

and without a parable He speaks not unto us, and it was the Lord who put the question, "How readest thou?" in reproof of those who read the Word for literal fact and natural ideas. The apostle says to all such readers, "The letter killeth, it is the spirit that maketh alive."

Many a man would pass judgment upon what is revealed from Heaven, and would insist, and even force, his fellows to fall in line with his conclusions, and treat as heretics all who could not comply with their views.

JNO. BROADFOOT.

I wish to thank all who have written to me, for their active expression of interest in "Hope's Quiet Hour." It is impossible to publish more than a small portion of the correspondence received from our readers, without interfering with subjects of more general interest—but letters are always welcome, especially those from elderly readers.

HOPE.

Amblecote, Quamichan Lake

6-2-1910, Duncans, B. C.

Farmer's Advocate:

Dear Sir,—I have great pleasure in acknowledging the two books by Hope "The Vision of His Face," which have proved more helpful and encouraging to those that have as yet read them than has been pro-

claimed and I am sure that every home would become so much brighter and happier by its presence.

Yours truly,

ED. MASSY WROUGHTON.

P. S.—I would like if Hope would give us a talk, at some convenient time, on Persecution; also on Temperance, using and explaining the statement (miracle) made by our Lord turning water into wine. Do you think it was fermented?

I received a great many requests for chats on particular subjects, but it is impossible for me to talk to order. If I should go to a "Conversation Party" and be given a list of subjects—"astronomy, botany," etc., I should be tongue-tied all the evening. There is a story told of a preacher who was given—as he went to the pulpit—a paper containing the subject for his sermon. He opened it and read the one word, "Zaccheus." He preached this sermon: "Zaccheus was a little man. So am I. Zaccheus was up a tree. So am I. Zaccheus made haste to come down. So will I."

If I were to try to take all the suggestions offered me, my Quiet Hour chats would probably be as short and profitless. Besides, I want to keep Hope's Hour a quiet and restful one. Controversial subjects are far from restful. There are hosts of subjects which we can speak about without quarreling. I want to stir up love for each other, not strife.

are nice but one does not feel well among people one cannot talk to or understand what they are talking. I am glad that I now can read as good as I can, for in English papers we take I find much pleasant and helpful reading that helps me to better understanding of the language, besides the good hints about cooking and housekeeping, training of children and so forth.

Don't all the Ingle Nook friends love to work for poor homeless children? I think many help the Sunshine Guild of Winnipeg. I have not known of the Guild very long and have not yet done anything to help it along, but it is my wish that I some day may be able to help a little. I have two dear little children myself, and my heart cries when I think of them alone without parents and home, and therefore I feel for little poor children. I was myself a homeless child.

Don't you all enjoy "Hope's Quiet Hour"? I do, and I was so pleased to see two letters from old gentlemen I know and an old man who is a dear friend to me. I was very sorry to part with him when I left the old country. He is now eighty-seven years of age and the dearest old man I ever met.

I will close my letter with telling you a little hint. Before I did know of it I had lots of trouble in sewing print, but now I have learned to rub the goods which is hard to stitch with a piece of dry soap and have no more trouble about it.

With best wishes to you all and thanks to Dame Durden if she will bother with putting my letter in print.

Anine. (I think you have written us a sweet little letter and your English is just fine. There were scarcely any mistakes to correct. Why not go about among English people more, since you like them? You can read the language you say, and I know you can write it, so I'm sure it would not take you long to speak it well, and the best way to learn is by mixing with those who speak it. I would like to hear something about your

more lucky than myself. I am watching for some of the good butter-makers to write, and I will say this much: If you want good butter never let your cream stand where the sun can shine on it at any time of the day, for it will give it that so-called fishy taste, and we all know how that is appreciated. But I will leave the rest for someone more experienced than myself. I am better at taking advice than giving it and I have been getting a lot of help from the Nook, though it seems as if I have nothing to give in return but I may have some day. And if Dame Durden does not look too cross at me I will ask her for a mustard pickle recipe, for I have lost mine. What is the best kind of onion seed to get in order to have good keepers for winter? Well, I will stop for I know Dame Durden must be out of patience with this writing, for the writer and the pen are both poor.

Comet. (Mustard Pickles—2 qts. small cucumbers, or large firm ones cut in pieces; 2 qts. small onions; 1 qt. cauliflower broken in small pieces; 6 green peppers chopped fine. Put in a weak brine for 24 hours, then drain and scald in equal parts of vinegar and water (enough to cover) until slightly tender and drain again. Dressing:—6 tablespoonfuls of mustard, 1 tablespoon tumeric powder, 1½ cups sugar, 1 cup flour. Mix thoroughly while dry, then mix to a paste with a little cold vinegar, stirring it then into one quart of vinegar heated over a vessel of hot water or in a double boiler. Stir constantly until well cooked but don't let it actually boil. Pour the hot dressing over the pickles and then bottle.)

Two kinds of onions that keep well are the Red Weathersfields and the yellow Globe Danvers. I must confess to getting "cross" and "out of patience" sometimes, but the Ingle Nook is never the cause. I missed Mary very much too.—D. D.)

A YOUTHFUL HELPER

Dear Dame Durden,—As next month is the best time to rid the house of insect pests, I thought I would give a sure cure for them. Take half a pound of insect powder and one ounce of Scotch snuff, empty both out on a paper and thoroughly mix together. Get the little bellows that is made just for using this powder. Use it twice a week till every bug has disappeared, and every month or two afterwards to keep them down. Be sure to blow it into every crack and crevice in bedstead and wall and around the baseboard on the floor. I don't know whether the bugs will bless Mothers' Helper or not, but I am sure those who use it will.

Please, Dame Durden, put this in shipshape order, for this is my first letter, and I am only sixteen.

MOTHER'S HELPER.

THE INGLE NOOK

RESURRECTION

Through the length of the year the grave must take 'Tis the Easter Earth that can only give; Then bury the meaner self, and wake To the life that the nobler self may live.

Before the dawn of the Easter Sun Hide deep in the mould the dearest sin,

The unnoted lie or the wrong begun; Let the shadeless right once more begin.

Bury the pride that has sprung from naught,

The envy and hate of a blackened hour;

Arise to the Christ-life purely fraught,

With love as white as the Easter flower.

—M. A. HOWE.

INGLE NOOK NEWS NOTE

Some one from Tilston, Man., ordered two patterns on March 17th, but signed no name. Will she supply the lack as soon as she sees this? D. D.

THANKS FOR REPORTING

Dear Dame Durden,—Re a hint of yours in the last issue of the Farmer's Advocate, I will tell you about two little girls I took from the Children's Aid last August, one for my home the other for a neighbor. They were started right to school, and in October my girlie took very sick, so that when she got better I thought better to teach her at home till spring. We find her a welcome addition to our household, bringing back the brightness of childhood, and awaking the almost dormant child sympathy, which is apt to sleep after our own children have grown up. She is not perfect, but with a long experience among children as a teacher and at home, can say I find her a much greater comfort and help, than any trouble she gives. So far, there has been no act of disobedience, and a word is enough to correct when there is need of any change in manner or behavior. We would be sorry indeed if by any chance we should lose her. She is attached to us and to

our home, and has not had any home-sickness since she came. I think she shows as much interest in all her surroundings as any other little girl I know in her own home. As I am familiar with the foster home of the other child, I can speak knowingly that the family are pleased with her and that she is quite as happy as them, and is a willing little girl to help and to improve herself. Hoping this will encourage some friends to care for those who need help, I remain, Resident.

TO CLEAN WHITE FUR

Dear Dame Durden,—Well, here comes a new member for a chat, and I hope I am welcome. We have taken the Advocate for a good many years and I have always enjoyed the Ingle Nook.

Well, I came for help. Do any of the members know how to clean a white fur rug? I have one and it is pretty dirty, and I would be glad of any information as to an easy way of cleaning it. Wishing the Ingle Nook every success.

Busy One.

(Your white rug may be cleaned in the following way: Lay the fur on the table and rub with bran moistened slightly with warm water. Rub until dry, then rub with dry bran. Use flannel for rubbing with wet bran and book muslin for the dry. After using the bran rub with magnesia. Dry flour may be used instead of wet bran. Rub against the way of the fur.

Of course you are welcome, "welcome as the flowers in May," and we hope you will come again.—D. D.)

A SHY MEMBER

Dear Dame Durden,—I see so many pleasant and helping letters in the Ingle Nook, and I wish that I, too, in some way could do a little to make the department helpful, but I am afraid Dame Durden will get as much work with my letter as I have had myself. For I am not English and do not understand English very well. It goes better for me to read it than to talk or write it. I have not many friends here. I live in the country and have not much chance to see many people and we don't go many places because I don't understand. I think that English people



THE PRETTY AND POPULAR FLOWER HAT

Cut kindly loaned by D. M. McCall Co., Ltd., Winnipeg.

native country and the things that seemed most strange to you when you first came to Canada. I would love to travel and see all the countries of the world, but not being rich enough to do that, I am trying to learn about them from the people who have lived in them. Will you do me the favor of adding something to my little store of knowledge of this big and beautiful world?—D. D.)

A GARDEN PLANNED

Dear Nookers,—It is so long since I visited the Ingle Nook that I am almost sure you will say I am a stranger. What has become of Mary? I suppose she is planning her garden, for I have mine all pictured out last year and the hail harvested it for me, but I hope the rest of you were

Selected Recipes

Graham Pudding.—1 cup graham flour, ½ cup white flour, 1 scant cup of molasses, 1 scant cup of sweet milk, 1 scant cup seeded raisins, a pinch of salt and 1 teaspoonful soda dissolved in a little hot water. Steam two hours and serve with a cream sauce made by whipping one cup of cream and one egg together and adding ½ teaspoonful vanilla flavoring or ½ teaspoonful lemon flavoring.

One day after the heavy milk cans had been scoured and scalded, the ironing was done, and the bread making—for the hardest tasks of the week must be done with one fire—the mother finished some sewing that was pressing, and then, as the sun was setting, stepped out into the garden. She had spaded the garden herself in the spring, for the men were too busy. A thrifty and aspiring rose-bush presented her with a beautiful blossom. She raised her hand to pluck it, but a vertigo came upon her and she fell. They ran out and lifted her up. "Poor Mother," they said, "she should not have tried to gather the rose."—Gertrude Russel Lewis, in The Craftsman.