: TSTABLISH

WALLING

ORINTE

but rather eccentric way. I doubt if Aunt Emma really liked him, yet she was very civil to him, her chief complaint being that he never would "take his position in the world;" that is, he avoided her balls, made himself scarce at her dinner parties, and no persuasion could ever induce him to ex-hibit his long, thin gaunt figure, his brown hands and face, in evening dress. What a "guy" he would have looked in them! as we boys always agreed, and sympathized with him, and not with sympathized with him, and not with Aunt Emma. But in his own costume we admired him immensely. His shooting-jacket, Knickerbockers, and Panama facing death. A sudden hurricane had hat were to us the perfection of comfort

As to his cleverness, that also was a money are soon parted," says the proverb. But when they part to meet again-that is, when a man can bear the loss of one fortune, and set to work to gain another-the chances are (without any exaggerated Mammon-worship I say it) that he is not a fool.

"Yes, I have really made two for-tunes," said Uncle Dick, as we sat beguiling a sunshiny day, when the fish re-fused to bite, by plying him with innumerable questions, till at last he "rose" like a trout at a fly. "How old was I when I lost the first? Well, about twenty-five. Yes, I remember it happened on my birthday, Michaelmas-day. "Happened all in one day?" some of

us inquired. "Ay, in a day, an hour, a minute," said Uncle Dick, with his peculiar smile, half sad, half droll, as if he saw at once all the fun and all the pathos of life. "And now I remember it was not in the day, but in the middle of the night. I went to sleep a rich man; by daylight I

Of course we rained them upon him by the dozen. He sat composedly, watching his float swim down the stream, and answered none for ever so long; Uncle Dick had, when he chose, an unlimited capacity for silence.

"Yes," he said at length, "it was one night in the middle of the Atlantic on the deck of a sinking ship. There's a saying, boys, about gaining the whole world and losing one's own soul. Well, I gained then my soul, though I lost my fortune. And it was all through my

Now Uncle Dick was in the habit of talking nonsense at least Aunt Emma considered it such. In his long solitude he was accustomed to let his thoughts run underground, as it were, for a good while, when they would suddenly erop up again, and he would remark apropos of nothing, which greatly puzzled matter-of-fact people, or those who liked elegant small-talk, of which he had abosolutely none.

"Your sister s grapes," repeated one of us, with great astonishment. "Then you had a sister? Where is she now?"

Uncle Dick looked up the blue akyintensely blue it was that day, as deep and measureless as infinity. "Where is and measureless as infinity. "Where is she? I don't know; I wish I did. But He knows, and I shall find out some time." Then he added, "My sister Lily died of consumption when she was fif teen, and I about ten years old."

"And what about her grapes? It is story-a true story?" Quite true to me, though all might not believe it. Some might even laugh at it, and I don't like to be laughed at. No, I don't mind it; it can't harm me. I'll you, boys, if you like to hear. It may be a good lesson for some of you.

We did not much care for "lessons," but we liked a story; so we begged Unele Dick to tell us this one from the very beginning. No, not from the beginning, which

could benefit neither you nor me," said Uncle Dick, gravely. "I'll take up my tale from the point I mentioned, when I found myself at midnight on the deck of the Colorado Australian steamer, bound for London, fast going down. And she

"You with her?" 'Not exactly, or how could I be here sitting quietly fishing? which seems odd when I think of the hurly burly of that night. It had come quite suddenly after a long spell of fair weather, which we found so dull that we began drinking, smoking, gambling, and even fighting now and then; for we were a rough lot, mostly 'diggers,' who, like myself, had worked a 'claim, or half a claim, at Ballart—worked it so well that they soon found they had made a fortune, so determined to go to Europe and spend it. "I thought I would do the same.

was quite young, yet I had amassed as much money as many a poor fellow-a elergyman, or a soldier, or a authorcan scrape together in lifetime; and I wanted to spend it in seeing life. Hitherto I had seen nothing at all-in civilization, that is. I never had the least bit of 'fun,' until I ran away from home seven years before; and very little funafter, for it was all hard work. Now, having been so lucky as to make my fortune, I meant to use it in enjoying

"I had never enjoyed home very much. My people, good as they were, were rather dull, or at least I thought them They called my fun mischief; my mischief they considered a crime; so I ing wonderful, nothing strange. Only, alipped away from them, and after a letter or two I gradually let them go, or fancied they were letting me go, and for got almost their very existence. I might have been a waif and stray drifted ashore only ten years old, and yet I remembered

for weeks I sometimes never once thought of them-never remembered ter's bedroom, she caught me in the act that I had a father, or mother, or of stealing them. I could hear almost brothers. Lily had been my only sister, and she died.

Uncle Dick stopped a moment, then

continued: "I don't wish, boys, to put myself for-ward as worse than I was, or better. People find their own level pretty well in this world. It's no good either to puff yourself up as a saint, or go about crying yourself down as a miserable sinner. In either case you think a great deal too much about yourself, which is as harmful a thing as can happen to any

"Certainly I was no worse than my neighbors, and no better. I liked everybody, and most everybody liked me. I troubled nobody, and nobody troubled me. I meant to go on that principle when I got into civilization, to spend my money, and have my fling. Possibly I might run down to see 'the old folks at home,' whom we diggers were rather fond of singing about; but we seldom thought about them. At least I never did, and they formed no part of my motive for coming to England. I came simply and solely to amuse myself.

"I had just turned in with the restrisen; one of our masts had gone overboard; we had sprung a leak; and work As to his cleverness, that also was a disputed point with some folk. But we said he believed we should sink or go to had never any doubt at all. And per-haps we were right. "A fool and his drunk, too, which perhaps accounted for our disaster, in a good sound ship and the safe open sea; but he was sober enough now. He did his best, and when hope was over, said he should 'go to the bottom with his ship.' And he went. I took his watch to his widow; he gave it me before he jumped overboard, poor

"Well, boys, what was I going to tell you? I forgot," said Uncle Dick, drawing his long brown hand across his forehead. "Oh, about the ship Colorado going down, and all the poor wretches fighting for their lives in the boats-or out of them, which was about an equal chance. We could just see ane another in the starlight or the white gleam of the waves-groups of struggling men (happily there was not a woman on board) some paralyzed and silent, others shrieking with terror, some sobbing and praying, others only cursing; for heaven, which we were straight going to-or hoped to go-seemed to be the last thing we ever thought of. We only thought was a beggar. Any more questions, of life, dear life—our own lives—nobody

"People say that a shipwreck brings out human nature in all its brutality; every man for himself, and God-no, not God, but the devil-for us all. I found it so. To see these men, old, young and middle aged, some clothed, some half-naked, but all clinging to their bags, full of nuggets, which they had tied round their waist, or held in their hands, eager to save themselves and their gold, and utterly reckless of everything and everybody else-it was horrible! Gradually it dawned upon some of the feebler among them that they would hardly I said, 'Mother!' And thensave themselves, to say nothing of their money. Then they no longer tried to there. It's a commonplace saying, but hide it, but frantically offered a quarter, one can't hear it too often, or re person who would help them. But in vain-utterly in vain.

"For me, I was a young fellow-young and strong. I had never faced death before, and it felt-well, sad and strange. I was not exactly frightened, but I was awed. I turned from the selfish, brutal, cowardly wretches around me; they had shown themselves in their true colors, and I was disgusted with myself for having put up with them so long. I didn't like even to go to the bottom with such a miserable lot. In truth, it felt hard enough to go to the bottom at all.

"The biggest of my nuggets I always carried in a belt around my waist, but the rest of my 'fortune' was in my bag. Most of us carried these bags, and tried to get with them into the boate, which was impossible. So some had to let them go overboard, but others, sh eking and praying, refused to be parter from their 'luggage,' as they called it. They were not parted, for both soon want to the bottom together. I was not inclined for that exactly, and so after a few minutes' thought, I had left my bag behind.

"How much was there in it?" some one asked.

"I don't know exactly, but I guess' (Uncle Dick still used a Yankee phrase now and then) "somewhere about seven or eight thousand pounds.

We boys drew a long breath. "What a lot of money! And it all went to the bottom of the sea?"

"Yes, but as the Bible says, 'What will not a man give in exchange for his soul? or his life—for my soul troubled me very little just then. I hardly knew I had one till I lost my money; so you see it was a very good riddance perhaps. We stared. Uncle Dick talked so very oddly at times. And then we beg

ged him to continue his story. "Well, I was standing waiting for my turn to jump into the boat-the last boat. for two had been filled and swamped. Being young, it seemed but right to let the older fellows go first; and, besides I wanted to stick by the Captain as long as I could. He, I told you, determined to stick by his ship and went down with her. He had just given me his watch, and his last message to his wife and I was trying, as I said, to keep quiet, with all my wits about me. For all that, I seemed to be half dreaming, or as if I saw myself like another person, and felt rather sorry for myself to be drowned on my twenty-fifth birthday-drowned just when I had made my fortune, and was going home to spend it.

"Home! the word even had not crosse my lips or my mind for years. As I said or thought it-I can't remember which—all of a sudden I seemed to bear all sorts. They always bothered me about my mother's voice, clear and distinct through all the noise of the storm. And, boys, what do you think she said? Noth-

ter's grapes?' from the sea or dropped from the clouds, so little did I feel as if I had any one belonging to me. My relations, even my of grapes in my hand, and my mother.

parents, had all melted out of my mind; with her grave, sad eyes, as, passing through the dressing-room into my sis through the open door poor Lily's short feeble cough; she died two days after. The grapes had been sent her by some friend. She had so many friends! I knew where they were kept; I had climbed up to the shelf and eaten them

"Many a selfish thing had I done, both before I left home and afterward; why should this little thing, long forgotten, come back now? Perhaps because I was never punished for it. My mother, who at any other time might have boxed my ears, or taken me to father to be whipped, did nothing, said nothing except those few wards of sad reproach. 'How

could you take your sister's grapes?'
"I heard them through the horrible tumult of the winds and waves, and poor souls struggling for life. My life-what had I made of it? If I went to the bottom of the sea, I and all my money, who would miss me? who would care? Hardly even my mother. If she ever heard of my death to-night, she might drop a tear or two, but nothing like the tears she shed over my sister, who in her short life had been everybody's comfort

and joy, while I—
"Mother!' I cried out, as if she could hear me these many thousand miles off-'mother, forgiye me, and I'll never do it

"I had not said this when I was ten years old, and took the grapes, but I said faith. I confessed it often, sighed, it, sobbed it, at twenty-five, when the 'it' prayed, yet I could not be freed from implied many a selfishness, many a sin, that my mother never knew. Yet the mere saying of it seemed to relieve me, and when directly afterward some one called out from the boat, 'Jump in Dick. now's your turn,' I jumped in to take my chance of life with the rest.

"It was given me. I was among the eighteen that held on till we were picked up-almost skin and bone, and one of us raving mad from thirst-by a homeward bound ship, and landed safely in England. No, boys, don't question me. I won't tell you about that time; I can't.

It was not often Uncle Dick said, "I can't;" indeed, it was one of his queer sayings that "can't" was a word no honest or brave lad ought to have in his dictionary. We turned away our eyes from him-he seemed not to like being looked at-and were silent.

"Well, I landed, and found myself walking London streets not the rich, healthy, jolly young fellow who had come to have his fling there, but a poor shattered wretch almost in rags, and just a bag of bones. All that remained of my fortune were the few nuggets which I had sewed into my belt. I turned them, not without some difficulty, into food and clothing of the commonest kind, to make my money last as long as I could. I did not want to come home quite a beggar; if I had been, I should certainly never have come home at all.

"By mere chance-for I had altogether forgotten times and seasons-the day I came home was a Christmas morning. The bells were ringing, and all the good folk going to church—my mother, too, of course. We met at the garden gate. She did not know me, not the least in the world, but just bowed, think ing it was a stranger coming to call, till "Well, boys, that's neither here nor

a half, two-thirds, of their gold to any it too well, that whatever else we have we never can have but one mother. If she's a good one, make the most of her; if a middling one, put up with her; if a bad one, let her alone, and hold your tongue. You know whether I have any need to hold my tongue about your grandmother.

"But I can't talk about her, or about that Christmas-day. We did not go to church, and I doubt if we ate much Christmas dinner; but we talked and talked straight on up to ten o'clock at night, when she put me to bed, and tucked me in just as if I had been a little baby. Oh, how pleasant it was to sleep in sheets again-clean, fresh sheets -and have one's mother settling the pillow, and taking away the candle!

"My room happened to be that very dressing room behind the nursery where Lily died; I could see the shelf where the grapes had stood, and the chair I climbed to reach them. With a sort of childish awe I recalled everything.

" 'Mother,' I said, catching her by the gown, as she said good-night and kissed me, 'tell me one thing. What were you doing on my last birthday? that is, if you remember it at all?"

"She smiled; as if mothers could forget their boys' birthdays, even such scapegrace boys as I had been! Then a very grave look came into her face.
"I was clearing out this room, turn-

ing it into a bed-room for any stray bachelor, little thinking the first would be you, Richard; but I did think of you, and, to tell you the truth, I was thinking of something very naughty you once did here, in this very room.

"'And you said, over again. How could I take my sister's grapes? I heard t, mother-heard it in the middle of the Atlantic." Then I told her the whole

"Now, boys, I ask nobody to believe it, but she believed it—to the day of her death. It made her happy to believe it, to think in some mysterious way she had practices. helped to save me, as mothers never know how or when some words of theirs may save their wandering sons.

For I was a wanderer still; I staid with her only a month, while my nuggets lasted; then I worked my way back visible inside or outside of the church, to Australia, and began again in the same way, and yes, a new way-new in luxuries would have a tendency to lead one thing, at least, that on every Sunday of my life I wrote home to my mother. And when at length I came home, too late for her, alas! I hope, not quite too late for the rest of you. Bad is the best maybe, but I've tried to do my best."

"Oh, Uncle Dick!"-for he had been as good as a father to some of us-sent us to school and to college, and, what we liked a great deal better, taken us fishing and shooting, and given us fun of

"So boys," said he smiling at our demonstrations of affections—and yet he liked to be loved, we are sure of that— 'you have a sneaking kindness for me. after all. And don't you think me altogether a villian, even though I take my mister's grapes?

Note—it may interest readers to know that this incident is really "founded on faces"—one of those inexplicable facts one somstimes meets with in real life, which are stranger than any thing we authors invent with which to embelish our stories.—[Harper's Young People.

Menno Simon

Menno Simon was originally a Roman Catholic priest, and was contemporane-ous with Martin Luther. Like Luther, he renounced the Roman Catholic faith, but, unlike him, he went to the other extreme in the form of worship which he prescribed. From a publication known as "A Common Manual," published in Europe in 1565, in the Dutch language, by Menno Simon, afterward translated into German, and still later translated into English by I. Daniel Ruff, we learn of Menno Simon's struggle with his conscience, his renunciation of the Church of his fathers and his establishment of the mennonite Church. Hear him: "I write to you the truth in Christ, and lie not. In the year 1524, being then in my twenty-eighth year, I undertook the duties of a priest in my father's village, called Penningum, in Fresland. Two others of similar age to myself also officiated in the same station. The one was my pastor, and well learned in part; the other succeeded me; both had read the scriptures partially, but I had not touched them during my life, for I feared, if I should read them, they would mislead me. Behold! such a stupid preacher I was for nearly two years. the first year thereafter a thought occurred to me, as often as I had handled the bread and wine in the mass, that they were not the blood and flesh of the Lord I thought it was the suggestion of the devil, that he might lead me off from the this thought. Those two aforementioned young men and myself spent our time daily in playing, drinking, and all manner of frivolous diversion, alas! as is the fashion and way of such useless people; and when we were to treat a little of Scripture, I could not speak a word with them without being scoffed at, for I didn't know what I asserted-thus concealed was the Word of God to my understanding. At length I resolved that I would examine the New Testament attentively, and I had not proceeded far therein ere I discovered that we were deceived. My conscience, which was troubled on account of the sacramental bread, aforementioned, soon obtained relief, without any human aid or advice, though I was encouraged by Luther in the belief that human authority could not bind to eternal death.

AN EVANGELICAL PREACHER.

"Through the illumination and the grace of the Lord, I continued daily to examine the Scriptures, and was considered by some, though undeservedly, as being an Evangelical preacher. Every one sought my company—the world loved me and had my affections, yet it was said that I preached the word of God and was a clever man. Afterward it happened, before I had been aware of the existence of brethren, that a pious, patient man named Sickle Snyder was nanged at Lenewarden for having his baptism renewed, It sounded strange to me to hear a second baptism spoken of. I examined the Scriptures and meditated on them assiduously and earnestly, but could not find anything in them oncerning infant baptism spoken of. After I had discovered this, I conversed with my pastor on the subject, and after much discussion, we carried it so far | brimmed hats; but this dress is not imthat he had to confess that infant baptism had no scriptural foundation. Not- the Church. It is simply a matter of withstanding all this, I dared not trust my own understanding, but consulted ideas of simplicity and their utter abneeveral ancient authors. They taught baptism from their originalism. I compared this doctrine with the Scriptures. and found that it made baptism take the place of the blood of Christ. Afterward, and other garments. Thus have we desiring to know the grounds for infant baptism, I went and consulted Luther. He taught me that children were to be baptised on account of their faith. I perceived that this, also, was not in accordance with the Word of God. Next I during the last few years, contributed consulted Bucer. He taught that infants were to be baptized-that their baptism would cause those who had their training to be more careful in bringing them up in the way of God. I perceived that this doctrine, too, was without foundation. I Press. then consulted Bulliger. He directed me to the covenant and circumcision. This I found incapable of being substantiated by Scripture. Having thus observed that authors varied greatly among themselves, each following his own opinion, I became convinced that we were deceived in relation to infant

baptism. He then goes on to relate how, after many other conflicts of thoughts and many struggles, he returned to his rustic viltage, Watmarsum, where, "through covetousness and a desire to obtain a great name," he preached and was much henored by men. Fixally conviction came to him, and he "obtained the knowledge of baptism at the Lord's Supper through the illumination of the Holy Ghost through much reading of the Scriptures, and ventilating upon them, and through the gracious favor and gift of God, but not by means of the service of misleading sects." Having given this brief sketch of his life, of his renunciation of the Roman Catholic faith, and of his struggles and conflicts in acquiring the new faith, let us briefly refer to the Mennonite strength in this county, their churches, forms of worship, dress and

The Mennonite churches are invariably plain structures. They have no steeples, no bells, and their sittings are never up holstered or cushioned. Not the slightest evidence of adorument is anywhere their belief being that adornments and their minds to earthly things. One of the largest and most prominent churches in the country is located on the Millersville turnpike, on the road to the village which has become noted for its State Normal School. This is a commodious, one-storied brick structure, surrounded by umbrageous trees, beneath which hundreds of hitching-places have been provided. Here, on a summer Sabbath, the scene is an unusual one. They have two churches in this city-one belonging to the old Mennonites and the other to the New (or Reformed) Mennonitesfor even these good people have had their differences. Paradoxical as it may seem, the New Mennonites worship in the old building, and the Old Mennonites in the new building. The latter is located in East Chestnut street, corner of Sherman, and with the exception that it with his pen, and as fearless as a shell, Reformed Mennonites claim

they adhere to the original doctrines of the Church and that the Old Mennonites have departed from them, while the latter maintain just the reverse. In doctrinal practice, however, after careful inquiry, we are satisfied they are much the same, their differences being principally technical. The evident difference

between the two lines is in their politics The Old Mennonites believe it is right to exercise the elective franchise, and almost invariably cast their ballots; and in this county, where both churches combined number between two and three thousand, they are important factors in the success of the Republican ticketfor they are Republicans "by a large majority." The Reformed Mennonites, however, while they, of course, have their own opinions, do not deem it consistent with their faith to vote, and few of them do so.

All of them-Old and New-cling tenaciously to these creeds; they are non-resistant, in war and in law. They will not prosecute, believing that if they lead godly lives they will be protected by the higher law. Above all other sects, they practice the precept which teaches us to "do unto others as we would that they should do to us." Being non-resistant, In they will not, as a rule, insure their oc-property against loss by fire. Some of the more advanced, however, will insure in companies not mutual, avoiding the latter because, if they share in their profits. they would naturally be parties to any legal action which they might bring to recover losses. They are an insurance company unto themselves, dividing the loss of every member, by fire or from any other cause, among the entire membership, the assessment being made according to the valuation of the estate of each. Their habits of life are straightforward and simple, and it were well if there were more like them.

Their preachers are not salaried and their mode of being chosen is interesting. A meeting of the congregation is called, and certain ones, after having asked the Lord to direct their minds in the matter, are suggested for preachers. At a subsequent meeting votes are taken on these candidates, of whom there are frequently large numbers, and all having a reasonable number of voters at this meeting are referred to a still later meeting of the bishops, ministers and elders, who elect certain ones of the number to be heard by the congregation. Those thus elected (or selected) are placed on probation, and if they are deemed worthy they remain in the ministry. The bishops average one to a county-some counties having more, others two, and in other instances one bishop to two countiesbut the average is about one bishop to a

Quakers are born Quakers, and some persons think this is the case with the Mennonites. It is not so; they are born out of the Church, free to go where they will, and only become members after they have experienced regeneration. Converts from other denominations to their faith are not infrequent-particularly in this country. In this city there are at present about seventy Mennonites, among them some of our most intelligent and prominent citizens. For the most part they wear straight coats, of plain drab or brown color, and broadperative-not governed by any rule of prescribed by Church rule, and who go so far as to renounce buttons, wearing only hooks and eyes on their coats, vests given a faint idea of these most excellent citizens-God-fearing men and women. They are a feature of our county, though by no means confined to it or the State, or even the country. Far-off Russiahas, many Mennonites to our land, driven here to the "Land of the Free" to escape persecution at home, and, as their members increase in our midst, their influences are all for good .- [Philadelphia

The English Colonel.

In the British Army, more than any other army in the world, the efficiency of a regiment depends on its commanding officer, for this clear reason-be has to maintain discipline by his character as much as by his authority. In theory, he is nearly as absolute as a French or Austrian Colonel; but in practice, he is expected to govern the men without incessant punishment, and to control his officers by other means than direct commands. The latter especially require "handling," for a Lieutenant-Colonel who simply ruled might find half his best officers resigning, and the remainder either socially mutinous or passively recalcitrant. He has not the means, and cannot have the means, of compelling submissiveness possessed a French Colonel, who is sure of support at headquarters,

and whose officers cannot depart. The discipline is strict enough, but half the officers are too well off to care if they go or stay, a resignation carries no social stigma, and a commanding officer who is not respected is very soon not obeyed. He must be a man of special character, and it is foolish to suppose that the senior officer in age or service will always possess character sufficient. may be a man who is worn out, and who, though he works excellently in a groove, is entirely unfit for responsible command. He may be, though, an excellent fellow, a man who cannot govern at all, one of those school-masters whom schoolboys thoroughly like, but defy, nevertheless, almost to their face. He may again, and that is commoner, be a man with a genuis for exciting hate, a man who would reduce a Russian regiment to the consistency of a machine, but who in England in the old days would have been challenged once a week and shot in the back when he went into action. That kind of man can sometimes govern a ship, where the loneliness of the captain may be complete and discipline is inexorable, but he cannot govern a British regiment, in which his officers are socially his superiors, and every second officer can make life, in one way or another, uncomfortable to him. man has been known to succeed when he was perfectly efficient, singularly ready is very like the old church building, but he usually reduces a regiment to a which is on East German street. The condition of sullen inefficiency.— SpecHOUSEHOLD NOTES.

Baked Eggs. Beat up six eggs, on tablespoonful of flour, six of sweet milk melt a piece of butter in the frying pan when hot, turn the whole in and bake in a very hot oven; to be served as soon a

Puree of Chestnuts.-Put your che nuts on to boil in cold salt water; bo them until they are nearly all through shell the chestnuts, mash them with milk and butter, exactly as you would potatoes, season them with salt and pep-per, and pass them through a colander. Can be used as a vegetable alone, served with mutton chops.

Tapioca Cream.-Put two tablespoor fuls of tapioca to soak in cold water; set it on the stove; and, when thoroughly dissolved, pour in a quart of milk.
When this begins to boil, stir in the yolks of two eggs well beaten, with cup of sugar. When this boils, stir is the whites, beaten to a stiff froth, and take it immediately from the fire. Flavo to taste

Baisin Cake. - A nice cake wife raisins, which has the advantage one many kinds of keeping well for two weeks, at least, is made from this recipe. One cup of sugar, half a cup of butter, three eggs, half a cup of sweet milk, one cup heaping tull of chopped raisins, to terspoonfuls of baking powder, and about two cups of flour; flavor with net meg. Put the butter, sugar, well-beater eggs and the milk together, then stir the flour and raisins in.

Chocolate Bavarian Cream. - One pint of cream, one cupful of milk, half cupful of sugar, one square of Baker, chocolate (an ounce). Soak the gelating in half a cupful of the milk. Whip the cream to a stiff froth. Scrape the chocolate, and add two tablespoonfuls of the sugar to it. Put in a small frying pan with one tablespoonful of hot water, Ste over a hot fire until smooth and glossy. Have the remaining half-capful of milt boiling. Stir the chocolate into it, and add the gelatine. Strain into a tin basis and add the remainder of the sugar, Place the basin in a pan of ice water and beat the mixture until it begins to thick en; then add the whipped cream, and when well mixed turn into the mold When hard, serve with whipped cream heaped around.

Chocolate Blanc Mange. - One quarte milk (take a cupful from the quart and soak one ounce of gelatine in it for one hour;) four heaping tablespoonful grated chocolate rubbed up with a little milk; three eggs, the whites and yolk beaten separately, a cupful of sugar and a tablespoonful of vanilla; heat the mile to boiling, then pour in the gelatine and milk and stir till it is dissolved; add the sugar to the beaten yolks, and stir till i is smooth; beat the chocolate into this and stir in a spoonful at a time of the scalding milk upon the mixture, retun to the inner saucepan and heat gently till it almost boils; remove from the fire and turn into a bowl, then beat in lightly and quickly the beaten whites, then por into the molds, which must be wet it cold water, and set away to cool. Boiled Turkey.-Wash the turkey is

tepid water, and rub it all over wiff

lemon juice; then put it into a sauce pan full of boiling water, with a large piece of butter, a couple of onions, a head of celery, some sliced carrots, a bunch of parsley and sweet herbs, whole pepper, mace, cloves and salt to taste. gation of self. They are sometimes con- Let it boil slowly and remove carefully me that children were to be washed by fused with the "Omish," whose dress is any scum that may rise. Serve will celery sauce made as follows: Boil two or three heads of celery in salted water with a bunch of sweet herbs and some whole pepper, and salt to taste; when thoroughly done pass them through a hair sieve. Melt a piece of but ter in a saucepan, mix a tablespoonful of flour with it, then add the celery pulp stir and dilute to the proper consistency with milk or cream; or it may be serve with oyster sauce, made as fol-lows: Parboil the oysters in their own liquor, heard them and reserve a the liquor. Melt a piece of butter in t saucepan, add a little flour, the oyster liquor and enough milk to make as much sauce as is wanted. Put in a blade of mace and a bay leaf tied together, pep per and salt to taste, and the least dus of cayenne. Let the sauce come to boil, add the oysters, and as soon as the are quite hot remove the mace and bar leaf. Stir in a few drops of lemon juice and serve. There should be plenty d oysters, and they may be cut into four pieces after being parboiled.

Braised Turkey.—Truss the turkey a for boiling; stuff it with truffle and chest nut stuffing. Line the bottom of brain ing pan with slices of bacon; lay the turkey on these, and place more slice on top of it. Put in two carrots, and two onions cut into slices, and sweet herbs, parsley, bay leaf, a clove of garlie and whole pepper, and salt to tasts moisten with some stock and sherry. La a round of buttered paper on the top put on the lid, and braise on a moderate fire for about four hour, then serve with strained gravy free from excess of fat Truffle and Chestnut Stuffing-Remove the outer skin from a quantity of chesnuts, set them to boil in salted water, with a handfull of coriander seeds and couple of bay leaves. We this is nearly done drain the water and remove the inner skin of the chestnuts. Mince one pound of fat bacon and a couple of shallots, give them a turn on the fire in a sancepas, then put in one pound of the chestnut (boiled and peeled) and half a pound of truffles, both cut up into moderate sized pieces; add pepper, salt and spices to taste, a little powdered thyme and mar-joram; give the mixture another turn or two on the fire, and it is ready. A simple form of stuffing can be made by omitting the truffles. Chestnut Stuffing -Boil the chestnuts as above. When cooked (they must rather overdone) drain and remove the inner skin, sprin kle with pepper, salt and spices, and stoff the turkey, inserting while so doing half a pound of buttered (or beef suct) cut into small pieces. An onion, chop-ped fine, may be added to the stuffing.

Queenstown, miserable little village as it is, has one of the grandest cathedrals in all Ireland. It is not yet quite finished, though used for service.

w ta

re

The Irishmen of Glasgow have decided to withhold their patronage from any Irishman there who refuses to support the Irish land move