

JUNE 27, 1907

THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE.

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and other indications of great value and interest to the lovers of history.

Perhaps it was not without some sense of relief that I blew away the cobwebs which had gathered around the story of ancient Shaftesbury and stepped into the bright little parish room of St. James, amongst nowadays people, who had gathered at their quarterly meeting of a 1907 Women's Union, to hear something about women's work and mothers' doings in the homes of Canada. Perhaps, still lingering around my lips were fragments of Canadian freedom of speech; perhaps because the genial Rector himself at one time had hailed from across the Atlantic, or perhaps because the members of this branch of a most admirable organization were in a specially indulgent and receptive mood, certain it is that we did not need to await the handing round of the teacups and the slices of good plum cake to thoroughly enjoy ourselves, and to drop even a possible remnant of the unmistakable bit of buckram or the stiffening modicum of starch which is supposed to mark the individuality of the average English-woman until she has lived for a while in a British colony and forgotten that she ever had them.

My visit to Shaftesbury was all too short, for I had to leave unvisited the many lovely spots surrounding it—hill and dale, green valleys and rural villages—which I could see from the heights and terraced walks from which they were shown me. "Come again some day, soon," said my hospitable friends. Truly, I should like to do so, but at three score and ten, who dare make promises for even a week or a day to come?

H. A. B.

THE CYCLER'S SONG.

By Eben E. Rexford.

Sun on the upland and dew on the clover,
Gold on the heights and green shadows below,
With the gray mists of the morn hanging over
Marshland and valley where rank rushes grow,
Beauty behind us and beauty before us—
Everywhere beauty to see and to feel—
Sing with the lark in the blue heaven o'er us—
Good-bye to worries and work when a wheel!

I am a gypsy—a blithe-hearted rover!
Kin to the winds and the woodlands am I—
Free as the hawk floating silently over,
Bathing his wings in the blue of the sky,
Free as the fancies that come, all unbidden,
As, with my comrade, whose sinews are steel,
Mile after mile of the green earth is ridden,
Care to the winds, and be glad when a wheel!

Brisk is the breeze from the valley before us,
Pause to take breath on the crest of the hill,
Under the pines that are singing in chorus
Songs that are echoes of wind and of rill,
Earth smiling heavenward, and all that's above it
Sweet with the beauty we see and we feel,
Life is worth living when men learn to love it
Under blue skies and the spell of the wheel.

THE COMPENSATION OF OLD AGE.

How nice it is on the part of nature to make Age in love with its privileges and outlook as Youth is in love with its Youth pities Age, and Age in a way pities Youth.

The morning has its delights and its enticements; the noon has its triumphs and its satisfactions, but there are a charm and a tranquility and a spiritual uplift about the close of day that belong to neither.—John Burroughs, in the March Circle.

The Quiet Hour.

THINE IS THE KINGDOM.

"Thine is the kingdom, Lord!
In glad subjection at Thy feet we bow,
Our rightful Sovereign Thou, and only Thou!"
Thine is the kingdom, Lord!

"Thine is the power, alone!
Take to Thyself that mighty power and reign
Here, in our hearts, be every rebel slain,
Thine is the power, alone!"

How often we say, "Thine is the kingdom, and the power." The familiar words are so easily repeated that perhaps we fail to grasp their wonderful meaning. "The Lord is our King; He will save us," said the Jewish prophet; and, if He was the King of the Jews, much more may we Christians claim the royal protection—for, through the wondrous Incarnation, the King has made Himself very near of kin to us.

It is really time, then, that the Most High is the Master of the world, that He rules in great things as in small. Perhaps trouble has come into your life through the wrong and injustice of men, and you may feel that God has not done this, but Satan. And yet God is King, and if it has come to you, then He has permitted it. Satan roused the kings of the earth to take counsel with the rulers against the Lord, and against His Christ; and yet they were only able to do "whatsoever His hand and His counsel determined before to be done." So, also, the selling of Joseph by his brethren was a wicked wrong and directly contrary to God's will, and yet Joseph himself says to his frightened brothers, "be not grieved, nor angry with yourselves, that ye sold me hither: for God did send me before you to preserve life." God rules in His world, and He is both able and willing to make all the events of life work together for good to those who love Him.

Perhaps you feel that you are in an unsuitable position. You are as unfitted to your post—apparently—as a square peg in a round hole. If such is your unhappy lot, the best thing to do is to find more congenial work, if you can do so without going out of the path of plain duty. God has made us so that we can do the world most good if our work suits our individual tastes. But every rule has its exceptions, and sometimes the character-training that is the result of patiently working at uncongenial tasks develops a sort of rare beauty—and a beautiful soul helps the world more than any amount of work or preaching.

Besides, it sometimes happens that a position which is uncongenial at first, if bravely and cheerily endured, may in the end be found full of real gladness. It is in life, as it is in our food. People who dislike certain kinds of food sometimes deliberately cultivate a liking for them, and find before very long that those very things are their favorite viands. Of one thing we may feel quite certain: God understands our talents and capabilities far better than we can do. To murmur and rebel against His plans and ordering of our lives is the same thing as saying that we know better than He does the work and place for which we are best fitted. If we are unwilling to own that we can possibly make any mistake in our choice of a niche in life, at least we must own that many other people make terrible mistakes. Think of all the misery caused by wilful marriages—misery recklessly brought down on the heads of those who think they know better than God what will be for their happiness. But, even when we have rushed recklessly into a difficult position, we are not helpless and need not be hopeless. God is still ruling our lives, and He loves to bring good out of evil for those who trust Him. He can use the self-chosen work to train and beautify our souls; and He always has the power to make any change in our environment that He sees to be wise. How great should be our confidence in His arrangements when

we know that He loves us with an infinite love, and that He is an absolute King, with unlimited power to do what He wills. Our future may, indeed, be unknown—unknown to us—but

"Jesus we know, and He is on the throne."

Saul was seeking for some lost asses, and he went straight to a prophet to be anointed king. That apparently trifling incident was the turning point in his life. His diligent attention to his father's work was the path to honor and fame. There is a great deal said in the Bible about things we might be inclined to call "trifles." I think God wants to remind us continually that He never overlooks any of the little details of life—He really does know the number of the hairs of our head; he is really interested in every sparrow.

Long ago, when a man went out into the Jerusalem streets, carrying a pitcher of water, he little thought that his trifling action would never be forgotten; that God was fitting him and his pitcher into the greatest Event the world has ever known. Let us never make the mistake of fancying ourselves or our actions unimportant. If God—the King of kings—is deeply interested in the way we do the little tasks He sets us to do, then we are of great importance. Let us give up the bad habit of making our work a sort of drudgery. God does not want us to be slaves, but children—children working in the palace of the King, our Father. Let us keep our eyes open, accepting each duty as a gift from His hand, and offering it to Him when completed. Then all our work will be joyful service, and we shall wake each morning with the glad thought that He cares to have us doing His work.

And when He calls us to endure hard trials and bitter sorrows, let us try to rise higher than patient endurance, let us try to accept them with thankful joy, knowing that by them He is carefully and tenderly polishing His precious jewels, and fitting them for their niche in the Great Temple above. A week or two ago a dear little nephew of mine was drawing daily nearer to the gate of life—the gate we misname "death." He took the bitter medicines from his father's hand with sweet willingness, never failing to say "thank you." What a lesson to us older children! Let us try to thank our father for pain as well as for joy—we know that He is seeking only our good, that He does not hurt us more than is necessary. Let us, as loyal subjects, bow to our King's decree, whatever it may be. He has indeed the power to give us whatever we ask, but sometimes He does not do so at once, because He is preparing far better things for us in the future. To conquer our own wills and lay them down unreservedly at His feet, is a victory worth winning.

"Then first we conquer when we bow
To Thine almighty will;
And each desire resigned to Thee
Thou lovest to fulfil,
For only into yielded hearts
Thy blessing Thou canst pour;
And empty vessels are the ones
Thou fillest evermore."

HOPE.

THE HILLS OF DREAM.

My thoughts are like a flock of sheep
That roam the hills of dream:
I lead them through the fields of Sleep,
And by her mystic stream;
They wander where the night is deep,
And stars of Faery gleam.

I feed them on the rainbow flowers,
And on the secret dews;
They stray beneath the haunted towers
That, woven of sunset hues,
Have chambers of enchanted hours
For wandering dreams to use.

When I bring home my flock of sheep,
Their fleeces are of gold,
All hung about with pearls of sleep
And fair enchantments old,
Strange things of Beauty that I keep
In my heart's fold.

—R. G. T. Coventry.

Kindness in us is the honey that blunts
The sting of unkindness in another.—
Landor.

About the House.

FOR STRAWBERRY SEASON.

Strawberry Cake.—Make a good layer cake in two layers. Mash the berries and sweeten them; then mix with whipped cream and spread between the layers. Put mashed and sweetened berries over the top of the cake, and spread thickly with whipped cream.

Strawberry Blanc-mange.—Crush a quart of berries with a wooden spoon, and sweeten well. Let stand in a cold place several hours. Heat a pint of milk with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup granulated sugar. When hot, add 2 ounces gelatine dissolved in a little water. Stir until dissolved, then strain into a basin; add a cup of cream, and stir until cold. Beat in with the crushed berries, turn into a mould, and put on ice until set.

Strawberry Preserves.—Place in earthen dishes, cover with enough sugar to sweeten nicely, and let stand in a cool place until the juice has come out well. When ready to bottle, pour off the juice, put in a kettle with a little water, about 1 cup to 4 quarts juice. As soon as it begins to boil, put in enough berries to fill one sealer. Stir gently, and let stay 2 minutes, then lift with a strainer, taking no juice. Fill sealers two-thirds full, and set in a pan of hot water on stove. Proceed until all the berries are used, then fill up with the hot juice, and seal.

Strawberry Ice Cream.—Scald one pint of milk over boiling water. Sift together, several times, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 2 level tablespoons cornstarch, and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt. When well blended, stir into the hot milk, and continue stirring until smooth; then cover, and cook 15 minutes. Have some strawberries washed, sweetened, and let stand an hour. Strain the starch mixture into the freezer can when it is cold, add a pint of cream, and begin to freeze. When half frozen, add the strawberries, mashed through a sieve, and finish freezing.

Strawberry Custard.—Half fill custard cups with bits of sponge or layer cake. Make a rich custard with a pint of milk, yolks of four eggs, and a heaping tablespoon of sugar. Flavor very slightly with almond or vanilla. Put a few small berries on the cake. Pour over the warm custard, and let all grow cold; then put a large spoonful of whipped cream on each, and place a few berries on top. Serve on small plates, decorated with strawberry leaves and berries.

NICE BREAKFAST DISHES.

Cream Muffins.—One pint of flour sifted with one heaping teaspoonful of baking powder; beat together one pint of cream and one tablespoonful of butter; add two beaten eggs. Mix in the flour, drop in buttered muffin moulds, and bake quickly.

Superior Muffins.—One quart of flour sifted with two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder; add three tablespoonfuls of sugar, a piece of butter half the size of an egg, one beaten egg, and one teaspoonful of sweet milk. Beat quickly to a batter, and bake in a quick oven, having the tins warmed in advance.

Cheese on Toast.—Grate cheese. Mix with cayenne, salt, mustard and vinegar to taste, and serve on hot buttered toast.

Omelet.—Take as many eggs as wanted. Beat the yolks and whites separately. Turn the stiffly-beaten whites into the yolks, barely mixing the two so that the texture of the whites may not be broken. Pour on hot, buttered pan. When cooked, simply fold over and serve, or sprinkle with chopped ham and parsley, grated cheese or bits of jelly before folding. Many people add a little baking powder, about a quarter of a teaspoonful, to the yolks.

Creamed Eggs.—Boil eggs hard, and slice on buttered toast. Pour over a rather thick cream sauce, and serve.

French Toast.—One egg (beaten), one cup sweet milk, a little salt. Dip slices of bread in this, and brown on a hot, buttered pan. Butter, and serve hot, with jelly or jam.

SELECTED RECIPES.

Cream Dressing.—To a cup of thick cream, add 2 or 3 tablespoons of lemon juice, and season with salt and paprika or white pepper. Beat with a Dover egg-