

A SYLVAN SERMON.

Rambling once in a beautiful Kansas wood, a sight both beautiful and suggestive arrested my attention. A grand old oak stood before me, its trunk and main branches encircled, and its stately head enveloped in a thrifty vine, which the tree, in its "glorious magnificence" had "swept around itself;" but which, from inherent limitations, it could not wholly appropriate. Here and there, indeed, a withered branch whispered the danger of ultimate decay from the luxuriant fullness of the vine-life whose creative ends the fine old tree could neither absorb nor fulfill, but might, to a limited extent, assist and even arrest.

When both were starting out in life—the earth beneath them and the heaven above them, theirs by primal endowment—the vine, modestly conscious of innate power to glorify by her attachment, and obedient to the social law of her nature, had gracefully accepted the proffered support of the sturdy tree. From that time onward, in summer's heat and winter's storm, they had found succor and refreshment, each in the other's embrace; and when in the course of their development, there had come revelations of natural differences and surplus energies, suggesting diverse activities and new departures, they had acquiesced without question or apprehension of adverse interests. To repress the individuality of either would be to invite the nonentity of both. So the grand old tree, festooned and crowned to his utmost, and holding fast his allegiance, sustained his beautiful vine, and day by day watched her, glad in her unfolding beneficence, swaying in the breeze, soaring upward, or coyly tending to his aide. At last there came a day when weighed down by accumulating leaf and flower and branching responsibilities, her beautiful head trailed in the dust!

* * * A mighty rustle, a quick rebound of lithe, unfolding arms from loosed tendrils, and the prone vine lifted by the passing breeze caught the extended branch of a neighboring tree-top; and here safe in her additional supports, she sent out thrifty laterals to lattice the intervening space, and made of her extended sphere a bower of beauty, where the wearied body might find rest, and the muddled brain grow clear, and may-hap, learn from bird and bee, that in the divine economy, tree and vine owe sweet uses outwardly, and in living for themselves or each other only, must decay and grovel in the dust.—Mrs. C. I. H. Nichols.

"A WOMAN AT THE BOTTOM OF IT."

In 1702, Elizabeth Mallet established and edited the London *Daily Courant*—the first daily paper in the world—in London, England. "In June, 1877," says the London *Annual Register* of that year, "the Chilean Congress granted to women the right to vote."

Mrs. Jas. Brander, an eminent English teacher, has been appointed by the British Government, Inspector of Schools for Madras, India. The appointment, says the *N. Y. Tribune*, was wholly unsolicited.

We frequently hear a lady exclaim, "Oh, dear! I wish I were a man!" But we do not remember ever hearing a man wish himself a woman. No; man never dared allow his wishes to soar so high. He is contented to admire rather than be admired. N. B.—This is not taffy.

EITHER we must make the ocean wider or the steamships narrower. Something must be done to enable two ships to pass without going through each other. Society kind of demands it, and the comfort of the passengers seconds the demand.

"ONE kind of ship I always steer clear of," said an old bachelor sea captain, "and that's courtship, 'cause on that ship there's often no mates and two cap'ns."

EVOLUTION ADMITTED, WHAT THEN?

It is gratifying to note an obvious subsidence of alarm on the part of eminent divines in regard to the acceptance of evolution doctrines, accompanied by the bolder enunciation of rational views respecting religion. Dr. E. O. Haven, Chancellor of the University of Syracuse, and now a Methodist bishop, sends a communication to a leading religious journal under the above title, which is full of significant foreshadowings that are worthy of notice.

Dr. Haven utters a very important truth when he says: "Men are prone to associate their religion with its drapery. This becomes obsolete and must be changed, and the looker-on fancies that the very body and soul are gone." This is the view of science. Religion, like other things, is progressive, and proceeds from stage to stage, successively molting its integuments with increasing expansion and a higher life, or, by the figure of Dr. Haven, shedding its worn-out clothing as occasion requires. It is a great point gained in this matter to discriminate between the living body and its accidental and temporary wrappings—between perennial truth and its obsolete accompaniments. The credal habiliments are not the vital thing they invest, and to cling to them as if they were is superstition. Dr. Haven's point of view enables us to appreciate the triviality of denominational cuts, fits and styles; and illustrates the futility of venerating theological rags and tatters instead of the essential religious ideas which require ever to be clothed anew as men grow in grace. And what a pitiful spectacle, moreover, it is to see people so confused and perverted in their notions as to actually worship the heaps of old clothes that have been long ago worn out and cast off.

We are glad to observe that Bishop Haven does not recoil from the conception of creation as a continuous, ever-unfolding work. He wisely accepts the view of God, compelled by evolution, as that of an eternally-creating Spirit. He says, "Is there any reason whatever to believe that God at any past period, large or small, had any more or less to do than now with this earth and all that it contains?" And again: "Had we all been educated in a theory of gradualism and constancy and improvement, and thoroughly saturated with it, and yet aroused into a profound belief in God, as is certainly conceivable on that theory, and then, should the theory of a Deity sometimes awake and sometimes asleep be suggested, it would shock some feeble minds into atheism." But would not strong minds also be thus shocked, and justly so; and would not the atheism be real? When evolution has become an established and familiar idea in the religious world, and the Creative Power is conceived—as far as such conception is possible to finite faculties—as the mighty, ever-energizing spirit of which the boundless universe is but the manifestation, a reversion to present current notions of the method of creation will assuredly be regarded as a lapse into atheistic paganism, analogous to a present backward plunge into fetishism.—Prof. E. L. Youmans.

A NEW SKATING SURFACE.—A skating surface, called by its inventor, "crystal ice," has been laid down in a London skating rink. It consists of a mixture of the carbonate and sulphate of soda. The crystallization of these salts produces a floor which so closely resembles ice, both in appearance and the resistance of its surface, that when it is a little "cut up" the deception is said to be quite astonishing. It can be skated on with ordinary ice skates. When roughened too much it is smoothed by steaming with an apparatus provided for the purpose.

"NEVER mistake perspiration for inspiration," said an old minister in his charge to a young pastor just being ordained.

DOMESTIC RECIPES.

RHUBARB AND APPLE JELLY.—Wipe, peel and cut up a bundle of rhubarb; peel, core and quarter three pounds of apples; take the thin rind of half a dozen lemons, and put it into a preserving pan with one and one-half pint or two quarts of filtered water and the juice of the lemons. Boil until reduced to a pulp. Strain the juice through a napkin, pressing the fruit well. Weigh the juice, and allow one pound of loaf sugar to every pound of juice. Boil up the juice, add the sugar, boil, skim well, and when it jellies on the skimmer pour into pots, and tie down when cold. The jelly makes excellent sauce for puddings, and, when liked, can be colored with some cochineal, if it is wanted of redder color. The pulp, stewed down with loaf sugar, can be used for children's or servant's jam puddings, or is very nice put into a glass dish, covered with a custard, and garnished with pastry, or with sponge cakes, cut into slices and fried lightly in butter.

OAT MEAL FOR BREAKFAST.—In the last five years the consumption of oat meal in this country has probably increased 20-fold. People differ so much in their likes and dislikes that we do not insist upon anybody eating oat meal because somebody else does, but the great growth of the popularity is beyond doubt. Generally the Irish and Scotch meal have been considered best, but they sell comparatively high, and persons well acquainted with the subject say that Akron meal of Ohio is just as good. Oat meal should be well cooked. As it is usually made a breakfast dish, it may be soaked over night, and then boiled like mush for, say, half an hour, while the other part of the breakfast is getting ready. No doubt it is more wholesome eaten plain, but the temptation to use various "dressings"—generally cream and sugar—is too strong for any except very firm health-seekers. But where these are eaten it should be, as the friends say, "in moderation."

ORANGES AS A REGIMEN.—A vast number of oranges are eaten by the Spaniards, it being, in fact, no uncommon thing for the children of a family to consume ten or a dozen oranges each, before breakfast, gathering them fresh for this purpose from the trees. Such wholesale consumption of what is commonly looked upon as a luxury, appears to have no unwholesome effect upon the system. On the contrary, the testimony of a late eminent physician authorizes the use of fruit ripe, fresh and freely as a trustworthy auxiliary in the treatment of chronic dyspepsia.

WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE.—The *Canadian Pharmaceutical Journal* says that the following recipe gives a sauce closely resembling "Worcestershire": Vinegar, 1 qt.; allspice, powdered, 2 drams; cloves, powdered, 1 dram; black pepper, powdered, 1 dram; mustard, powdered, 2 oz.; ginger, powdered, 1 dram; salt, 2 oz.; shallots, 2 oz.; sugar, 8 oz.; tamarinds, 4 oz.; sherry, 1 pt.; curry powder, 1 oz.; cayenne, 1 dram. Mix all the ingredients together, simmer them for an hour, and strain. A little brandy coloring may be added to darken the sauce.

A CREAM TO EAT WITH FRUIT.—Boil half a pint of cream and half a pint of milk with a bit of lemon peel; add a few almonds beaten to paste with a drop of water and a little sugar. Take a teaspoonful of dry flour, rub it smoothly down with a little cold milk and a few drops of orange flower water; mix all together, and let it boil; let it remain till quite cold, and then add a little lemon juice.

CHOCOLATE.—In preparing chocolate for family use, cut off about two inches of the cake to one quart of water; stir it first in a little cold water till it is soft, then pour on the boiling water. After it has boiled a short time, add a pint of milk; boil up and serve; sweeten to taste.