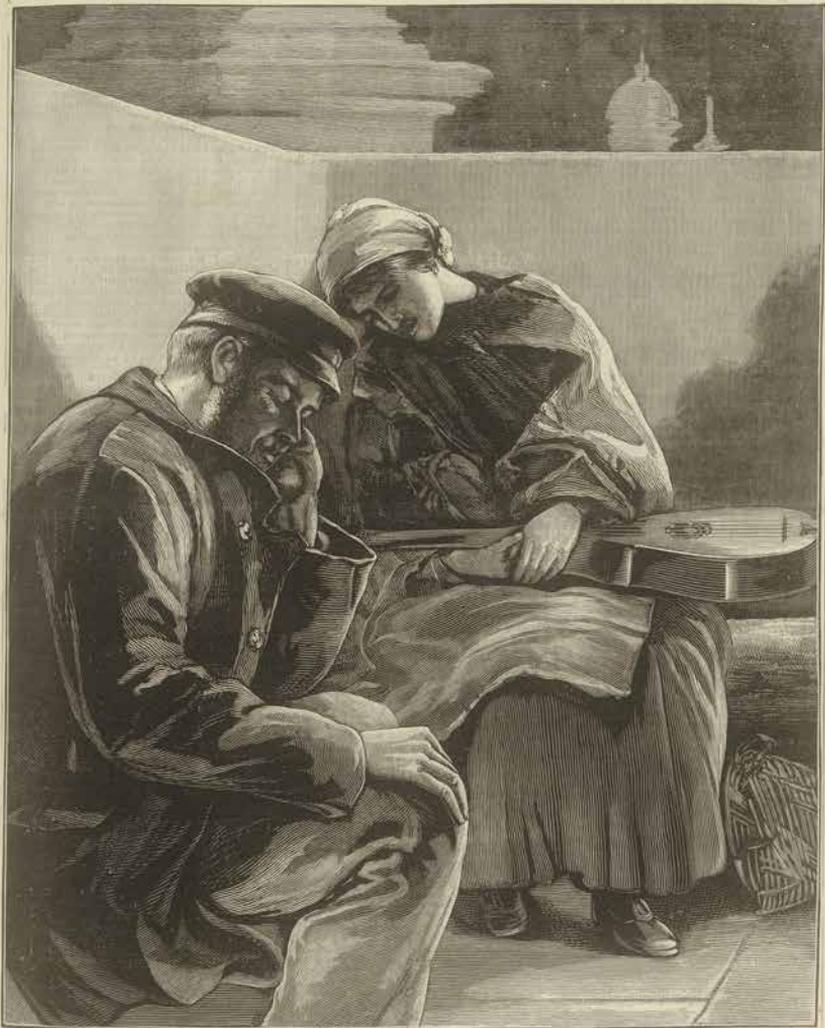


THE BRITISH WORKWOMAN.



There was a ally in the room. Even those few, unaided men were torn by that pallid little one.

"Dumpty Dick," who had, in the first place, allowed God to the public-house, had demanded Mrs. Trotman had followed Jenny from her home, and she was come forward with her shawl and crasped, it round her neck, and put on her coat, and then taking her husband's arm—for she still felt firm and strong—they left the place. They walked home in silence. That, happily, unperceived, admitted of himself.

"Oh! Jenny, my dear," he said brokenly, when they got home, "I have been in some trouble round here, 'cuse you ever forgive me now? I've been such a louse to you."

"That's Tim. 'Tis ever so, I trust, but he has said, 'er lady? I never knowed to be that afore to me. 'Wint was it?" And Jenny laid her hand on her husband's shoulder.

"It was about your little maid, Jenny. And I thought you didn't care, because you were so shorted like. And it angered me."

"Oh! 'Tint and your best was breaking all the while. It was to try and lighten your sorrow. I know'd how you mind her, but, and I couldn't think to see 'ee so wroth like. Oh! Tim, how could you think that!" And Jenny's tears fell fast.

"Don't 'er, less. I can't bear it, tell 'ee. I have been punished once. Kneel down and ask the Lord to forgive me for my wickedness to Him and to thee."

And she lay by side they knelt. And there went up a hearty prayer from husband and wife to their Father above for forgiveness for the past, and strength and guidance for the future.

And then Tim told Jenny all about it, and how soon he had felt because she was good and patient, instead of being selfish and wicked. He was, he said vigorously, and how "Dumpty Dick" had worried him to go and have a drink.

And now he had stood out and said "No!" till they tumbled him, and he was to be humiliated, and told to his wife's good-strings. And that had made him so mad that he said "No!" till Tim told him, "I never told you to touch him till to-night."

And Jenny's right eye, then, lying on the floor, had there by accident, come into his eye, and, for ever, she said, "For God helping me, I had said recently, 'I'll never enter that place again. Never again, for PAUL'S sake!'"

And he kept to his resolution. He never did. And although God did not send Tim and Jenny another treasure to replace the one he had lost them for so brief a time, her memory was ever fresh in his heart; and the thought that she was waiting for them above, helped them through the letter he bore the longer trials they had to patiently, that they might be ready to follow her when God called them away.

And now whenever Tim had happened to do anything he knew to be wrong, or if he felt backward in the chair, to do something which he knew to be to his duty, he thought of the words he had said, "For PAUL'S sake!" And then he felt strong to resist the wrong or to do the right.

—MRS. SHERWOOD.

Affliction.

(From the German of Novalis.)

Oh! thou that knowest such with sorrow,

And smaght kingly tears of pain,

Look with dread to each tearful hour,

Feeling thy grief is all in vain!

A half approach'd or bygone years,

Thou see'st of thy past be fair and sad,

And, passing through thy mind's eye,

Thy present of thy Oh! plience doth.

Far out of reach, like transient haze,

They lay, so distant bright and fair,

Alas! they sail, in sorrow's sleep,

In vain beneath the dark's thickest prayer.

Thy future lies before thee, dimly,

Stretch'd far in time, like the wide sea,

Lowly, then standest—dull and wroth,

And prayest to dead to loose thy bound.

Thou, who thus yearnest for thy rest!

My heart knows all thy secret pain,

I long to clear thee of thy wrongs,

And show thee who alone can bless.

Beloved! otherwise! 't is thine art,

I point thee upwards unto God!

Pity and suffering be like his heart;

For thou the yoke of death hast trod.

He died, Who lives eternally;

His love is thine from day to day;

Thou hast no grief, He cannot see,

No sin He cannot wash away.

Give Him thine hand, and straight He gives

His heart to thee, and wipes thy tears.

In Him thy drooping spirit rises;

He smother thy sorrow, calm thy fear.

He makes thy loss to be thy gain,

And that thou for which thou woudest soon

Thou shalt receive from him again—

Receive to love in never more.

—BRANCO HOLMES.

Bessie Day's Repentance.

CHAPTER IV.

"AN arrow from home, Jess" said Bessie's husband grudgingly, "what passed thou to do that?"

"Yes, Jess, I was soon Nelly Kate, it was partly her and partly her mother. It was mother's wish Bessie to run to services, and they filled my head with a parcel of nonsense about freedom, and independence—"

"But thou hadst service, Bessie," interrupted her husband, "when I first courted thee."

"Yes, I know, because I did not like the factory, and I asked the mission lady to find me a situation. It was small."

"But why did she not leave word, or write, dear?" inquired Bessie.

"I'll remember the wife, 'I wrote, but got no answer. Then I wrote again, when we were married, and when Maggie was born, but the letter came back. Oh! I'll never get to London and find her out now."

Harry looked very gravely at his wife's mind to be said—

"If thou hadst enquired about Maggie's few minutes' absence, how would thy mother have suffered all these eleven years? Thou hadst done very wrong, Jess, and now, like the one in the very book, thou must go and say, 'I have sinned, surely!'"

And so it was done. That Bessie Hunter should go to London, in search of her deserted mother.

"Oh, yes! there was a Mrs. Ray lived here a good while ago; her daughter ran away from home, I think, and is present on the poor-thrift's ward, and I should like to see her. I don't know her address myself, but Mrs. Jane East may be able to give you some information for thy wife George, I believe."

Such was the answer that Bessie received from the occupants of the old home. How the wrong which Bessie had done, she bore the tale of her own evil behaviour. With a deep sigh she turned from the familiar door, and proceeded to the house which would avail all expiations, by leaving her name and purpose a vessel from Jane East, whom she remembered as an idle gossip, and Nelly's cousin, and who in answer to her knock at the unlovely-looking lady, she said Jane appeared with a dirty baby in her arms, her torn dress and rough hair very heavily roiled Mrs. East to Bessie mind.

"Can I give you Mrs. Ray's address?" she asked, in a very pleasant voice. "Oh, yes! she lives at Knollin' Green now, along with her niece, Mrs. Curtis—last year she did, it was the best, which mine's all right now. If you walk a bit, I'll give you, they left it with me in case anyone wanted to know."

She gave a long, serious look at the alien friend before her, looking so neat and lady-like in the pretty silk dress and jacket, but there was no sign of recognition in her face, and she turned and knothed Bessie a good, steady, which had evidently been used as a plaything for the baby.

Bessie set off on her journey to Knollin' Green through the dense London streets, fortified as she went by the surging crowd passing to and fro. A strange sight always this London, a city of extremes—wealth and poverty, luxury and industry, sin and shame, in one stream of human life. The marriages whirling by like the whirlwind, and the orphans asleep in the process of the bridge, too poor to pay even for rest in the common lodging-houses of the unfortunate—and too poor, perhaps, for the shelter of the counting and many a house moved the layers of her bodies, the courage that had hitherto supported her, slowly waned, and her step became less firm, and her mind more feeble. She seemed like a heavy weight to settle on her breast. What if her mother was dead! The thought of the old home, and the memory of the past, had mentioned it as a not unlikely fact.

Mrs. Ray's wife whispered of many an act of self-denial, and her mother's name, and many a house and care, and when opened front had seen her called husband. And a mother herself now she could not fail to appreciate that living thought, which her unwise counsellers had termed "harsh reproaches."

As she passed sorrowfully along, a church clock stood open, and, led by an unaccountable impulse, she entered the square, and in her own sanctuary, returned very humble thanks for the Divine love and protection that had guarded and sustained her, when she had, with a trifling regard to the path of danger.

At last the house was reached, and it required an immense effort on the part of the trembling Bessie to raise the knocker. A stout, comely woman answered the summons, of whose pleasant features she retained a slight recollection, and the question was immediately asked—

"Does Mrs. Margaret Ray live here now?"

"Oh, yes!" was the answer, which carried a thrill of joy along with it.

"Can I see her?" murmured Bessie.

"Certainly, returned Mrs. Curtis; "but if you have not seen my aunt for some time, you must be prepared to find a great change, for, since her daughter's death—"

"Thought of death!" echoed Bessie. "Alas! Mrs. Curtis gave her name, searching glance at her face, and she said—

"Well, we never rightly knew what had become of her. But will you step inside—and I will bring her to you."

Bessie, almost ready upon the gate of the house, just followed Mrs. Curtis into the quiet parlour, where, sitting many remembered articles of her own childhood's home.

The minute appeared hours, the door again opened, and Mrs. Curtis ushered in her mother—her mother? No! that old, withered woman could never be her active, kindly mother's; it was impossible!

Bessie cannot read her sister's thoughts, for she said—

"This is Mrs. Margaret Ray; I thought you would naturally enquire?" Then, turning to her aunt, she said gently—

"Here is some one come to see you, Auntie, dear; do you know who she is?"

"With a great eye Bessie threw her arms round the prematurely-aged woman, exclaiming—

"Oh, mother, mother! it is your own Bessie, you must know."

"Bessie, Bessie!" repeated Mrs. Ray, as she looked mine all on her face, and she said—

"I wondered who you were. That was a cruel night's work of yours, Bessie Ray."

"Do not judge me too harshly, mentioned the repentant daughter, "I was misled by those men, my mother's dear mother, say you know your Bessie again?"

But Mrs. Ray looked vacantly at the fearful face with no gleam of intelligence in her dreary eyes.

"You should your mother will never love you again, returned Mrs. Curtis; "the only circumstance she seems ever to remember is the poisonous being the name of your supposed death, and she will repeat it over and over again, some times all day long."

"My punishment is more than I can bear," said poor Bessie, weeping bitterly. "Oh, I believe

that the All-merciful God in His own good time, will answer my prayers, and grant my mother reason, to know her child once more.

Little now remains to be told. Harry Hunter took the stricken one to his own home, and proved as good a son as he was a husband. Every comfort that thought could suggest, and love accomplish, was showered on Mrs. Kay by her repentant husband; and in the pure charity and self-surrounding as time passed on by a group of merry children, much of her bodily vigor returned, and with it some slight degree of understanding, although it was not till her son was fast sinking in the valley of death, that the full light of reason pierced the thick veil which sorrow had woven across her mental vision.

Just before the end, when Harry raised her in his strong arms, the kneeling, Jesus asked, "Do you know me, mother?" "I know you," she replied, "as she laid her hand on the bowed head, and answered solemnly.

"Yes, I know you—my daughter beside my child" who was dead and is alive again; who was lost, and is found."

ELIZA.
No, **THE HARRY** Brought me—
Memento—Why should we delay
to break any bad habit?
Everybody knows that the cross
stranger by such repetition.
Nothing is more foolish than to
say, "I know I will do it," and
I will next New Year's
Day." The man who cannot
stop to-day cannot stop to-morrow.
The drunkard never reforms to-
morrow; the spendthrift never
stops to-morrow. The hothead
who says "I own it," is the
one who cannot quit, and there-
fore never does. There is but
one remedy for a bad habit, and
that is to stop the thing now.
He who says "I will not do it
for three months," is not stop-
ping the habit at all. He only
lights the battle with signs—
never wins; the thing is wrong.
The only infallible cure for an
alarming bad habit is to put an
alarming good one in its place.
A love of bad company is not
cured by no company, but by
good company; bad reading
gives way not to no reading, but
to good reading. Disipated
men must become earnest Chris-
tians, not mere professors, to
make their reformation sure.

MARYE LITTLE OF MAR-
STON.—Next to no more precious
treasure than holy matrimony.
God's best gift is a pious, cheer-
ful, God-fearing, home-keeping
wife, how long you can trust your
goods, and holy, and life. There
are couples who neither care for
their families, nor love each
other. People like these are not
human beings. They may make
their houses a hell.—*Luther's*
Tales.

Thoughts on the Life of St. Peter.

XIV.

St. Peter's First Public Act.—Acts 1. 13.

It is not recorded that St. Peter was at the Ascension of our Lord, and though it is more than probable that he was there, yet as his name is not mentioned, our conclusions of his life have to be in silence past that great event. It must have been a wonderful blank for the disciples when their Lord had been taken from them. And yet to His ascension where He

was before must have greatly confirmed their faith. It seems that after the Ascension the apostles lived much together. One common tie bound them together—love to their Lord. It is just this which should bind Christians together now—"Beloved let us love one another, for love is of God; and every one that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God; he that loveth not, knoweth not God, for God is love." (1st John ii. 7, 8.) "One accord" of early Christians must have been beautiful. If indeed we love the Lord Jesus we should seek to love all those who follow Him. One chief blessing which all have one heart to another is prayer. The apostles themselves felt this, for they "continued with one accord in prayer and supplication" (Acts i. 14). When the Lord Jesus was with them they could speak to Him about every difficulty and ask His concern-

suffered—"the sin of perdition" (St. John xvii. 12). "Perdition," a similar word to the French "perdu"—we lost. Judas himself was himself lost indeed when he confessed his sin to the chief priests—"I have sinned in that I have betrayed the innocent blood." The repentance of Judas was very different from that of Peter. The repentance of Judas was that only of remorse, and in despair he departed and hanged himself. The repentance of Peter was by St. Matthew differs a little from that in the Acts. Could we know all the circumstances we should probably see no doubt that Judas was troubled by little differences in the Bible narrative. There will be some things that we may never quite understand. Let us now turn to God in the faith. It is not distinctly stated in Acts that Judas died by his own hand, yet that such was the case can easily be gathered from the account. It seems from the passage in the Acts that Judas bought the field in which he perished. In St. Matthew we are told the chief priests bought the field. It has been supposed that the chief priests bought the field after Judas' death there—yet in any case it was bought with the thirty pieces of silver—the 25. 30s.—which Judas had received at the betrayal of his Lord.

Judas is said to have gone to "his own place" (Acts 1. 20). What solemn words are these! "Satan ruled him in his life, but he was saved from Satan hereafter" (St. Matt. xvi. 23). How terrible is this warning! Let us place ourselves in the contrast to God's servants' own place, as we have it expressed in our God's words, "Where I am there shall also my servant be" (St. John xv. 26). Which will be our "own place"? Another question comes in here—"Which is our 'own place'?" In it the place of God's disciples? Do we stand upon the Rock? Are we numbered among Christ's followers? Is each our "own place" now? Then may we—and only then—look up by faith to our "own place" waiting for us, which Christ has gone to prepare (St. John xiv. 2).

St. Peter having spoken of the dark and terrible end of Judas, has to propose that one should be chosen to fill his place. Twelve disciples had walked with Christ, and twelve must now bear witness of His death and resurrection—especially of His resurrection.—(v. 22). Among the other disciples, therefore, two were selected, as being, doubtless, among the most faithful. But the apostles would not go further into this in their choice of one to "take part in this ministry and apostleship." Their decision was that God should choose for them, and they prayed, and said, "Thou Lord, which knowest the hearts of all men, show us whether of these two thou hast chosen. Their prayer showed alike the *humility* and the *faith* of the apostles—their *humility*, for they felt they were not wise enough to know how to act in the matter; their *faith*, for they believed in God's guidance. There is a blessed lesson here, teaching us to be ever *open to God*. The choice of an apostle was a great matter. We have only ourselves, perhaps, to have to do with great matters. We must be ever *open to God*. We must always acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy path" (Prov. 3. 6). "All thy ways, whether good or evil, shall be set before thee."

Having prayed, the apostles "gave forth their vote." This "lot" was taken with prayer, and it became therefore a holy act. It was not done as a matter of choice, but it was put into God's



DES. BY H. A.

hands. "The lot is cast into the lap; but the whole disposing thereof is of the Lord" (Prov. xvi. 33). The lot fell on Matthias. We do not read of him afterwards in the Acts, but it is supposed that he died as a martyr. We feel sure, however, if an record remains, that Matthias did God's work as God's chosen messenger. St. Peter had here taken part in a very important public matter, and we see already that much grace and strength was given to him for God's service—the time was now not far distant when, filled with God's Spirit, he would become a mighty labourer in God's great harvest-field.

M. E.

THE CAMPHOR-TREE.—This tree which produces the best camphor is indigenous to Sumatra. The camphor tree propagates itself in the mountains of Sumatra without trouble or labour to the natives, as it grows without any cultivation in the forests contiguous to the sea-coast, on the north side of the island. The camphor-tree is girth and height equal the biggest timber tree, often arriving at the enormous size of over fifteen feet in circumference.

Places where the camphor-trees grow in abundance are generally considered unhealthy, the reason probably being the nature of the soil, and the peculiar conditions necessary for the prosperous state of that tree.

It was formerly matter of supposition that the people of China and Japan conceived a fictitious substance which bore great resemblance to the native camphor, and thus impregnated this substance with a little of its virtue by the mixture of a small quantity of the genuine drug. The real truth of the case has been fully ascertained, and it is known that the Japan camphor is the genuine product of a tree growing in abundance in that country, though differing in quality and character from the similar tree, a native of Sumatra and Borneo. The camphor of Sumatra is so much superior to that of Japan that the Chinese easily distinguish between the two, and reserve the former for their own use as an esorbent tonic, and export the latter as a thing they do not think much of. The Sumatra camphor never by any chance reaches this country, because it is so much esteemed by the Chinese and other natives in the East that its price compared to that of the Japanese article, is in the ratio of twenty to one.

Camphor is procurable from the tree by two modes: the first by inflicting wounds in the bark from whence it exudes; the second by the help of fire.

breaking, for I know that five minutes more, and I will be over, the cab and its occupants will be out of sight, and I—well, I shall be left at home with only Aunt Margaret for weeks and weeks. I hear voices and the slow tread of feet on the stairs, but I never stir; I cannot turn to see that face I am going to lose, though I am longing to throw myself into her arms.

"Mabel!"

I hear that voice, low and tender, but I do not move, my breath comes in short gasps, I cannot see for the blinding tears.

"Mabel, darling, won't you say good-by? Haven't you one word for me?"

The hand is on my shoulder, and all my efforts for self-control I fling to the winds. Turning

"Good-by, my darling, God bless you! You will write, Mabel—often, dear, don't you?"

Forget! As if I shall when I shall be longing for her every moment! Forget! I laugh, in my misery, at the bare thought!

Off at last. I wave my handkerchief from the door, and even run down the ice-coated steps to catch the last look from the oak window. And then I turn slowly and go into the empty house. Empty, save for the presence of Aunt Margaret, who is crying quietly to herself in the hall.

"Is Mason going with her all the way?" I venture timidly to ask.

Aunt Margaret dries her eyes and looks solemnly at me.

"Don't be so absurd. How do you suppose the work of the house can be done by one servant? Haven't you any sense, child; or do you ask for the sake of asking?"

I go slowly into the dining-room to the fire, and draw up the arm-chair for Aunt Margaret. I have to take care of her, even if she is cross, and I must not mind.

She comes in after me, her crutches tapping noisily on the floor, and she sinks wearily into her chair, I have placed for her. And after awhile she falls asleep, and I sit thinking how far Aunt Edie has gone by this time, wondering if she is in the train yet, and how long it will be before she comes back, and how I shall live until she does.

And night creeps on apace, and the room gets dark, save for the flickering fire; and I watch the shadows on the ceiling, until comes the awful thought of the night. I shall have to sleep in that big room alone, with Aunt Edie's empty bed in the corner, and so close near me. I had not thought of that before, and my heart throbs in my ears. I conjure up fearful thoughts of ghosts and goblins that, in my childish imagination, haunt the night—of bodiless beings, and hideous bodies—that will creep and slink round me in the dark, until my hair stands almost on end. I glance fearfully round in the dark corners of the room, at the awful shadows on the walls, at Aunt Margaret, who looks herself now like some hideous monster. She moves; her shadow on the wall looks like a grinning man's face. My heart stands still for a moment. A wild wish for her to wake takes possession of me, and before I give myself time to come to my senses I, in sheer desperation, knock out my feet as quick as I can, ever the fire iron. It has the desired effect. Aunt Margaret sits upright, glaring fiercely at me, with her cap all on one side, like a soldier's cap.

"How careless you are," she says. "You always do something of that sort. Why don't you get a lock, or something to do, if you can't sit still?"

"It is too late, I think," I mutter; "Shall Mason light the gas?"

"Is she back?"

"Ah, I forgot. No! I have not heard her come in, and I will ask."

"Ring, and I will ask."

I am glad enough I comply to this. Aunt Margaret is fairly awake now. No! Mason has not returned. I look light to the gas, and I poke up the fire. The night shadows disappear, and with them my ugly thoughts. Things don't look so black in the light, although my heart sinks every time I think of her. Oh! how can I live all those weary weeks without my Aunt Edie!



"I TEAR MY BACK FROM THEE, AND WALK AWAY."—See page 40.

towards her, I fling myself into her arms, and cling to her, choking with sob.

"Aunt Edie! Oh, Aunt Edie! what shall I do without you?"

"Why be a woman, and take my place, and look after everything for me, and take care of Aunt Margaret. It is not for long after all, little Mabel. I shall soon be well and strong, thank God, and the winter will soon be over, dear."

She speaks cheerfully, but her lips are trembling, and I can see the tears she is trying to hide.

"Mabel! let her go," says Aunt Margaret sharply. "Don't you think others wish to say a word, or to say Good-by?"

I draw away then, but she draws me closer to her for a moment and kisses me again.

Mabel's Troubles.

CHAPTER I.

THE call is at the door. The last dreadful moment has come, and I stand trying vainly to catch the lock the moment that she is swimming in my eyes. With my face pressed closely to the glass, I watch the man leaving the house, I weigh the top, as they say, it is a feather weight instead of a ton. My heart is almost

lately taken upon herself, of making tea. When the old man came in from a heavy day on the farm she met him with all her usual fond dutiful little observations. Her grannies childhood still spread through the gloomy old house its only sunshine. Girls among the lower classes become skilful in household work at an age when girls in ranks above them are playing with dolls and Winnie, on account of her grandmother's ill-health, had grown to be no earlier than most.

The child was often by her flower-bed in the garden this winter, in past years, and whispered a good deal to the plants about the spring. She visited sometimes in the shed her favourite cow—the one of the half-blooded breed—and would confide in her all her hopes and fears about her father. She did not play with her cat as much as she used to do, but Pussy might have been seen snugly curled-up in her lap, as she sat on the old-fashioned wicker-seat learning her lessons or reading her Bible. How real and present all in that book was to the child, whether she read of little Samuel sleeping in the Temple, or of the widow's cruse, or, nearest still, of the mangercrulle and the angel's song!

As old Hardwick cherished an especial wish that Winnie should be very forward in "dollar-learnings," as he called it, for which, though he possessed but little of it himself, he had a considerable respect in others, the child went very regularly to lay and Sunday school, and in consequence of this latter, to church. The pretious soul thus sown fell on good ground, and was already beginning to bring forth fruit in little Winnie's daily life.

(To be continued.)

A Little Chat about Baking.

"What do I hate baked things?" said one man to another who was walking with him home after work. "Mussy, greasy and indigestible, baked food is like a ball of fire in your stomach after you have eaten it."

"Well, I can't agree with you," replied his companion; "my wife often gives me a tasty dinner or supper of baked things, and sometimes something of the kind as a relish for breakfast of tea."

"Well, I wonder what she has for the reason of the difference, I'm sure I hate the sight of a pie or anything out of the oven."

"Perhaps it's the oven's fault," suggested his friend with a grin—to which we may add "perhaps it is, and perhaps it isn't." For the reason is, and all good housewives would do well to remember it, baking is a mode of cooking which is only suited to certain dishes; and while it is for those a very satisfactory and wholesome method of preparing food, yet for others it is wasteful and decidedly unsatisfactory.

Of course pastry and cakes must be baked, and various puddings and a many meat dishes must be treated in this way, but some dishes are decidedly unwholesome when thus prepared.

For instance, baking is the best way of cooking a sucking-pig, and a ham baked in a moderately heated oven is of fine flavour and more juicy and also cut shorter than if baked in a hot oven, a pig's head, a squab of pork, a loaf of pork, a pie too fat and greasy, and a too lean fish cake.

Cakes and puddings are very suitable for baking; they should be placed least downwards on a strong wire tripod or stand in the dish, and turned when half done. A little butter should be spread over the breast and back and then sprinkled with salt and flour.

Both hare and rabbit bake very well, as also do many fish, such as eel, pike, cod, mackerel, gurnet, mullet, and halibut. They should be sprinkled with salt and flour and some bits of butter put over them. A breast or fillet of veal and a shoulder of mutton with potatoes, as also a halibut or sheep's head, are also very suitable joints for baking.

Instead of using an expression made by a famous cook, "Baking is the way of the cheapest and most convenient ways of dressing a dinner in small families."

The time required for baking meat is the same as required for roasting, although the degree of heat in the oven must be taken into account. Baking also has this advantage over roasting—that the joints are carried to the point where it is baked, it is more equally "done" all over, a condition that is not always obtained even by the most expert cooks. This is much to be regretted, as ordinary joints of meat have a peculiar and unpalatable taste when baked in an oven, which may be caused by the fumes which arise in cooking, and which are carried to the meat, which is roasted before an open fire. This difficulty is, however, removed, wholly or partly, if the oven has a ventilator to allow the fumes to escape.

The baking-dish or tin ought to be deep enough to rise about an inch above the joint, and thus the meat is not so much as kept from drying up. And if the oven be very hot, a piece of white paper, well buttered or greased, should be put over the meat to prevent it from burning; care, however, being taken to remove it in time to allow the outside to "brown" before serving.

When a sucking-pig is baked, the ears and tail should be in this way covered with buttered paper, and the "crackling" should be anointed with butter.

Some dishes, such as gravies, stews, beef-teas, soups, &c. may be baked, and should be put into a jar with a close-fitting lid. These may be purchased for four pence, and are called baking jars. Sometimes the jar is put into a pan of hot water and the pan and jar put into the oven. This equalizes the heat. The best way of cooking beef-tea is to cut up the gravy beef into dice, and putting it into a baking-jar with cold water, and a pint of the lid, placing it in a slow oven. An admirable soup may be made in the same way by cutting 1 lb. lean beef into dice, and placing it in a baking-jar, mixed with a number of chopped vegetables, such as celery, turnips, onions, carrots, tomatoes, and half-pint of rice (previously boiled for a quarter of an hour); two-thirds-half or three pints of cold water should then be poured in, and the lid having been put on, the jar should be set in a pan of boiling water and the whole popped in good cover for six hours. This dish should be discovered while cooking—to see how it is getting on. Many dishes may be made in this way, and baking will be found to be, for ordinary kitchen most convenient and economical method of preparing food.

Pastry should be placed in a tolerably quick oven, otherwise it will become heavy and indigestible, as our friend said "baked things" were, at the burning of our "chat," but all large cakes should be baked in a moderate oven, and the outside will be burned before the inside is done.

If you want to know when the inside is sufficiently cooked, a knitting needle or wire skewer may be put into the middle, and if, when this is drawn out, any moisture adheres to it, the cake is not done, and it must be longer baked. If a cooking plan also to cover cakes and pastry with a piece of buttered white paper, as recommended for meat, so that they may not be browned and scorched, it is a safe plan also; but the paper should be put on until the paste has "set"; while it is said that a loaf of bread placed in an oven will keep all cakes and pastry from burning. Light cakes should be put into a brisk oven until they have risen, and then the heat may be decreased, but this should be done by leaving the fire, never by leaving the oven-door open. This should never be done in baking. Remember in taking mince-pies, to boil the mince first, and before putting it in the crust. This renders the pie more digestible.

In baking fish, it is well to remember that the oven should be very moderate, and large fish should be frequently basted, lest they should become too dry.

A halibut's heart is one of those dishes which baking will render most excellent; it should be stuffed with a good forcemeat and, as it is thick, a full quarter of an hour should be allowed for every pound which it weighs.

In order to ascertain the heat of an oven a thermometer is of course the best means to adopt. Small articles of baked pastry require 200 degrees, pie, tarts, and bread 260 degrees, and cakes and meat 240 degrees. But if you have not a thermometer, perhaps the surest way of ascertaining the heat is to sprinkle a little flour on the oven. If in a few seconds it turns black the heat is too great; if it remains unscorched, but is brown and sufficient; but when it becomes of a bright brown

colour the oven is ready for baking. And just one hint in passing. Remember that iron hot-stoves and brasins will not look after itself. It is something like a child, it requires attention and it is not to be taken in by its own doing, and then the things committed to its care will thrive. P. M. H.

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Grant, O God! Thy protection;
And in protection, strength;
And in strength, understanding;
And in understanding, knowledge;
And in knowledge, knowledge of justice;
And in justice, justice of the love of Thy God;
And in that love, the love of all existences;
And in the love of all existences, the love of God.
God and all goodness.

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