

Evensong.

(Lewis Morris.)

And through all the clear spaces above—
oh wonder! oh glory of light!—
Came forth myriads and myriads of
worlds, the shining host of the night,—
The vast forces and fires that know the
same sun and center as we;
The faint planets which roll in vast orbits
round suns we shall never see;
The rays which had sped from the first,
with the awful swiftness of light,
To reach only then, it might be, the con-
fines of mortal sight;
Oh, wonder of Cosmical Order! oh Maker
and Ruler of all,
Before whose Infinite greatness in silence
we worship and fall!
Could I doubt that the Will which keeps
this great Universe steadfast and sure
Might be less than His creatures thought,
full of goodness, pitiful, pure?
Could I dream that the Power which
keeps these great suns circling around,
Took no thought for the humblest life
which flutters and falls to the ground?
"Oh, Faith! Thou art higher than all."
Then I turned from the glories above
And from every casement new-lit there
shone a soft radiance of love:
Young mothers were teaching their chil-
dren to fold little hands in prayer;
Strong fathers were resting from toil,
'mid the hush of the Sabbath air;
Peasant lovers strolled through the lanes,
shy and diffident each with each,
Yet knit by some subtle union too fine
for their halting speech:
Humble lives, to low thought, and low;
but linked, to the thinker's eye,
By a bond that is stronger than death,
with the lights of the ultimate sky:
Here as there, the great drama of life
rolled on, and a jubilant voice
Thrilled through me, ineffable, vast, and
bade me exult and rejoice.

The Ingle Nook.

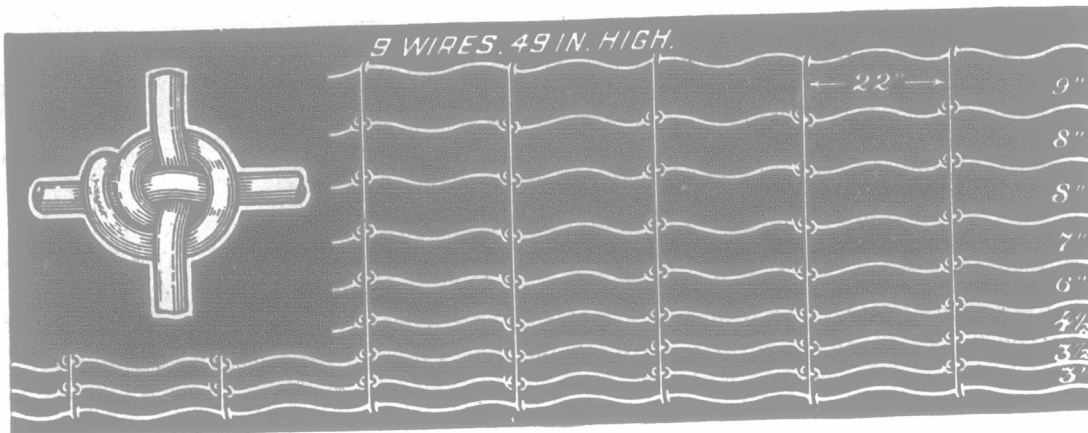
[Rules for correspondents in this and other Departments: (1) Kindly write on one side of paper only. (2) Always send name and address with communications. If pen-name is also given, the real name will not be published. (3) When enclosing a letter to be forwarded to anyone, place it in stamped envelope ready to be sent on. (4) Allow one month in this department, for answers to questions to appear.]

A Helpful Letter.

Dear Dame Durden and Chatterers All,—
Can you make room for another member?
So long I have been going to write, and
once had a letter almost written. And
now what hastens me is that the dande-
lions are now out, and I want to
tell that sister who asked so long ago
what was good for liver spots, that if
she will pick and dry them (in the shade
always), and drink freely of the tea for
weeks, after first taking a good dose
of aloes or old-fashioned blue pills,
I think she will find it will help
her. Never boil herbs, steep with boiling
water. Where is Nooker, I wonder, who
wrote so learnedly a year or two ago
about our plants? I wish I knew as
much as she about them, but a little
knowledge of even a few old-fashioned
herbs is very useful at times. I wonder
how many Ingle Nookers have been for-
tunate enough to go picking May flowers
this spring? So often when I read your
letters my heart exclaims, like "Anne of
Green Gables" (that book made me feel
twenty years younger), "Here is a kindred
spirit," and I long to look in your faces
and clasp your hands. Brownie, I, too,
am a lover of Wordsworth.

Now, I have been stirred up to say a
few words to the young wives and house-
keepers. I always have a heart full of
sympathy for them, and oh, I don't want
any more of them to develop into broken-
down women. For, despite the fact that
everyone who writes to the Ingle Nook
seems to be bright and cheery, even to
dear Lankshire Lass, still we know there
are many weary and discouraged ones.
A great many young wives start out
with some notable housekeeper in view as
a model. Quite often it is "his mother,"
or perhaps her own. She does not real-
ize that she herself is perhaps slight and
delicate, while her "model" is a woman
of iron constitution, who has been able,
without detriment to herself, to keep her
house and children spotless, be always
ready for company or going visiting, do

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kind of fencing?

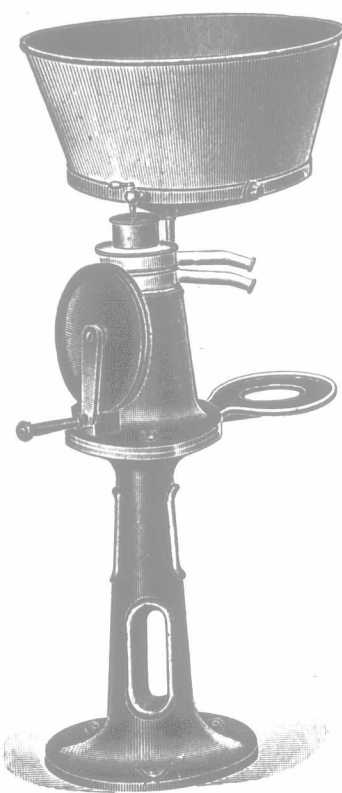
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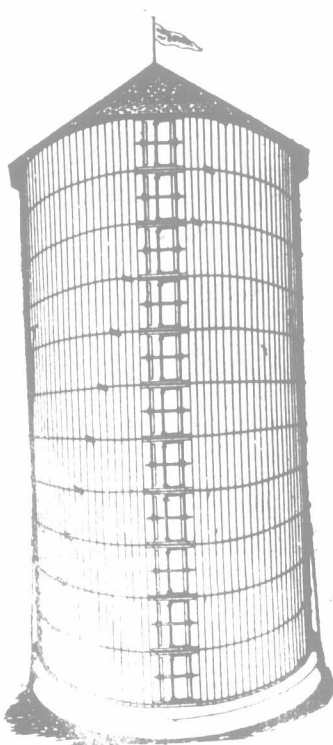
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all her own sewing, care for a large gar-
den, etc., etc. All honor to those splen-
did women! Would there were more of
them! And it is for you young mothers
to see to it that your daughters have a
chance to develop just such constitutions.
But the fact remains that we are not all
like them, and it is utter foolishness for
us to try to do as they do.

Some time ago, I was struck by a
phrase in a prayer which I read: "Show
us how to work restfully, hopefully and
joyfully, looking only to Thine approval."
Oh, sisters, let us all take that for our
watchword, and see how many of our
troubles would vanish. For, oh, we do
so many unnecessary things; and we do
so many things in such an unnecessarily
hard way. Read over again "Lottie
Lee's" letter, in December 22nd issue, and
note what she says about sweeping, dust-
ing and ironing. And, let me tell you,
you can iron, wash, dishes, mix bread,
roll out pie, and many other things, just
as well sitting down, and rest that weary
back and those aching feet. Don't say
you haven't the proper table or chair.
Use your inventive genius, and improvise
them, and you can get the proper ones.
A footstool on a chair, makes a high
chair. Two old chairs by the side of the