

THE QUIET HOUR

EASTER HYMN.

Christ the Lord is risen to-day,
Sons of men and angels say.
Raise your joys and triumphs high
Sing ye heavens; thou, earth, reply.

Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
Christ hath burst the gates of hell.
Death in vain forbids His rise;
Christ hath opened Paradise.

Love's redeeming work is done;
Fought the fight, the victory won.
Lo! our Sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo! He sets in blood no more.

Praise we now our risen King;
Where, O Death, is now thy sting?
Once he died our souls to save—
Where's thy victory, boasting Grave?

LIFE AND DEATH.

I thought of death beside the lonely sea,
That went beyond the limit of my sight,
Seeming the image of his mastery,
The semblance of his huge and gloomy might.

But from beneath the sea went the
great earth
With sober bulk and adamant hold,
The water but a mantle of her girth,
That played about her splendor fold on fold.

And life seemed like this dear familiar
shore,
That stretched from the wet sands' last
wavy crease,
Beneath the seas remote and sombre
roar,

To inland stillness and the wilds of
peace.
Death seems triumphant only here and
there;

Life is the sovereign presence every-
where.
—DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT.

AN EASTER MEMORY.

The chime of bells across the waking
year

Peals out "The White Christ risen from
the dead,"

The Gospel that the warming winds
have spread,

The mystery the golden-wing makes
clear.

The tender sky smiles over it; the air
Is kind with love to comfort all the earth.
The brown parks have forgotten winter's
dearth

Since daffodils and sunlight made them
fair.

But still the grey church from the
crowded street

Allures me with the spell of broken
dreams—

O heart, my heart, to you and me it
seems

That God has left his glory incomplete!
Can we not see her, as a year ago,

Beyond that sunlight flaked in colored
fire—

The up-turned face, the eyes of still
desire,

The dusk-gold hair that now the angels
know?

What means this tender azure sky to
her,

With bells that chime against the winds
of spring?

Does memory move her when the blue-
birds sing,

Or does she feel the old sweet pulses stir?
The organ lays its voice across our
strife;

What is it that the sobbing notes would
say?

For you and me, my heart, another day!
For her—the Resurrection and the Life!

—WILLIAM CARMAN ROBERTS.

Dear "Hope": I am taking the liberty to pen you a few lines to tell you how interested I am in your page, and in the work you are carrying on through the FARMER'S ADVOCATE. I think in these out-of-the-way places and among the young bachelors (like myself) your helpful words must be a great blessing, especially as, in this place, there is no service in any of the places of worship during the winter months.

THE STORY OF THE CROSS.

I.—THE QUESTION.

In His own raiment clad—
With His Blood dyed:
Women walk sorrowing
By His Side.

Heavy that Cross to Him—
Weary the weight—
One who will help Him waits
At the gate.

See! they are travelling
On the same road—
Simon is sharing with
Him the load.

Oh, whither wandering,
Bear they that Tree?
He who first carries it—
Who is He?

II.—THE ANSWER.

Follow to Calvary—
Tread where He trod—
He Who for ever was
SON OF GOD.

You who would love Him, stand,
Gaze at His Face;
Tarry awhile on your
Earthly race.

As swift the moments fly
Through the blest week,
Hear the great Story the
Cross will speak.

Is there no beauty to
"You who pass by?"
In that lone Figure which
Marks the sky?

III.—THE STORY OF THE CROSS.

On the Cross lifted up
Thy Face I scan—
Bearing that Cross for me,
Son of Man.

Thorns form Thy diadem,
Rough wood Thy Throne—
For us Thy Blood is shed—
Us alone.

No pillow under Thee
To rest Thy Head—
Only a splintered Cross
Is Thy bed.

IV.—THE APPEAL FROM THE CROSS.

Child of My Grief and Pain—
Watched by My Love—
I came to call thee to
Realms above.

I saw thee wandering
Far off from Me;
In Love I seek for thee—
Do not flee.

For thee My Blood I shed—
For thee alone;
I came to purchase thee—
For Mine Own.

Weep not for My Grief,
Child of My Love—
Strive to be with Me in
Heaven above.

V.—OUR CRY TO JESUS.

Oh, I will follow Thee,
Star of my soul,
Thro' the deep shades of life
To the goal.

Yes, let Thy Cross be borne
Each day by me—
Though it press heavily,
If with Thee.

LORD, if Thou only wilt
Make me Thine own,
Fix my heart's longing on
Thee alone.

Grant me each day of life
To stand by Thee:
With Thee, when morning breaks,
Ever to be. Amen.

—REV. E. MONRO.

I have taken the liberty of publishing part of the letter enclosed with "The Story of the Cross," thinking that it may help others who are from England and who miss the holy services they have been accustomed to. I hope our correspondent will forgive me, though he did ask me not to publish his letter. His words ring true, they are so quiet and manly. Such strong, earnest Christianity is contagious, so I don't feel disposed to hide the fact in my waste-paper basket, in spite of the writer's request.

Hope

HOUSEHOLD SANITATION.

By MARY E. ALLEN DAVIDSON, M. D.
CHAPTER III.—THE CELLAR.

To those who purpose building a home this summer, the question of the cellar is of the first importance. Indeed, a good cellar is vital to the well-being of all the family. As in every enterprise, the foundation should be your chiefest consideration. In selecting the site for your house, think of the cellar, and secure good drainage, so that there may be no unwholesome dampness at any season of the year. The land should slope away from the house, preferably towards the sun. The north side of a hill, for example, is not so cheery as a slope that gives the sun for a constant friend. Another benefit is that rains wash surface refuse down from the house, and this makes the grounds surrounding it cleaner.

Don't stint your outlay on the cellar. Plan for the coming years. If you can afford to build at all, you can afford to spend more on the cellar proportionately than on any other part of the house. Indeed, it will prove the highest economy to do so, for this is the one part of the house that in future years is most difficult to remodel, to suit the enlarged ideas of comfort and convenience that are sure to come as the years go on. Take the trouble to inspect the most comfortable and the newest homes. Note any defects. Ask for information and advice from those who have good cellars. I would advise that the cellar be the full size of the house, for many reasons, chiefly because the ventilation is likely to be better from the greater space. Then you must have a furnace. Do without something in the upper part of the house if the cost seems too great at first. This will require considerable space; so build the full size. You will find plenty of use for all the room there is, later on, if not now. Build substantial stone wall, using good material. Be sure to have the excavation deep enough to get well below the frost-line, to prevent heaving and consequent cracking of the walls. Have these high enough above the ground level to allow plenty of space to secure abundant light and ventilation for the cellar. This also raises your house high enough above the ground to secure a circulation of air comparatively free from dust and organic particles, which eddy near the ground and of course obtain entrance to houses whose lower floors are nearly level with the ground. A good size for cellar windows is two and a half feet high by two feet wide. One foot of the height may be below the ground level. Build an area of stone-work, brickwork or cement outward from each window for about one and a half feet. Have the walls extend from one inch or two below the sill to three or four inches above the ground level and floor this space with cement, or bricks laid side by side. All dust and other accumulations can be removed easily and often. Any rain water that is held can also be removed. This tends to keep the frame and window sash dry and close, serves as a protection to the glass, and by permitting of the early and frequent removal of all material eddying into it renders such accumulations unlikely to obtain entrance to the cellar or to impair the usefulness of the windows in providing abundant light and plenty of pure air.

Many people use a boxing of plank instead, and do not floor the area at all. The result is a rank growth of grass and weeds spring up, which is hard to eradicate, or indeed to keep in bounds at all, as they grow again as soon as removed. If one wears in well-doing and allows these to remain they form a tangle of grass, weeds, paper, straw, chips, every wind-blown rubbish which is most unsightly and insanitary. Dampness results and consequent decay. The rotted and rotting matter is blown or washed through the windows into the house.

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MOTHER'S RECIPES.

Dear Dame Durden: I am writing to let you know that I think the letters in the Ingle Nook must be very helpful to a great number. To the young and inexperienced housekeeper they must be of special benefit.

I have often thought if I had been following some of the recipes given in your column instead of those given in some of the cook books I should have had better results with my bread and biscuits, and would not have had to make such free use of "my ditch" or which I told you about a year ago.

My mother is one who can mix, flavor and make to perfection without the aid of a cook book. But alas for her who hopes to copy mother's recipes, for they do not exist, save in her own brain, and they could never be transferred to paper. A short time before I was married I got paper and pencil, intending to make a cook book out of mother's most valuable rules and recipes.

Mother sat down, smoothed her apron, folded her plump hands and said she would be delighted to give me her recipes every one. "We will begin with the simplest," said I, "apple sauce—Will is so fond of it."

"Well," said mother, "I peel my apples, nice and quarter them and put them on the stove with a little water."

"How many apples and how much water do you use?" I inquired.

That was a poser. Mother looked at me in real distress.

"Dear me, Dell," said she, "I can't tell you that to save my life! why, just enough you know to do."

"Well," said I, trying to approach the subject by a different way, "Sugar. How much of that to say, a quart of apple?"

"Oh, I don't know, I just take the sugar can over to the stove and put on—well, what is required."

I gave up the apple sauce for buns, but there also lurked defeat—when it came to currants. "Oh, I don't know," said she slowly, "not many, but enough so there is one here and there."

Gingerbread is one of her master pieces. Yet how much soda does she put to the sour milk?

"Enough to sweeten it and make the cake rise real good. You will know when you try it."

I sat with idle pencil and useless paper, while mother quite unconscious of disappointing me, beamed through her glasses and discoursed on the ease of cooking properly "if one only gave one's mind to it." Mother could do it, but she could not tell how, and she did not have the chance to teach me.

I am sending a few hints which will help someone, I hope. Sometimes little things go wrong with dishes and the cook is at a loss to account for them. The recipe may have been followed carefully and yet the result is anything but successful. Many mishaps occur from a lack of forethought. Do not begin to make a dish until you have carefully read over the recipe, collected all the ingredients and fixed the fire. Do one thing at a time; make haste without hurrying. Cakes, pastry and such delicate dishes should be made when there is no other cooking going on in the kitchen. Give them your whole time.

O dear! I am afraid I may have worn away my welcome by writing so much!

DELL.

P. S.—If S. F. M. C. of Feb. 27th issue writes me, I can tell her something she wants to know.

(Your welcome does not show the least sign of wear and tear. In fact, it looks just as good as new. It is of durable material, and, besides, has not yet had any strain put upon it. Such cooks as your mother are like poets—born not made, and unable to transmit the gift.—D. D.)