no more.

O, life! How sweet thou art when tides flow in,  
When skies are bright and health is in the air,  
When sunny waves cover the weary sands  
And radiant hope laughs gayly at despair!

Yet sure as life there comes the ebbing tide,  
When joy and hope flow backward from the shore.  
And dreary wastes and dull and solemn ghosts  
Come in the place of the bright days of yore.

O weary heart, look upward to that shore  
Where hope is lost in sight that's never dim.  
There only is assurance, rest, and peace,  
For there forever does the tide flow in.

## The Angel of St. Jude s.

BY JANET ARMSTRONG.

PART II—CONTINUED.

"I fancy that Lord Stanhope had not been living at the Towers for the very reason that he did not wish his wife to see much of her mother, and did not realize that the poor young thing must have hungered for her in her misery.

"She must have been very much excited, and had a touch of fever beside, when she made up her mind to go, for she slipped out of the house without telling any one—carrying the baby in her arms too.

"She did not reach Wingfield until late at night, and, walking to her mother's cottage, tripped on the doorstep and fell with the child partly under her. Mrs. Grier found her there unconscious, and did everything she could for her, but the cold and exposure were too much for her delicate frame, and she was dead of pneumonia in twenty-four hours, begging her mother as she was dying not to give the baby to its father, and raving about cruel treatment and neglect. I am quite sure the poor young thing must have been delirious; but Mrs. Grier is an ignorant woman, and she believed her ravings.

"When her daughter's husband returned after a week's absence—he had gone to France on some important business matters, it seems, and Mrs. Grier did not know his address, so her letter was some days reaching him—he found his wife and child were dead and buried. Mrs. Grier says that the doctor did say that the baby was dead, and was so much taken up with caring for the mother that he did not notice afterward that it was only unconscious, and then it was that she determined to hide it.

"She said the child's father was so terribly distressed and shocked about his wife's death that he did not seem to grieve much over the baby, and asked few questions. He never removed the coffin to the family vault either, but let the grave in the churchyard alone, and erected over it a beautiful monument to their memory, and immediately went abroad, where he remained for several years.

"She said that she had sent the baby at once to her other daughter, who was married and living in Braide, and soon afterwards came here to live herself.

"That daughter is dead too now, so no one knows the secret but ourselves. Mrs. Grier would not tell me the name of Arthur's father then, and said she had adopted him, and so he had a right to the name of Grier, and it was a good honest name. But what with the likeness, although it was not so strong then, and a few inquiries I made of our former rector about Lord Stanhope, whom I knew owned the living here, and a letter to the verger of the church at Wingfield offering a small fee for a description of some monument I had heard was in the churchyard there, I got all the information I wanted to prove the boy's parentage.

"I have urged and urged that old woman to let me tell Lord Stanhope, but she threatens to tell every one, including the little lad, about me

if I do, so, like a coward, I have kept the secret for three years. But it has troubled me, Mr. Saintsbury, it has troubled me greatly. I know I have tried to teach the little lad all I could, both for the father's sake as well as for the love I bore the child; and I have left a letter for Lord Stanhope with the lawyer who has charge of my will, with orders to forward it in case of my death.

"Still, I have thought lately that this was not enough. Lord Stanhope stood by me when every man's hand was against me. His little son, who never knew the love of a father, had loved me, James the convict! Was any sacrifice too great for me to make for them? And yet I confess the thought of losing that child's love has been my greatest trouble. I tried to tell him on Easter Sunday, but I couldn't do it, I couldn't do it! He loves me so!

"And the boy's lameness that was caused by that dreadful fall on the doorstep when he was a little baby. I have wondered lately if something could not be done for it—if the little lad must wait until the angel sounds his trumpet to grow straight and strong. I have heard such strange things lately about the wonders that have been done by the London surgeons. I have wondered if they could not help him."

Mr. Saintsbury thought that this was more than probable, especially as no one but a country doctor had ever seen the child, but he urged the necessity of immediate action, both for the boy's health and especially on account of Lord Stanhope. He also had a long talk with the cobbler about himself, and went away leaving the poor man soothed and comforted.

(To be Continued).

## Browning and Christianity.

"Browning's relation to Christianity," says Mr. J. Churton Collins in the *Saturday Review*, "and to all that is involved in a belief in Christianity, is undoubtedly one of the chief points of interest in his writings, and accounts, I suspect, for the extraordinary popularity which, during late years, they have attained." Mr. Collins, who is reviewing a work by Edward Berdoo on "Browning and the Christian Faith," entirely concurs in Mr. Berdoo's general conclusion "that Browning . . . is much more than a Theist, he is a Christian." He finds the germ of Browning's teachings with reference to Christianity in Lessing's "Education of the Human Race," and other works. From Lessing he adopted the view of religion as "a progressive revelation, keeping pace with and aiding man's spiritual and moral progress," and that revelation he finds in Christianity.

With reference to Tennyson and Browning, Mr. Collins adds, "It says much for the vitality of our national creed, that the only two poets of our time who are worth very serious consideration, should not only have regarded it with a reverence so profound and so scrupulous, but should have laboured so anxiously to uphold it, to illustrate and interpret its truth, its beauty, and its efficacy."

## Toronto Conservatory of Music.

On September 1st the Toronto Conservatory of Music entered upon the tenth season of its work, for which the annual calendar has been issued. It is gotten up in elegant style, and contains much information respecting the work, aim and progress of this rapidly growing institution. Elocution, languages, etc., etc.—Students have, in addition to their regular studies, many valuable free advantages, such as elementary theory, sight-singing, ensemble piano instruction and orchestra practice. Concerts and recitals are given throughout the season, for which the students are prepared to take part, being thus trained and brought out for public performance. Scholarships and medals are offered yearly for competition, diplomas and certificates being also awarded. Mr. Edward Fisher, the musical director, has the general direction and care of all departments of work and study, the unqualified success of the institution being largely attributable to his ability, experience, and indefatigable energies.

## Not Easily Provoked.

Life is too short to spend even one day of it in bickering and strife; love is too sacred to be for ever lacerated and torn by the ugly briars of sharp temper. Surely we ought to learn to be patient with others, since God has to show every day such infinite patience toward us. Is not the very essence of true love the spirit that is not easily provoked, that beareth all things? Can we not, then, train our life to sweeter gentleness? Can we not learn to be touched even a little roughly without resenting it? Can we not bear little injuries and apparent injustices without flying into an unseemly rage? Can we not have in us something of the mind of Christ which will enable us, like Him, to endure all wrong and injury and give back no word or look of bitterness? The way over which we and our friends walk together is too short to be spent in wrangling.

Search thine own heart. What paineth thee  
In others, in thyself may be.  
All dust is frail, all flesh is weak;  
Be thou the true man thou dost seek.

## Hints to Housekeepers.

**HONEY FRUIT CAKE.**—Four eggs, five cups of flour, two cups of honey, one cup of butter, one cup of sweet milk, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, one teaspoonful of soda, one pound of raisins, one pound of currants, half a pound of citron, one teaspoonful each of cloves, cinnamon and nutmeg. Bake in a slow oven.—September *Ladies' Home Journal*.

**BROILED CHICKEN.**—Split the chicken open and broil it on a gridiron over a clear fire, season with salt and pepper, spread on plenty of the best fresh butter, and serve at once on a hot platter. Only tender chickens are nice cooked in this way.

**CODFISH WITH CREAM.**—Pour one cupful of cream over two heaping teaspoonfuls of flour, stirring all the time to keep smooth. Melt three tablespoonfuls of butter in a skillet, add the flour and cream and stir until smooth, then add two cupfuls of picked and freshened codfish. Cook for about fifteen minutes. Put in a beaten egg, season to taste, and serve on buttered toast.

**ALMOND CREAM.**—Blanch a half-pound of sweet almonds and a half-dozen bitter-almonds. Pound to a paste in a mortar with a little water or milk to prevent oiling. Boil a quart of milk, pour it over the almonds, and allow to stand until cold, when it must be strained through a cloth, squeezing it very hard to extract all the taste of the almonds. To this milk of almonds add a pint of cream and three-quarters of a pound of sugar, and freeze.

**STRING-BEAN SALAD.**—Cut the beans in four; place in a saucepan with cold water, and put on the fire; when the water comes to a boil the beans will be cooked; let cool. Dress with a plain salad dressing. A little boiled onion may be added.

**BISCUIT CREAM.**—Take half a dozen sponge biscuits and soak in a quart of cream; add the yolks of three eggs, well beaten, and a half-pound of sugar. Put it over the fire to thicken, but do not allow it to boil. Take from the fire and whisk until cold; add a spoonful of maraschino, and freeze.

**LEMON TARTLETS.**—The juice of three lemons and rind of one, six ounces of castor sugar, three teaspoonfuls of cornflour. Mix the cornflour with a little cold water, stir in the grated rind and the juice of the lemons and the sugar. Beat the ingredients well together, line some patty pans with thin paste, fill them with the mixture, cover over with paste, and bake for ten or fifteen minutes.

**PRUSSIAN CREAM.**—Beat half a pint of cream to a froth; add sugar to taste, and the juice of two lemons; beat four eggs; add to them a glass of maraschino; mix with the cream, and beat; stir in a little isinglass melted in water; have a mould standing in ice-water, pour a little of the jelly around it; sprinkle with blanched pistachios and candied cherries; when set pour in the cream, allow to set, and turn out on a dish.