

## Family Circle.

## The Mount.

FROM "POEMS BY MRS. ANNIE LANMAN ANGIER."

When anxious cares corrode the breast,  
 And sad forebodings rise;  
 When sore temptations me molest,  
 And sorrow robs me of my rest;  
 Jesus! I trembling look to Thee,  
 And tearful turn to Calvary.

When griefs assail, and trials come,  
 When anguish aims its dart;  
 When earthly hopes have found a tomb—  
 Sweet thoughts of Heaven dispel my gloom—  
 For, Jesus! I look to Thee,  
 And prayerful turn to Calvary.

When foes are fierce, and friends found untrue

When all is dark and drear;  
 I think on grace, and glory too—  
 How conquest out of conflict grew,  
 And, Jesus! then I look to Thee,  
 And grateful turn to Calvary.

When feeble pulses, beating slow,  
 Warn of life's waning hour;  
 Then, Jesus! may I joyful know,  
 That thou canst dying grace bestow;  
 That not in vain I've looked to Thee—  
 And turned in faith to Calvary.

What rapture o'er the soul will steal,  
 When through eternity;  
 This Jesus shall His love reveal,  
 Who died the heart's deep wounds to heal;

Salvation's stream still flows from Thee,  
 O! sacred, blood-stained Calvary.

Thou Holy Mount! from thee we learn  
 Our daily cross to bear;  
 When burdens press, to thee we turn,  
 And find new zeal within us burn:  
 Then never let forgotten be  
 The debt we owe to Calvary.

## The Fine Art of Cooking.

Good cooking is an important element in home life and happiness. Many people think that while a girl must go to school for years to accomplish a knowledge of her own and foreign languages, and must have masters for this and that accomplishment, she may be safely left to pick up an acquaintance with cooking after she has a household of her own. This is a mistake. I myself once had a dreadful time trying to prepare a dinner, in the absence of my faithful Bridget, and I would have given up Latin, Greek and French that day to have known when the potatoes were done, and to have discovered how to get the peas and beans out of the water in which they were floating.

To be a good cook, girls, one needs a light, firm hand, an accurate eye and a patient temper. One needs, too, a few rules and a trustworthy receipt book. We have all seen the easy way in which a good cook makes a cake. She tosses three

or four things together, gives a flirt of the spice box, and a feathery touch or two of her foamy eggs, pops the pan into the oven, and presto! there appears the perfect loaf. And if you ask her how she did this or the other part of her work, she will very likely smile and say, "Oh, I used my judgment."

The judgment is the quality which no novice in cooking can expect to possess, just as no novice on the piano can perform the "Moonlight Sonata" after learning two or three scales, and no beginner with pencil can paint such sea pieces as De Haas.

But if you are watchful and persevering, the judgment will surely come, and by and by you will be as independent. Whatever else you omit, girls, do not omit to learn to prepare food properly, for

You may live without friends, you may live without books,  
 But civilized men can not live without cooks.

—Harper's Young People.

## Seven Minutes Sermon on Patience.

Johnny was seven years old, and his brother Willie was almost five. Johnny took his stand on a stool, with the sewing machine in front of him for a pulpit, and with Willie, sitting on a huge chair on the other side of the room, for his congregation.

When all was ready, and Willie had got through fussing with the rag on his sore finger, Johnny began his sermon by saying:

"I will make a few brief remarks onto a short text—'Be patient.' Firstly be patient to everybody."

"Must I let all what's bigger'n me push me round jest's they's a mind to?"

"It isn't proper to talk in meeting," replied Johnny, "because it disturbs the services. But papa and mamma are bigger than you; and they don't push you around either. They only put you out of where you don't belong to. And Margie—she's bigger than you; and she can't have a little tow-head between her and the bread board when she's mixing bread, and between her and the kettle when she's frying doughnuts, and between her and"—

"I ain't a tow-head," chimed in Willie. "My hair is jest as black as—as"—

"And then," continued Johnny, "there's me that's bigger than you. But I don't push you around,

though."

"Preachers ought to tell 'the truf,'" exclaimed Willie, with a sharp look at the speaker.

"Well!—let's leave that point and pass on to the next. There are those big boys at school—a great deal bigger than you and me, too. One of them pushed me down in the mud one day and hurt my arm.

I couldn't help crying; but I didn't get angry and call him names. I told him I was ashamed for him to do such a thing, because I wouldn't pitch into a littler boy than me. And then he came and helped me up, and took his handkerchief out of his pocket—just as clean and white—and wiped the mud all from my sleeve, and whispered to me that he was real sorry, and that he never would do such a mean thing again. That's what it means where where papa read t'other morning in the gospel of St. Peter: 'Ye do well if ye take it patiently when ye are buffeted for nothing.'"

"Secondly: Be patient everywhere."

"When I burn my fingers, mustn't I holler?" exclaimed Willie.

"If you don't stop your interruptions I will have to call you 'Guiteau,' and that will be worse than to call to the police. Of course, when you burn your fingers you may holler some; but when mamma gets the rag ready to tie it up, you mustn't jerk it away and scream so as to raise the neighbors. And when you play with Jimmie Dickson, you mustn't get pouty because he can run faster than you. And when you want to come into the house, you mustn't kick the door and scream, 'Let me in, why don't you? And when dinner isn't most ready you mustn't'—"

"Dear me," broke in Willie, "isn't this sermon most out?"

"Thirdly: Be patient always. When you get up late in the morning, and your breakfast is all cold because you didn't come when you was called. And when I can't find the button hook because you hung it on the morning-glory vine. And—what more shall I say?"

"Say amen!" shouted Willie.

Just then, the door opened soft, and pussy came walking into the room. Willie sprang forward, took pussy up in his arms, and ran off to find his mamma, telling puss as he went "I can be patient to everybody, and patient everywhere, and patient always—cept when you scratch me, you naughty kitty,

and when Johnny preaches a awful long sermon."

And so the meeting closed without the benediction.—*Christian at Work.*

## Boys Who Became Famous Men.

One night father was aroused by the cry of fire from the street. Little imagining the fire was in his own house, he opened his bedroom door and found the place full of smoke, and that the roof was already burning through. Directing his wife and the two girls to rise and fly for their lives, he burst open the nursery-door where the maid was sleeping with five children. They snatched up the youngest, and bade the others follow her; the three eldest did so; but John, who was then six years old, was not awakened, and in the alarm was forgotten. The rest of the family escaped,—some through windows, others by the garden-door; the mother to use her own expression, "waded through the fire." Just then, John was heard crying in the nursery. The father ran to the stairs, but they were so nearly consumed that they could not bear his weight; and being utterly in despair he fell upon his knees in the hall, and in an agony commended the soul of his child to God. John had been awakened by the light, and finding it impossible to escape by the door, climbed upon a chest that stood near the window, and was seen from the yard. There was no time to procure a ladder, but one man was hoisted on the shoulders of another. And thus he was taken out. A moment after the roof fell in.

When the child was rescued the father cried out; "Come, neighbors, let us kneel down; let us give thanks to god. He has given me all my eight children; let the house go; I am rich enough." John Wesley always remembered this deliverance with the deepest gratitude. Under one of the portraits published during his life is a representation of a house on fire, with a scriptural inquiry, "Is not this a brand plucked out of the burning?"

There was a boy, whose father thought him stupid and used to express his contempt by saying, that if it pleased God to take from him any of his children he hoped it might be Isaac. Yet when the University of Cambridge sought for a successor to the great Newton, stupid Isaac Barrow was the man they