

Let Me Lie Still

Let me lie still, ah! very still, dear Lord,
Upon Thy sheltering breast!
If I but stir, methinks the cruel sword
Deep, more deep, is pressed
Into the heart, struck with so keen a blow.
Its life was prone from that red wound to flow.

Gather me near, dear Lord, so near to Thee,
Fold me so close about.
That not a thought, dream, hope, or memory
Straying from Thee, drift out
To the dim borders of that world again.
Whose every touch revives the throb of pain!

Let me lie blind and deaf, with hidden face,
Till on my troubled eye,
Healed and anointed by Thy passing Grace,
May break a clearer sky.
And earth's dark, tear-enshrouded valleys shine.
Transfigured, Father, in Thy peace divine!

Litany Days.

Wednesday and Fridays are the ancient Litany Days. (See First Prayer-Book). They are the penitential days of the week, when the faithful of old assembled to chant the Litany preceded by the penitential psalms, as also on the Rogation Days, and at special times when the Litany, that sublime production of the early ages of the Church, was sung in procession. Processional Litanies have fallen into disuse, but the Church still retains the Litany on Wednesdays and Fridays throughout the year.

Sundays were added recently, not for any fitness of things, for Sunday is not the day to wail out Litanies and supplications for ourselves. It is the Lord's Day—a day to give or offer holy worship to the Lord with joy and gladness, and has never been regarded by Catholic Christians as a penitential day; but it came to be temporarily used as a Litany day during the evil time, when there was wanting some service to fill up the chasm left by the overthrow of the weekly Mass, the great Eucharistic Feast of the whole Christian world. To meet a desire for "long prayers," and the spirit of innovation among the restless "improvers" of the day, whose want of piety led to many an absurd practice, it was thought best to add the Litany with a mere fragment of the Communion Service to Sunday Matins, and thus make a human substitute for the Divine Liturgy of the altar. This Liturgical anomaly has been handed down to us; and considering the tenacity wherewith we hold on to this arrangement, one would think we were in possession of the very "acme" of Christian service; whereas the entire absence of the only feature commanded by our Blessed Lord for worship may justify our enemies in styling it an un-Christian office, sitting in the Holy Place to the dethronement of that which is our "bounden duty and service."

Taking this common-sense view of a much misunderstood subject, one can scarcely fail to see the inconsistency of having the Litany on Christmas, Easter, Whitsun-day, or any feast falling on Sunday, even if it were used on ordinary Sundays when the service is of the Sunday. In Advent and Lent there is a propriety in doing so, as somewhat of the penitential character of the season pervades the Sunday services. The same rule would apply to the additions made to invariably precede the "Our Father" at Matins and Vespers—proper for ordinary days it may be, but out of keeping on great festivals. The Church would have us observe feast and fast, with appropriate services for each.

"Even the Death of the Cross."

When all modes of death were open to Him, Jesus chose that which would bring with it the greatest share of pain and shame—"He became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross." The cross was the death of the slaves and malefactors. St. Paul himself no doubt reflected that in this he could not, if he would, rival the humiliation of his Master's glories. St. Paul knew that, as a Roman freeman, he would be beheaded if condemned to die. Upon this death upon the cross the Jewish law, as St. Paul reminded the Galatians, utters a curse (Gal. iii. 13), and that Christ should

thus have died seemed to present to each section of the ancient Eastern world especial difficulties. Christ crucified was to the Jews a stumbling-block, and to the Greeks, foolishness. And yet Christ "endured the cross, despising the shame." He was bent upon drinking to the dregs the cup of self-humiliation; and God does not do what He does by halves: He is as infinite in His condescensions as He is in His Majesty. He laid not stress on His Divine prerogative. If He willed to die, why should He not embrace death in all the intensity of the idea, surrounded by everything that could protract the inevitable suffering and enhance the inevitable humiliation? If He willed to become Incarnate at all, why should He exempt Himself from any conditions of creaturely existence? Why not in all things be made like unto His brethren, sin only except? While on the cross of shame He endures "the sharpness of death," He is only completing that emptying Himself of His glory which began when "taking upon Himself to deliver man, He did not abhor the Virgin's womb." Thus, as we read the passage over in Phil. ii. 5-8, we see the successive stages of the humiliation of the Eternal Son. Existing in the real nature of God, He set not store upon His equality with God, but emptied Himself of His glory by taking on Him the real nature of a slave, and being made in the likeness of man—that is the first step in the descent—and being found in outward appearance as a man, He humbled Himself among men, and became obedient unto death—that is the second; but when all forms of death were open to Him He chose to die in the manner which was most full of ignominy in the eyes of men—He became obedient unto the death of the cross—that is the third.—*Canon Liddon.*

Hints to Housewives.

HOW TO WASH DELICATELY COLOURED COTTONS SO AS TO PRESERVE THEIR FRESHNESS.

A good hint for the laundress is herewith taken from a household book of an experienced housewife whose daughters have the quaintest and freshest muslins all summer long. An excellent way to wash delicately coloured cottons, which you may wish to starch, is as follows: Make a gallon of rather stiff flour starch. It must be as smooth as can be, without a lump in it. If the prints are light, use a very little bluing. If they are dark, make the starch very blue indeed, and if they are black, use strained coffee to mix the starch with. Pour the half of the starch in a tub and thin it to the consistency of rich milk, with soft water if it can be procured, or water with a little borax in it. If the colours are of the "runny" kind, add a big handful of salt to the water. Wash the cottons through this on a board, without soap, scrubbing gently, but carefully. Rub through a second starch water, and then rinse in blue water with a handful of salt, but no starch. If there seems to be too much starch left in the garment a second rinse water will remove a little of it. The water should all be about blood heat or a little warmer, and a sunny day should be selected, so that the clothes will dry quickly. Sometimes even the starch wash fails to keep the cottons in good order, but I have seen very dainty lawn kept in perfect condition with such treatment. Cottons treated in this way seem to hold their newness longer.

The Peace of Forgiveness.

When the sinner is awakening to a sense of sin, and when under the power of that sense of sin he condemns himself, and sorrows for his sin, and turns sin-burdened to his God, he does it with the yearning to obtain from God peace of conscience, and he knows that this peace of conscience can only be his in the power of the divine forgiving. The more clearly as we see our sin in the light of God, the more clearly do we recognize the fact that, directly or indirectly, all sin is directed against God. Every sin which we have ever committed against God's creature derives special heinousness from the fact that he whom we have injured by the sin is God's creature—is God's. The sense of guilt always, if you analyze it, means

this, that by my sin I have altered my true relationship with God, and that I have given Him cause of offence, and He must have with me a reckoning. Now this consciousness of sin not only lives on, but it becomes intensified the more we advance in the way of repentance. Quickened in conviction it is increased in contrition, and as we pray for mercy and acknowledge our transgression, more and more does the conscience within us speak out God's condemnation of our sin. And if penitence is not to issue in the paralysis of moral despairing, if it is to be a rising into newness of life, of life lived in the love and the liberty of God, one thing is certain, God must meet me where I am with the peace of His forgiveness.

Hints to Housekeepers.

Cherries may be served at a luncheon treated thus: Hold the cherries by their stems and dip them into the white of an egg and then into powdered sugar. Pile them upon a flat glass dish and ornament the edge of the dish with cherry leaves.

Cherry sauce is exceedingly good with a cottage or batter pudding, and no nicer dessert can be found than light, puffy popovers and cherry sauce. To make the sauce, cream half a cup of butter and gradually add to it one and one-fourth cups of powdered sugar. Stone cherries and tear them into halves. Stir as many into the sauce as it will take without separating. Let the sauce remain in the ice box an hour before serving.

To make cherry jelly, dissolve four teaspoonfuls of granulated gelatine in one cup of water. Take one quart of ripe cherries, stem and stone them, saving the juice that comes from the fruit, and adding it to the soaked gelatine with one cup of sugar. Stir them over the fire until the sugar and gelatine are entirely dissolved. Put the pitted cherries into an earthen mould and turn the liquid jelly over them. Set in a cold place to harden.

PINE-APPLE ROCK CANDY.—Boil a pound of sugar to the crack. Take some preserved pine-apple, cut in slices, wipe very dry, and further dry for a few hours in a cool oven or over the register; stir a cup of this into the candy. Pour out into a greased pan. This candy must be eaten quickly.

CHERRY ROCK.—Four ounces of candied cherries; a pound of sugar boiled to the crack. When brittle, but before the candy changes colour, drop the cherries, a little warmed, into it. Pour it out into a small greased tin, at least two inches deep.

PRESERVED STRAWBERRIES.—To one pound of berries use three-fourths of a pound of sugar, in layers (no water). Place in a kettle on back of the stove until the sugar is dissolved into a syrup; then let come to a boil, stirring from the bottom. Spread on platters, not too thickly, and set out in the hot sun till the syrup thickens—it may take two or three days. Keep in tumblers or bowls like jelly. Strawberries done in this way retain their colour and flavour.

SPICED CURRANTS.—Three pounds white sugar, five pounds ripe currants, one tablespoonful each cinnamon, nutmeg, cloves and allspice. Boil currants one hour, then add sugar, spices and one-half pint vinegar; boil one-half hour long.

ICE CREAM CAKE.—One cup of butter rubbed with two cups white sugar to a cream, one cup sweet milk, three and one-half cups flour, two teaspoonfuls baking powder, and whites of eight eggs. Bake in jelly tins, and put together with boiled icing flavoured with orange, and spread on thick.

For cherry tapioca soak four tablespoonfuls of tapioca in one pint of water over night. In the morning stone cherries enough to make one pint of fruit. Add the juice that comes from them to tapioca with a pint of water. Add sugar enough to make it very sweet and let it cook slowly fifteen minutes, then add the fruit and cook five minutes longer. Turn into a pretty dish and let it get perfectly cold before rising. Serve with whipped cream.