

### Bringing Our Sheaves with Us

The time for toil is past, and night has come,  
The last and saddest of the harvest eves;  
Worn out with labour long and wearisome,  
Drooping and faint, the reapers hasten home,  
Each laden with his sheaves.

Last of the labourers, thy feet I gain,  
Lord of the harvest! and my spirit grieves  
That I am burdened, not so much with grain  
As with a heaviness of heart and brain—  
Master, behold my sheaves!

Few, light and worthless—yet their trifling weight  
Through all my frame a weary aching leaves;  
For long I struggled with my hapless fate,  
And stayed and toiled till it was dark and late—  
Yet these are all my sheaves.

Full well I know I have more tares than wheat—  
Brambles and flowers, dry stalks and withered leaves,  
Wherefore I blush and weep, as at Thy feet  
I kneel down reverently and repeat,  
“Master, behold my sheaves!”

I know these blossoms, clustering heavily,  
With evening dew upon their folded leaves,  
Can claim no value or utility—  
Therefore shall fragrance and beauty e  
The glory of my sheaf

So do I gather strength and hope anew;  
For well I know thy patient love perceives  
Not what I did, but what I strove to do—  
And though the full, ripe ears be sadly few,  
Thou wilt accept my sheaves.

### A Sunless Sunday.

I thought it was Sunday and I was wending my way to church. It was many Sundays since I had been there, but I had nothing to do, and thought it would pass the time away. I did not hear the bells ringing, which alas! so often rang in vain, and it seemed to me I must be late, so I hastened on.

But to my surprise, on nearing the end of the long street, no church could I see.

With tremulous lips I inquired of a passer-by the name of the street.

“St. George’s,” was the reply.

“But,” inquired I, “where is All Saints’ Church?”

“We have no churches now,” replied the man. “So few went, and none scarcely to prayer.” As he was speaking, others joined us, and amongst them I recognized many who, like myself, attended church just as a “make-weight” when there was nothing better to be done.

How strangely silent all seemed; no chiming bells, no churches to go to. What a blank, long day it seemed.

“Could not the churches be rebuilt?” was asked on all sides.

They might be, it was thought, but, as mournfully exclaimed one man near who had never been known to attend any place of worship, it would take such a long while.

“Ah, better wait a long while than never again to hear the chiming of the bells,” said another, and while we were talking there came towards us an old and haggard man, whom we scarce recognized to be our clergyman so bowed and old had he grown.

“But, my friends,” said he, “how is it you have not gone out for the day?”

“Because,” answered one, “we came to church.”

“But, my friend,” turning to the man who had spoken, “it is too late; I have given an account of my stewardship, and have been found wanting.” Tears coursed down his thin, wan cheeks, as he murmured over and over again, “Found wanting, for none would heed me.”

The sun was streaming into my window as I woke, wakened by the ringing of yonder church bells proclaiming it was Sunday, and as I listened to the chimes it sounded the sweetest music I had ever heard.

### Instruction on Prayer.

There is a science of prayer. It is too high a subject to be mastered at random. The know-

ledge and practice of it can only be attained by precepts, and built up by fixed principles.

There are, strictly speaking, three kinds of prayers—vocal, verbal, and mental prayer.

The last is defined by St. John Damascene as the lifting up of the intellectual soul of man to God. The two former are the begging from God such things as are suitable for man.

Vocal prayer is that in which the voice may be reverently and devoutly engaged, as in the public use of Psalms, hymns, and collects, or in the private use of the same, by simple or unlearned persons, who offer themselves to God, in consecrated words, without being able to know the fullness of the words they use. With an earnest intention of the heart the voice is lifted up to God, in words of Holy Scripture, or words sanctified by the use of the Church: the intellect humbling itself all the while, in its own conscious weakness.

Verbal prayer is that in which words are used which express, as near as may be, the special needs of each soul. The soul converses, as it were, with God, in its own language, or in language which expresses its own wants. It is as if each one’s heart were pouring itself out, in God’s presence, audibly complaining, confessing, beseeching mercy, imploring grace and strength, according to the needs of each.

Mental prayer is that in which, with silent lips, the soul lays herself bare before God, stretching out her affections towards Him, embracing Him inwardly with the arms of love, and reverently adoring His Majesty and glory. The more fully she pours herself out into God, the more in return is she replenished out of His treasures of mercy and love, beyond the power of words to utter. So she adores in silence. As she has no words wherein to express herself, so she needs none. “Lord, Thou knowest all my desire, and my groaning is not hid from Thee.”

Of all kinds of prayer, the mental prayer, in which the spirit of man adores and worships God, directly and immediately, is the most proper prayer towards God, who is a Spirit. For God regards the spirit which prayeth, and not the words of prayer.—*From the writings of the Saints.*

### In Touch with God.

The other day while standing with a company of men and women watching the loading of the new electric cars, I noticed that after all the seats were filled the conductor adjusted a little pulley to the overhanging wire. As soon as the connection was properly made he gave the signal and the cars moved swiftly over the track.

Everything had been done which human skill could do to perfect the arrangements necessary to make the enterprise a success. The track was of the very best kind of rails and the cars were of the latest pattern. All the appliances for controlling the movement of the cars were of the best to be had in the open markets of the world. But there the cars stood utterly powerless to move. It was not until the contact was made with the power above that they moved smoothly and rapidly along the rails.

As I turned away from the place the thought flashed into my mind: That is just the way it is in the Christian life and work. One may be endowed with many gifts and graces, enjoy the tuition of the best teachers, move in the choicest circles of society, and not be all that God intended him to be. The one thing needful for him, in order that he may make the most of himself, is to come in touch with Christ. Jesus spoke truly when He said: “Apart from me, ye can do nothing.” But when we are living in close touch with Him, yea, when we are so connected with Him as to draw from him needed grace and strength, our lives move rapidly in the right direction.

If we look over the history of the Christian world and note the lives and labours of those who have wrought nobly in the cause of Christ, it will be to find that it was not so much their ability or fitness, as their intimate fellowship with Christ that enabled them to accomplish such great things for their fellow-men. The men of power, from Enoch down to the present time, have been men of God, who have lived in full and

blessed communion with Him through faith. It was because of this intimate relationship with the source of all wisdom, knowledge and grace, that they exerted such a marked and lasting influence upon their own generation and the ages following.

### Hints to Housekeepers.

Hoarseness can be cured by well sprinkling a piece of flannel with brandy, and applying it to the chest, over which place a piece of dry flannel, and wear these all night.

Most ink stains can be removed with lemon juice. Apply directly to the stain before putting water on it. Saturate with the lemon juice and leave it to dry. Rinse in clear cold water, and apply the lemon juice again, and repeat the operation about three times. This will leave a yellow spot, which the direct application of liquid ammonia and then hot water and soap will quite remove.

SWEET POTATOES CREAMED.—Boil the potatoes. When cool enough peel and cut in half lengthwise, then cut each half in three long pieces. Place on a tin in a hot oven, sprinkle with salt and put two spoonfuls of butter in the pan; when they have been in a few minutes pour over them a cupful of sweet cream. When it is hot pour the creamed potatoes into a vegetable dish and serve.

FARMER’S FRUIT CAKE.—Soak three cups of dried apples over night in warm water, chop slightly in the morning, then simmer two hours in two cups of molasses until the apples resemble citron; make a cake of two eggs, one cup of sugar, one cup of sweet milk, three-quarters of a cup of butter, one and a half teaspoonfuls of soda and flour enough to make a stiff batter, spice well, add the apples last; bake in quick oven.

POTATO SALAD.—Take four or five good sized boiled potatoes, mash and add one-half teacup of cream or milk, and beat till light. Season with salt, pepper, celery seed and one small onion chopped fine. Put one-half teacup of vinegar in a saucepan, and when nearly to boiling point stir in two well-beaten eggs. Stir constantly until it thickens, then pour over the potatoes, beating all well together. Put in salad dish and garnish with celery leaves or parsley.

BOILED FROSTING.—One cup of sugar moistened with six teaspoonfuls of water and boiled until it will hair as it drips from a spoon. Stir it slowly into the beaten white of one egg, beating rapidly. Beat until cool and then spread on cake.

CHOCOLATE TOFFY.—One-half cake of chocolate cut fine, one cup of molasses, three cups of sugar, one cup of water, and a piece of butter the size of an egg. Boil till it hardens in cold water, but not so hard as molasses candy; add one-half teaspoonful of baking soda. Pour on a buttered dish; when cool pull and cut the candy.

A simple sauce is made of chopped tomatoes. After peeling four medium sized tomatoes, remove the seeds and chop the pulp. Let this drain in a coarse sieve. Season highly with salt and pepper, some chopped parsley, and a little lemon juice. Let this become perfectly cold, and just before sending to the table stir in four tablespoonfuls of whipped cream. This sauce will be found excellent, particularly with cold meats.

A hint to housekeepers where chickens are to be cooked: Do not put them before the fire without first removing the tendons of the legs or drumsticks. To do this cut the skin at the joint where the foot unites with the drumstick and twist the two pieces a little to bring out the white tendons. There are a few in front and a large bunch at the back of the legs inclosed in a thin layer of muscle-like membrane that makes them look like one large muscle. Scrape off the thick layer, and divide the tendon into its small parts, and they may be drawn out, one by one, by passing a skewer under them and pulling vigorously. The despised drumstick is now a dainty piece of dark but tender meat, which may even be breaded and cooked by itself as a specially choice dish in various ways. Even where it is served with other cuts, fricassee, stew, roast or broil, the sinews should always be removed.