

THE QUIET HOUR.

THE CAPTAIN'S ORDERS.

And they went through the region of Phrygia and Galatia, having been forbidden of the Holy Ghost to speak the word in Asia; and when they were come over against Mysia, they assayed to go into Bithynia; and the Spirit of Jesus suffered them not.—Acts xvi., 6, 7.

"Where our Captain bids us go,
'Tis not ours to murmur, 'No,'
He that gives the sword and shield,
Chooses, too, the battle-field
On which we are to fight the foe."

The text I have chosen is taken from the "Acts of the Apostles," a book which draws the veil aside, showing how the Church of Christ is led by the Spirit as Israel was led by the cloudy pillar. S. Paul and his companions were on a missionary journey, but they could not choose their own field of labor. The Spirit was daily issuing His orders. They were "forbidden" to preach in Asia, then were "not suffered" to go into Bithynia. Through all the centuries since that time the "Spirit of Jesus," the Holy Ghost, has commended and guided not only the whole Church, but each individual shoulder.

It is a wonderful help to us all to remember this. When we try to battle against the inevitable, we might learn to accept our daily orders more joyously if we always remembered that we were soldiers who have no right to choose, soldiers who long to obey our Captain, even unto death. Just think of the grandeur of it, you women who are toiling all day in hard, monotonous work! You are under fire, following the King who toiled for years in a workshop, placed right where you are by Him who guides and rules the whole great army. Perhaps the atmosphere of your home is dull and depressing, somebody is apt to be cranky or disheartened—is that "somebody" you?—and you are given the splendid chance of lifting the fog by the power of steady sunshine. Let your heart sing as you move about in the house, for you have a great and glorious work to do. You can be happy yourself and you can make other people happy.

Somebody says: "There are so many people in the world who are not necessary." Don't believe any such nonsense! You are necessary, anyway, necessary to the comfort of other people, necessary—what a grand thought!—to the Father-heart of God. Perhaps you look about your home and think how shabby and commonplace it all looks. But put on your magic spectacles and see it transformed. There is the old chair where a dear sick one used to sit, the horse-hair sofa that was a steamboat or a train, or anything else required, in the sunny days of childhood. There are associations of sacred fellowship everywhere, which can make the shabby home—furniture and dishes more dear than a house filled entirely with handsome new things. Life may be dull anywhere, or it may be brave and radiant anywhere. As it has been remarked: "If you imagine that going to a luncheon or giving a dinner is more interesting than making soap or curing meat, you are very much mistaken."

The truth is, we all want to "live greatly." Let us try to hold fast to the truth of our high vocation, remembering that we are led by the Spirit. If we keep our eyes fixed on Him, glad to go where He leads, life will be one splendid march of victory.

"And everywhere, here and always,
If we would but open our eyes,
We should find through these beaten
footpaths

Our way into Paradise.

Dull earth would be dull no longer,
The clod would sparkle—a gem;
And our hands, at their commonest
labor,

Would be building Jerusalem."

HOPE.

Ingle Nook

THE LAST TO 'CUDDLE DOON'

I sit afore a half-oot fire,
An' I am a' my lane,
Nae frien' or fremit dauners in,
For a' my fouk are gane.
An' John—that was my ain gude man,
He sleeps the mools amang—
An auld frail body like mysel,
It's time that I should gang.

The win' moans roun' the auld house—
en'

An' shakes the a'e fir tree,
An' as it soughs it waukens up
Auld things fu' dear to me.
If I could only greet, my heart
It wouldna be sae sair;
But tears are gane, an' bairns are gane
An' baith come back nae mair.

Ay, Tam, puir Tam, sae fu' o' fun,
He fan' this warld a fecht,
An' sair, sair he was hadden doon,
Wi' mony a weary wecht.
He bore it a' until the en',
But when we laid him doon,
The grey hairs there afore their time
Were thick amang the broon.

An' Jamie, wi' the curly heid,
Sae burly, big an' braw,
Was cut doon in the prime o' youth,
The first amang them a'.
If I had tears for thae auld een
Then could I greet fu' weel,
To think o' Jamie lying deid
Aneath the engine wheel.

Wee Rab, what can I say o' him?
He's waur than deid to me;
Nae word frae him thae weary years,
Has come across the sea.
Could I but ken that he is weel,
As here I sit this nicht,
This warld wi' a' its faucht an' care
Wad look a wee thing licht.

Is it afore a half-oot fire,
An' I am a' my lane,
Nae frien' hae I to dauner in,
For a' my fouk are gane.
I wuss that He wha rules us a'
Frae where he dwells abune,
Wad touch my auld grey heid an' say,
'Its time to cuddle doon.'

MAKING A COSY CORNER.

Dear Dame Durden:—Will you kindly give me, through the "Ingle Nook" columns, some suggestions for making a "cosy corner" in my living room? Green is the predominant color in the room. Isn't there some way I could arrange photos and prints above, on the wall? Have never seen any arrangement like that, but I feel sure you can help me. Thanking you in advance,

ALBERTA B.

(Your desired cosy corner should not present any very great difficulty, I think. Choose your corner, first, and, if possible, have it near a window. I've seen cosy corners arranged in the darkest part of the room and they were no use whatever. Get two wooden boxes about 4½ feet long, 2½ feet wide and 1½ feet deep; a few inches off any of these dimensions would not be a drawback, but do not make them any larger. Fit the two close into the corner so that the end of one is touching the wall and the end of the other is touching the side of the first and at right angles to it. If the top of one of the boxes is fitted with hinges the inside will make a good place to store quilts or blankets, or other articles not in every-day use. Make a padded cover, padding with batting about three inches thick and covering with a good cretonne that has shades of green to match your room. Put a fringe of cretonne around the edges of the pad that do not touch the wall, having the fringe deep enough to just barely touch the floor. Do not fasten this cover tightly to the couch, because you will want to dust it and air it outside every little while. Around the wall just above the couch at head and side put a width of green tapestry burlap, putting it on perfectly plain and smooth. It is a yard wide and costs from 35 to 50 cents a yard. It is better than any draped effect in lighter goods because it does not harbor dust, protects

the wall, and makes an effective background for the prints and photos. Finish off the top of the burlap all round with a moulding or plate rail stained to match the rest of the woodwork in the room. You can get it ready stained for from 15 to 25 cents per foot, or unstained for about 10 cents. Upon this you can put photos and bits of pretty china. If the burlap fades at all, a coat of paint will remedy the defect. If you put castors on the frame work of your cosy corner it can easily be moved out on cleaning days. You will need some pretty, but serviceable cushions, to complete the effect.

I am going to change your name to Alberta B, because there will be less chance then of confusing you with Alberta A. The latter hasn't written to us for a long time, but we are hoping she will break the silence soon. If you get the cosy corner arranged to suit you, couldn't you take a snap-shot of it for us? Surely there are some owners of cameras in your vicinity. Write again. D. D.)

AN APPRECIATED DAUGHTER

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate."

The subject of "The Daughter's Portion" of the farm is one of the most important topics to which "The Farmer's Advocate" can direct its influence, and it reaches many homes where that influence is greatly needed. The incidents quoted of injustice in this direction have their counterparts in almost every community, and it seems appalling that parents in a civilized land should be so blind to the daughter's claim to their protection.

The following article, taken from the *Philadelphia Bulletin*, is a touching incident of at least one father's appreciation of his daughter's services:

"The dry and routine records of the courts occasionally are enlivened by a revealing touch of human nature, as, when, a few days ago, a will was admitted to probate containing this clause:

"My greatest sense of duty is toward our grateful daughter, Elizabeth, who has so devotedly cared for us and spent a life of self-denial for our comfort, and, because of her single life, the entire estate that I have is too little for her."

The tribute belongs to a class as well as to an individual. The fun-makers have had more than their share to say concerning "old maids," and the serious registers of public opinion have not adequately recognized that important factor in our social organization, the woman who spends her life in the service of her parents or brothers or sisters, or the children of the latter. There are to-day thousands of single women who are the support and comfort of homes that could scarcely exist without them.

The self-sacrifice of those who have turned aside from a woman's dreams of her own home and children in order to minister to other loved ones is often worthy of honor and praise. Thus to immolate herself upon the altar of duty, without self-consciousness or complaining, is the highest experience of which even a woman is capable.

Like the father whose will has been quoted, many parents whose declining days have been made comfortable, brothers whose widowed lot has been made bearable, and orphaned children whose feet have been set in the paths of virtue and usefulness, acclaim the maiden daughter, sister, aunt, in the words of the wise man, "Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all."

J. McF.

A young lady went into a well-known establishment a few days ago and said to the shop-walker, "Do you keep stationary?" "No, miss," replied the shop-walker, "if I did I should lose my job."

SELECTED RECIPES.

Two-story sandwiches are desirable for afternoon tea or little suppers. The bread, brown or white, is delicately buttered and cut of wafer thinness. Two slices have different sandwich fillings of harmonious flavor spread upon them; they are put, filling side up, one on top of the other; then another slice; butter side down is put on top, the sandwich being cut to desired size. One filling of minced ham or tongue and other of chopped pickles or olives goes well together; another is cream cheese in one layer and chopped nuts in mayonnaise for another. Another delicious mixture is cream cheese with mayonnaise in one layer and tart grape jelly in another. It is not difficult to plan varied combinations for these sandwiches, but the bread must always be very thin.

Fish cakes.—To 1 lb. of any cold fish, without bone, add 1 lb. of mashed potatoes, 1 oz. of dripping, pepper and salt to taste, and an egg. Mix well together, and bake in a mound on a flat tin. The cakes can be made round and flat, covered with egg and bread-crumbs, and fried in boiling fat. The ingredients needed are 1 lb. cold fish, 1 lb. potatoes, pepper and salt, 1 oz. dripping, one egg or a little milk.

Date cake.—Half a cupful of butter, one cupful of white sugar, two eggs, two cupfuls and a-half of flour, half a cupful of sour milk, half a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda dissolved in a teaspoonful of cold milk and stirred into the milk, a teaspoonful of lemon juice. Cream butter and sugar, beat in the eggs, add milk and soda, and beat in the flour at once. Line the cake tin with paper and put a layer of dough on the bottom, then a layer of dates stoned and cut open once lengthwise, spread another layer of dough, then one of dates, and use dough for the top. Use two cupfuls of dates in all and place them slightly cornerwise in the tin, as they show better when cut. Ice with milk icing made thus:—Put into a bowl a cupful and a-half of confectioner's sugar and a teaspoonful of lemon extract, or the grated rind of lemon if preferred, then beat in slowly, sufficient boiling milk to make the icing soft enough to spread; usually about four tablespoonfuls will be required.

To candy lemons or oranges.—Rub the peel all over with salt, cut them in halves, and put them to soak for three or four days, changing the water once, then boil the peel until tender; change the water three times. Now have ready a good syrup made with one pound of sugar to a pint of water; scald the peel in the syrup until it looks clear. Other fruit may be candied in the same manner, but neither boil nor soak, only put them in the hot syrup.

German Gugelhupf.—One cup powdered sugar well stirred with one cup butter, add yolks of six eggs and beat well again. Grate in rind of half a lemon and add the juice. Sift a pound of flour three times and add to other ingredients. Put cake of yeast into half a cup of warm milk, add a little sugar and half a teaspoon salt. Let it rise and then put to the first mixture and add enough lukewarm milk to make a rather soft dough. Work it well, add a few seedless raisins and blanched almonds, cut the dough lengthwise and set to rise again. Bake in a moderate oven thirty to forty-five minutes.

Marmalade.—Two lbs. bitter oranges, 1 sweet orange, or 1 lemon. Cut into very thin slices and strips, remove pips, putting them into one basin and quarters in another. Pour 9 cupfuls of water over the oranges, and 3 over the seeds. Let it stand 24 hours. Boil for two hours, then add 5 lbs. sugar, and boil for fully an hour, or until it is quite clear and skim rises on the top. Stir almost constantly after adding the sugar. Strain the seeds through a bit of muslin into the kettle, working the gluten well out of them. There is no waste whatever with this recipe.—(Sent by Heather.)