

Love Thyself Last.

Love thyself last. Look near; behold thy duty  
To those who walk beside thee down life's road;  
Make glad their days by little acts of beauty,  
And help them bear the burden of earth's load.

Love thyself last. Look far, and find the stranger  
Who staggers 'neath his sin and his despair;  
Go lend a hand and lead him out of danger,  
To heights where he may see the world is fair.

Love thyself last. The vastnesses above thee  
Are filled with spirit forces, strong and pure;  
And fervently these faithful friends shall love thee.  
Keep thou thy watch o'er others, and endure.

Love thyself last; and O such joy shall thrill thee  
As never yet such selfish souls was given!  
Whate'er thy lot, a perfect peace will fill thee.  
And earth shall seem the ante-room of heaven.

Love thyself last; and thou shalt grow in spirit,  
To see, to hear, to know and understand,  
The message of the stars, lo, thou shalt hear it,  
And all God's joys shall be at thy command.

Love thyself last. The world shall be made better  
By thee, if this brief motto forms thy creed,  
Go follow it in spirit and in letter,  
This is the Christ religion which men need.

For the CANADIAN CHURCHMAN.

EASTER EGGS.

A STORY ABOUT AN EASTER GIFT.

Translated from the German

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CHAPTER V.—CONTINUED.

A couple of eggs—of more value than if they had been of gold.

Fridolin told his name and related his history, and the man listened attentively, and at intervals asked all sorts of questions. "Wonderful," said he, as he pointed to the eggshells lying about on the moss, "that they are so beautifully red and blue. I have never before seen such eggs. I beg of you let me examine more closely again the egg which yet remains, and which you have replaced in your satchel!"

Fridolin gave it to him and related how he came by it. The man examined it very attentively and the tears forced themselves to his eyes. "Goodness!" said he, "what is written on this egg is indeed most true:

'Trust God indeed,  
He helps in need.'

I have now learned that by experience. With great fervency I besought God for help in this gulch, and He has heard my prayer. May His goodness in granting this favour be thankfully appreciated! Blessed be the good children who presented you with those few eggs. Oh indeed, they had no thought that with them they would save the life of a stranger. Blessed be the good lady who wrote the comforting verse upon this egg.

"Dearest Fridolin," he continued, "give the egg to me. I will set it up that I may always be able to have before my eyes the beautiful motto which has so signally proved true in me. Indeed, my children and grandchildren shall be strengthened in their trust in God as often as they look upon the egg and read the motto. Perhaps after a hundred years my great-grandchildren may still relate how wonderfully God had saved their great-grandfather from starvation, by means of a few eggs. I will for the eggs give you something else." He drew out his purse and gave him a gold piece for each egg that he had eaten—but for the egg with the beautiful rhyme he gave him two. Fridolin was truly unwilling to part with it. But the man begged until he gave it to him.

"Pray look," said the man now, as he glanced up the face of the cliff, "the evening is coming on and the rocks and bushes up there are already glimmering in the evening sun like ruddy gold. Let an attempt then be made to help me on to the horse once more. The way by which you came down into this horrible gulch, into which the sun never shines, at any rate permits me to hope for a way out."

Fridolin helped him upon his horse, and led it by the bridle. They passed through the gulch with many difficulties, yet without accident. Oh, how the man rejoiced when he again beheld the

sun, and forest and mountain everywhere lighted up with his glowing rays.

"We are now nearly approaching my uncle's," said Fridolin; "I am going at a rapid pace, and your horse certainly does not lag behind. My uncle will gladly receive you. He is a generous-hearted man. You will find not only a good night's lodging, but surely, also, loving care until you are restored."

By nightfall they arrived in front of the worthy stonecutter's dwelling. He gladly received the squire, and patted his young nephew Fridolin on the shoulder, because he had acted so worthily and kindly. Fridolin brought up his scruples that he was unable to keep his word and send to his mother and sister and brother the coloured eggs. "Ah, what eggs?" said Fridolin's uncle. "I know not indeed what you are prating all about red, blue and mottled eggs, or what preference these should especially have before other birds' eggs, many of which are certainly still far more beautifully and delicately coloured. But had they been of pure gold, they had nevertheless been well spent, if only, by this means, this good man might not die of hunger; but, besides, you for once have proved a worthy fellow. You have acted like the good Samaritan—and I shall now be keeper of the inn. But you will not be allowed to pay me anything!" he added smiling. "Do you hear?"

The squire showed the egg with the motto. "It is wondrously beautiful," said the uncle to Fridolin. "Meanwhile just yield it to him, for the gold will be more acceptable to your mother. Come I will exchange it for you!" The youth was astounded at the multitude of coins which he received for it; for he had not known gold, because he had never yet seen any. Indeed, the yellow money had appeared to him even somewhat suspicious. "See," said the uncle, "of your mother also is the motto true; 'God helps in need!' The motto is of more value than all the money. Meanwhile it is good that one can also remember the motto apart from the egg. Forget it not, then, all your life long."

The squire remained until he got entirely well, and ere his departure richly rewarded with presents all who were in the house.

CHAPTER VI.

An egg that was richly set in gold and pearls.

During spring and summer nothing particular occurred in the valley. The coal-burners tilled their little fields, and went industriously to the forest to burn coal; their wives took care of the housekeeping and kept many hens, and the children often asked whether it would not soon be Easter again. But the noble lady was now frequently very sad. Her aged faithful servant, who had accompanied her hither, and at the beginning from time to time had now made longer and again shorter journeys, and looked after her affairs, could now for some time past no longer leave the valley. For he began to be sickly. Indeed, when autumn came, and the bushes upon the rocks hereabouts were already gaily decked with leaves, he could scarcely go out in front of the door to sun himself a little—a thing which erstwhile he was so fond of doing. The lady, out of pity for the good, old man, and through anxiety lest she should lose her last support, shed many silent tears. Moreover it fell heavily upon her, that she could no longer receive through him any news from her native country, and in this low-lying valley, had been, as it were, cut off from all the rest of the world.

About this time, however, still another event put the good lady in no little anxiety and fear. Some coal-burners came one morning home from the forest and related to the miller: "As we sat cheerfully last night by our burning coal heaps, suddenly there came to us four strange men; they had iron helmets upon their heads and wore iron doublets, and carried large swords at the side, and held long halberds in the hand. They called themselves the vassals of the Count Von Schrofeneck, who with many horsemen had arrived in the mountains. They also made thorough enquiry about everyone in the neighbourhood."

The miller hastened with this news at once to the lady, who had just sat down at the bedside of the sick Kuno. When the miller uttered the name

Schrofeneck, she became deathly pale, and exclaimed, "O Lord, that is my most dreadful enemy! I believe nothing else than that he is making an attempt upon my life. Surely the coal-burners will not have disclosed my abode to the strange men!" The miller assured her that so far as he was aware, no mention at all had been made of her. "The men," said he, "only warmed themselves at the fire and by daylight conveyed themselves away again. But that they are still ranging hereabouts in the mountains is nevertheless certain."

"Dear Oswald," said the lady to the miller, "I have, since you received me into your house, learned to know you always as a God-fearing, righteous-dealing, reliable man. I will, therefore, confide to you my whole history, and disclose to you the great anxiety which now fills my heart; for on your good counsel and on your faithful adhesion I place entire reliance."

(To be Continued.)

Hints to Housekeepers.

**SWEETMEAT ROLL.**—Roll a strip of puff-paste to an eighth of an inch in thickness; spread with jam; roll and pinch the ends to keep the sweetmeats from coming out. Glaze with egg and bake in a moderate oven.

**STRAWBERRY WHIPPED CREAM.**—Rub two pounds and a half of strawberries through a sieve, and add half a pound of powdered sugar and one quart of whipped cream. Place a layer of macaroons or any small sweet biscuit in a dish, add a layer of the strawberry whip, then another layer of biscuit, and continue alternately until the cream is used up. Set aside in a very cold place, or on ice, and serve in the dish in which it is prepared.

**STRAWBERRY CREAM.**—Add to the beaten yolks of six eggs one and a half tablespoonfuls of flour and seven ounces of sugar; mix the whole thoroughly and stir it over a slow fire to a smooth cream. Having rubbed one pint of strawberries through a sieve, stir the fruit juice into the cream, let it come to a boil, colour it with a few drops of tincture of cochineal, and add to it the whites of the six eggs beaten stiff. Pour into a mould and set away to harden.

**ASPARAGUS PUDDING.**—Take about fifty young asparagus and cut up the green part into pea-sized pieces. Beat about an ounce of butter to a cream, add to it a cupful of flour, two teaspoonfuls of finely-chopped ham, four well-beaten eggs, a little pepper and salt, and then the asparagus. Mix all well together, and add sufficient milk to make it into a stiff batter. Put it into a well-oiled mould, wrap it up in a floured cloth, and place it in a saucepan of boiling water. When sufficiently cooked, turn it out on to a hot dish, and pour good, clear, clarified butter round it, in which two drops of vinegar have been put.

The real Southern tomato soup is a meal in itself. Wash two quarts of tomatoes and set over the fire in three pints of water; cook ten minutes and drain, saving the water for the soup; press the tomatoes through a sieve, add to them one cucumber, peeled and cut small, one large onion sliced, one dozen okras (also sliced), a five cent marrow-bone, and the water drained from the tomatoes. Simmer for three hours, and just before sending to table thicken with a tablespoonful of flour wet with cold water; season with salt, cayenne and three pats of butter.

**ANGEL CAKE.**—Whites of eleven eggs, one and one-half cups granulated sugar sifted once, one cup flour sifted with one teaspoonful cream of tartar four times, one teaspoonful vanilla. Bake in an ungreased pan forty minutes. When done invert pan on two cups and let stand until cake is cold.

**MARBLE CHOCOLATE CAKE.**—One-half cup butter and one cup sugar beaten to a cream, one-half cup sweet milk, one and one-half cups flour, one teaspoon baking powder, whites of four eggs added last. Take one cup of this mixture, add to it five tablespoonfuls grated chocolate, wet with milk and flavour with vanilla. Put a layer of white batter in cake pan, drop the chocolate batter with a spoon in spots; pour over the remaining white batter, and bake. Ice with chocolate icing.