

"Life's Little Day."

BY C. S. KINGSLAND.

Like wandering sheep we stray
Hither and yon.
Thro' many a rugged field,
Still passing on

To reach a fairer scene
And pastures new,
Our wayward footsteps lead
Where skies are blue.

When heavy clouds shall fall,
The day is dark,
Right onward still we plod
Nor tempests mark.

For life's but a little day
And much to do.
There's work for all who will,
Play for the few.

Tangled weeds and thorns
Impede our path;
Thwarting our heart's desires,
Provoking wrath.

Our lips are dry and parched,
The spring is far,
But onward, onward must we go
Beyond the bar.

What tho' the goal be reached
And nothing won,
May we pass within the fold
When day is done?

For the CANADIAN CHURCHMAN.

EASTER EGGS.

A STORY ABOUT AN EASTER GIFT.

Translated from the German.

BY THE REV. W. H. WADLEIGH, B.A.

CHAPTER IV.

The feast of the coloured eggs: a children's festival.

Meanwhile summer and autumn passed and winter came. It was, moreover, in this rough district very severe. The little cottages in the valley lay for long months as if buried in the snow; only the smoking chimneys, and in part also the roofs, were seen above the white veil. Of the passages between the rocks one could scarcely see yet a trace. The mill stood still and the waterfalls hung there rigid and foamless upon the rock. As there could be but little meeting together, so much the greater was the delight when the snow melted, and it was now spring again.

The children of the valley hereupon at once returned and brought to the strange children, Edmund and Blanda, the first blue violets and little yellow primroses which they had been able to find in the valley. Indeed, they plaited for them, so soon as there were a few of those charming spring flowerets, the most beautiful blue and yellow wreaths. "I must in return," said the noble lady, "by all means then make a treat for the good children. I will, on the coming Feast of Easter, give them a little rustic children's festival; for it is so beautiful and appropriate that one should on such a festal day, make it, as well at least as one always can, a day of rejoicing to the children. But what shall I give them? At Christmas I was able to present them with apples and nuts, which I had sent for for them. At this season only is there nothing in the house but a few eggs. As yet Nature has brought forth nothing that would be enjoyable; all trees and bushes stand without fruit or berries. Eggs are the first gifts of reviving nature."

"But," said Martha, "if the eggs were only not so without all colour! Yet white is also truly beautiful. Only, the other sorts of colours of fruits and berries, together with the beautiful red cheeks of apples, are still more beautiful."

"You there lead me to a fancy," said the good lady, "which may not be altogether bad. I will hard-boil the eggs, and a thing which admits of being easily done during the boiling, will at the same time colour them. The many kinds of colours will give a certain amount of pleasure to the children."

The intelligent mother new several roots and mosses which can be used for colouring. She now coloured the eggs in various ways. Some were a

beautiful sky-blue, and others as yellow as lemons, others as beautifully red as the inner petals of roses. Some had tied about them tender little green leaves, which left their images upon them, and gave them an incomparably beautifully gay appearance. On some she also wrote a little rhyme.

"The coloured eggs," said the miller, "are right ready for the festival, where Nature has laid aside her white dress, and adorned herself with all kinds of colours." The good mother at once observed: "How the good Lord not only gives luscious fruits but also makes them beautiful and pleasing to the eye. As He colours the cherries red, the plums blue, the pears yellow, so does He with eggs." Hereupon the lady sent Martha down into the valley and had invited the children, who were nearly of like age with Edmund and Blanda, to a little children's festival on Holy Easter Day. Easter Day this time was on an exceedingly beautiful spring day. A true resurrection day of nature. The sun shone so fine and warm, the sky was so clear and blue, that it was a delight, and everything felt new life. The meadows in the valley were already a beautiful green, and here and there gaily decked with flowers. Every one enjoyed himself, and joyful faces were everywhere seen.

Already long before the break of rosy dawn, had the lady and the aged Kuno set out on their way to church, which lay two hours distant, beyond several mountains. Edmund and Blanda were obliged meanwhile to remain at home under Martha's oversight. The fathers and mothers in the valley, and the larger children who were able to go so far, they also took with them thence. About noon the lady, with the help of the mule which Kuno drove, returned home again; but the rest of the people with their children did not get home again until long after noon or nearly evening.

As soon as the lady arrived the invited children who had been left at home, and who longingly awaited the lady's return, came up the valley full of gladness and in their best clothes, and assembled in front of the door of the lady's house. The lady came out with Edmund and Blanda and kindly greeted the assembled children, and went with them into the garden to the house which Kuno had with much care greatly beautified during the last year, and had extended to the neighbouring stone wall. The lady sat down upon a small bench under a tree, called the children nearer to her, and all pressed forward to her and looked pleased, smiling pleasantly toward her.

"Now my dear children," said she, "do you know why this day is so great and joyful a festival for us?" "Oh, yes," exclaimed the children, "because Jesus Christ is risen from the dead." "But could you also relate," she inquired, "how it occurred? You know He died out of love to us, and was buried. What further took place?"

Martha's little sister looked around in the garden, and then upon the face of the rock wall, and said: "His grave was also in a garden, and it was hewn in a rock. The grave was closed with a great high stone, as by a door. Jesus had said before that He would rise again from the dead in three days; but the people would not believe Him. He alone had spoken. Now, what took place? The holy angel appeared at His grave, as he once did at His manger-bed. On the morning of the third day, an angel came down from heaven and rolled away the stone from the tomb. His raiment was white as snow, and a halo shone about Him much brighter than lightning. Yet another beautiful, shining angel appeared, and Jesus Christ came forth from the grave alive again, brighter and more powerful than any angel. As the pious shepherds formerly came to Jesus' crib, so now did the pious women visit His grave; and as an angel had made known to the shepherds with great joy that Christ was born, so did the angel make known to the faithful women at the grave with just as great joy, that He was risen. 'Why seek ye the living among the dead?' said the angel; 'He is not here, He is risen, as he had foretold.'" "Now indeed," said the lady, "you have well attended to what I have told you, and my Edmund and Blanda here, I will now continue the narrative."

(To be continued.)

Literature and the Bible.

Someone once compiled a work to show how much Shakespeare owed to the Bible. To the same Book Mr. Hall Caine admits that he is very largely indebted. "I think," he says, in *McClure's Magazine*, "that I know my Bible as few literary men know it. There is no book in the world like it, and the finest novels ever written fall far short in interest of any one of the stories it tells. Whatever strong situations I have in my books are not of my own creation, but are taken from the Bible. 'The Deemster' is the story of the Prodigal Son. 'The Bondman' is the story of Esau and Jacob. 'The Scapegoat' is the story of Eli and his sons, but with Samuel as the little girl; and 'The Manxman' is the story of David and Uriah."

Hints to Housekeepers.

Appetizing gruel, well made, with cream, and taken about a teacupful the last thing at night, is said to be more fattening than cod-liver oil.

To stone raisins pour boiling water over them and let them stand in it five or ten minutes. Drain, and rub each raisin between the thumb and finger till the seeds come out clean, then cut or tear apart or chop, if wanted very fine. Scald only a few at a time.

If the bottom crust of fruit pies is glazed with the white of an egg, it will not be soft and soggy. The top of meat and all kinds of raised pies should be glazed. Beat the yolk of an egg for a short time, add one spoonful of milk. When the pie is two-thirds done remove from the oven, brush over with the glaze, return to the oven and finish baking.

Fuller's earth is one of those things which no family should be without. When grease has been spilled upon the carpet, a paste of magnesia and fuller's earth in equal parts, mixed with boiling water, should be applied and let dry. When it is hard brush the powder away, and the grease spots will have disappeared. Fuller's earth and benzine will remove stains from marble.

Relishes to serve with a lettuce or celery salad are made by cutting squares of bread about a fourth of an inch thick, using a small cake cutter to transform them into fancy shapes, and frying them in deep fat. While they are hot they should be covered with grated cheese, spread on in a thick layer, and after standing them in the oven for two minutes they may be served at once.

LYONNAISE POTATOES.—Cut a quart of cold boiled potatoes into dice a little over an inch square; put a tablespoon of butter in a frying pan, and when it is very hot add a white onion minced fine. Cook until soft, add the potatoes, tossing them with a fork in the frying pan until they are evenly coloured a delicate brown. Sprinkle a tablespoon of minced parsley over them and stir with fork again. Serve at once with steak.

A delicious dessert for a dinner or a sweet dish for a luncheon is made from grated pineapple prepared in the following way: After grating, drain the fruit by spreading it out on a sieve. Beat the whites of three eggs to a froth, and add to them gradually three tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar; beat until stiff, then flavour with a teaspoonful of good sherry and a teaspoonful of orange juice. Whip one pint of cream and stir or fold it a little at a time into the egg and sugar mixture. Add the grated pineapple a little at a time and carefully, and serve in punch glasses or custard cups with fresh macaroons. Serve very cold.

Almond cold cream may be easily made at home at a trifling expense. Put half an ounce each of spermaceti and white wax in an earthen jar. A marmalade jar is an excellent shape for the purpose. Pour over the wax and spermaceti two ounces or about a gill of almond oil. Set the jar in a pan of warm water and stir the mixture until it melts. When it is an even clear mass, add a tablespoonful of the best violet extract. Pour it at once into porcelain jars with covers. Cover them while warm and set them away in a cold place where they will cool quickly. Covering the cream closely prevents the evaporation of the perfume.

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