Home Department.

No Fears or Doubts are Mine.

Because I hold it sinful to despond,
And will not let the bitterness of life
Blind me with burning tears, but look Beyond
Its tumults and its strife;

Because I lift my head above the mist,
Where the sun shines and the broad breezes blow,
By every ray and every raindrop kissed
That God's love doth bestow—

Think you I find no bitterness at all,
No burden to be borne, like Christian's pack?
Think you there are no ready tears to fall
Because I keep them back?

Why should I hug life's ill with cold reserve
To curse myself and all who love me? Nay!
A thousand times more good than I deserve
God gives me every day.

And in each one of these rebellious tears,
Kept bravely back, He makes a rainbow shine.
Grateful, I take His slightest gift. No fears
Nor any doubts are mine.

Dark skies must clear, and when the clouds are past,
One golden day redeems a weary year,
Patient I listen, sure that sweet at last
Will sound His voice of cheer.
—Selected.

Jade---A Chinese Missionary Romance.

BY GRACE EATON.

(The author of this story is a native of China, who, after being educated in England, returned to her own land, and the story of Jade is full of facts and incidents which actually occurred.)

Now, a few words concerning our friends, Chon-Poa and Fong Wing. Though their chief business was to look after the safety of their water-home, the house boat named 'Ho-Sun-Man' or "Good News' which they dared not let out of their sight, at the same time Chon-Poa often travelled into the villages to distribute books and tracts, and the good seed he tried to scatter among the boatmen brought forth in some cases an hundredfold to his credit in Heaven. Whenever Chon-Poa returned from his colporteuring, Fong Wing would go on to other districts along the banks to sell or give the people the testaments. He was not gifted with the ready tongue, but the few words he spoke were uttered with such sincere earnestness that people were nearly always much impressed.

Meanwhile the 'Ho-Sun-Man' was always ready in case of trouble, for Jade and Kyma to take refuge in when they were driven out by the angry mobs as at times they were. Also, in case of indisposition, they could find rest until strength returned to work again.

Thus, for nearly fifteen months, our little missionary band went on doing their Master's work along the banks of the Soo-Chow Creek and the Woo-Sung river, in the numerous villages and hamlets situated thereon. Sometimes they were cheered by encouraging evidence of the seed they had been planting. Then again at times they were cast down on account of the opposition of the greater number of those with whom they came in contact, many of whom declared that it was an evil thing for women of their own country to seek to change beliefs as old as the hills and substitute in their place doctrines of nations who had always treated their countrymen with cruelest contempt and hatred. It was hard indeed to combat these arguments, but the little women were not disheartened, for the Friend whom they served was with them always.

Among the converts whom Jade had the joy to gather into the fold, was a couple named Lee Ping. He was a poultry farmer and did a thriving business. Therefore, was in comfortable circumstances, and was looked up to by a very large number of the Lee Clan, living in two large villages, his purse being always open to the needy. His shop was situated on the bank of the Creek which was large enough to furnish roots for thousands of ducks, convenient for them to flap right into the water to swim to their feeding grounds, which were composed of a green scum with countless insects and tiny fishes floating on the watertop, which were found on the inlets floating to or from the Creek. It was a novel sight to anyone who had never seen it before, to watch thousands of these ducks swimming on the surface of the rivers or lakes guided along by men or boys on the banks with a long bamboo pole. The duck is a favorite dish with the Chinese, either fresh or smoked, and therefore a duck farm is very profitable. A smoked duck is cured like an English ham and split open like a finnan haddie to dry.

The conversion of Lee Ping and his wife was brought about by Jade's medical ministrations, for his only little son had been very sick and hopes of his recovery had been given up by all the Chinese doctors. As a last resource, however, throwing all prejudice aside, for sake of his precious child, he called for Jade's help, and she, by her patient skill and prayerful trust in God's help at last pulled the little one safely through to health again. From this time forth, Lee Ping and his family could not be grateful enough, and before long, seeing the blameless life of the missionaries, he, with four of his family, were joyfully baptized.

In some of the wealthier houses the women were more curious about Jade, because of her foreign education. They were very inquisitive in particular concerning the clothing of the people who had been so good to her, and so were not backward to ask her to satisfy their curiosity by dressing herself in them. And Jade was always very willing to please their harmless wishes. In fact, she was very glad indeed to have the chance to array herself again in European clothes.

As a rule Jade was accompanied in her visitations by Kyma, but sometimes, especially after she became acquainted with families or some of the inmates and had established a friendly footing, she would go now and then alone to carry the glad tidings and to visit the sick. Our little missionary possessed a sweet voice with which she often charmed the people with her singing of the many beautiful hymns translated into the Chinese language, and everyone who heard her experienced delight in listening to the tuneful, comforting songs and were never tired of listening and sometimes joining in the singing of them. Many were the occasions she was invited into the better class houses, when our party came nearer Soo-Chow in larger and more prosperous villages.

One of the houses, the wealthiest for miles, Jade and Kyma often visited to teach and give help. This house belonged to the wealthiest and most influential man between Shanghai and Soo-Chow. His family was composed of his mother, six wives and about fifteen children, with a numerous train of servants and slaves. The poor pale frightened uner wives were always very pleased with the visits of the two teachers, but the head wife was very disagreeable. She was known as a haughty tyrant to the members of her household, but this was attributed to the fact that she in turn had to bow to the tyrannical authority of a mother-in-law, whose age and feebleness, combined with a bitter temper, made her almost unbearable.

Jade and Kyma were hopeful that they would be able, with God helping them, to bring this household of immortal souls to the blessing of the redeemed, and found great happiness in the anticipation of delivering these poor women from physical and moral slavery. When they thought everything was most encouraging and all the signs giving hope of a ripe harvest—the master of the house, Wing-Ching Foo, blocked their way. He conceived a great desire to annex our Jade as his seventh wife. He thought he could easily get her by offering her elder companions, Vo-Ling and Kyma a good sum. So he was greatly surprised and chagrined when they informed him that our heroine was a British subject, and the beloved adopted daughter of an English lady, and that therefore they had no power to dispose of her, even had they been willing to oblige him—and that they were not—for as believers in Christ, they would never assist in any way to make their beloved child, a pure Christian girl, the seventh wife of Wong-Ching Foo.

When Wong found that he could not obtain Jade in the manner that most secondary wives were obtained—that is, by purchase—he was determined to make her his by force. He thought that this would not be so hard as she and her companions were far away from foreign protection, and that when it should come, it would be so late that she would be his and far from interference from any source.

One day he sent an urgent message to Jade by a couple of servants bearing a sedan chair. The message stated that his mother had been taken with a sudden bad form of fever and he would be glad to have Jade come to her assistance. Our poor heroine, unsuspicious of any evil designs, hastily put on her walking attire and taking her satchel containing a supply of medical materials went with the bearers. Kyma did not accompany her, much as she wished to do so, because the coolies said that the chair was but for one and they were to bring the young teacher back within an hour.

When about three hours had passed and Jade did not return and no message came to tell Kyma not to be uneasy, as it had been the rule whenever Jade was detained, unless in the company of Kyma, our friends became very uneasy and felt that something very wrong must have happened. They blamed themselves for allowing Jade to go unattended, knowing the designs of Wong Ching Foo to make her his seventh wife. Finally they took counsel together and planned a means of rescuing Jade, if possible—so sure were they of Wong Ching Foo's perfidy. It was agreed that the three, viz.: Vo-Ling, Chon-Poa and Kyma, should go up to the house, and that Kyma being well acquainted with nearly all the female servants, should get into their quarters and obtain what information she could whilst Vo-Ling and Chon-Poa were to keep close watch outside, and as well, try to gain all the news they could. Fong-Wing was to guard the boat and be prepared to start immediately in case of trouble. Poor Kyma joined her husband and Chon-Poa after an hour's vain endeavor to find something by word or hint from the slaves. She said they seemed too frightened to utter a word, all having been forbidden on pain of most dreadful punishment, to say anything at all, the oldest servant only whispering in Kyma's ear that it was false that their old mistress was at all ill. The three friends were greatly cast down at the terrible misfortune that had apparently overtaken Jade. They had no doubt whatever that Wong Ching Foo had trapped the dear girl into his house in order to compel her to become his seventh wife, and he being so powerful, with every means at hand and a very large clan at his beck and call, what could four such poor creatures as they do.

(To be Continued.)

Home Thoughts.

TOO MUCH CANDOR.

Can there be too much candor? Undoubtedly, there is often too much of it in the family. Do you ever think, my plain-spoken friend, what an armor of defence for people who meet in everyday society is found in politeness? It is possible to associate agreeably for years with men and women, who are in many points our opposite, perhaps our inferiors, simply because we do not blurt out, in a blunt way, our inner thoughts about everything concerning them. It is only in our own houses that some of us do not take the trouble to utter thanks as we ought for little services kindly rendered, that we remark on pale or sallow complexions and unbecoming dresses with amazing frankness and that, in short, we make ourselves disagreeable, when, with ease, we could be charming. Many a good man, following the Lord in singleness of heart, does anything but command religion at home, because he is bitter when he ought to be sweet, snappish when he should instead be patient, or satirical when a soothing word from his lips would smooth household frictions away. Many a saintly woman is fretful and unreasonable, and though often in her closet, does not come from it with a shining face. If religion is genuine it should help us to triumph over little troubles, and in most lives the little troubles, too petty to be spoken of, far outweigh the great losses and calamities.

One of the petty home faults, from which springs a brood of perplexities and heart-burnings, is a brusque and pitiless candor, which hurts the sensitive, and jars upon the irritable. Be truthful, honest, and open, but do not plume yourself on the possession of these qualities, because with rude and needless criticisms you go on your way, giving thrusts instead of carresses, and setting matches to home explosives, when instead your speech should distil as the dew—'Christian Globe.'

A TRANSFIGURED LIFE.

There is no other way in which one's life will be so surely, so quickly transfigured, as in the faithful happy, cheerful doing of everyday tasks. We need to remember that this world is not so much a place for doing things as for making character. Right in the midst of what some people call drudgery is the very best place to get the transformed, transfigured life. The doing of common tasks patiently, promptly, faithfully, cheerfully, makes the character beautiful and bright. But we must take heed always that we do our tasks, whatever they are, with love in our heart. Doing any kind of work unwillingly, with complaint and murmuring, hurts the life.—J. R. Miller.

With the Children.

HIS IMPERIAL HIGHNESS.
(Eugene Field.)

A funny little chin,
And a funny little nose,
A funny little grin,
Ten funny little toes.
Two funny little eyes,
And funny little hands,
How funnily he tries
To give his wee commands.

A funny little sigh,
A funny little head,
That funnily will try
To miss the time for bed.
A funny little peep
From funny eyes that gleam,
A funny little sleep
A funny little dream.

A RECIPE FOR A PARTY.

Dorothy with radiant eyes and flushed cheeks a very June rose of a girl, stood waiting the family's verdict. It was her first real party. Of course she had been to parties all her life, but never before to one where they had an orchestra and city caterers and florists.

'You may each,' Dorothy declared, 'give me a piece of advice.'

'Hold up your head and remember that you're as big as anybody.' That was Jack, of course.

'Do be careful of your sash when you sit down,' Vera urged

TELL YOUR FRIENDS ABOUT IT.

Thousands of the best women in Canada regularly read with pleasure and profit this 'Home Department,' as well as the other parts of the 'Witness,' but there are women right round each of our subscribers who do not read it, for they do not know it. They are waiting for a word from you about it. Particularly is this true of the new colonists pouring into our land. Make a neighborly call on them, and tell them what you think of the 'Witness' as a family newspaper, and let them know that it will pay them many times over to take advantage of our Special Year-End Offer now open. See Page——

'Just have a happy time, that's all,' mother said, with such undisguised pride in her face that Abby Ann hastened to add a wholesome bitter. Abby Ann had been with the family all her life, and had privileges.

'Pretty is that pretty does,' she warned. 'You just mind that, Dorothy.'

But grandmother amended it instantly. 'Party is that party does. You'll find plenty of times to remember that, too, dear.'

The carriage came then and the little June rose was put into it, and for the next two hours had no time to think. Then came a change, a few minutes when it happened that Dorothy had no partner. It felt very queer and 'left-out.'

Of course some girls had been left out all the evening, but she had not thought about it before. Then suddenly grandmother's words came to her: 'Party is that party does.' If the party did not come to her she would make a party herself.

She walked across to the next lonesome girl and said a word or two to her, and then they went to the next and the next, till there were no lonely ones any more, but a big merry group. And suddenly Dorothy, in the midst of her fun, made a great discovery.

'Why it's you, and not things that make the party!'

When Dorothy was twenty-four she married. It was a happy marriage, but there were ten years when things had to be carefully contrived in the little home and luxuries were bravely denied. Yet somehow they had many good times in the small house. One day Dorothy heard the matter discussed between her little daughter and a neighbor's child.

'You don't have anything but cambric tea and gingerbread at your doll's parties, and Lena Tolman has frosted cake, but I like yours best. Some way your mother always acts as if it's a party, and Lena's doesn't.'

'My mother says it's the way you feel inside, not what you eat, that makes a party,' Dorothy's daughter replied.

And Dorothy, overhearing, smiled to herself. 'Party is that party does,' she murmured.—'Youths' Companion.'

The Confessions of a Vegetarian

(By the Rev. Charles M. Sheldon, in the 'Independent.')

I became a vegetarian before reading 'The Jungle' and the Packinghouse Committee report. Hence I am not to be classed with those who have been scared into a good habit. I have acquired mine after a deliberate, purposeful and cheerful study of my own dietary needs and practical experimentation which has amounted to a demonstration satisfactory to myself as to what is good for me to eat, no matter what may be good for some one else.

It may be stated as a general fact that most people eat too much. In the year 2006, when the saloon will be a thing of the past and drunkenness from drink no longer known, societies will arise to arouse a nation drunk with the intemperance of too much food. The ordinary bill of fare in a hotel is a monstrosity. It is, however, no less so in nearly every farmhouse. I recall with a feeling of shame the immense amount of work it put upon my mother and sisters, the bill of fare we men demanded on our farm for breakfast. We thought we must have, and did have, beefsteak and potatoes, eggs, hot biscuit, coffee, griddle cakes, molasses, apple sauce and very often some kind of pie. Dinner was, in the language of the card table, several better than this, and supper was a resounding echo of breakfast. We had meat three times a day, and thought we could not live without it. It is a marvel to me now that we have any of us lived so long with it.

Six years ago I tried the experiment of going an entire year without any breakfast. I drank two coffee cups of hot water, and on the strength of that bill of fare I did a healthy man's regular forenoon's work. At the time I preached or lectured, on an average, once a day for six months, and did not miss a single engagement or have a headache or a pain. And I date from that experiment the experience which has led to these confessions.

Near the close of that breakfastless year I had the good fortune to meet a Scotch family in Dundee. They were all vegetarians—father, mother, grandmother and seven children. None of the children had ever tasted either meat or fish. A healthier or happier family I have never seen. The good housewife did confess that there were certain seasons of the year when it was difficult to provide a varied and interesting bill of fare without meat, but there was no lack on the table during any of the meals I was privileged to take with them, and the dishes were without exception palatable and nourishing.

I may be said to date from that visit in Dundee my own conversion to a meatless diet. Since that time I have eaten meat more or less, but increasingly less, until at last I have entirely ceased to eat meat, and do not see why I shall ever again pay my toll to the Beef Barons. It would not concern me in the least, indeed, if all flesh of beasts and birds should perish off the face of the earth except cows and hens. Milk and eggs are a part of the daily fare. Potatoes, beans, peas, all green and succulent herbs, radishes, lettuce, beets, corn, celery and onions. The vegetarian (i.e., the one whose definition of the word is the same as mine) also adds to his bill of fare two other worlds of supply, namely, fruits and nuts. All fruits, so far as I have tried them, are healthful, especially apples and oranges. The most ideal way of getting fruits upon the vegetarian's table is for him to go out into his garden and pick them off the trees or vines. When that cannot be done one must fall back on or into the cold storage plant. But judicious marketing can be resorted to at different seasons of the year with success. Nuts are not understood by one person in a thousand. They (that is, the nuts) contain vast nutriment packed away in a little compass. The idea of putting nuts and raisins in the 'dessert' on the hotel bill of fare is to make the vegetarian smile. Nuts should be eaten as a part of the main bill of fare, not the finishing touch. There is great nourishment in peanuts, walnuts, pecans, butternuts, almonds and Brazil nuts. They are distinct in flavor and in properties, and eaten with liberal sprinkling of salt are harmless to the most delicate digestion.

There was a man once who, when the dew was on his strawberry vines, and the wren that had her nest in the box elder near his bedroom window had begun her morning thanks, arose and dressed him leisurely and strode out into his little garden at the back of his lot and without losing any of the wren's melody plucked him a bunch of radishes, cut a liberal supply of heads of tender lettuce, picked a pan of strawberries and while in the garden took out of the soil several handfuls of young beets with their tops and also picked a dish of green peas. Going back to the house he picked over and washed the vegetables and berries, laying the peas and beets aside to be cooked for dinner. The radishes, lettuce, berries, together with a pitcher of milk and a plate of crackers or bread go on the table. Breakfast is ready. There has been no banging of stove lids. No frantic stirring of the hot fire on a hot summer morning. No greasy odor of bacon or beefsteak pervading the house. No toilsome and lengthy preparation on the part of a flushed faced 'hired girl' to get ready coffee, steak and hot biscuit for reluctant stomachs of people who are going to leave half the breakfast on their plates to be wasted or served up again in hash. The time this man uses to get his breakfast ready is the time spent by the wren in her morning devotions, but it is enough. I could tell the name of this man and of this wren, but these confessions are already too personal.

Not only do civilized people eat too much, but they spend twice the time necessary in getting food ready to eat. I do not see why my wife should be expected to spend more than half her lifetime planning meals and getting them on the table, or why another woman called the 'help' should spend three-fourths of her time in washing a multitude of dirty dishes and putting them back on the table to be dirtied again. The vegetable habit simplifies life. It helps us do other things besides get our meals. Ten minutes is time enough to get breakfast. Then we have leisure to eat slowly the little we have. The general American plan is to spend half an hour getting twice as much food on the table as the family needs and then omit family prayers and hurry through breakfast in fifteen minutes.

If this article is printed I foresee trouble for myself. People are going to write to ask what the vegetarian does when he is invited out; when he is one of the victims at a banquet; when apples are two for a quarter in New Tork; when the frost has taken the peaches in Delaware and the potato bug has eaten all the visible supply in Nebraska. These things do not trouble me. Most of my friends have enough on their tables besides meat to keep me from starving until I get home. If apples fail I fall back on prunes. At most banquets there are radishes, celery and olives. If potatoes are high, I can thrive on rice.

Meanwhile I have the satisfaction of unusually good health and the consciousness every day that, so far as I am concerned, no man need work in an abattoir, and the double satisfaction of the consciousness every day that, so far as I am concerned again, the Beef Trust can get nothing out of me.

What to Wear When Camping.

Of the first consideration is the material for a camping suit. Don't get the popular khaki—it looks very neat and dashing at first, but a few days association with camp fires and meals will cause an eruption of spots and dirty streaks from which it will never recover. Denim of a dark brown or blue looks infinitely better and wears almost as well, lasting two summers of hard use. Except for very warm climates a corduroy skirt is best. The material is soft and graceful, and wears splendidly, and in the darker tones of brown and green is particularly suited to the woods. I yfou expect to meet warm weather use Japanese crape or the cotton material known as galatea for your blouses, for as these do not require ironing they look well after washing. Avoid gingham or any thin material that will crumple easily. A man's flannel shirt makes a very pretty waist, either the blue army shirt or the fireman's red one being attractive to wear with a corduroy skirt—Marion Randall in 'Woman's Home Companion.'

Advertisements.

KEEP CHILDREN WELL.

Stomach and bowel troubles kill thousands of little ones during the hot weather. Diarrhoea, dysentery and cholera infantum sometimes come without warning, and if prompt aid is not at hand the child may be beyond aid in a few hours. If you want to keep your children hearty, rosy and full of life during the hot weather give them an occasional dose of Baby's Own Tablets. This medicine prevents illness and cures it when it comes unexpectedly. And the mother has the guarantee of a government analyst that this medicine is absolutely safe. Mrs. W. J. Munroe, Sintaluta, Sask., says: 'For more than three years Baby's Own Tablets is the only medicine I have given my children, and I think the Tablets invaluable for stomach and bowel troubles.' Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Keep the Tablets in the house.

For the Housekeeper.

STAINS.

I do not suppose any one who has ever conducted a woman's page has not been asked, over and over again, for some way to take stains out of linen. The trouble, too often, is that stains on table linen are seldom treated promptly and hence become indelible. All berry stains succumb to hot water treatment. Stretch the stained portion loosely over a bowl and pour boiling water directly from the tea kettle on the spot, if it does not all quite disappear drain the water from the bowl and repeat the scalding bath. But if the spot has been dipped in soap and water it is likely to be set like a dye. Fruit and tea stains disappear before the same treatment, but if the linen is washed and boiled without removing the tea stain the spot will remain until the cloth is nearly worn out.

Coffee and chocolate spots are removed successfully by soaking first in a solution of borax and cold water and then treating with boiling water.

If a cloth becomes mildewed by being laid away carelessly while damp saturate the spot in lemon juice and lay in the bright sunlight; repeat if necessary.

The safest way to take iron rust is to sprinkle it with salt, then saturate with lemon juice and expose to strong sunlight. This may need repeating, but is better than treating with acids.

Many fruit stains that do not surrender to boiling water can be taken out with Javelle water, using four tablespoons to one-half pail of water. Soak the spots five minutes, then rinse well in half a dozen waters, because otherwise the fabric will be weakened. To make Javelle water put one pound of washing soda into one quart of boiling water and let it boil ten minutes in an agate kettle. Put in one-quarter pound of chloride of lime, stirring well with a stick. Cool partly, pour into bottles, and after settling use the clear liquid.

These rules should be cut out and pasted into your kitchen scrap-books. You all keep them, don't you?—Minneapolis 'News.'

Selected Recipes.

A delicious dessert drink is lime sherbet. Squeeze the juice from four limes; strain and add a cup of raspberry vinegar, two cups of pulverized sugar and half a cup of grated cocoanut. Cover and place directly on the ice for two hours, then pour in gradually a cup of iced tea, adding three sliced oranges and the stiffly whipped whites of two eggs. Prepare a lime syrup by boiling two quarts of water with one quart of sugar for twenty minutes, adding the juice and grated rind of four limes; remove from the fire, and when thoroughly chilled add to the rest.

Skin stalks of rhubarb, and cut them into small pieces; arrange these in layers in a stone crock or jar, sprinkling with powdered sugar, ground cinnamon, and a tiny pinch of baking soda; now pour over slowly half a cupful of strained honey, to which three tablespoonfuls of warm water have been added, and bake for an hour and a half in a moderate oven, covering the crock closely. When tender stir thoroughly until smooth, pressing through a fruit sieve, and flavor with the juice of half an orange—placing directly on the ice to chill and ripen; just previous to serving, fold in lightly the whipped whites of two eggs and serve in ice cold grape fruit glasses garnished with cherries.

OUR MAPLE LEAF PINS.

Even if you did miss them for Dominion Day, you can still have them by sending in your order at once. Read our advertisement, and let us hear from you.

Home Department.

He Giveth Sleep.

He sees when their footsteps falter, when their hearts grow weak and faint;
He marks when their strength is failing, though there be no word of complaint;
He bids them rest for a season, for the pathway has grown too steep;
And, folded in fair green pastures, He giveth his loved ones sleep.

Like weary and worn-out children, that sigh for the daylight's close,
He knows that they oft are longing for home and its sweet repose;
So He calls them in from their labors ere the shadows around them creep,
And silently watching o'er them, He giveth his loved ones sleep.

He giveth it, oh, so gently, as a mother will hush to rest
The babe that she softly pillows so tenderly on her breast;
Forgotten now are the trials and sorrows that made them weep,
For with many a soothing promise, He giveth his loved ones sleep.

He giveth it. Friends the dearest can never this boon bestow;
But He touches the drooping eyelids, and placid the features grow.
Foes may gather about them, and storms may round them sweep.—
But, guarding them safe from danger, He giveth his loved ones sleep.

All dread of the distant future, all griefs that oppressed the day—
Like mists that clear in the sunlight, have noiselessly passed away;
Nor call, nor clamor can rouse them from slumbers so pure and deep;
For only his voice can reach them, Who giveth his loved ones sleep.

Weep not that their toils are over, weep not that their race is run,
God grant we may rest as calmly when our work, like theirs, is done.
Till then we would yield with gladness our treasures to him to keep,
And rejoice in the sweet assurance—He giveth his loved ones sleep.
—Unknown.

Jade---A Chinese Missionary Romance.

BY GRACE EATON.

(The author of this story is a native of China, who, after being educated in England, returned to her own land, and the story of Jade is full of facts and incidents which actually occurred.)

CHAPTER V.—(Continued.)

However, Chon-Poa, who was generally the first to recover his wits and rapid to devise schemes and plans, on account of the daring venturesome life he had once lived with the pirates, was not behind now, when black danger threatened his young friend, the beloved daughter of that Christian English lady who had saved his life and led him to the feet of Jesus. He advised Vo-Ling to take Kyma back to the 'Ho-Sun-Man' to take refreshment and rest and for Vo-Ling to join him again afterwards. His advice was followed and after the two had left him, he went all around the outside of the house. It was getting dark and a drizzling rain was falling. He clambered over the big wooden gate and made his way to a small hut close by where the gate-keeper and watchman lived, who was friendly to Chon-Poa whom he had on several occasions heard speaking about the new Jesus religion on the landing place. He was very much frightened seeing Chon-Poa at first. However, the gate-keeper's news about Jade being still in the house of Wong greatly raised Cron-Poa's spirits. This man told him that he always remembered all who came and went both day and night. So when Vo-Ling returned from the boat to join him again, he was made glad to hear that Jade had not been taken out of the way from the house.

CHAPTER VI.

Just as soon as Jade entered his house, Wong Ching Foo stepped out of one of the side rooms, led her in and instantly locked the door, putting the key into his breast pocket. To say that this sinister action startled the young heroine was mild in comparison with the fearful alarm which filled her heart. But thanks to the admirable training she had received, and her own brave nature, she was able to control herself, and turned a cool front to the man, looking straight into his shifty eyes. When she demanded to be let out of the room to attend the sick old lady, the man was indeed astounded. He had fully expected to see her frightened and cringing in the position he had brought her to, and had thought that she would have been only too glad to yield to his wishes, seeing her helplessness. And now, instead, she was more collected than himself, bearing herself so proudly before him that she made him—the greatest man for miles around—feel quite small. All the more now, he was determined to have her, and then afterwards humble her to the dust. She was no better than the rest of womankind. Instead of feeling happy and highly honored to be chosen by him, she was treating him with contempt.

Wong had taken a particular fancy to our Jade. He had often watched her unseen when she came to visit his mother, wives and children. He found her so different to the other women about him. Her foreign learning and bright, fearless manner had a new charm which he had never found in the females of his country before, though he still clung to his nation's opinion of the inferiority of women, and that they should always conduct themselves with deep humility.

Instead of complying with her demand to unlock the door, he turned his back on her, laughed sneeringly, and said that she had better be sensible and give in. Then she would be treated as a favorite wife, and have everything beautiful; clothes, jewels, fine food and a slave to wait upon her; otherwise, she could be forced in a way which would make her glad to die.

Poor little Jade. How could she help shuddering. To be placed in this awful position in the power of this monster. Must this be her end, she mentally asked herself. She, a Christian, with a heart filled with love for her Saviour, and a longing to do so much for his glory. Oh, no, surely. At this moment Wong looked at her and saw that she was still calm, with no appearance of fear or yielding to his wishes. So, he again told her to give up hope of freedom, but to submit herself to him. Jade then told him that her religion forbade any one having more than one wife at a time, and that she would die sooner than live a degraded life with him. Also, that she was an English subject, and if harm came to her, her friends would soon inform the English consul, who would see to his punishment for his wickedness. He again laughed at her, and then abruptly left her in the room alone, taking care to lock the door.

Left alone, poor Jade burst into tears, which were balm to relieve the fearful strain that had oppressed her mind, while Wong Ching Foo was in the room. Then she threw herself on her knees and prayed for guidance and protection from her Heavenly Father. In her childlike and simple faith, she felt that he who had watched over her since infancy, would not forsake her in the hour of her greatest peril. He who delivered Daniel out of the lion's den would open a way for her too. With these blessed comforting reflections she rose up strengthened and sat down to take a little refreshment which she always carried with her. She opened her satchel, and as she was absently fingering among its contents, she suddenly became aware of the bottle of chloroform for dental purposes. A ray of inspiration entered her mind showing her a way opened for her to escape from the power of this man. It was the chloroform. Perfectly understanding what was the right quantity to give for the purpose she had in view, she lost no time preparing for the momentous opportunity which was to give her freedom from a terrible peril. It seemed a desperate resolve, but also the only chance to save herself from a fate worse than death, and she did not intend to harm Wong Ching Foo seriously, but just give him enough chloroform to render him helpless for a couple of hours, so that she might be able to join her dear companions and escape to safety.

It was quite dark and rain was falling already, but Jade was now feeling more hopeful. When Wong Ching Foo came back, this time bringing a lamp on a small tray; and a basin of rice and some other food, he ordered her to eat, and afterwards to prepare becoming his wife without further delay. From Jade's quiet attitude, and at her trying to swallow a few morsels of rice (she would not touch fowl or fish, fearing drugs in them), he felt gratified, thinking that she had made up her mind to give in to him, and to show that he was pleased with her, as a piece of great consideration, he tried to urge her to partake of some of the chicken, telling her she should be his favorite wife, and promising her all sorts of lovely jewels and gorgeous garments. Finally, he put his hand under her chin. That was enough for Jade. She suddenly placed a folded napkin, which she had saturated with the chloroform right under his nose, and over his mouth, and in a few minutes he was rendered unconscious. Satisfied that he was helpless to injure her for two or three hours, and that no harm to him would result from the means she had taken to procure her deliverance from his power, Jade took the key out of the man's pocket, unlocked the door, and walked quietly and quickly out of the house, no one being about at that time. At the gate of the compound, the watchman (a secret convert of Chin Poa's), quickly unbolted the great doors, and poor Jade almost rushed out, so anxious was she to get away from the place where she had spent the most miserable hours of her life. Before she had taken a dozen steps she ran into the arms of her two dear faithful friends who had been prayerfully and patiently watching and waiting for the child they had almost given up hopes of seeing again. Without a word, for their hearts were full, and there was no time to be lost, they carried her along to the 'Ho Sun Man,' which within five seconds was pushed from the shore, and they were fleeing from a wicked enemy who they knew would leave no stone unturned to hurt them. The joy of her friends, particularly that of Kyma, at her restoration to them unharmed, was shown in their most fervent thanksgiving, and prayers to their great Deliverer.

Though it was considered unsafe to travel in the night time, in consequence of the very grave need for our band to get away from their late neighborhood as fast and as far as they could, the houseboat had been started that very night. This boat was propelled by means of an immense rudder at the back, which was moved backwards and forwards by two men at a time, and when they were tired, two others would take their turn. Sometimes they were aided by a strong water ox, one man and an ox taking the place of two men. Chon-Poa knew almost every inch of the river, and it was he who was guiding them to a place of safety which he had discovered years before, when a pirate, so our friends were not as uneasy as they might have been.

After about five or six hours hard pushing, propelling and pulling, the party arrived, thoroughly worn out in mind and body, at a bamboo grove in the centre of which stood an old grey Confusian temple. Chon-Poa led the friends into the building, where, after a fire was made on the middle of the stone floor of the large front room, they rested and refreshed themselves. The two women-folk were indeed worn out; Jade, with the fearful strain of mind she had undergone, and Kyma, with the great uneasiness she had suffered on account of the late peril to her beloved child. There were five men in the little band, for two converted friends of Fong-Wing had offered their help when they heard of Jade's trouble, and none of these would rest until they had brought up everything in the way of bedding, clothes, trunks, food, all they could move to the Temple, so as to make the place as comfortable as it could be, for sake of Jade, more than any one else, for they remembered that she had been accustomed to different surroundings than those her countrymen and women had known. When all was done that was possible, they threw their tired bodies down for a couple of hours' rest; but before doing so, they managed to fix up the best room for Jade and Kyma to rest in.

When Jade rose from her bed, made up of several thick padded quilts on a raised platform, she found all her friends in another room looking quite cheerful. They welcomed her to a savory breakfast of rice cooked, as only a native of China could understand how to cook rice, and fried fish which Chon-Poa had caught from a sparkling brook beside the Temple, also some delicious water nuts he had pulled up from the bank before any one else was up.

After their morning meal, the friends spent an hour or more in thanking their Heavenly Father for protecting them so far, and delivering his handmaid from her extremity. They had planned what was best to be done in their present situation, and they agreed not to stir out of the dense wooded grove surrounding the Temple until the excitement of their flight had died away, for on account of Wong Ching Foo's tremendous influence, his great possessions, and a very large clan of relations, and also because he was sure to offer a big reward for the capture of Jade; it would be extremely dangerous for any one of them to be seen for some time to come.

The venerable grey temple to which Chon Poa had led the missionary band was a beautiful, peaceful spot, surrounded by graceful bamboos, mulberry, and many other fruit and flowering trees and bushes, and a large pond in which exquisite fragrant Chinese lilies bloomed in front. There were also brooks filled with fish, and wild fowls, snipe and partridge abounded in their respective coverts, so that the party knew that they would not suffer for want of provisions.

(To be Continued.)

Home Thoughts.

FORGIVENESS.

(By John Greenleaf Whittier.)

My heart was heavy, for its trust had been
Abused, its kindness answered by foul wrong;
So, turning gloomily from my fellowmen,
One summer Sabbath day I strolled among
The green mounds of the village burial place;
Where, pondering how all human love and hate
Find one sad level; and how, soon or late,
Wronged and wrongdoer, each with meekened face
And cold hands folded over a still heart,
Pass the green threshold of our common grave,
Whither all footsteps tend, whence none depart,
Awed for my self, and pitying my race,
Our common sorrow, like a mighty wave,
Swept all my pride away, and trembling I forgave!

Little self denials, little honesties, little passing words of sympathy, little nameless acts of kindness, little silent victories over temptations—these are the silent threads of gold which, when woven together gleam out so brightly in the pattern of life that God approves.—F. W. Farrar, D.D.

THE TRAINED EYE.

(By Bertha Gerneaux Woods.)

'The poem hangs on the berry-bush
When comes the poet's eye,
The street begins to masquerade,
When Shakespeare passes by.'

So sings William C. Gannett, and the truth embodied in the exquisite little lyric is one that finds continual verification.

A bird lover and student called the other day, and had not been seated on the vine-sheltered veranda a minute before he called attention to a humming bird dipping its needle-like beak into the white tubes of the honeysuckle. A red-eyed vireo the next moment made its appearance in an oak tree a few yards off, and several members of the warbler family seemed suddenly to find attractive nooks in nearby trees. Doubtless they had been making just such visits for days before, but the trained and observant eye had been lacking.

We are all alert to see that which our special training or study has made interesting to us. The plant pathologist detects signs of disease in the superficially fair and perfect flower. The painter's eye sees charm and picturesqueness in what the careless, half observer passes by with scant attention.

How many of us see first of all the unattractive traits in our acquaintances. The unlovely qualities seem to stand out aggressively, but are they really so pronounced and overshadowing of the better traits as they seem to us? The eye trained to watch for what is lovely, and of good report, somehow finds a surprising number of things to admire in the average human being.

In her charming little book, 'Miladi,' Miss Laughlin speaks these suggestive words: 'The supreme evidence of a cultured heart and mind is in the number of things one can see in other persons to admire.' It is a kind of culture within reach of all of us. Would it not add greatly to the sum of human happiness if we would all set about the task of acquiring it?—New York 'Observer.'

Dry Things.

'Somebody sent me "Sesame and Lilies" for a birthday present,' a bright young girl told me. 'I supposed that I should hate Ruskin, but really,' with surprise, 'he is delightful!'

A week later she overtook me on the street. 'You like morning walks. May I go with you to-morrow—early—before breakfast?' 'Yes,' I replied, smiling at her earnest crescendo and rosy cheeks, 'I shall be delighted; but what restless spirit has been pricking you? Did you ever in your life see the sun rise?'

'That is just it. Do not for the world let the girls know, but I have been reading Browning a little. Why do people talk so about his hidden meanings? That description of the sunrise, who could not understand that? Understand—why, it is as easy as Longfellow, and—now I want to see it!'

The next morning she was waiting for me at the gate. 'It is well that Browning rang the bell. I should have taken another nap for all anybody else. Just see the dew on the grass! Why it is like rain. And hear those birds sing! I should like to run. Everybody is asleep, can't we have a race? What fun this is! And I have always thought that if one thing were worse than another, it was getting up in the morning. See those clouds breaking; now I must say it:

"'Day!
Faster and more fast,
O'er night's brim, day boils at last;
Boils, pure gold, o'er the cloud-cup's brim
Where spurting and suppressed it lay:
For not a froth-flake touched the rim
Of yonder gap in the solid gray
Of the eastern cloud, an hour away,
But forth one wavelet, then another curled,
Till the whole sunrise, not to be suppressed,
Rose, reddened, and its seething breast
Flickered in bounds, grew gold, then overflowed the world."'

There was a mist over the child's eyes. Ruskin is right, I said to myself, when he wonders, not at what men suffer, but at what they lose.

My companion as silent while we walked down the hill. As we turned towards her home she said suddenly: 'I shall never dare say again that I dislike history, or that I cannot endure Thackeray, or that the oil paintings in the galleries are hideous. I shall be discreetly silent about things I cannot appreciate; for I believe now that dry things are just things we do not know enough about to care for.'—From 'If I Were a Girl Again.'

Health Hints.

COLD BATHS.

Should young girls take cold baths? This is a question many physicians are asked, and it is variably answered, though the majority of doctors are agreed that the benefit derived from them depends entirely upon the constitution of the individuals.

One physician who endorses cold baths declares that they cannot be taken indiscriminately, and should never be attempted by a girl who is not strong physically and whose nerves are not capable of standing the shock and quickly reacting.

'A cold bath taken in the morning just after rising is an excellent tonic,' she said, 'for a girl in robust health. And if she is used to them there is no reason why she should not continue them throughout the entire year, even on the coldest days in winter. Of course, I would not advise any one to stay in cold water longer than is necessary to wet the body all over, for to become chilled through is neither comfortable nor conducive to strength. In a shower bath every part of the body is wet in a few seconds, while with a sponge it may take from one to two minutes, but three minutes should be the limit. After which, a brisk rubbing with a coarse towel should create a glow that flushes the flesh a rosy pink, sends the blood tingling through the veins and gives a delightful reaction that often makes the bather perspire.

'Should a girl after getting out of a cold bath feel chilled and following a hard rub continue to be cold, she should realize that the cold water is too severe for her and should not attempt it again. For instead of being a benefit and making her strong these baths will have the opposite effect and frequently result in illness, for the shock to the nerves is too severe.

'I know of one young woman who determined to accustom herself to take cold baths each morning. Physically she had not enough energy to stand them and suffered with cold for hours after; but she persevered in the practice for six months until she grew weak and very ill and has never entirely recovered.

'There is really no way I can suggest that a person can tell whether or not cold baths are good for them, except by the glow and bodily warmth that should follow. I think if the finger nails look blue and the body is covered with goosefleah after the bath that it is too strenuous.

'As to the method of taking baths, I believe that a needle, shower or sponge is best, for few are strong enough to stand a plunge, and as to sitting or standing in a tub of cold water, I would say hesitatingly that it is unwise, for it takes too much animal heat and results in a loss of energy that is unnecessary. Frequently those who are not strong enough to take a cold water bath as it comes from the spigot will find it immensely beneficial when a bag of salt is placed in the tub; or by taking the chill off with the addition of warm water, the bath will still be practically cold, for the temperature will be much colder than the body.'—Worcester 'Gazette.'

For the Housekeeper.

COOKING IN THE SUN.

Purchase large, choice, perfect berries, not over ripe. Remove the stems carefully, then wash and weigh the fruit. To wash without bruising, put about a quart of berries into the colander at a time, then dip quickly in and out of a pan of clear water several times, and drain thoroughly. For every pound of fruit measure three-quarters of a pound of sugar, then put the fruit and sugar in alternate layers into a large granite preserving kettle, not using over six pounds of fruit at a time. If too much is prepared at a time, the fruit is crushed by its own weight. Stand aside until the bottom of the kettle is covered with juice, then cover and heat very gradually to boiling. Boil gently for 15 minutes, and remove all scum. Do not stir until really necessary, as stirring breaks the fruit. Pour the cooked mixture into large platters or deep soup plates to the depth of about an inch, and put on a table in the sunniest spot in the yard, moving the table, if need be, as the sun shifts position. Cover securely to protect against flying insects, using a double thickness of mosquito netting. To prevent the netting falling into the fruit, elevate it by putting fruit jars around the ends of the table, with one in the centre, and tie securely over all, so nothing can crawl in from underneath. To guard against ants place the feet of the table in water. Late in the afternoon, about 5 o'clock, and before the dew commences to fall, bring the fruit indoors. Scrape the contents of the several plates into one large crock to obtain uniform consistency in the entire mass. The following morning pour into places, and proceed as before. Continue this process until the syrup is very thick and almost a jelly. Three days usually are needed, but the time varies according to the intensity of the heat. Ample time must be given to insure perfect keeping. When done put the contents of the several plates into one dish, as before, then turn without other cooking into small self-sealing glass jars. Pour melted paraffin over the top of the fruit, adjust rubbers and lids, and, to guard against mould, tie a piece of cotton over the top of the jar. Wrap jars in dark paper, label and store as other fruit in a cool, dark, dry place.

Of course, bright, clear, hot, sunshiny days are essential for preserves of this kind, and unless the weather is propritious it is folly to attempt it; but if the preserving has been commenced and rain follows before it is done, it may be kept for several days and then finished. If the weather remains unfavorable for a long period it is safer to finish the preserve by cooking it on the stove. Fruit prepared in this way retains in an unusual degree its natural appearance and flavor, and if carefully prepared and sealed will keep indefinitely. The method seems particularly well adapted for the early small fruits, the sun possessing greater power at the season of their maturity. In the temperate climate the heat is not sufficiently intense after the middle of July to keep the fruit.—'Good Housekeeping.'

Advertisements.

SAVE THE BABIES

Mother, an investment of 25 cents now may save your baby's life. Colic, diarrhoea and cholera infantum carry off thousands of little ones during the hot weather months. A box of Baby's Own Tablets cost but 25 cents, and there is security and safety in this medicine. Give an occasional tablet to the well child and you will keep it well. Give them to the child if trouble comes swiftly, and see the ease and comfort this medicine brings. And you have the guarantee of a government analyst that this medicine contains no poisonous opiate. Mrs. R. Metlin, Halifax, N. S., says:—'Baby's Own Tablets are a valuable medicine for stomach and bowel troubles.' Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Keep the Tablets in the house.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Flour thrown on burning kerosene or gasoline will extinguish the flame.

A teaspoonful of sugar added to pancake batter will make the cakes a golden brown.

If a paper bag is slipped over the hand before the cloth is taken to clean the stove, the finger-tips and nails will be saved contact with the grime.

Pongee silk to be successfully laundered must be hung on the line without wringing the water out, and allowed to dry thoroughly. Press with a moderately warm iron, without sprinkling.

To Launder Art Muslin Curtains.—Art muslin curtains should not be washed in warm water. Put them into a lather of nearly cold water. If the curtains are green add a little vinegar; if lilas or pink a little ammonia. Salt will set the colors of black and white muslins.

A child's school lunch-basket can be kept sweet and clear by dipping it first into hot salt water, then into cold water, about once a month. Dry quickly by the fire or in the sunshine.

When necessary to iron a rough dry garment at once, try this method: Dampen, roll tight, wrap in a cloth, and then in paper, and put into the oven while the irons are heating. Evaporation will cause it to be thoroughly dampened in time, but care must be taken that the oven is not hot enough to burn the goods.

Selected Recipes.

To give a lovely old-fashioned flavor to a loaf cake, wash and dry rose geranium leaves and lay them on a plate. Turn the cake out on it, leaving it there until quite cold. The steam absorbs the flavor of the leaves, giving it a more delicate taste than any rose flavoring can possibly do.

A novel delicacy is a cucumber and nut sandwich. Allow the cucumbers to remain in ice water for an hour or two before serving; then peel and slice, cutting them into minute cubes; add half the quantity of finely chopped nut meats, and blend with a sour cream salad dressing, made by beating hard for five minutes a cupful of rich sour cream, gradually stirring in half a teaspoonful of lemon juice and a tablespoonful of powdered sugar. Spread upon thin slices of buttered whole wheat bread and stamp with a cutter into neat circles.

If a recipe for aspic is wanted, this one is vouched for by an authority: Cook together for eight or ten minutes one tablespoonful each of finely chopped carrot, onion, and celery, with a little parsley, a bit of bay leaf, a clove, eight whole peppers, and the juice of two lemons. Have ready half a box of Cox's gelatine dissolved in a little cold water, and two cups of brown stock, or beef extract. Heat to boiling, and add the vegetables. Season with salt and cayenne, and add a little kitchen bouquet. Beat the whites of two eggs and squeeze in a tablespoonful of lemon juice. Add to the mixture in the saucepan and stir until it boils. Remove from the fire, and allow it to stand for twenty minutes. Strain through a doubled cheese cloth.

In a new book, 'The Up-to-Date Waitress,' by Janet McKenzie Hill, several new salads are described. A tomato salad Du Barry sounds attractive. Peel a good sized tomato for each person to be served, cut a piece from the top and with a teaspoon scoop out a portion of the pulp. Sprinkle inside with salt and set upside down in the refrigerator. When ready to serve fill the tomato shells with cold cooked cauliflower and set on heart leaves of lettuce. Put a tablespoonful of mayonnaise on each tomato.

To make doughnuts happy-go-lucky take one gill of milk, one gill of sugar, three gills of flour, one-third teaspoonful of salt, one-third of a nutmeg, grated; grated rind of a lemon, the yellow part; one full teaspoonful of baking powder, one egg. Beat the white of the egg to a stiff froth and add the beaten yolk and sugar. Add the flavorings, then milk, and last, flour into which you have stirred the baking-powder. Drop a teaspoonful into hot butter or lard, let cook until brown, gently turning the doughnuts round as they fry.

Home Department.

All For You.

(By Julia E. Abbott, in 'American Messenger.')

The beauty is all for you, dear,
The wealth of the woods and flowers,
The trees above and the grass beneath,
The charm of the summer hours;
The freshness of each fair morning,
The sunset and evening dew,
Soft starlight the skies adorning,
The beauty is all for you.

The music is all for you, dear,
The song of bird and of bee,
The whispering wind and the murmur
Of the brooklet flowing free;
The sound of the shower descending,
When clouds cover skies of blue;
All nature harmonious blending,
The music is all for you.

The sweetness is all for you, dear,
The smell of the ferns and flowers,
The song in the heart that seems a part
Of the golden summer hours;
Rare delicate perfume stealing
From flowers of each varied hue,
God's infinite care revealing;
The sweetness is all for you.

The summer is all for you, dear,
The days with their long bright hours;
All the freshness of the morning,
All the secrets of the flowers;
The beauty, the bloom, the sweetness,
The charm that is ever new,
Are tokens of heaven's completeness;
The summer is all for you.

Jade---A Chinese Missionary Romance.

BY GRACE EATON.

(The author of this story is a native of China, who, after being educated in England, returned to her own land, and the story of Jade is full of facts and incidents which actually occurred.)

CHAPTER VI.—(Continued.)

This charming place had for years been shunned and abandoned, because it was believed to have been haunted by malignant ghosts. This report had been circulated by bandits and pirates in order to scare the superstitious inhabitants away, so that they could secure the place entirely to themselves and have a valuable temporary home for their own use whenever they wished to retire for a season. As Chinese nearly all believe in ghosts, they were without difficulty frightened by the bad reputation given to the place and had given it a wide berth for years.

CHAPTER VII.

When Wong Ching Foo regained consciousness from the influence of the chloroform administered by Jade to gain her escape, he could not at first understand what had happened to him. Gradually, however, remembrance of things returned, and then his terrible rage against our heroine was simply beyond description.

The first place to which he went in pursuit of the missionaries was Lee-Ping's, the same man whose son Jade had saved from death by her medical ministrations. This Lee Ping's home was about seven miles from Wong's, in an opposite direction from that taken by the missionaries in their hasty flight; but Wong was so certain that they would go among the people who had embraced the Christian faith that Lee-Ping was the first man he thought of, and losing no time he hastened there. The Chinese Christian family were greatly disturbed and frightened by the dreadful noise and din made by Wong and his followers who aroused them at an unseasonable hour, but when he became acquainted with the facts of the visit and the reason therefor, Lee-Ping feared more on account of Jade and her friends than for himself. Wong threatened Lee-Ping fearful vengeance if he did not deliver up the fugitives, but after a thorough search of his house and outhouses, he was forced to give up for the time, and went away at last with his rough servant men, vowing terrible vengeance against any who should dare to shelter the poor missionaries. Upon his return home, he offered large rewards for the capture of any one of Jade's companions, herself in particular, and numbers of persons were soon scouring and hunting all over for our friends. After repeated failures, however, they all came to the conclusion that the missionaries must have got safely back to Shanghai, where they, especially the young missionary doctor, would be under the protection of the British Consul. Wong-Ching Foo at times felt some uneasiness as to what might happen when his cowardly and high handed treatment of the young Christian teacher became known to the foreign authorities at Shanghai, for like all bullies he hated the thought of being humbled.

Lee-Ping and his wife were very much cast down with anxiety and uneasiness concerning Jade and her friends. They hoped and earnestly prayed that God had brought them safely out of their great trouble. One day, Lee-Ping, letting only his wife know, left home for the purpose of going to Shanghai, determined to find if his young friend and her companions were in safety. If not, he would find out some of his countrymen, who were Christians like himself, and do something without delay to rescue the beloved missionaries, also to seek the aid of the foreign consul.

Meanwhile amid the confusion and din caused by Wong Ching Foo's bullying and threatenings of vengeance against all who might dare to harbor Jade and her fellow-workers, the missionary band were sheltered and preserved by their Father's providence in the old grey Confucian temple. Here they remained for over two months, and though their hearts were heavy at their enforced cessation of labor in God's vineyard, they managed to fill up their time pleasantly and rejoiced because they were living in security in such surroundings with plenty to satisfy their daily wants. The soil around the old temple, though untouched by hands for years, was so fertile that labor of man was superfluous. All they needed was there for the digging and picking, yame, ground nut bamboo shoots, other eatable roots and vegetables and fruits of many descriptions. Situated so well and securely by the goodness of God, their hearts overflowed with grateful trust that He would show them in His own good time, a way out of this isolated though beautiful spot.

CHAPTER VIII.

After some time spent in seeking out Jade's old friends, Chi-Yuen, Lo-Ma and others, Lee-Ping found them, and was received as a welcome brother in the Lord. When he had told them about the very dangerous position in which the little band was placed on account of Wong Ching Foo, they were greatly distressed and stirred up and lost no time calling on the English Consul and telling him the history of the missing band of missionaries, impressing upon him especially the very grave nature of Jade's danger. The Consul promised his best to help in the matter and gave orders to prepare a small launch in charge of a trusted captain with a crew of reliable men to start at once in search of the lost. Before this expedition started, the captain was advised to use great caution as if Wong Ching Foo was to become aware of the object of the expedition, his anger against the mission workers might cause him to make the finding of Jade an impossibility by destroying her altogether, and therefore, the Consul thought it best that the launch should be advertised as about to take a party of people down the Woo-Sung river for holiday purposes. Thus, their landing at different points to gather clues and details that might afford information relating to the missing ones would not attract notice.

When first engaging their berths they were not aware of the real object of the launch's trip up the river, but the commander, Captain Robertson, being greatly taken with the fine presence of the young fellows and thinking they might be of assistance to the mission, took occasion to inform them of the task he had undertaken, and found he was not wrong in his surmise that the young fellows would be interested and anxious to do their best to assist him.

'We shall have one romantic adventure at least,' said Allan, who was boyishly elated at the prospect of rescuing Jade and bringing Wong Ching Foo to justice.

'If we succeed,' returned Philip more quietly. He was not as sanguine by nature as his friend, but the story of the missing missionaries appealed to his imagination and he was eager to do what he could to bring them to their friends.

Next morning, bright and early, the launch 'President' started on her tour, steaming leisurely and taking bearings on her way. The principal sights that met their view were wayside joss houses, farms and now and again a pagoda or a big ancestral arch. Here and there farmers with bare legs and feet and immense hats made from the useful bamboo leaves to shade their heads from the fierce rays of the afternoon sun; gathering bitter cucumbers, a very popular vegetable which the people cooked with meat, believed to have blood-purifying and cooling qualities, also digging sweet potatoes and yams. There were also seen young boys driving ducks along the water in great numbers with long poles. All these were most interesting to the passengers, especially Philip and Allan. The last kept his kodak busy continually and his companion told him that he had enough negatives to stock a good-sized gallery and ensure a good livelihood, even if he had no other income. Yet all the time the party on board were filled with the thought of the mission they had been sent to perform—that of finding the Christian workers. They were ever on the alert, leaving no village, building, or hamlet of any size or kind unsearched. The inmates of most of the houses were obliging, but none could give any information as to what had become of or befallen the new religion teachers.

At last the 'President' had her chain fastened around an iron post on the landing at the foot of a long hilly street. At the top stood Wong Ching Foo's house, the largest and the most imposing for miles around. Captain Robertson, accompanied by a party of four of his crew, also Philip and Alan, soon after arrival went up to Wong's house. They were very politely invited to enter. Without delay the captain stated his errand in as courteous a manner as the occasion demanded. Wong Ching Foo, of course, was very affable, but denied all Lee-Ping's story about his evil treatment of Jade and his knowledge of her whereabouts or of her friends, and declared that he firmly believed that she and the rest must be in Shanghai. He then pressed the visitors to go over every part of his house, which indeed was a most unusual departure from his country's custom, no high-class men caring to show their ladies' quarters to strangers, especially foreigners. But Wong was very anxious to satisfy these resolute, strong-looking persons that Jade and her companions were not hidden by him for wicked purposes, and for the time being, he was indeed very glad that they had escaped, for he knew well enough that were they found on his premises, the consequences would have been terrible for him.

When Captain Robertson with Philip and Alan went with Wong Ching-Foo to examine the rooms of the latter's house, he ordered the four men of his crew that came with him to watch outside to see that nothing suspicious happened without. After a thorough examination of every nook and corner of the house, they were compelled to believe Wong and left him feeling somewhat baffled. They then proceeded to the searching of several villages further up the river, but without success, and finally after many and strenuous endeavors to obtain news of the missing missionaries decided to return to Shanghai for further orders from the British Consul. Philip Maxwell and Alan Douglas, however, determined to go further on, and this they did in a houseboat which they obtained for hire. So after bidding the genial captain of the 'President' and his officers a hearty farewell they proceeded on their way. Neither of the young men had entirely given up the idea of finding Jade and her friends. Indeed, they still entertained hopes of coming across their path and being the means of delivering them out of whatever trouble they might be in. So they continued slowly towards Soo-Chow, seldom remaining on board the boat, but preferring to walk along the road or on their bicycles with which they would penetrate miles into the country to seek new materials and scenes for their diaries or kodaks, always, however, on the lookout for some sign of the missing ones. During their absences the houseboat would be waiting with meals well prepared whenever they were ready to board her, or perhaps push on to some point ahead where they could come up to it on foot.

(To be Continued.)

Home Thoughts.

GOD'S SILENCE.

God answers prayer; sometimes, when hearts are weak,
He gives the very gifts believers seek.
But often faith must learn a deeper rest,
And trust God's silence when He does not speak;
For He, whose name is Love, will send the best.
Stars may burn out, nor mountain walls endure,
But God is true, His promises are sure
To those who seek.

STRONG CHARACTERS.

Strength of character consists of two things—power of will and power of self-restraint. It requires two things, therefore, for its existence—strong feelings, and strong command over them. Now, it is here we make a great mistake. We mistake strong feelings for strong character. A man who bears all before him—before whose frown domestics tremble and the children quake—because he has his will obeyed, and his own way in all things, we call him a strong man. The truth is that is the weak man; it is his passions that are strong. He that is mastered by them is weak. You must measure the strength of a man by the power of the feelings he subdues, not by the power of those which subdue him. And hence composure is very often the highest result of strength. Did we never see a man receive a flagrant insult only growing a little pale, and then reply quietly? This is a man spiritually strong. Or did we never see a man in anguish stand, as if carved out of solid rock, mastering himself? Or one bearing a hopeless, daily trial remain silent, and never tell the world what cankered his home peace? That is strength. He who, with strong passions, remains chaste; he who, keenly sensitive, with many powers of indignation in him, can be provoked, and yet restrain himself, and forgive—these are the strong men, the spiritual heroes.—'Great Thoughts.'

With the Children.

CHILDREN'S HEADACHES.

When children suffer from headaches, be sure that there is no defect of vision. Sometimes they are near-sighted and again one eye may be weaker than the other, and this causes unequal tension of the nerves of the eyes and severe headaches result. Have an oculist examine the eyes and if necessary fit to suitable glasses. An oculist and an optician are not identical, and the former, if worthy the name, is a thorough physician, as the power of vision affects the entire body, and there are many ailments that are purely sympathetic.—Detroit 'News.'

A LULLABY.

Rockaby, baby, the sun has set,
The world has gone to rest;
The robin has ended his sunset hymn
And lies asleep in his nest.
The heavens are dark, but the golden stars
Shine forth to brighten the sky.
So rockaby, baby, and lullaby, love;
My dear one, rockaby.

The leaves are asleep on the forest trees,
The bees have gone to rest;
The sun is asleep behind the clouds,
And you on your mother's breast.
Hark, how clearly the night wind sings
As he goes rushing by;
Rockaby, baby, and lullaby, love;
Dear lambkin, rockaby.

The owls are awake and clearly hoot
From their perches on the trees,
Singing their night song shrill and loud
To the fickle evening breeze.
But the breeze speeds by and listens ne'er
So they sing to the stars in the sky,
While mother holds her babe to her breast
And sings a lullaby.

The stars, they list to the owls' shrill hoots,
Caressing them with their beams,
While troops of fays steal down to earth
And weave 'round you their dreams.
But the moon shines on serene and fair
On her starry throne on high,
While mother sings to her sleeping babe
Her evening lullaby.
—Brooklyn 'Eagle.'

SWEETS.

Many mothers think nature must have erred in giving children a sweet tooth, but children, on the other hand, regard the jam-pot and the sugar-bowl as the depositaries of all that is most delectable. Neither side is quite right and neither quite wrong.

Sugar is not the poison and spoiler of digestion that the careful mother thinks it is; neither is it better as a food than roast beef and bread and butter, as the hearty youngster thinks. There was a book printed many years ago, in which the tale was told of some shipwrecked sailors who lived for weeks on some hogsheads of sugar and a little water, which was all they had saved from the wreck. They did not have so good a time as we boys thought they ought to have had, but they lived, and were not so badly off at the end of the period as most persons would think they should have been.

The truth is, that sugar is a food, and a necessary one; but it may easily be taken in too great amount. Foods are divided into two great classes—the proteids (meats, eggs and legumes), which contain nitrogen as their most important element, and the sugars, starches and fats, composed chiefly of carbon. Both of these are necessary—the proteids to build up the framework of the body, and the others to supply energy; the proteids are the iron of the boiler and machinery, the fats are the packing, and the sugars are the fuel: all are necessary to the perfect working of the human machinery.

The danger in taking sweets is in overdoing. The world's consumption of sugar has increased enormously in the last half-century, although the necessity for muscular exertion (and therefore the need of fuel) has, through the introduction of labor-saving machinery, decreased. Much of this sugar has gone into the stomachs, not of rollicking boys and toiling men who can use up a lot of it, but of girls and young women, who are using it to saturate their blood with unnecessary fuel, to load their livers with sugar, and to spoil their complexions.

Children may, and often do, eat too much candy; but they will not suffer much as long as they are in the active state of existence, for while they romp they are expending a vast amount of energy, and their little machines consume a vast amount of fuel. The danger is in forming a habit that may be carried on into a sedentary form of life.—'Youths' Companion.'

Ten Commandments for the Summer Boarder.

1. Don't expect too much.
2. Don't encourage sudden friendships. Sudden friends make gradual enemies.
3. Don't attempt to take with you everything you would have at home. There is no sense in spending half your time taking care of things you don't need.
4. Be a 'moral monkey'; don't see, don't hear, and don't talk of the personal affairs of others.
5. Don't have elaborate clothes made especially for the summer outing—fine feathers don't necessarily make fine birds.
6. Don't refer to the refinement or luxury of your own home. To do so is to condemn yourself at once.
7. Don't feel that because 'nobody knows you' it doesn't matter what you do. That's the very reason you should be careful.
8. Don't allow every one who knows you to expect you to write to them. Take long walks and let your lungs expand—don't cramp them by leaning over your writing table when you should be in the fresh air.
9. If you can play or sing to entertain the other guests do so ungrudgingly. 'He gives twice who gives quickly.'
10. Be punctual at meals, kindly and considerate toward those who serve you. Don't make your vacation their hardest time. Don't believe that lavish tips will make up for selfishness or rudeness.

In every way try to make your visit a pleasant memory, both for those with whom you stay and for yourself.—Chicago 'Record-Herald.'

Our Correspondents.

ETERNALLY ECHOED.

(By R. Gladys Wright.)

If every sound vibrates through space
For many, many million times,
And never ending in its race,
Is wafted up to higher climes;
If ceaseless and pulsating waves
Of sound fill all the ether sea
With echoing and re-echoing tones—
What means the thought to you—to me?

If not a trill—as science tells—
Of warbling bird, or insect's chirp,
Or grandest harmony, that swells
From throbbing organ, or a kirk-
Bell's tones pealed from some village spire
Is lost—but all forever kept!
And all, if harsh or sweet conspire
To form a tide, through all space swept.

. . .

What means all this to you?—to me?—
This law of never-ending sound?
It means just this: That there must be
A record kept—that shall be found
And reproduced—and judgment given,
Some day, (though perhaps 'twill then give pain)
For words that we have thought as dead
So long in seeming death they've lain.

Would we then like to find that we
Have used a power, that should create
Sweet music for eternity,
For words that to recall 'tis late?
For, unkind words, and wrathful cry,
Or scornful taunt their discord send
Into the deep, far-reaching sky,
To be repeated without end!

. . .

Then think! before you start in flight
Harsh words you've no power to recall!
Oh, do not let wide space repeat
Discordant notes where sweet should fall!
But send, in myriad myriad waves
The harmony of kindly tones—
Like music through cathedral naves—
Through all the universal zones!

THANKS FROM THE SAILORS FOR COMFORT BAGS AND GOOD READING.

Mrs. Margaret Ritchie Kerr, on behalf of the sailors, sincerely thanks all the friends who have sent to the Montreal Sailors' Institute such generous supplies of good reading. Mrs. Kerr also acknowledges with thanks the following donations of comfort bags and holders:—14 comfort bags from the Christian Endeavor Society of South Durham; 5 bags from Point Fortune W.C.T.U.; 9 bags from Danville W.C.T.U.; 6 bags from the Waterloo W.C.T.U., and 10 bags and 12 holders from the Waterloo Y'S, 13 bags from the Huntingdon W.C.T.U., and 11 bags from the Huntingdon Y's; 6 bags from the Eastman W.C.T.U., also a box of holders from the Fitch Bay W.C.T.U.

Montreal Sailors' Institute, July 5, '06.

Household Hints.

The mica sides of oil stoves, which get so smoky and dirty, may easily be cleaned with a piece of flannel dipped in vinegar.

The grass stains which are so apt to be found on children's clothing often defy ordinary treatment. A simple method that sometimes answers is to dip the spot in treacle until thoroughly soaked, then wash out the treacle in clear water.

A few drops of vinegar rubbed in the hands after washing clothes will keep them smooth and take away the spongy feeling they have after being in water for a good while.

In one modern kitchen a number of shelves, on the order of those of an old fashioned table, hang flat against the wall when not in use. They are covered with white oilcloth, tacked on by brass headed tacks, and when needed are held up by a swinging bracket. They come in exceptionally handy when extra cooking and serving have to be done.

Helpful Hints.

A BODKIN SUBSTITUTE.

A small safety pin makes a very good substitute for a bodkin when that useful but elusive article makes its absence felt, as it usually chooses to do at the very moment you're settling to run ribbons and tapes in the piles of laundered underclothes.

PERSONALITY EXPRESSED IN DRESS.

You need not, writes Helen Woljeska, a Polish writer, look down upon the woman who spends some thoughts on her apparel and appearance. The way we dress is but another form of expressing our personality and influencing our surroundings—for better or worse.

SILVER TRIMMINGS AND SILK BLOUSES.

The silver trimmings which are now so much worn become easily tarnished. To clean them is a simple matter. Rub with a piece of tissue paper dipped in dry powdered magnesia, and the yellowness will quickly disappear.

For taking stains out of silk blouses and collars try borax. Get a penny-worth of powdered borax, sprinkle a little over the stain or dirty part, and rub well with a clean cloth. Generally the stain will be found to disappear entirely and most speedily.

TO TIE SHOE LACES.

The following is a good hint for tying shoelaces so that they shall not come loose. Proceed in exactly the same way as if you were tying an ordinary bow, but pass the right hand loop through the knot before drawing it up, and give a steady pull on both loops. It should be remembered, however, when untying, that the right-hand string must be pulled, for if the other is pulled it will only tighten the knot.—Detroit 'News.'

All who have attempted to clean coat collars and cuffs with benzine know that this requires much tedious rubbing with cloth in order to prevent the ring that otherwise would form in place of the obliterated spot.

To avoid this labor, dip a tooth-brush into the benzine until it is well soaked, then brush the collar briskly.

In a few moments all stains will have entirely disappeared. The most costly velvet can be cleaned in this way without much rubbing. Never use a tooth-brush on satin or soft silk.

Selected Recipes.

Spiced Cherries.—Boil a pint and a half of cider vinegar with an ounce of stick cinnamon and an ounce of cloves, each tied in a bag. Then add four and a half pounds of sugar and boil ten minutes more, skimming well. Put in seven pounds of stoned cheeries and cook gently for half an hour; lift out the fruit with a skimmer and boil the syrup down until it is thick. Put the cherries into jars and keep hot, add the syrup, then close and seal. These are very nice with cold meats.

Jellied Cherries.—These are very unusual and delicious. Get some fine, large sweet cherries, either ox-hearts or California cherries, or the ordinary ones when dead ripe and sweet. Remove the pips without breaking them more than necessary, and arrange them in layers in a porcelain kettle, with sugar in the proportion of three pounds of sugar to one pound of fruit. Let this stand all night if the weather is cool, or else six hours, and then slowly bring to a boil and skim well. Cook ten minutes and take out the fruit; boil the juice down from ten to fifteen minutes and strain through a hot cloth over the fruit. Put into jelly glasses, and when cold cover with parafine; keep in a dark place. Do not double this rule, or you will crush the fruit.

Cherry Cheese.—Put some sound, ripe cherries into a jar, cover it over, place in a pot of cold water, and boil for two or three hours until the fruit is quite tender, rub the cherries through a hair sieve, and add them to the juice, with some of the blanched kernels. Weigh the pulp, and put it into a preserving pan with half the quantity of granulated sugar; then boil quickly till the sugar and fruit become a stiff paste, sticking to the spoon, and leaving the pan quite dry. Press into molds, or jars, cover with brandied paper, and store in a cool, dry place.

Bottled Cherries—Choose sound, ripe fruit gathered on a dry day, and place it in wide mouthed glass bottles. Cover the cherries with cold syrup (made by boiling one pint of water and half pound pure cane sugar together), cork the bottles down tightly, and place them in a pan with sufficient cold water to reach up to the necks. Let the water boil gently for five minutes, then take out the bottles, wipe them, cover the tops with bottling wax, and store in a cool, dry place.

Dried Cherries.—Take eight pounds of cherries, stone them carefully with a quill, bodkin, or silver skewer. Place them in a preserving pan with four pounds of sifted sugar, bring to the boil, and simmer gently for ten minutes. Place in a jar, and leave until the next day; then simmer again for ten minutes. Repeat this process on the three following days, after which drain the cherries thoroughly for them on a wire tray, so that they do not touch each other, and dry them gradually in a very cool oven, turning them about from time to time. When ready, store them in airtight tins with white paper between each layer.

For first quality CANADIAN FLAGS, free for a little work, read our advertisement on another page.

MUTUAL PROFIT

Our great year-end offer is of interest to every old subscriber, though it is apparently addressed to new ones. Why? Because you can by a very little work secure a few new friends for us, and profit materially yourself either in the way of a cash commission, the free extension of your own paper, or a valuable premium. Every home-maker will find something attractive about our premium list.

Home Department.

Uncalendared.

(Charles Fiske Bates, in the 'Century.')

Only a year have thou and I been friends,
If time be counted on our calendar;
Away with that! What it begins, it ends;
From all eternity, close souls we were,
And shall be, so God grant! forevermore,
For two were never faster bound before.

'With God, one day is as a thousand years';
Oh, Love is mighty, God's most blessed name!
The more that man his Maker's image bears
The more must months and suns be the same,
Love knows not time—It is eternity,
And not a year, that I count out with thee!

Jade---A Chinese Missionary Romance.

BY GRACE EATON.

(The author of this story is a native of China, who, after being educated in England, returned to her own land, and the story of Jade is full of facts and incidents which actually occurred.)

CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)

Philip Maxwell was a fine handsome man, about thirty years old. His frank, fair countenance inspired confidence at once. He was an eminent and well-known doctor in his native city. The only son of a wealthy widow, he had been run down by overwork during a serious epidemic, and was now taking his tour as a recuperative holiday with his friend and companion of childhood days.

Alan Douglas was an exceedingly handsome young Scot of twenty-seven or twenty-eight, a possessor of great riches, by profession a poet and artist. Just now his hobby was photography.

One late afternoon about a week after parting with the 'President's' crew, they came upon a beautiful dense grove of bamboos and other graceful trees, some of which dipped their branches into the water. The place looked so cool and inviting to the two young men that they ordered the sailors to stop the houseboat and fasten it up for an hour or so in order that they might enjoy the sylvan scene at their leisure. What was their astonishment when they saw the crew even their pleasant smart servant man, cowering in the most abject fear, yet making efforts to push from that side of the shore as quickly as they could. When Philip demanded an explanation of the evident disobedience of his orders, he was told that this seemingly beautiful peaceful looking forest-likeplace was accursed as the abode of malignant ghosts and that no one who cared for their safety of body or soul would visit such a fearsome place. Also that no amount of money bribe or any consideration would induce the Chinese sailors to land or remain anywhere near.

'Oh, all right, you brave fellows,' Philip made answer. 'You can just take yourselves off any distance you wish, but my friend and I are going to stay here for a while and shall find out what there is to know. With that they told Ahyet (the servant) to pay the balance still in his hands to the boatmen and push off as far as they wanted. This was done, but before they were out of hearing distance Ahyet called out to his late masters that he would take every care of the things left on board, and should he not see them again soon, he would take them to Shanghai and leave them in the care of the proprietor of the Astor House until they could call for them. This Philip and Alan assented to.

No sooner had the little houseboat passed out of their sight than the two friends commenced to find a way to get through the tangled bushes formed by the bamboo leaves, for they were determined to get to the other side of the leafy walls, for they had caught glimpses of a building about a hundred feet beyond, which made them all the more desirous to reach it, so after what seemed to them an age they found a narrow pathway leading down to an inlet which could not be seen from the main road. For this they were very glad, for it was now raining very fast and darkness was settling. When they had got nearly up the pathway Philip's left foot twisted through his stumbling halfway down a hole. The poor fellow uttered a muffled sound of intense agony, and Alan, alarmed for his companion, could not for the moment render any assistance. At last he lifted up Philip, who, leaning on him, tried to hobble a step or two, but it was simply impossible, for the pain was unbearable and to make their position worse, terrible darkness soon enveloped them. Then Alan, feeling for his match box, let his rifle drop on the ground, which made a resounding explosion in the deep silence of the lonely woods. It was very awful and the two young men who had travelled many lands and braved numerous dangers,found themselves this night far from all human help in an alien country. But assistance was near from a source they never dreamed of. Yes, Jade and her dear companions in captivity who had been hiding from their terrible enemy, Wong Ching Foo, in this isolated place within the old gray Confucian temple for the last two or three months, was the saviors of their would-be deliverers.

CHAPTER IX.

When Jade and her friends first heard the resounding report caused by the falling of Alan's rifle inside the temple, they were fearfully alarmed and filled with deep consternation, thinking that Wong Ching Foo, with his terrible followers, had at last found out their shelter, and were about to wreak his vengeance upon them. Therefore, after waiting until sufficient time had gone by, and the inmates heard no further alarming disturbance, Jade fancied she heard faint groaning, as though some living thing, perhaps a poor dog or other animal had strayed into the grounds and somehow got hurt, and she persuaded the members (some of them) to go and see what they could do under the circumstances. When the lantern was lit, Chon-Poa, followed by the rest, went towards the spot, guided by the now plainly distressed utterances issuing from the pathway leading down to the inlet. When they came near enough to see the cause, they were shocked to find two half dying looking foreigners, one leaning on the shoulder of his companion. As soon as Jade caught sight of the fainting men, her pity and sympathy were at once aroused to give relief without delay. She exclaimed: 'Oh, poor fellows!' Her first words in English spoken for months. Philip often said in after years that it was the sweetest exclamation that ever greeted his ears. She added a few soft words to Kyma, who instantly ran to make preparations for the helpless guests, and then Philip was gently carried into the temple, followed by Alan, who was in a weakened condition caused by anxiety on account of the dreadful accident that had befallen his friend in a place thought to be isolated, and where help was impossible. After getting into the temple everything was done that could be done to give the young men relief and refreshment. Jade quickly and skilfully attended to Philip's badly inflamed and swollen foot, and before long he felt quite relieved. He was also able to relish the delicious beef tea she made out of a tin that her dear adopted mother, Miss Goodheart, had packed for her along with some other precious delicacies,such as black currant jellies and cherry cordials, which priceless treasures had been preserved through all the journeyings. Philip and Alan were made comfortable in a large room furnished with two bamboo couches piled with thick quilts and cushions. Philip,utterly exhausted in body and mind, soon found rest in sleep. Alan also dropped off into the sound slumber of the weary.

When the young men awoke the next morning, they could hardly realize that they were resting within the old tranquil Confucian temple, and when they recalled the events of the previous night, the two friends rejoiced that they had been the means of their meeting these kindly truly Christian people whom they had been so desirous to find for some time. No wonder then that they should be filled with feelings of deepest astonishment, admiration and gratitude for these missionaries, especially for that brave, sweet, young creature who appeared to them like an angel of mercy in their trouble. Philip himself, one of the best of the medical profession, was very much surprised with the thorough skill displayed by Jade in dressing and fixing his injured foot. He felt that he was in safe hands, but had not betrayed by a single sign that he was an acknowledged authority in such work. They both resolved that when Philip was able to use his feet again they should show their gratitude and interest in helping to deliver this heroice band of missionaries from the dread of Wong Ching Foo and his savage followers, and bring them safely to their friends in Shanghai. After that Alan fixed Philip up as comfortable as he was able on his couch, and went out to join his Chinese friends,who greeted him heartily. Seeing that they were about to eat their breakfasts, he greatly touched their hearts by asking to be allowed to take his with them, though Kyma and Fong-Wing were ready to take in to him and his companion a dainty morning meal consisting of rice, omelet, fresh fish, baked sweet potatoes, luscious li-cheese, fresh gathered from the trees, and as an especial treat and honor to the English guests, a pot of Jade's priceless black currant jelly from dear old England. Alan, however, enjoyed everything offered him at their table, so that Philip was obliged to eat his breakfast alone. When the meal was over Jade did all that was required to be done for the injured foot in such a perfect manner that Philip was amazed at her wonderful skill. Jade, perceiving his astonismment, explained that she had been trained for a medical missionary, hence her knowledge of the art of healing.

The kindly hospitality of the Christian missionaries so courteously offered to the two friends was very gratefully accepted. Both young men found the old tranquil temple quarters exceedingly soothing after the exciting adventures they had recently passed through. The picturesque scenes surrounding the silent majesty of the hoary temple interested them profoundly, and the people they were with more than interesting, seeing in what a peculiar way they had fallen in with them. They were both anxious to be doing something to help these new friends from their isolated but beautiful refuge, but had to content themselves with remaining passive until Philip's foot should get better. Once or twice Alan offered to go alone to Shanghai, accompanied only by one of the brethren; but the fear of waking the suspicion of some of the people in the villages, which he must pass through, caused his friends to urge him to stay with them for a while longer. They knew that the slightest clue to Jade's hiding place would be followed up by Wong Ching Foo's friends, and even strangers would be greedy to get the reward offered by Wong for Jade or any of her party.

(To be Continued.)

Home Thoughts.

Prune thou thy words, the thoughts control
That o'er thee swell and throng:
They will condense within thy soul
And turn to purpose strong.
But he who lets his feelings run
In soft, luxurious flow,
Faints when hard service must be done,
And shrinks at every blow.
—Newman.

THE SECRET OF POWER.

What was the secret of such a one's power? What had she done? Absolutely nothing, but radiant smiles, beaming good humor, the tact of divining what everyone felt and everyone wanted, told that she had got out of self and learned to think of others; so that at one time it showed itself by sweet words; at another, by smoothing an invalid's pillow; at another, by soothing a sobbing child. None but she saw those things. None but a loving heart could see them. That was the secret of her heavenly power. The one who will be found in trial capable of great acts of love, is ever the one who is always doing considerable small ones.—F. W. Robertson.

THE MASTER KNOWS.

A building was being torn down, and a laborer, who was noted among the workmen for his lack of intelligence, was set to pull at a rope attached to the top of the wall.

'Do you think,' a passer by asked, 'that you are going to pull that thick wall down in that way?'

The man continued his tugs as he replied: 'It doesn't seem so to me, but I guess the boss knows what he is about!'

After an hour's pulling, the man felt a slight vibratory response to his tug, and at last the wall swayed and fell. It had been undermined, and the man who gave the order knew that, although the man who pulled the rope did not. So it is with Christian laborers who are trying to overthrow the huge structure of sin and sadness which the devil and his angels have built up. To some workers, perhaps, the task seems hopeless. The atheist scoffs, and, with a sneer, asks us if we think we are doing any good.

But let the Christian worker pluck up courage. The Master knows. Soon the opposition will give way, the infamous erection of sin will fall; Christ will come into his own.

With the Children.

IN PRAISE OF THE SECOND BABY.

First babies sometimes bring joys, always worry and expense. To their fond fathers and mothers they are awe-inspiring miracles. To the long-suffering friends of father and mother they are usually bores unspeakable.

The second baby may not be received with quite as much ecstacy, nor is he as great an expense. He is, as a rule, much less of a worry, and to the friends of the family, who like babies in reason and moderation, he is an unmitigated delight and comfort.

The first baby drives his parents distracted with anxiety when he cries, and they in turn drive their friends to drink, profanity, or smiling hypocrisy by telling them all about the infant phenomenon. The bachelor who knows no more about babies than he does of the inhabitants of Mars, and cares less, has to listen to accounts of baby's prowess as a tooth cutter, and the girl who would rather be playing tennis or reading a love story is made to expatiate over the fact that the precocious child looks up and says 'Goo' when spoken to.

Young and old, of all tastes and tendencies, must pay tribute to the bundle of lace and ribbon in whom its egotistic parents see such amazing traits and possibilities. They may be—and often are—quite obtuse persons on all other subjects, but the keenness which enables them to perceive beauties and marvels in their usually commonplace offspring will be worthy of a Vidocq—if a Vidocq were to concern himself over so common a mystery as a baby. With the second baby there is happiness, joy, peace, and comfort all around. The mother does not worry the baby, herself, and her friends by her perpetual fussings and frettings and precautions. She takes all reasonable care of the darling and trusts a little in Providence—Providence is not consulted at all about the first baby. A doctor, a big volume of 'Helpful Hints for Mothers,' and ceaseless vigilance and anxiety wage war unwinkingly against the possible onslaughts of croup and convulsions, microbes and kidnappers.

Upon the arrival of the second baby father looks proud and satisfield, but his composure is admirable. He says little, but he behaves better than he did when the rampageous first baby kept him awake half the night. He doesn't swear. He doesn't worry. He goes to sleep.

And the friends! Ah, they are the ones who really enjoy life when the second baby comes. The bachelor is allowed to poke it and study it if he is of an experimental turn of mind. And if he doesn't evince more than the usual compulsory interest in the new possession he is not put down as a brute and a Pariah.

The girl who loves babies—for every flesh and blood girl does—is allowed to pet him and toss him and kiss his little feet and count his little fingers. She is even permitted to wield the sponge if she happens in at his tubbing hour. And mother does not keep a watchful eye on her and sigh with relief when she puts him down.

Second babies furnish the greatest possible amount of joy and pleasure at the smallest expenditure of pain and care.

They thrive on patent food, and special cows don't have to be bought for them.

They wear out the cast-off clothes of the pampered, peevish, spoiled first baby.

They sleep in the shabby basinet of the first baby and ride out in his weather-beaten carriage.

They adapt themselves good-naturedly to conditions as they find them, instead of demanding that the universe be turned upside down to suit them—as the first baby did.

What a happy, peaceful, comfortable world it would be if second babies could only travel under the escort of an Irish stork and arrive before the first baby!—'Globe and Commercial Advertiser.'

About Poor Puss.

(By one who loves her.)

In the spring and early summer I begin to have serious doubts of the loveliness of the human race. Whether from thoughtlessness or that lack of imagination which makes men blind to the suffering that exists outside themselves, heartless deeds are being done by some of our people.

Listen to what I have to tell:

The time is spring and one by one the dwellers of the town are turning their steps toward the green fields. Carefully they pack up their luggage being sure that nothing is omitted which can bring them comfort in their summer home; carefully they lock up their houses that no one may steal the precious, but inanimate, objects on the mantelpiece, etc. Where is pussy?

Off somewhere, happily gamboling about, little dreaming of the scenes which are taking place at what was once her home. When she comes home after her small sports of the morning, and taps at her own familiar window-pane, no one answers her greeting. How dear she always is when we open the window and take her in—how glad to get home! How she purrs and rubs up against her friends! How she coaxes and flatters until the best of cream seems none too good for her ladyship! But to-day no one opens to her knocking.

'This is unusual, and somewhat inconsiderate,' she says to herself; 'but I, a loyal member of this household, will not, by my importunity, seem to criticize its lack of promptness. I will take another turn in the garden; I will hunt another mouse; I will go again and make faces at that forward cat that suns herself on my fence!' And so puss whiles away an hour or two before she returns to her knocking.

But she is not long in taking fright at the strangeness of a deserted house. She grows impatient and then doubtful and unhappy, and by and by as the hours go by, as night comes on and no one opens to her, she comes to know the worst, and her heart grows sore within her. In despair, knowing herself homeless and forsaken, she lifts up her voice and weeps and wails!

And what wonder, after this shameful treatment!

I have known many a human being to weep bitterly at the loss of home for a few weeks or months only.

Puss is turned out 'neck and crop' for good and all! For if she appears at the window again in the autumn she has grown so unattractive in every way that she is considered quite unfit to be taken in.

Oh, from what hard and cruel stuff must our hearts be made when we can do such deeds!

I have known a cat thus deprived of its home to stay about the place for weeks and months, each day coming back to ask why she is cruelly treated, each day growing dirtier and hungrier, more hopeless, unkempt and savage; until, finally, with temper ruined, manners noisy and rude, coat all ugly with dirt and scratches, she becomes a wretched, unhappy street cat.

Roaming the street, with every man's hand against her, what wonder that she grows fierce and quarrelsome and noisy, with her hand against every man!

If she is not torn to pieces by dogs, if she does not starve to death, she lives on—a wretched, wretched creature.

One of these poor creatures I found when I came home last autumn. She was ill, starving, half blind from disease; but I put an end to her suffering with chloroform as soon as I could catch her; and oh, the pity of it! I found on making friends with her that she must have been somebody's pet, for she was tame and gentle and affectionate as soon as she heard a friendly voice and recognized a friendly hand. Poor little creature! she will never have to be cold or hungry or forsaken any more.

Now, tell me, you who left this cat to starve, would it have been too much trouble to take her away with you into the country or to have found another home for her, or, these things being impossible, could you not have sent to the society to send and mercifully kill her before you left town? Or, better still, would it not have been more just if you had never given yourself the pleasure of having a cat at all, since you were not prepared to hold yourself responsible for its life and happiness?—Brooklyn 'Daily Eagle.'

How to Buy and Keep Gloves.

In buying gloves, that most important adjunct to the outfit of the well-dressed woman, take time to have them fitted on.

Still better, have your hand measured, and let them be made to order.

If you do not try them on in the shop, when purchasing, allow yourself a few minutes' time when you are at leisure, and put them carefully on, stroking and straightening every finger into place.

If put on carelessly the first time and worn that way, the gloves will remain out of shape as long as you have them.

Never pull your gloves off by the tips of the fingers. Turn the wrist over, and work them off the hand that way.

Shake, fold, and keep in tissue paper when not in use. Never buy gloves too small; it is not pretty to see the hand bound and crushed in a glove two or three sizes smaller than the right one.—Bristol 'Times.'

For the Housekeeper.

HOW TO WASH BLANKETS.

A housewife whose blankets always retain their softness without shrinking, thus explains it, says the 'Housekeeper': Make the suds in a tub with any good white soap, having the water hot. Dissolve in it a tablespoonful of borax. Run threads around soiled spots on the blanket so that they may be found after they are wet. Rinse the blankets up and down vigorously, rubbing only the marked spots. Never rub soap directly on them. Prepare another hot suds with borax and put the blankets in it. Rinse up and down for several minutes, then rinse in clear hot water softened with borax. Rinse in as many hot waters as necessary, then run blankets through a wringer.

CARE OF THE HANDS.

Over the sink place two bottles and a nail cleaner, one bottle contains five parts of lemon juice to one of alcohol, which will keep indefinitely; the other contains the following lotion: One-fourth of an ounce of gum tragacanth, added to one pint rain water, which has stood three or four days; then one ounce each of alcohol, glycerine and witch hazel, also a little good perfume; after washing the dishes or preparing vegetables apply a little of the lemon juice; then the lotion, and in a moment the hands are dry, soft and very smooth; all stains disappear as if by magic, and the nails are cleansed easily; the time required is not over two minutes; this process repeated five or six times a day will certainly repay housekeepers, for what is there more indicative of refinement than well kept hands?' Then, too, the expense of these lotions is comparatively nothing, be sure to have them in a handy place.

TESTING MELONS.

Muskmelon time is coming, and the purchaser who knows how to buy a canteloupe will get his or her money's worth out of the season. The first point in judging your melons is the weight. A heavy fruit is a good fruit, and if heavy, only the question of ripeness remains to be decided. A good ripeness test is the odor. A ripe fruit is fragrant, spicy, tempting to the nostrils. Muskmelons with deep furrows and rough surfaces are sound and sweet. The color in the furrows is also worth noting. If very greeny-green it is underripe; yellow, and it is apt to be mushy.—Detroit 'News.'

KITCHEN WEIGHTS AND MEASURES.

Two tablespoonfuls liquid equal one ounce. One tablespoonful salt equals one ounce. One heaping tablespoonful brown or granulated sugar equals one ounce. Two tablespoonfuls powdered sugar equal one ounce. One heaping tablespoonful sifted flour equals one ounce. Three tablespoonfuls grated chocolate equal one ounce. Four tablespoonfuls liquid equal one wine glass. Two wine glasses equal one gill. Twenty-five drops equal one tablespoonful. One quart wheat flour equals one pound. Ten ordinary eggs equal one pound.

Advertisements.

HOT WEATHER AILMENTS.

At the first sign of illness during the hot weather, give the little ones Baby's Own Tablets or in a few hours the trouble may be beyond cure. Baby's Own Tablets is the best medicine in the world to prevent summer complaints if given occasionally to well children. The prudent mother will not wait till trouble comes—she will keep her children well through an occasional dose of this medicine. Mrs. Edward Clark, McGregor, Ont., says: 'My little girl suffered from colic and bowel troubles but Baby's Own Tablets speedily cured her.' And the mother has the guarantee of a government analyst that these Tablets contain no opiate or harmful drug. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Keep the Tablets in the house.

Selected Recipes.

Raspberry Cream Mold.—To one pint of mashed raspberries and one tablespoon of powdered sugar and let stand for an hour. To one cup scalded milk add three tablespoonfuls of sugar and half a box of gelatin which has been soaked in half a cup of cold water. Stir until dissolved and strain. When cool add the raspberry pulp and one cup thick cream and pour into a wet mold. Let stand until chilled and serve with whipped cream and fresh berries.

Red Raspberry Parfait.—Whip to a stiff froth one quart sweet cream and one small cup sugar. When stiff stir in one cup ripe red raspberries very carefully, turn into a mould and press the cover down, covering the joining with a strip of paraffin paper. Pack in ice and salt for three hours.

Currant Sponge.—Soak one-half box of gelatine in one-half cup of cold water for half an hour. Pour on one cup of boiling water and stir until the belatine is all dissolved. Add one cup of sugar and stir; then add one cup of strained currant juice and strain all into a dish and stir occasionally until cool and thick, then add the beaten whites of two eggs and beat all together until light and smooth. Pour into a mold, or several small ones, and set away to harden. Serve with whipped cream.

Currant Jelly.—Have the currants not over ripe, not green, but just arrived to their red color. They should be freshly picked and not wet with dew or rain. Mash the currants and press the juice through a doubled cheese cloth. Measure the juice and put it in a preserving kettle on the range. Bring to the boiling point, then cook twenty minutes. Add a cup of sugar for every cup of juice, stir until the sugar dissolves, bring to the boiling point, skim well and take from the fire if it will turn to jelly when tested. If not, boil a few minutes, but do not boil long, as this will injure the color. Currant jelly can be made with the least cooking of any kind. Turn into jelly tumblers and set aside to cover the next day.

Currant Syrup.—Wash and drain on a cloth ripe red currants, then steam them and put into a preserving kettle. Mash well with a potato masher and set in a warm place for twenty-four hours. Drain through a cheese cloth bag wrung from hot water, but do not press the bag or squeeze out any of the juice, as this would make the syrup cloudy. Measure one cup of sugar for each cup of juice and simmer until the sugar is entirely dissolved. Bring to the boiling point, take from the fire and skim. Repeat the skimming as long as any scum rises, and when cold pour into bottles and seal. Put the bottles in a dark place wrapped round with thick paper to exclude the light. A combination of currant and raspberry is excellent.

Crystallized Rose Petals.—Select perfect petals of pink roses having a strong perfume; make the fondant or syrup, adding a little rose water and a drop or two of pink coloring; the manufactured coloring or a little druggists' carmine should be used for this, since red fruit juice would be apt to impart a slight taste of the fruit, and the rose petal collection should have only a rose flavor. Pick the roses in the morning as soon as the dew has dried; with a pair of small tongs of tweezers lift each petal into the syrup, dipping it repeatedly till it is well coated, and then laying it in sugar; if the sugar does not adhere in a thick coating, dip again and lay in sugar a second time; the syrup should be a little cool in dipping any flowers, for very hot syrup is apt to wilt them before they are sufficiently coated; care should be taken not to injure the shape of the flower petals.

THAT STERLING TABLE WARE

UNTIL JULY 31, all NEW subscriptions to our papers rank alike, whether at year-end rates or on a yearly basis. Thrifty housewives (will hurry in their orders to secure this advantage, premiums being generally confined to full year subscriptions.

ONLY $1.80 worth of NEW subscriptions will secure one of the STERLING SILVER TEASPOONS. Try one. It is a stock pattern and you can get more as opportunity arises.

The plated spoons are equally good value for the money—so are all our premiums.

For first quality CANADIAN FLAGS, free for a little work, read our advertisement on another page.

Home Department.

Quietude.

Can you not believe—in these hushed fields,
With daisies at your feet, blue skies above,
Touched by the joyousness the spring day yields,
That He is love?

Ah, can you doubt—seeing the lovely trace
Of skill supreme on blossoms frail and fair,
The inner light of His diviner grace
His deeper care?

O, leave the devious ways wherein you sought
And found Him not—and through the doubt and fear—
In silence sweet shall steal the sweeter thought
Lo, He is here.

—Edith Jenkinson.

Jade---A Chinese Missionary Romance.

BY GRACE EATON.

(The author of this story is a native of China, who, after being educated in England, returned to her own land, and the story of Jade is full of facts and incidents which actually occurred.)

(Concluded.)

Philip and Alan were never tired of listening to the story of the missionaries and their devotion and love in going among their countrymen, often amid danger and hardships, to carry to them the knowledge of the Lord Jesus and to distribute the word of God along their way wherever they went. But their wonder, admiration and astonishment were beyond description when Jade modestly related her own history, especially her terrible peril when beguiled by Wong Ching Foo into his power, and of her subsequent escape through her medical knowledge. Philip especially was impressed. To him Jade was the most desirable 'Maid of Cathay.' Though he had only known her so short a time, yet he, the cultured gentleman, well known doctor, handsome, rich and courted, should come to this remote and isolated spot in this vast country, to give his whole heart to this simple sweet daughter of a people of a country so despised and envied by European nations. But love comes to all unbidden, when and wherever he wills.

But what about Jade's own feelings regarding this man. With every evidence showing his superiority in every way, yet so deferential and unassuming, how could she help but learn to love. Yet she was shocked and frightened by her own sentiments, for she was not insensible how Philip regarded her. From his second day in her presence, every look and sound of his voice had filled her with exquisite alarm and she continually reproached herself for indulging in vain dreams. Philip, however, having given his heart, lost no time in his wooing of this quaint gentle young teacher and soon convinced her that she was the one woman in the world for him.

Alan, seeing how things were with his dear friend, wisely kept his own counsel, for he knew Philip well enough to know that whatever he did he could do no wrong and that he would certainly resent interference from any one. Moreover, he was in every way capable of looking after his own interests in all affairs. For Jade herself, Alan had from the first moment of his acquaintanceship the very highest regard. He felt that she was in action, bearing and speech a lady, and the nobility of her nature was seen in all her kind modest Christian intercourse with everyone, and in the deep love and pride shown her by her beloved faithful companions.

CHAPTER X.

When Philip and Alan had been living about a week in the temple and the former's injured foot was almost well again so that he was able to explore and take exercise around the beautiful place, or to sit under the shadows of the graceful bamboos watching or talking to Jade or her companions, whilst Alan would be taking photos of all sorts of grotesque old figures of the Thunder God, with beak and talons like an eagle, and so forth, they observed that their companions countenances were sadder than usual. Their sympathy was at once aroused, and upon inquiring of Jade, who was the only one that could speak English, as to what was troubling the brethren, she informed them that their dear valued friend, Chon-Poa had left them during the previous night, leaving a letter, saying that he had gone without consulting his companions, because if they knew his intentions, they would never have consented to his leaving alone, for fear of his falling into the power of Wong Ching Foo and other enemies. He said that he had had this in his mind long ago, but had hesitated on account of the smallness of their band, but now that the party was strengthened by the coming of the two strong Englishmen, he delayed no longer to go to Shanghai to bring help from the English Consul. He told them not to feel cast down but to pray for God's blessing on his endeavors in behalf of their welfare.

'Why, he is a real hero, is Chon-Poa,' both Philip and Alan exclaimed, 'He certainly put us to shame—to think that we should be lingering here when we ought to be helping these kind friends out of their present difficult position.'

'Do not worry yourselves,' Jade answered. 'I am sure that Chon-Poa will not needlessly run into danger, because he, of all the party is prudent, besides knows best how to reach Shanghai, being well acquainted with nearly every part of the country which he has travelled so frequently.' And then she went on to relate Chon-Poa's own personal history, which exceedingly interested the young men.

Before long Philip's hurt was completely cured and he almost enjoyed his enforced inaction in what to him was an earthly paradise, since here he had found his Eve.

One afternoon, a little over a week after Chon-Poa's departure from the Confucian temple, when Alan was sitting on a jetty under a clump of willows, fishing, he saw puffs of smoke at no great distance, and almost before he could haul in his lines, his eyes were gladdened with the sight of the launch 'President' steaming around the bend of the creek towards him. He ran out on the point where the boat would anchor and shouted with all his might, throwing his hat up and acting like any schoolboy about to take his holiday. Soon the 'President' was fastened by a big iron chain to a large stump. Chon-Poa was the first to land. After eagerly grasping Alan's outstretched hand he ran quickly up the slope to be greeted by his delighted companions and Philip who with joyful emotions were coming down to meet the launch. They could not be sufficiently grateful to their dear faithful friend, Chon-Poa, for the heroic efforts he had made to deliver them.

No one seemed more pleased than Captain Robertson that this time his boat would bring back the missing ones. When calm was restored, all went into the venerable Temple, which had given shelter and refuge for so long to the Christian band. Here, after their last evening meal, they rendered heartfelt thanks to their loving Father for the mercy and protection He had shown them. Also in this, their last evening, Philip and Jade's engagement was announced in the presence of her dear faithful friends with their entire and joyful approval. They rejoiced to know that their beloved child had found such a noble mate to care for and love her all the rest of her life. In this pleasant hiding place also, the acquaintance between the European and Chinese friends brought here together in such a strange and extraordinary manner, became most sincerely cordial and friendly, so that in after years it was not surprising that the two young fellows should become the warmest advocates for the cause of the Chinese people, when they were elected to Parliament. Next morning, bright and early, our little band, with their English friends, were escorted by the Captain to the 'President.' With happy regret they left the solemn old building dedicated to China's greatest teacher. They stood on deck watching until the beautiful place faded out of sight. They knew that it would remain green in their memory as long as they lived. But to no eyes was it so dear as to the two who had found in it their greatest earthly bliss.

As the 'President' steamed down the creek multitudes thronged the banks watching the vessel with superstitious wonder. When it passed Wong Ching Foo's place, the two young men had hard work restraining themselves from jumping on shore to punish him, and indeed, violence might have resulted, had it not been for Jade, who begged them to leave him alone, saying that she could freely forgive him, as out of his wickedness good had resulted.

When the 'President' arrived at the Honque side of the Shanghai, Jade and her companions were met by a large number of Christian friends (many old pupils of Miss Faith Goodheart's) whose joy at her restoration was most affecting and offers to homes for all were given by everybody. Chung-Lay Sung, a wealthy, cultured Christian, a graduate of Yale College, and his wife, also a Christian, a former pupil of Miss Aldersay's, at Ningpo, persuaded Jade to accept their hospitality. But before doing so, she felt it would give herself greater satisfaction to have Philip's approval of her acceptance of the kind invitation from her new friends, and he more than expressed his gratification for her deference to him, his eyes beaming with love upon her when she turned to him for guidance. With modest, innocent pride Jade introduced Philip to all her friends and they all rejoiced in the happiness that had come to her, and felt that though Philip was a fine noble gentleman, yet they deemed their young country-woman good enough and worthy to mate with the best and highest in any land.

Chung-Lay Sung also extended a most cordial invitation to Philip and his companion, Alan Douglas, to stay at his home, which was a very beautiful one, furnished in half European, half Chinese fashion, on the Honque, or American, side, and they both gladly accepted the hospitality.

One of the pleasantest experiences to Jade upon her return to Shanghai was the receiving of many loving letters that had accumulated during her absence. Most of these were from her beloved adopted mother, whom she lost no time in informing in a letter of a dozen pages or more of what had happened during the past year. Also a short reference concerning the great happiness that had come to her in meeting Philip, finishing by asking Miss Goodheart's blessing on her choice. In less than two months after an answer came from England filled with warm and hearty congratulations, her kind friend stating that she truly believed that it was a marriage made in heaven.

So it came to pass that one beautiful evening, in the house of her kind friend, Chung-Lay Sung, surrounded by her dear faithful companions, Jade was given away to Philip in marriage. That was about three months after their return from their sojourn in the Soo-Chow district. Almost immediately after, the young couple boarded the P. & S. S. 'Cadiz' for Hong Koug, and from thence, the rest of their route to England, their future home, where we leave them with every good wish for their happiness. Before leaving all her dear friends Jade had the joyful satisfaction to know that they were all provided for by Philip's generous thoughtfulness, and that in the future they would know no want.

GRACE EATON.

42 Souvenir ave.

Home Thoughts.

OLD-FASHIONED NEIGHBORLINESS.

There have been many good things that have come to lighten the burdens of the housewife in these days of modern ideas and thought, but we sometimes wonder if the old soul of neighborliness of the old days has not been somewhat crowded out. We well remember in the long ago of the afternoon visits to the neighbor down the road, the dropping in for a few minutes' chat, taking along the knitting, perhaps, or the sewing. What good times those were. Those talks were not of the little tattles of idle rumors, but rather of common household talk that tended to knit closer and closer the bond of true neighborly spirit. There were the children conferences that did as much if not more to help then than the mothers' meetings of to-day, with their frills and fancies. There were the interchange of sympathies that drew hearts closer together and helped to make things brighter. There were the little kindnesses such as gifts of good things made from new recipes. The discussions about the flowerbeds, the exchange of slips or a division of new flower seeds were acts that sounded with the ring of true neighborly spirit that is too often lacking in our social atmosphere to-day. Think about this and let us have more of the old-fashioned neighborliness of the old ways.—Selected.

MAKE YOURSELF A NEST!

Make yourself nests of pleasant thoughts. None of us as yet know, for none of us have been taught in early youth, what fairy palace we may build of beautiful thoughts—proof against all adversity.—Ruskin.

MY MOTHER'S GARDEN.

Her heart was like her garden,
Old-fashioned, quaint and sweet,
A wealth of buds and blossoms
Hid in a still retreat.

Sweet violets of sympathy
Were always opening there,
And lilies white and pure unclosed
Each one a whispered prayer.

Forget-me-nots there lingered
To late perfection brought,
And there bloomed purple pansies
In many a tender thought.

There Hope's first snowdrops took deep root,
And flowered because they must;
There Love's own roses reached toward heaven
On trellises of trust.

And in that quiet garden—
The garden of her heart—
Songbirds built nests, and caroled
Their songs of cheer apart.

And from it still floats back to us,
O'ercoming sin and strife,
Sweet as the breath of roses blown,
The fragrance of her life.

With the Children.

NEW FRIEND OF NAUGHTY CHILDREN

The 'Lancet,' the foremost of medical journals, has come to the conclusion that all naughty children are ill.

If one lives in a house with children it is hard to agree with the 'Lancet.' Long ago we used to read children's books in which all the good little boys and girls one was expected to admire were very quiet and peaceful, and never did anything they should not. That blessed race is perhaps extinct. We have put away that rather anaemic ideal, and we are prepared to like children who possess some small alloy of original sin. We permit them to skirmish, and even to yell in moderation. We regard a peace-at-any-price child as a weird and wonderful thing. In effect we have discovered that naughtiness—in the young at least—is not wholly unattractive.

The children of 1906 must have a much brighter time than their forerunners of a century ago. They are emancipated, and one hopes they are as grateful as they ought to be to the spirit of progress which has freed them. And now here is the 'Lancet' proposing for strictly scientific reasons to emancipate them still more. 'A large amount of the so-called naughtiness of children,' says the 'Lancet,' 'may be accounted for upon grounds which quite exclude the desirability of punishment for its correction.' One seems to hear a loud chorus of approval arising from many nurseries.

Naughtiness, you see, 'may be due to the fact that the child has had insufficient sleep or is over-tired after a long day's excitement away from home.' Moreover, children 'may have been confined at home for the whole day owing to the inclemency of the weather, and as a consquence the only apparent outlet for their restrained physical energy is found by annoying those who have charge of them.' So, when Jenny or Jack has roused you to incipient madness, do not take the dear child's head off. Remember that it is only 'restrained physical energy,' and be calm.

Fidgety naughtiness may arise, the 'Lancet' points out, from causes even less within the child's control—actual disease. A still more solemn warning to all grown-ups follows, thus: 'Further, the faculty of imitation is strongly developed in some children and they may copy unconsciously a bad habit in deed or in word of a parent or a teacher.' You see Jack or Jenny being more than usually wicked. Do not be immediately drastic. Pause and reflect, 'probably the poor child is only imitating me.' That will be very wholesome for you. And also agreeable to Jenny or Jack. —'Globe Commercial Advertiser.'

WHAT PARENTS SHOULD NOT NEGLECT.

Parents, even in a humble cottage home, should pay attention to the conduct and manners of their children at meal times. They cannot tell what position they will fill in after life, and a man or woman who is ignorant of the most simple laws of table etiquette is handicapped. Were the parents to reprove the child who conveys its food to its mouth with a knife, who drinks its tea from the saucer, or who sticks its elbows out at right angles, the lesson so taught would never be forgotten.—'Woman's Life.'

SOLVED A MUCH-DISCUSSED PROBLEM.

A mother, whose little daughter had the habit of biting her nails, had tried numerous unsuccessful devices for curing her before she hit upon one which proved eminently effective. This was nothing less than the gift of a manicure set, with permission to use it all she wanted to. As the child learned to polish and trim her nails her joy in them grew apace until pride had quite put to rout the ugly habit which no amount of coaxing or scolding had been able to break up—Detroit 'News.'

WHAT GROWING PAINS MEAN.

'Growing pains,' as children call them, are generally due to rheumatism, and is a case where a child constantly complains of them a doctor should be consulted.

Stupid Extravagance.

Mrs. Ogden Goelet, though a very wealthy woman, is much averse to extravagance, and positively shudders at anything that savors at ostentation. Not long ago she gently reproved a rich young girl friend on account of her expenditure that was both silly and huge. The girl answered airily: 'Yes, I suppose it is extravagant, but then I can well afford it.' Quoth Mrs. Goelet: 'Reasoning by analogy, would I be justified in supposing that you would excuse your cook for oversalting your omelet because salt is cheap?'—Detroit 'News.'

THE HOUSEKEEPER EN ROUTE.

(By Harriet Ball Thorpe.)

Some weary creatures long to rest
In a quiet ingle-nook,
Some crave a shaded mossy seat,
A spreading tree, a book.

But give to me, who long to ease
My wearied hands and brain,
A railway ticket, and a seat
In a swiftly moving train.

For though 'tis toil from which I came,
And toil to which I go,
Until I reach my journey's end
I've not one thing to do.

I settle back within my seat;
It rests my very soul
To feel my listless body drawn
Thus passive to its goal.

A thousand houses I pass by;
Sweet is the thought to me
That I need never sweep nor dust
A single one I see!

The children on the doorstep sit,
Delightful 'tis that I
May still enjoy my drowsy thoughts
No matter how they cry.

And as the hungry travellers snatch
A morsel for their need,
'Tis bliss enough to know that I
Have but one mouth to feed!

And so I seek no ingle-nook,
Nor book 'neath spreading tree,
A seat in a swiftly moving train
Is the sweetest rest for me!
—'Congregationalist.'

Household Hints.

Housewives often experience great difficulty in removing stoppers or lids that have become fixed.

Tightened fruit-tin lids, cruet stoppers, and mineral water screw tops are sometimes almost immovable. An easy plan to remove them is to take a piece of common sandpaper, and cover the lid or stopper. Turn sharply, and the top will at once become loosened.

Chairs and sofas upholstered with leather will last much longer and look much better if the leather is regularly revived with the following mixture, which cleans the leather, and at the same time softens it, and prevents its cracking. Take one part of best vinegar, and two parts of boiled linseed oil and shake well together.

Apply a very little of this on a soft rag, and afterwards polish with a silk duster, or an old chamois leather.

The daily turning over is not the only necessary attention for the proper treatment of a mattress. This operation itself is liable to strain the ticking, and pull the stuffing out of shape in course of time. To avoid this handles may be sewn to the sides, so that the unyielding surface of the mattress itself need not be grasped. These can be made from webbing or a cross piece of ticking, and sewn as firmly as posible to the sides.

When washing fine china dishes, do not place them one upon another after wiping them. Piling plates and saucers together while they are warm is apt to crack the glaze. Therefore, spread them out to cool off before putting them in the closet. It requires some care to wash cut glass thoroughly. Apply the water with a soft brush and wipe the glass with a fine towel. Particular housewives use sawdust from a non-resinous wood, such as box or bass wood, in the drying process. It cleans out all the corners and crevices that cannot be reached with a towel. After wiping it, place the glass in a bed of the sawdust and allow it to remain about half an hour. Spread the sawdust out to dry after using it. If this is done it can be used any number of times. After taking the glassware from the sawdust, whisk it off with a soft brush and polish with a cloth.

Few things clog a waste pipe so readily as lint. Old scrub cloths and wash cloths are apt to shed lint and thread. These going down the waste pipes with refuse water are apt to cling and twist around the joints. They attach to themselves all small particles that but for them would pass through to the sewer, thus in time clogging up the pipe. Well worn, linty scrubbing cloths should not be used in a house where there is plumbing. Dishcloths, also, as soon as they become linty, should be destroyed. Washtubs are apt to become either wholly or partially stopped up where there is much lint from the articles washed in them. Because the refuse pipe of the sink is large, tealeaves and coffee grounds are often disposed of by emptying them down it. In a household where the sink became stopped recently the plumbers, when they took the pipes to pieces, found the trouble due entirely to the gradual accumulation of coffee and tea grounds. Before the repairs were completed the plumber's bill amounted to a considerable sum.

Grease from dishwater is also apt to accumulate in time and harden in the pipes. After pouring greasy water or anything that has grease particles in it down the sink pour boiling water and solsoda after it. Cold water carelessly thrown down helps to harden the grease that has gone before it.

DELICIOUS SUMMER REFRESHMENTS IN CUBA.

(By Harriet Quimby.)

A drink called 'matrimony' is one of the many surprises the visitor to Cuba encounters when he enters a refreshments parlor, says a writer in 'Leslie's Weekly.' Be he bachelor or benedict, he loses no time in ordering, and this is what he gets: A glass one-third filled with chopped ice, with a sprig of crushed mint and some sugar, over which is poured an equal mixture of the pure juice of fresh pineapples and the juice of oranges, with just a dash of lemon, and all topped with little squares of guava paste or thick jelly, which, by being moulded for the purpose, are hollow and float like cherries. 'Matrimony' is rather expensive, costing almost double the price of other refreshing drinks, but a customer is generally willing to risk ten or fifteen cents more on a beverage with such an alluring name. The Cubans have also what they call an 'America'—chopped ice, juice of two limes, sugar to taste, half a glas of pineapple juice, and filled up with ginger-ale. How these very excellent mixtures received their odd names dates back to the Spanish-American war and the American occupation of Havana.

Cafes are found everywhere in Havana, as they are in Paris, and while the tables are not on the sidewalk, as in the latter place, the cafes all open to the street, the sides of the buildings literally rolling up like curtains or folding like screens. The counters in these refreshment places are piled high with fresh fruit of every description and also green cocoanuts. Many drinks are made with the native fruits like the guanabana or sour sop, and the anona or sweet cop, and the sopotas or star apples. These fruits are also made into ice-creams, which are very good and quite unlike anything in the ice variety in America. Lemonade in Cuba is invariably flavored with cinnamon, and the addition is a pleasing one to the average taste. Tamerind paste dissolved in water is also new to Americans, although the paste can be purchased in any grocer's in America. One of the most popular drinks in Cuba is one called 'panal,' which is made from a mixture of sugar and white of egg dried in rolls about six inches long. The 'panal,' or rolls, which are quite brittle and as white as snow, are served with a glass of ice-water or water flavored with tamarind or lemon. These egg-rolls are made in large quantities, and they are stacked up on the counters like the fruit.

A recipe which hails from France, where the refreshment is popular, as it is in Havana, is egg piqué. To prepare it, take two tablespoonfuls of fruit syrup, any flavor desired; one egg, yolk and white. Put into a shaker with bottled soda, which has been iced; shake until foamy, then pour into glasses. Sprinkle over the top a little grated nutmeg or ground cinnamon. The French make a very good summer drink with crushed gooseberries and soda-water, with a dash of phosphate. A drink, originally Turkish, which is on sale in many of the little confectionery stores or sidewalk cafes in Havana, is one called 'sanec amour.' Take the juice of three lemons and two oranges and the grated rind of one orange. Stick a lemon with cloves and hold it over the fire until it is thoroughly roasted, then slice in thin slices; add a handful of fresh rose petals and one large cup of honey. Pour boiling water over all and let cool gradually. When ready to serve chill in a shaker or serve with shaved ice.

One of the pretty accomplishments of the summer girl of any country is that of preparing and serving some of the delightful, cooling beverages which are so welcome on a hot day. There is a great caving in the cost of refreshments when they are made at home. The proprietor of a soda-fountain sells, at an average price of eight cents each, drinks which cost him but two cents apiece to make. One can readily see that the young girl with a knack for entertaining can make a number of tempting summer drinks with but little expense. All that is needed is a stock of fruit syrups of various flavors, and these are quite easily made at home. A bottle of phosphate, plenty of lemons, a supply of seltzer, and a few equipments, such as a juice-extractor for lemons, a mash for mint, and a metal shaker for cooling the liquids with shaved ice, complete the wherewithal to prepare a dozen different drinks, each as tempting as could be purchased in a first-class confectioner's. If the girl who entertains wishes to please the masculine taste, she can find nothing better than frosted coffee. Make strong coffee and have it hot. Have a glass half filled with shaved ice, and put in one heaping teaspoonful of powdered sugar. Pour the hot coffee over the ice and pile high with whipped cream.

The Cubans make a drink which they call 'ensalada' (salad). While the peculiar beverage is composed of various fruits, the choice of which is determined by the fancy and skill of the composer, a very good one is made by crushing a sprig of mint with shaved ice until the flavor is extracted. Shred some fresh pineapple, cut in halves a handful of strawberries, slice a banana, and finish the glass with honey for sweetening, chill with more shaved ice, fill up with soda or seltzer, and stir just once with a spoon so that the various fruit flavors will mingle. The 'ensalada' is almost a luncheon, although when it is well chilled it is at the same time a most refreshing drink, and a decorative one with the different colored fruits and the mint. Ice is more generally used in Cuba than it is in either France or England.

Selected Recipes.

Cold almond blanc mange is a nice dessert for warm weather. Make a paste of four tablespoonfuls of corn starch, wet with a little cold water. Stir this into a quart of milk, with four tablespoonfuls of sugar, and boil until thick. Flavor with a drop or two of almond extract, and stir in one cupful of chopped blanched almonds. Pour into a mould, and put on the ice until very cold. Serve with whipped cream.

LEMON MARMALADE.

Take any number of lemons—six make a nice quantity—slice them very thin, only putting out the seeds. To each pound of sliced fruit add three pints of cold water; let this stand for twenty-four hours. Then boil it until the chips are tender, pour into an earthenware bowl, and allow it to remain till the next day. Then weigh it, and to every pound of boiled pulp add one pound and a half of lump sugar. Boil the whole together until the syrup jellies, and the chips are transparent. In taking out the pips be careful to leave all the white pith in, as that goes towards making syrup.

SPICED CURRANTS.

Weigh the currants, which should be ripe, and to each four pounds allow two pounds of sugar, two cups of vinegar and whole spices as follows: One ounce of cinnamon, half an ounce of cloves and a tablespoon of mace. Tie the spices in a little muslin bag and cook with the currants and sugar until they thicken. Add the vinegar, boil up and put into pint jars.

For first quality CANADIAN FLAGS, free for a little work, read our advertisement on another page.