

## An Eastern Custom in Capri.

Lovelier far than any dream  
Is that island in the bay,  
Where the sunbeams dance and gleam  
On the blessed Easter day.  
And the orange groves are fair,  
Shedding perfume on the air,  
While the waters flash and play.  
All the people's hearts are glad  
When the bells ring out for prayer,  
And they would that none were sad  
On their isle or anywhere.  
For the dear Christ who is risen,  
Has set free the souls in prison,  
And His joy is in the air.

So they bring all captive birds  
To their church above the sea,  
And, when sound the holy words  
The sweet singers are set free.  
Onward, upward, into light,  
Flashing wings and colours bright  
Fly the birds in merry glee.

And the people are content,  
For their joy has made them kind,  
Surely Christ, the Master, meant  
That all things be unconfined.  
Since on Easter morning He,  
From the power of death set free,  
Left the dreary grave behind.

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 I.

"Alas! that you should never yet have had hens!"

Once upon a time, many hundred years ago, there lived in a little valley deep among the mountains, some poor charcoal burners. The narrow valley was closed in on every side by forest and rock. The cottages of the poor people lay scattered about in the valley—a few cherry and plum trees growing beside each cottage. Some land sown with spring wheat, flax and hemp, a cow and a few goats, made up the sum of their wealth. Meanwhile they earned besides by the burning of charcoal for iron-smelting in the mountains. But though the people had but little, yet they were a very happy folk, for their wants were satisfied. They were, by their strict mode of living, by steady labour and stern moderation, in perfect health; and there could have been seen in those poor cottages what would have been looked for in vain in palaces—men who were more than a hundred years old. One day, when the oatfields had already begun to whiten, and it was very hot in the mountains, came a little collier maiden, who was tending the goats, rushing almost out of breath into the house, and brought her parents the news that strange people had arrived in the valley, with an altogether marvellous dress and rare mode of speech. A lady of rank with two children and a very old man, who, although he wore equally fine clothes, yet appeared to be only her servant. "Ah!" said the little girl, "the good people are hungry and thirsty, and very tired. I met them as I was seeking a lost goat, quite wearied and worn in the mountains, and showed them the way into our valley. We will, may we not, take them something to eat and to drink, and see whether we and the neighbours cannot shelter them in our houses to-night?" Her parents at once took oatmeal bread, milk and goat's cheese, and went out to them.

The strangers had meanwhile encamped in the shadow of a stone wall covered with bushes, where it was very cool. The lady sat upon a moss-covered rock, and her face was covered by a white veil of fine gauze. One of the children, a delicate little girl of marvellous beauty, sat in her lap. The old servant, a venerable, gray-haired man, was busy unpacking the heavily laden mule which he had brought. The other child, a bright, fine boy, reached out to the animal some thistles, which it ate greedily.

The charcoal-burner and his wife approached the strange lady with respectful greeting; for from her noble figure and bearing, and her long white drapery, one at once perceived that she must be a person of high station. "Only see," said the wife of the charcoal burner softly to her husband, "the dainty ruffled standing collar of scalloped embroi-

dery, the fine point-lace of her sleeves, beyond which but a half glimpse of her delicate hands may be seen, and—goodness!—her shoes are as white as cherry blossoms, and adorned with silver flowerets." But the husband reproved his wife and said to her: "Your mind apparently is occupied with nought but vanity. A courtly dress is becoming to high stations. However, dress makes man nothing the better; and doubtless with those beautiful shoes the good lady must by this time have taken many hard steps and trodden many rough paths."

The collier and his wife now offered the strange lady milk, bread and cheese. The lady threw her veil back, and both were amazed at the beauty of her noble and delicate features. She thanked them kindly, and allowed the child which sat in her lap to drink from the full earthen bowl of milk, and the bright tears were forced from her eyes and moistened her rosy cheeks, as the little one held the bowl fast with both hands and drank thirstily. The lively little boy also came up and drank; thereupon she gave bread to them, and then she herself drank and ate of the bread; but the strange man cut off large pieces of the cheese, which tasted exceedingly good to him. While they were eating, all the children with their fathers and mothers came up from the cottages, and stood around in a circle and displayed their curiosity and wonderment at the newly arrived strangers.

After the old man had had a sufficiency, he begged imploringly that the people might be good enough to lodge them in a small room in some house for a short time; they would not be a burden upon them, but for all they had need of they would abundantly repay them. "Ah yes," said the lady in a soft, kindly voice, "pity an unfortunate mother and her two little ones, who through a dreadful fate has been driven from her home." Accordingly the men met together and took counsel as to the house in which they could be most conveniently received.

High in the valley, out of the red marble rock, issued a streamlet, which rushed down, foaming as white as milk, from rock to rock, and drove a mill which seemed as if it was only hanging there on the face of the rock. On the other side of the streamlet the miller had built a second neat little cottage.

Indeed it was, like all the rest of the houses in the valley, built only of wood, but altogether agreeable to look upon; pleasantly shaded with cherry trees, and surrounded by a small pet garden. This little house the miller assigned to the strange lady for a dwelling.

"In my new cottage up there," said he, as he pointed it out to her with his hand, "I lodge you gladly and heartily. It is brand-new and no man has yet dwelt in it. I built it for myself, expecting to move into it some day when I shall give the mill over to my son. Pray consider how wonderfully the dear Lord—thanks be to Him—has cared for you! Only yesterday was I completely ready with it, and to-day, even now, you can go into it, as promptly as if it had been built for you. It will certainly please you."

The good lady was greatly rejoiced at this kind invitation. After she had become somewhat rested, she at once moved into it. She took the little girl upon her arm, and the old man led the little boy by the hand, but the miller looked after the mule. The lady found the cottage, to the great delight of the miller, altogether incomparable. It had been already provided with a table, some chairs and bedsteads. The lady had brought with her upon the mule beautiful rugs and splendid coverlets for her night's repose. She therefore spent the night there, and thanked God with both her little ones before going to bed, the more heartily that He had enabled her to find so suitable a refuge after her lengthened wanderings hither and thither. "Who would have believed it," said she, "that I, having grown up in palaces, should yet esteem myself happy to have been received in such a cottage as this! How necessary it is for one in high station to be good and pleasing to those in the lowest; could he be so unfeeling as not to do it from kindness of heart, yet prudence at least should move him thereto. For no man knows what is in store for him."

Early the following morning the lady came forth with her little ones from her lowly dwelling to take

a little view around the neighbourhood, for on the day before they were much too tired to do so. With delight they viewed the beautiful prospect down the valley. The cottages of the colliers lie scattered along the valley, always only two or three together. The little millstream glistens as bright as silver through the valley. The gay rocks, full of green bushes upon which the goats browsed, could not have been more beautifully painted than as now lighted up by the morning sun.

The old miller came, as soon as he espied the lady, immediately out from the mill and over the narrow foot-plank which led across the streamlet. "But is it not true," he exclaimed, "there is no more beautiful site than this in all the valley? Here the morning sun always shines forth first. When the cottages below, even as at this moment, still lie in dark shadow, everything hereabout is as if made golden by the sun. Indeed, often in the deep, damp valley, scarcely a chimney from the cottages projects from the gray cloud, when we have here the clear blue sky."

(To be continued.)

## Hints to Housekeepers.

**MOLASSES KISSES.**—Two cups butter. Four cups sugar. Six cups molasses. One-quarter teaspoonful soda. Pull and cut in pieces with scissors.

Sprinkle coarse salt over the spots when soot has been dropped on the carpet, then brush it carefully with a stiff broom, repeating the operation until every stain is removed.

**APPLE SAGO PUDDING.**—Cover four tablespoonfuls of pearl sago with one pint of water; let it soak over night; next morning pare and core six apples. Place them in a baking dish and pour over them the sago; cover the dish and bake in the oven till the apples are tender; stand aside till cold. Serve with cream and powdered sugar.

If your family likes bananas, try this dish on them these spring mornings, when they want a change and can't suggest what it shall be. Take two or three bananas, peel and slice on a cold dish. Squeeze over them the juice of a good lemon, then pour over them a gill of ice water and sprinkle with half a cup of granulated sugar. Set where it will keep ice cold till breakfast, when serve. It's delicious.

**FRIED SWEET POTATOES.**—Cut sweet potatoes into slips not thicker than a pencil, throw them into hot lard in a frying pan. They are done when they float in the lard. They will fry best with the lard only moderately hot. Being sweet, they are apt to get too dark a colour if not watched.

**PEACH LEMON PIE.**—Line a deep earthen pie-plate with pastry, and bake, but do not brown it. When cool cover the bottom with a layer of peach marmalade; then fill with the following mixture: Stir one teaspoonful of moistened corn starch into one cupful of boiling water; add two-thirds of a cupful of sugar, and, when cool, the beaten yolks of two eggs, the juice and grated peel of one lemon. Stir carefully into the mixture the last thing the beaten whites of the eggs. Bake until brown.

**WARM GINGERBREAD.**—One cup of sour milk, one cup of molasses, two tablespoonfuls melted butter, two teaspoonfuls soda dissolved in a little hot water, a teaspoonful of salt, one of cinnamon and one of ginger. Mix well together and stir in enough sifted flour to make a thick batter, which can be easily stirred. Beat well and pour an inch deep into buttered pans. This quantity will make enough for two luncheons. Bake half an hour in a quick oven. Serve with strained honey.

To mend a broken plaster cast, paint the broken surface over two or three times with very thick shellac varnish, and after each application burn the alcohol over the flame. When the shellac is soft, press the parts together and tie in place until cold. The article will be as strong as it was before being broken.

**BRUNSWICK STEW.**—Cut up a one-year-old chicken the same as for a fricassee; put it in a stew pan, cover with boiling water, let it simmer gently one hour, then add one sliced lemon, half a can of tomatoes (the liquor drained from it), two bay leaves, half a can of corn, and boil again for three-quarters of an hour; add one teaspoonful of salt, half a teaspoonful of pepper; moisten three tablespoonfuls of flour in cold water and stir into the stew. Serve hot.