

"Come Ye Apart and Rest Awhile."

A soft, loving voice fell sweet on my ear,  
Bidding me pause, its words to hear.  
'Tis the Saviour speaks, in accents clear,  
Gently He calls, "Come, children, dear.  
Unsatisfied, weary of life's long wile,  
Come ye apart and rest awhile."

From the turmoil of earth, its noise and fret,  
From thorny paths thy feet have met,  
From pleasures that fade and leave but regret,  
From griefs the heart can ne'er forget,  
From sins that beset, from cares that beguile,  
"Come ye apart and rest awhile."

From the burden and heat of life's brief day,  
Turn, Christian, turn, the call obey.  
With Him our leader, our guide and stay,  
Our wilful feet will no more stray.  
In the strength of His love, the peace of His smile,  
"Come ye apart and rest awhile."

Gold, Frankincense and Myrrh

A STORY OF THE HOUSE BY THE CATHEDRAL.

By EMILIE SEARCFIELD.

(Continued.)

Certainly there was a spice of truth in his words; the girl's head was a marvel of untidiness, with braids and tangles hanging down on her shoulders.

"Well, you boys did it, you know; you pulled my hair down," cried Bessie hotly, slapping them in turn on the shoulders with the brush she wielded. The tumult began to grow hot and fierce again with shouts and laughter.

Ethel gained her voice at last, gulping down her sobs. "Be quiet, you boys, can't you? and go to school!" she said turning her tear-stained face towards them.

"Whew! she's just like——" Jack paused a moment for a comparison.

"An old maid," averred Willie, coming to the rescue.

Now an elderly woman put her head into the room.

"Miss Ethel, one would think you'd send those boys to school, and begin lessons with Miss Bessie and Nellie, or what are ye fit for?" was her spoken reproof.

"She's crying," said Freddie in a stage whisper, nodding his head at the servant.

"Folks as does wrong has need to cry," was her dry retort. And now, you boys, just you march off to school." She whisked them all three out by the shoulder, bade Bessie go and attend to her untidy head, and glancing, not unkindly, at poor troubled Ethel twining Nellie's curls into order, made her exit.

CHAPTER III.—WHO KNEW ABOUT IT.

Moonlight was shimmering down over the garden beds and the Lent lilies, and stealing in at the window of the little back parlour in the organist's house. Only Ethel and her father were there, the young girl at her old post by the window, her father sitting at the other side of the room in shadow, his head bowed on his hand, and his elbow resting on the table.

A heart-sickness, a very faintness, was stealing over Ethel, standing there making her mighty resolve to speak to her father at once, that very evening, of yielding up that which Bertie had only in the morning craved of her. She would do it at once lest her courage should waver.

"Father," she said, gliding across the room and standing at the back of his chair, her hand on his arm, "father, may I discontinue my lessons at Signor Giuvani's?" Her voice was very tremulous.

"Discontinue your lessons at Signor Giuvani's! Child, I do not understand you," replied her father, rousing himself.

"I want you to let me off, papa—not to make me go there—not to——" She was getting confused, conscious that she was making her request very badly.

"I never wished you to go there, never wished you to take lessons in painting; in fact, never favoured the scheme at all—you know I did not, Ethel," said her father, decisively.

"No, papa, I know," she returned, humbly; "and now I do not wish to go on."

"Do I understand that you wish to give up the thing altogether, and have no more to do with it?" Her father spoke rather sternly.

"Yes, papa, I think that is what I want."

"Think! Don't you know?"

"Yes, papa, that is what I want you to let me do."

"And what has put this new whim into your head?"

"Oh papa, 'tisn't a whim," was the wistful reply.

"Well, Ethel, I am not averse to the plan, because I never favoured your painting fever, as I said before; still, I am disappointed, as this is another proof of your instability and changefulness of character." Mr. Graham spoke severely: he had always looked upon his daughter as changeable, unstable; perhaps she had been somewhat fickle, and swayed to and fro, as her girlish fancies led her hitherto; but now this noble self-surrender would be something steadfast, or why was the poor girl's soul so stirred within her, her cheeks blanching, her heart palpitating at what she was doing? "It may be as well in the end though, as it is," continued her father, "for I may be able now to afford some sort of schooling for Bessie, instead of letting her run wild like a young colt, depending upon you for instruction." His words were partly just in their half-reproach; still her father misunderstood her.

She could not trust herself to speak in reply; she only kissed his cheek and went out of the room, up the stairs, with their faded carpet, and into her own little chamber, to sob herself into calmness. She had laid it down, her life-glory, her all, as it seemed to her that night, and no sweet voice whispered to her that there will be a glorious gathering up hereafter of all we have laid down now in this our trial-time, in simple, unwavering love; she only knelt down by her bed and sobbed, and felt that Bertie's heart would be lighter, if her own was heavier, for what she was doing; and this comforted her. By-and-by she heard Bertie coming up the stairs, and went out on the landing to speak to him.

"Bertie," she whispered, drawing him into the recess by the moonlit window, where they had so often sat and talked or read, "I've asked papa not to let me go to Signor Giuvani again, and he says I may not; so I give it up."

(To be Continued.)

The Forty Days Fast.

The promised Prophet, Priest and King has come, and has been anointed by the Messenger of God. Yea, God's own voice accepts Him as His Beloved Son. After His Baptism or ordination He does not at once enter upon His ministry as we might expect, but after the manner of Moses and Elijah, He fasts for forty days. This fast in His case, as in the others, was a preparation for the great labours that were to follow. His retirement, meditation and fasting made Him ready for the onslaught of Satan, as well as for the public ministry. Let us learn from this the importance of meditation, personal communion with God, and of fasting.

"The Scriptures bid us fast;" the Church says "Now." She gives a list of days and season of abstinence, of which (would God the ordering were more noted and acted upon by her children!) Friday in each week, except it be Christmas Day, is one. She clearly directs the manner and end of fasting, and lays down most plain rules for the guidance of her members. This very specially in the Collect for the first Sunday in Lent, in which she prescribes "such abstinence as may subdue the flesh to the spirit," leaving each to judge of the degree which, in each case, will have this effect. Excessive abstinence, for instance, would with many have an effect entirely opposite. And as Jeremy Taylor instructs, fasting must in no case injure health. Yet even the exempt from this duty, as the delicate, the aged, the poor and the very young, may find many minor instances in which self-denial and disciplinary self-restraint may be employed.

If any find it easy to subdue the flesh, to give precedence to spirit over body in devotion, to conquer the old nature and to adopt the new; in a word, not only to "follow after holiness" with painful toil, but to be already holy, then to such we speak not. They need not the stuff which even Christ vouchsafed to use, and they have distanced St. Paul, and have already attained. But those who, pressing toward the mark, find still the flesh impede them, and the world's entanglements hold them back, these will not neglect or hold lightly discipline proved and tried as to its virtue, in the past time and in the present, by the experience of the earnest athletes of God.

How I Can Keep Lent.

- By active deeds of charity.
- By faithfulness in my work for God.
- By worship in His Holy Church.
- By reconciliation wherever I have offended.

Hints to House-keepers.

OYSTER OMELET.—Drain through a colander one dozen oysters, strain the juice, put a little in a stew pan over the fire, add the oysters, and let them stand until the edges begin to ruffle, then skim out and drain, and season with salt. Beat four whole eggs, add four tablespoonfuls of warm water, place a smooth stew pan over the fire, add half a teaspoonful of butter, then add the oysters and shake the stewpan until the bottom is cooked. Turn over the omelet, or set it in the oven on a grate, so the top will brown, sprinkle a little salt over the top, and serve immediately from a hot platter.

ESCALLOPED OYSTERS.—Allow one pint of grated bread to one can of oysters, add two tablespoonfuls of butter, one small cupful of sweet milk and cream mixed. In a buttered dish place a layer of bread crumbs, then a layer of oysters, and sprinkle with salt and pepper and bits of butter. Alternate the layers till the dish is nearly full, using crumbs for the top layer; pour milk over the top and then add more crumbs. The top and bottom layers of crumbs should be quite thick, but there should not be many between the layers of oysters.

OYSTER DUXELLES.—Allow five oysters to each person. Have ready large scallop shells or individual baking dishes, which have been buttered. Beat one egg slightly and add one teaspoon of hot water. Pick over and drain the oysters, dip each in the beaten egg, then roll in fine bread crumbs, of which two cupfuls will be needed. Lay five of the oysters thus prepared in each shell or dish, with the points to the centre. Sprinkle over each dish half a teaspoonful of chopped celery. Dust with salt and pepper; add to each dish a teaspoonful of bread crumbs, a tablespoonful of cream, and half a teaspoonful of butter in bits. Bake for fifteen minutes in a hot oven. One can of oysters will serve five people.

COTTAGE PUDDING.—One cup of sugar, three teaspoonfuls of butter, three eggs, half a cup of milk, one teaspoonful of soda, two teaspoonfuls of cream tartar. Mix quickly and bake in quick oven, and serve with a "dip sauce," made with one cup sugar, quarter pound of butter, one egg, one glass of wine. Cream the butter and sugar; beat till very light; beat the yolk of the egg light and the white to a froth; stir gently into the sugar and butter; stand it over the teakettle and mix in slowly the wine.

TO MAKE LINEN WHITE.—To make linen beautifully white, use refined borax in the water instead of soda or washing powder. A large handful of powdered borax to 10 gallons of boiling water is the proportion, and you will save one-half in soap by this method. Borax being a natural salt, does not injure in the slightest degree the texture of the linen, and will soften the hardest water.

In washing the face you need to thoroughly cleanse the skin at least once a day, and this should be done last thing at night. Wash well with tepid water and pure soap, which lather well over the face, rinse thoroughly, and dry, using gentle but thorough friction.