## Sunday Reading.

## THE PRAYER OF FAITH.

It was an all-day meeting, with [different women leading the hours. The Mothers and Son's hour was conducted by Mrs. Sarah Lettenhurd, a saintly matron, whose sweet persuasive accents penetrated to every part of the great crowded church, though she did not seem to raise her voice.

Mrs. Lettenhurd was talking about faith, and she quoted in the course of her remarks a verse from one of Faber's hymns:

If our hearts were but more simple, We would take him at his word; And our lives would be all sunsnine, In the sweetneess of the Lord.

'Friend,' she said earnestly, 'What we need is a strong literal faith. We need to lift up our heads and expect a blessing, to pray as our children pray, when they come to us for bread, and ask, and we give it to them. Half our prayers insult the Lord, because we don't think he will or can grant them. Half our faith falters because we don't obey, as well as believe; I want you to obey blindly, as if you had sealed orders, and I want you to believe exactly, word what the dear Lord says, when his voice speaks. You hear him calling across the ring. heavenly spaces to you in the world's desert ways: 'Ask and ye shall receive, seek and ye shall find, knock and it shall be opened unto you.

The dear lady ceased and sat down, and another sister stood up and prayed. You know that tender reverent hush in a meeting when you grow awed and conscious of the presence of the Holy Spirit, when souls answer one another, and a thrill goes from seat to seat. It was so, when this plead- a tear. My friend was about to speak, heard a pin drop. There was not the rustle of a gown, not the flutter of so much as a feather. All was silence, smitten through as by a sword, by one clear, anxious, insistent voice calling on God, confident behind the pale mother. God and expecting to be heard.

thing, but in the very middle of that prayer | Eleanor here has prayed, and you know I had an impulse to lift my head, raise my the promise is, 'Where two or three of you eyes, and look about me. I scold Jenny ask anything in My name, it shall be given when she does the same thing in church, it | you!", is so shockingly irreverent. All the same, I had to do it.

I looked up. The sea of heads was bowed, each on the pew in front of it. Not a person moved. Five seats to the left of me sat a little woman nicely dressed, with a spring bonnet full of apple blossoms, and a ruffled and fluffed cape. Not a person in want, evidently, but as I looked at her a voice said in my scull in clear-syllable?

'Give that woman twenty dollars.' And I listened and I answered:

'Yes. Lord. I will, but let me not lose this hour and its blessing.'

And again, as clearly as it audibly spoken in my ear, returned the message: 'Give that woman twenty dollars.'

I cannot at all explain how I knew which woman in that hushed throng was meant. I simply did know, and had no mann er of doubt that my knowledge was accurate. As the prayer ended, and the congregation joined in singing,

My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Calvary.

the lady in question quietly rose and left the church. I as quietly rose at once and tollowed her. But when I arrived at the outer door of the building she was not in sight. I looked up the street and down. The pretty woman with the apple-blossom hat and the fluffy cape had melted out of swallowed her.

to the meeting, 'I was deceived by my imagination. She is gone, and I cannot find her.'

As I turned to retrace my steps up the aisle, it was as if an invisible hand tugged at my sleeve, and again I heard the words: 'You, to give her twenty dollars.'

The carious thing about the precise sum named was that at the beginning of the year I had made a vow that all the gold pieces which fell into my hands, whether larger or smaller, were to be dedicated strictly to the Lord's use. Like the first things of the Hebrew's flock, and the finest of his harvestings, they were to go to his altar for a thank-offering. So whether a half eagle or a tiny gold dollar dritted into my purse, it was not mine any longer, but the dear Lord's, and one way and another I had now twenty dollars in gold belonging to my bank account with keaven.

I turned, obeying the inner leading, and walking toward the nearest avenue, I saw my lady standing with a perplexed and irresolute look at a crossing. A blockade of trolley cars and carriages kept her there man who has passed through the successive till I could reach her side. As I came close enough I saw that her eyes were very enterprise. Let him open to his kindly sorrowful, and her lips were moving slightly adviser every ledger, each transaction, the as it in prayer. I spoke to her.

what you are to do with it, but I have been posals. If all is well he will gain confidirected to give you twenty dollars, and dence in knowing that his friend's judgment

here it is.' to that great host, everywhere on earth, God's face, and as you pass the various de- 'he's well named too!'

who march and labor and fight as the Captain bids us, and whose sign of conquering power is 'In His Name.' The instant she turned I knew this, and as she answered me I recognized a sister.

'Thank you,' she said. 'I was just praying for twenty dollars. Don't you know me, Mrs ---- ?

Then she told me of her connection with a certain Home in which I, too, was interested, and like Christian and Hopeful in 'The Pilgrim's Progress,' we went on together. My new acquaintance proved to be a perfectly responsible person, engaged in definite benevolent work, and anxious at the moment for a certain young man who was recovering slowly from a low

'Come with me,' she said, and, my dear, you'll see what use the Lord had today for your bits of shining gold.'

We stepped on a trolley car, and were whirled along thickly populated streets till the houses grew fewer and we found green fields. At last we stopped at a corner in a sparsely settled region, and went to a little house standing by itself. A thin patient-looking woman answering our

'How is 'I'im today ?' said my companion. 'Indeed, ma'am, no better,' was the mother's plaintive reply. 'Doctor keeps on ordering change of air, change of air. Sullivan country for a fortnight, or a trip to Richmond by sea. But, goodness knows, we can't raise the money to send our boy away, even if we had relatives for him to go to, not to save our lives, or his either.' The mother furtively wiped away ing prayer went on. You could have when there came a very cheering inter-

'Oh! but mother,' exclaimed a sweet, young voice, and its owner, a girl with the face of an angel, appeared, smiling and will open the way. Why, I've prayed to I have never been able to explain the him, and Tim's prayed, and dear Miss

The mother would have spoken, but Miss Eleanor anticipated her. 'Yes,' Kitty she cried, 'we have prayed, and God has answered. He has sent the money just as he sent the ravens to feed Elisha. This dear lady has been his messenger, and here is just enough to let Tim have the little sea trip, or go to the mountains, Kitty, God sent it straight. Don't you remember our lesson last Sunday, "The prayer of faith shall save the sick." Your brother will get well, dear, soon.'

I hear people talk learnedly about telepathy and science, and mental sympathy. I let them talk. All I know is that I act under orders, and when I obey God sends me signs. The older I grow, the more truly and fervently I repeat that sentence in the creed which always thrills me with its solemn music, 'I believe in the Holy Ghost.'-Margaret E. Sangster, in 'Christian Herald.'

God's Claim on us.

The Rev. Dr. Wells remarks :- 'When the great Earl Cairns was a boy he attended Dr. Cook's church at Belfast, and one Sanday during the service Dr. Cook used three words that greatly impressed him. He said. "God claims you." After the service the little fellow said to himself, "God claims ma! That is right. He made me, and He alone has the right to me." sight, as if the ground had opened and Then he continued, "What am I going to do with the claims of God? I shall own 'Well,' said I, preparing to go back in- them; I shall give myself to Him." He went home, and said to his mother, "Mother, God claims me, and I have given myself to him." At school it was "God claims me." As a member of parliament it was, "God claims me," and when he was made Lord Chancellor he was engaged on Sunday evening teaching a large bible class. When his appointment to that exalted post became known his minister came to him and said, "I suppose you will give up your class now?" 'No," was the reply; "God clains me," Oh, ye who seek pleasure in the unsatisfying and giddy pleasures of the world, harken! "God claims you." You have no right to waste your substance in the far country; man's chief end is to glority God, and God c ls upon you to do so.'-'Christian Herald.'

Seek the Source of Wisdom. When some young merchant is beginning his business career it is of incalculable assistance for him to be able to obtain the wise and experienced help of some older processes of his manufacture or trading responsibilities he has assumed, his meth- one's reach. 'Friend,' I said, 'I don't know why, or ods of trading, his investments and procountersigns his own; but if matters She did not belong to the Salvation are going wrong how salutary that Army. Neither did I. At least neither the little rift should be detected and of us had joined such an organization, nor the dry rot stayed before the whole fabric did we wear a badge, or any sort of uni- of his fortunes falls to pieces! So, young form. But both of us belonged in truth friend, from time to time look up into

partments of your religious life before his eye be sure that He will not stint the expression of his good pleasure whenever it is possible, and that when he witholds it or indicates the necessity of readjustment it is well to have submitted to One who is too wise to err, too good to be unkind. He will criticise and remove only that which would lead you to spiritual bankruptcy, if it were permitted to drain away your spiritualy resources .- Rev. F. B.

The Spirits Manifestations ..

The Spirit does not always work in exactly the same way; no two seasons of refreshing are identical in their outward manifestations. Sometimes Pentecost comes as with a rushing, mighty wind, with tongues of fire resting in lambent glory upon the disciples. Sometimes it comes quietly and without observation, as the 'still small voice' that the attentive ear can hear. Sometimes the revival following a season of great refreshing rushes suddenly over the whole land as in the great awakening of 1857. Sometimes it spreads quietly from heart to heart during a series of years.

The first words Newman Hall's mother taught him were, 'God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son. Professor Phelps at four years of age read in turn his verse from the bible at family prayers. Wesley began to read the bible in course when five years old. Dr. Vincent of Chautaqua fame, when five years old, taught the little blacks near his neighborhood about Christ. From his birth the mother of Dr. Bushnell dedicated him to the Lord. He was a well-known figure when, five years old, trudging up a long hill every Sabbath to church. Dr. Cuyler says his mother was more to him than school college or pastor. Who can estimate the mighty power of the mother at this age of the child's future? It was the dying request of Dr. Peabody's father that his little son might be sent to college and trained for the ministry. The mother carried out his wish. He prepared for college, entered Harvard, and graduated when he was fitteen years old. Dr. Peabody became professor and preacher of Harvard, where his exalted christian character was a source of religious inspiration to thousands of young men. The mothers of Dr. John Hall was left a widow with seven children to care for. The bible and Baxter's Saints' Rest' where her constant companions, and she seemed to impart her religious spirit to the children.

SPAIN FROM A CAR WINDOW. The Country Was Dry and Dusty and Seemed Burned to a Cinder.

It was fiery hot. It was noon when we reached the junction of Bobadilla where we turned eastward toward Granada. The carriage seemed a furnace, its wood was fire to our touch, the air that came through the windows was burning. The country was scorched to a cinder; the mountains glittered in the heat; the shadeless towns quivered in a hot haze like a mirage. We lay back panting, fanning ourselves with our hats and our guidebooks. We came to baked, dust-driven stations; at each was the same cry of "Water! water!" from the the people in the train who were trying to

drink it. To names-Antequera, Loja, San Fer nando-that earlier had thrilled us in Murray and Washington Irving we were now indifferent, as they were spluttered by the dust choked guard. For hours the horizon was bounded by low mountains, with here and there tiny patches of snow on their upper slopes. But where were the dazzling, glowing snow-peaks of the Sierra Nevade, that loom up so magnificently in the romance of Washington Irving, and in of Providence in an incomparable manner," the story of every traveler who has been

True, through the cane-brake, stifling in the torrid air, we had seen two or three low hills crowned with live groves, planted like a map, and on the top of each something that looked like the ruins of gigantic | vented or tolerated the hideous names endbrick-kilns or tumbled-down factories. Granada must be near, for we had passed San Fernando; but neither to the right nor to the left could we see the minarets of the Moorish city, or the domes of Catholic Spain. Slower and slower went the train, and then it stopped. Everd one got out, and we knew it was Granada .- "Lights and shadows of the Alhambra," by Elizibeth Robins Pennell, in the Century.

Nature's Spring Garb. No Wonder that every one hails with delight the appearance of Dame Nature in her emerald Spring gown. After the long dreary winter when we have been wrapped and muffled up like mummies it is a treat to throw off be vy clothing and enjoy the mild air. Winter is specially trying in the country where there are such long distances to travel and so much outdoor work to attend to. The cold seems even n ore penetrating than in the cities and the question of suitable clothing is one of vital interest. Fur lined coats are warm, but too heavy and cumbersome to move about in with comfort to say nothing of the expense and a Fibre Chamois interlining seems to be the best thing yet found for all round satisfaction. It gives no weight or bulk and is absolutely wind and weather proof, and what's more is cheap enough to be in every

Married.

"Emily," said old Mr. Thibbetts, sternly, "who was that young man I found kissing you at the door last night?" 'It was Mr. - Mr. Lippincott,' stammered

Emily, in a faint voice. Old Mr. Thibbetts glared at his daughter fixedly for a moment and then a softer light shone in his eye. In both eyes in fact. 'B'George,' he cried slapping his knee,

THE POETRY OF PLACE NAMES. They are More Admired When Called by a Foreign Name.

We are always prone to accept the unknown as the magnificent-it I may translate the Latin phrase-to put a higher value on the things veiled from us by the folds of a foreign language. The Bosporus is a more poetic place than Oxford, though the meaning of both names is the same. Montenegro fills our ears and raises our expectations higher than could any mere Black Mountain. "The Big River" is but a vulgar nickname, and yet we accept the equivalent Guadalquivir and Rio Grande; we even allow ourselves sometimes to speak of the Rio Grande River-which is as tautological as De Quincey declared the name of Mrs. Baerbauld to be. Bridgeport is as prosaic as may be, while Alcantara has a remote and romantic aroma, and yet the latter word signifies only "the bridge." We can be neighborly, most of us, with the White Mountains; but we feel a deeper respect for Mont Blanc and the Weisshorn and the Sierra Nevada.

Sometimes the hard facts are twisted arbitrarily to force them into an imported falsehood. Elberon, where Garfield died, was founded by one L. B. Brown, so they say, and the homely name of the owner was thus contorted to make a seemingly exotic appellation for the place. And they say also that the man who once dammed a brook amid the pines of New Jersey had three children, Carrie, Sally, and Jos, and that he bestowed their united names upon Lake Carasaljo, the artificial piece of water on the banks of which Lakewood now sits salubriously. In Mr. Cable's 'John March, Southerner,'one of the characters explains, 'You know an ancestor of his founded Suez. That's how it got its name. His name was My room was 34, and presently I heard a Ezra and hers was Susan, don't you see?" And I have been told of a California town | having fallen into a doz, I was startled by which the first-comers called Heli-to-Pay, and which has since experienced a change staurs rang an alarm, peal on peal. Jumpof heart and become Eltopia.

No loval Manhattener but would regrat to part with Spuytenduyvil and Yonkers and Harlem, and the other good old names that recall the good old Dutchmen who founded New Amsterdam. Few loyal Manhattaners, I think, but would be glad he ran out into the hallway. I saw what to see the Greater New York they hear so | ailed him. I gave him sai volatile and accomplished fact) dignified by a name little time he was better, but he wouldn't less absurd than New York. If Pesth and | lie down; he spent the rest of the night in Buda could come together and become a big easy chair. Budapest, why may not the Greater New Budapest, why may not the Greater New did it," he gasped. "There was no extinguisher, and I got a whiff that set me known to the world as Manhattan? Why going. I have always been subject to it. should the people of this great city of ours | Sorry to be such a nuisance ; I'll do now. let the Anglo-Saxons "Nicodemus us to There are lots of people like him. Here nothing," or less than nothing, with a name is another, namely, Mrs. Eliza Mary Cantle, so pitiful as New York? "I hope and who lives at 4, Thorngate Buildings, trust," wrote Washington Irving. "that we Forton Road, Gosport. She says, "I was are to live to be an old nation, as well as taken with shortness of breath, and for our neighbors, and have no idea that our over two years I couldn't lie down in bed cities when they shall have attained to ven- for fear of being suffocated. Something rable antiquity shall still be dubbed New like a ball used to rise up in my throat and York and New London and new this and seemed to choke me. For years I sat up in new that, like the Pont Neuf (the new | bed propped with pillows, and got what bridge) at Paris which is the oldest bridge | sleep I could this way. in that capital, or like the Vicar of Wakefield's horse, which continued to be called common. You know what it is called, of the colt until he died of old age.'

Whenever any change shall be made we more euphonious than the old, but more appropriate and more stately. Perhaps days dead. women who made a living by selling it and | Hangtown in California made a change tor the better many years ago when it took the name of Marysville; but perhaps Marysville was not the best name it could have taken. "We will be nothing but Anglo-Saxons in the Old World or in the New," wrote Matthew Arnold when he was declaring the beauty of Celtic literature, "and wh n our race has built Bold street in Liverpool, and pronounced it very good, it hurries across the Atlantic, and builds Nashville and Jacksonville and Milledge-In this sentence the criticism cuts both British habits and American. Later in life Matthew Arnold sharpened his knife again for use on the United States alone. "What beauty and fitness was quick could have ining in ville-the Briggsville, Higginsvilles, | furniture.' Jacksonvilles-rife from Maine to Florida?"

Now it must be confessed at once that we have no guard against a thrust like that. Such names do abound and they are of unsurpassed hideousness. But could not it been directed against his own country? as vuluerable as the Americans.

We take the unknown for the magnificent sometimes, no doubt; but sometimes also we take it for the ridiculous. To us New Yorkers, for instan o, there is nothing absurd or ludicrous in the sturdy name of Mr. Laurence Hutton was in the north of Scotland some years ago there happened to be in his party a young lady from that laird who lived in those parts dwelt in Schenectady he was moved to inextinguishable laughter. He ejaculated the outlandish sounds again and again in the sparse intervals of his boisterous merriment. He announced to all his neigh- the cause, and the effect goes away with it. bors that among their visitors was a young lady from Schenehtady, and all who callled were presented to her, and at every repetition of the strange syllables his violent cachinations broke forth afresh. Never | half out of their wits. had so comic a name fallen upon his ears; and yet he himself was the laird of Bulduthro (pronounced Bulduthy); his parish was Ironcross (pronounced Aron Crouch); his railway-station was Kilconquhar (pronounced Kinocher), and his postoffice Pittenweem!

had a broader vision and a more delicate

TRY

## SATINS,

The Finest Molasses Chewing Candy in the Land.

GANONG BROS., L'td., St. Stephen, N. B.

amateur immigrant on his way across the bicycles. plains, he asked the name of a river from a brakeman on the train; and when he heard that the s'ream "was called the Susquehanand parcel of the beauty of the land. when Adam with divine fitness named the creaturest so this word Su quebanna was at once accepted by the fancy, That was the name, as no other could be, for that galleries, the hunters, and the target shining river and desirable valleyr"

And then Stevenson breaks from his narrative to sing the praises of our placenames. The passage is long for quotation in a paper where too much has been quoted already; and yet I should be derelict to my duty it I did not transcribe it hers. Stevenson has lived among many peoples and he was far more cosmopolitan than Matthew Arnold, and more willing therefore to dwell on beauties than on blemishes.

WHAT AILED THE MAN IN 35.

I HAD just blown out the candle and rawled into bed. It was at the Lamb Inn, at one of the cathedral cities of England. man bid the waiter good-night and enter 35, the next room. Ten minutes later, a tremendous racket in 35. The bell downing from bed I pulled on some clothes and rushed into the hallway. The landlady and two or three servants had just arrived. Together we entered 35, where we found a big burly man seemingly half choked to death. He was purple in the face, his eyes were staring and bloodshot, he wheezed and whistled, he went from chair to chair, ich about (when at last it shall be an brandy, opened the window and made the

"It was that internal candle smoke that

That was bad-very bad; and yet very course-asthma; snbstantially the same thing as epilepsy, catalepsy, hysteria, and must hope that the new will be not only | that kind of spasms which end in making the body as stiff as though it were three

But what causes it? Can it be cured? finish with Mrs. Cantle's experience. The beginning of that lies behind us-seven vears or so-August, 1886. She began by feeling weak, nervous, and generally ailing. She had a bad taste in the mouth, poor appetite, headache, heaviness, and a sense of want of warmth and vigour in the stomach; and the looking-glass showed her that her skin and eyes were getting of a sickly yellow complexion. By-and by ville, and thinks it is fulfilling the designs matters were much worse with her. After taking even simple morsels of food she had pain in the chest amounting to agony. On this, she says, she become afraid to eat. We can well believe it.

"Then," she adds, 'I had dreadful atpeople," he asked, "in whom the sense for tacks of giddiness, specks floated before my eyes so I could scarcely see, and I could stand only by taking hold of the

After this came the terrible time with

the asthma-already described. Her letter, dated September 20th, 1893, concludes with these words :- "I was now very thin, and so teeble I had to keep in the same blow have got home as fatally had bed for weeks at a time. I was litterally starving for want of food, yet didn't dare Anglance at any gazetteer of the British to touch any thing solid. The doctor who Isles would show that the British are quite attended me gave me medicines, but they did no good. At last a friend from Fratton told me how she had been benefited by Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. She brought me a bottle and I began with it. In a few days I felt better than I had for years. My breathing was easy, and I could eat. I Schenectady; perhaps there is even a hint | kept on with the Syrup and was soon as of stateliness in the syllables. But when | well as ever. In my opinion this remedy saved my life. (Signed) Eliza Mary Cantle."

Very good. A noble result. Yet very natural, too. Asthma is not a disease of old Dutch town; and when a certain the lungs as some wrongly think, but is laird who lived in those parts caused by the poisons of indigestion and chanced to be told that this young lady dyspepsia entering the blood and prostrating the nervous system. And as the lungs. like all other organs, are operated by the nerves, they fail when the nerves fail. Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup abolishes Don't forget it.

If the man in 35 had used the Syrup months before we met at , The Lamb," he wouldn't have scared the whole household

Now is the time to buy a gun, for never inate. in the history of the gun trade has so much easily made as follows: Mix with a pint to the American Angler. The reason of it orange juice, one-quarter cup of lemon is that the price of cheap guns has been juice, one-quarter cup of sherry and some Robert Louis Stevenson was a Scotchman who had changed his point of view more often than the laird of Bulduthro; he more often than the lair of the lair o he sold 5,000 guns he now sells a thousand. mix with one quart of ice water.—Kansas ear and a more refined perception of humor. | Young men who used to put their spare | City Star.

When he came to these United States as an | cash into guns and ammunition now buy

But nobody would suppose there isn't any shooting going on. Thus 80 000 cartridges were fired during the Guttenburg na, the beauty of the name seemed part Park tournament in May. Something over a ton of powder and three tons of shot, and besides there were other tournaments from California to Maine, and from Florida to Oregon. Then there are the shooting

THE LUNCHEON BASKET.

Suggestions for Appetizing Things to Take Along on a Picnic.

In addition to sandwiches—always piece de resistance for an outdoor luncheonlobster or crabs can be made most appetizing. Fricasseed crabs, for instance, are easily compounded and very delicious.

Remove the meat from four dozen boiled crabs and chop it fine. Put in a saucepan the crab meat, one onion, one ounce of butter, one dezen chopped mushrooms, chopped parsley, four ounces of bread crumbs, which have been soaked in consomme and then pressed nearly dry, pepper, salt, cayenne and half a gill of tomato sauce. Mix well and soak five minutes. Wash the shells and fill them with the mixture; cover with bread crumbs and add a bit of butter-then bake until brown.

For deviled crabs, put a tablespoonful of mustard with the meat and a thin layer of mustard on top of each crab before covering with the bread crumbs.

As to sandwiches, their name and variety are legion. Only let the bread be thin and evenly buttered with the sweetest and freshest product of the dairy, and the meat, whether beef, ham, tongue or chicken, chopped fine and well seasoned and your sandwiches are toothsome and, of course, a succes. Cool, crisp lettuce leaves are always an addition to sandwiches.

Among savories suitable for an al fresco luncheon are anchovy eclairs. Roll out some thin puff paste, wash and bone one dozen anchovies, inclose each in the paste, season and sprinkle with Parmesan cheese. and bake in a quick oven.

Cheese biscuits, another savory, require one quarter of a pound of flour, the same of butter and Parmesan cheese, grated; add cayenne and salt. Work this together with the hand and then roll it out until quite thin. Cut into biscuits and bake in the oven, Still another savory-croutes of caviare. Cut some slices of bread one half inch thick and one inch wide. After takyou ask. One thing at a time. Let's first | ing a little piece from the centre so a hollow is formed, fry the piece of bread a golden brown and then fill with caviare, seasoned with lemon juice, butter and pepper. These must be browned in the oven, when they are ready to serve.

A very nice choudtroid of salmon may be made by frying some nice pieces of salmon in boiling oil and then setting them aside to get cold. Cut some aspic jelly into pieces to match the salmon, garnish with chopped aspic and serve on lettuce leaves. To be eaten with cheese straws and olives or an aspic of foie gras.

The ascot tartlet is a delicacy which is seldom absent from the English luncheon basket, whether the party is bound for the race, the hunt or the river. It is made with half a pound each of grated cocoanut and chocolate a quarter of a pound of ground sweet almonds, one pound of powdered sugar and a little cinnamon mixed to a paste with white of egg. Line some little pans with puff paste and fill each one with the mixture; then bake in a quick oven.

Coffee souffle, in small cases, is another luncheon. Boil one quart of milk, put in half a pound of coffee, which has been freshly roasted and ground, and let it steep for an hour. Then strain it and make the souffle paste, by putting the milk in a saucepan with five ounces of flour, three ounces of sugar and a small pinch of salt. Mix this well and put it on the fire till it boils, stirring it constantly with a wooden spoon, till smooth. Break five eggs, beating whites and yolks separately and very stiff and then add to the batter (which must be quite stiff,) stirring very lightly. Fill some paper cases with this souffle and bake in the oven afterward sprinkling fine sugar over each.

Babas and savarins, iced tes or coffee and claret cup may very well find a place in the luncheon basket, taking it for granted that the basket or hamper itself is a modern one fitted up with "all the conveniences of home,' inc'uding a small ice box. Fruit beverages are most delightful drinks for hot weather and are easily made for they are but mixtures of different fruit

Strawberry or raspberry sherbet is been given for so little money, according of fresh strawberry juice one-half cap of