

Come Unto Me!

O weary ones of earth! whose feet do tread
Along the rocky ways, o'er moor and fen,
Look up into the silence overhead,
And hear by faith the message o'er again,
"Come unto Me, and rest."

O sorrowing ones! who in the silence weep,
Veiling your faces from the light of day,
I, too, have wept, and can the promise keep
From all sad eyes the tears to wipe away,
"Come unto Me, and rest."

O faithless ones! who beat on tired wing,
Across the changing earth and restless sea,
My love alone can peace and comfort bring,
The soul has no abiding place—save Me,
"Come unto Me, and rest."

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 II.—CONTINUED.

"Praise God there are now hens at last."

After some time one of the hens set herself to brood. Martha had to feed the hens daily. The lady once showed the nest to the children of the valley, and the children were astonished at the large number of eggs. "Fifteen eggs!" exclaimed they; "the wood pigeons lay but two, other small birds only five eggs. O how do the hens feed so many little ones!" When the young ones began to chirp, the lady would please the children by letting them call them. But there came with them, besides, many crowds of people, for it was just at this time a holiday. The lady showed to them an egg which had been pecked open. Oh, how it pleased the children when the young chick was so busily pecking to come out. The lady helped it out completely. Now was the astonishment still greater that the little chicken should be already covered over with a beautiful yellow down, should look about so lively with its little black eyes, and at once be able to run away from them, since the young fowls came into the world naked, blind, and altogether helpless. "That is truly something never heard of before," said the children; "there are no other such birds in the whole world." When the beautiful, shiny black clucking hen, with her purple red comb, stepped forth in the midst of her fifteen yellow-haired young ones upon the green lawn for the first time, the delight of the children and their parents was excessive. "A more beautiful sight," said a collier, "one can scarcely ever see." "And only listen," said the collier's wife, "how the old hen calls the young ones, and how the little things understand the call and immediately follow her. It were to be wished that you children were also always obedient to your mother's call!" A boy wished to catch a young chicken in order to examine it more closely; but the little thing cried plaintively, and upon hearing the noise, the old hen suddenly flew with wide open wings at the boy's head. He was very much frightened, and whining, called for help. She would have nearly scratched his eyes out had he not presently let it run again. The father reproved the boy, and the mother said: "How jealously does a faithful creature protect its young. Mankind may indeed learn a lesson from it."

When the hen has found but only a little good morsel, she at once raises a clucking clatter, and the young hasten to her altogether. The old hen first breaks it up with her bill, and spreads out the crumbs evenly before them. Every one is astonished that such young creatures, which were not much more than a day old, could not only run immediately, but were also already able to pick their food.

When now the sun became somewhat hidden behind the clouds, all the young chicks gathered themselves together under the old hen, and stayed there to warm themselves. "That is the most beautiful sight of all," said the people. It is so pretty and comic to see here and there a little head sticking out from under the hen's wings, or a little chick pushed out, and immediately creeping again into another place under her. The miller who,

in his white-dusted clothing, looked quite singular among the black colliers, but yet showed himself now before them to be a man of insight, said: "What a wonder indeed are these strange birds! God truly shows Himself to us chiefly in His works; but when we see something unusual, His power, wisdom and goodness are to our eyes more striking. Only think how good it is that these little chicks should at once (when hatched) be able to run and pick their food; if the old hen were obliged to put food into the bills of so many young ones in the way a swallow does, then she would be at a loss what to do! How good it is that the nature of the young ones is already such that they follow the mother hen and heed her voice. They ran immediately apart, because, indeed, they were able to run from the first; the old hen could not bring them together again and the young ones were lost. But especially have I wondered whence the hen got the courage so bravely to protect her young! I have often indeed in times past been annoyed at the hens and called them stupid creatures, because they always as often as I passed by them, shyly flew apart through fear, although they long since could have seen that I would not harm them. But now the nature of the clucking hen is altogether changed, and she looks to man for protection. Often have I been amused to see how the hens quarrel over a morsel, or how one that had found a larger piece, was so envious, and immediately ran away with it, and how the others chased her and would take it away. But now this hen has altogether laid aside her greediness, and calls the young herself and touches nothing until all are satisfied. I believe the good creature would rather herself die of hunger than allow one of her young to starve. This tender care with which the hen leads her frail young about, hunts up food for them, nourishes them, protects them, warms them under her wings, God has planted in them; so full of tender care is God for these young chickens! And how should we now be downcast? Will He not be still more careful for us? We may be assured He cares yet more for us. Therefore be of good cheer, dear people! God does all things well. He cares for all His creatures—but especially for man, who is more in His sight than all hens and all other fowls in the whole world."

CHAPTER III.

"Now there are eggs in abundance."

Because the good people of the valley had always been so entirely agreeable to the strange lady, she had long cherished the thought of giving them an enjoyable treat in return, on her part, and of thus easing their scanty housekeeping. The good lady had therefore thoughtfully kept a plentiful store of eggs and chickens; and as she had now collected a fine supply of eggs, and besides several hens already full grown, she sent Martha into the valley to invite all the housewives for the following day, which was a Sunday, to a rural dinner. They came with pleasure and in their finest attire. In the little garden the old servant had prepared a rustic table with some benches. Here they were to take their places.

Martha brought hither a large basket full of eggs. They were all so clean that one could not see a speck on them, and as white as snow. The coal-burners were astonished and not a little surprised at the large number of eggs. "Praise God!" said the lady; "now there are eggs in abundance; and it is altogether a beautiful sight to see so many clean eggs collected together. But I will also show you how one can use them in house-keeping."

(To be continued.)

An Ascending Life.

A rising Saviour demands a rising life. For, remember, there are two laws. One law, by which all men gravitate, like a stone, to the earth; another law, equally strong, the law of grace, by which every renewed man is placed under the attractive influence of an ascending power, by which he must always be drawn higher and higher. For just as when a man, lying upon the ground, gets up and stands upright, his upright posture draws up

with it all his limbs, so in the mystical body of Jesus Christ, the risen Head necessarily draws up all the mystical members. The process of elevation is one which, beginning at a man's conversion to God, goes on, day by day, hour by hour, in his tastes, in his judgments, in his affections, in his habits. First it is spiritual, then it is material. Now, in the rising spirit of the man, first he sees higher and higher elevations of being, and gradually fits for the fellowship of the saints, and the presence of God. And presently, on that great Easter morning of the Resurrection, in his restored body, it shall wake up, and rise satisfied with its Redeemer's likeness, made pure and ethereal enough to soar and blend and co-operate with the spirit, in all its holy and eternal exercises. This series in the ever-ascending scale begins now—as every believer feels, a daily dying, so there is also, as our baptism tells us, a daily resurrection. The words which we should take for our Easter emblems are, "If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God. Set your affections on things above, and not on things on earth. For ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God. But when Christ, who is our life shall appear, then shall we also appear with Him in glory.—James Vaughan."

Hints to Housekeepers.

CHEESE STRAWS.—Two ounces of flour, two ounces of butter, two ounces of grated cheese, one egg and a little salt; roll and cut into strips; bake about fifteen minutes, being careful that they do not get too brown, and so taste bitter.

MARSHMALLOW CAKE.—Bake a nice white cake in three sheets and put together with the following icing: One large cup of granulated sugar and four tablespoons of cold water, boiled until it threads. Have ready the beaten white of one egg, and beat all together, adding half a pound of marshmallows, which have been softened in the oven to a paste. Beat lightly and spread between the sheets and on the top cake. Place twenty-four marshmallows on the cake so that one shall come in the centre of each piece.

FISH CROQUETTES.—Boil whitefish or trout in boiling salted water until tender, but not so it will come to pieces; cool, remove all bones and skin, then pick it fine with a silver fork. When ready to use mix with the following dressing: One tablespoonful of flour and two tablespoonfuls of butter braided together; pour slowly over it a half a pint of boiling milk, stirring constantly; add the yolks of three eggs well-beaten, and a pinch of salt; cook until it thickens; let the dressing be thoroughly cool before mixing with fish; then form into cylinder shaped croquettes; dip in egg and cracker crumbs and fry a golden brown in hot fat. Drain on brown paper, and serve on a hot platter well garnished with parsley.

HOT ROLLS.—One pint of boiled milk and five tablespoons of melted butter; let it cool, and add six tablespoons of soft yeast, or half a cake of compressed yeast, and three pints of flour. Let them rise over night if intended for breakfast, but if designed for lunch set them very early in the morning.

FRUIT SALAD.—Fill a large glass dish with alternate layers of sliced pineapple, oranges and bananas, sprinkling with sugar between each layer. If the oranges are sweet squeeze the juice of one or two lemons over it all. Fresh grated cocoonut sprinkled between each layer and piled high on top adds to the effect of this dish and is appetizing.

CHICKEN SALAD.—Boil until tender two chickens, and when cool remove all skin and bones and pick in small bits; add an equal quantity of crisp celery, cut in small pieces with a sharp knife. Dressing: Yolks of twelve eggs or six whole eggs, butter the size of an egg, two dessertspoons of salt, one dessertspoon of mustard, a saltspoon of cayenne pepper, and one cup of vinegar; cook slowly in a double kettle until as thick as custard. Set on ice or in a cool place to cool before mixing with chicken and celery. Serve each spoonful of salad on a crisp lettuce leaf.