

ask, what and where is that? The true beginning and foundation is the Rock of Life, which is Christ. He must be our Leader, right through our life in all things. He will lead and we must follow, if we desire true happiness, and that peace which passeth all understanding; what tongue cannot tell nor pen write; and even those who have tasted of that peace find it beyond their power to express. None will know loneliness when they follow their Master and obey His commands, for He says, "If ye love Me keep My commandments," then again, "Seek ye first the Kingdom of Heaven." This, I often think, is one of the first steps to sainthood. Here our Lord tells us plainly and simply what to do, if we (especially when young) seek first the Kingdom of Heaven, then our trade or occupation of life will be better chosen, and the right path in life taken. I sometimes think of the title of this page and wonder how many have a "Quiet Hour," just a few souls gathered together in quietness, with minds and hearts empty of all worldly things, and waiting patiently for communion with Christ, for has He not promised us "that where two or three are gathered in My Name, I will be in their midst." Is not this promise alone enough to encourage the faint and weary, "Ask and ye shall receive, knock and it shall be opened unto you, seek and ye shall find." There are no "ifs" or "mays" or "perhaps," for the apostle said Christ cannot lie. But, before we can become a saint, disciple, or friend, we must give up all and follow and obey our Lord. What must we give up? Everything and everybody that will hinder us from obeying His Holy Will, for when our Lord commanded a man to follow Him, the man replied, "Let me go bury my father," but Christ, knowing all men's hearts, replied: "Let the dead bury their dead." Christ is our pattern, He came on earth and took upon Himself the form of man, showing us by His life what was possible for all men, and further, He said, "Be ye perfect even as your Father which is in Heaven." Christ, and Christ alone, is our only Mediator and Advocate, by Him, and through Him only, can we reach the Father. Christ is not a hard Master, for whatever He asks us to forsake or give up, that will be a stumbling-block to our spiritual growth, you may be sure He will give in return much more than we gave Him. The Christian traveller, whose eye is turned towards Calvary, will have many spiritual and carnal battles to encounter, but if he steps carefully and slowly, with his eye always on his true Leader, he will reach his journey's end rejoicing. And, in conclusion, I should like to draw the reader's attention and solemn consideration to what our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, when personally on earth, taught the woman of Samaria. "God is a Spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in Spirit and in Truth." In other words, because He is Spirit, we must find Him in our spirit, that is to say, in our deeper consciousness, where "Spirit with spirit may meet." There He must be sought after "in Truth"; which means, in sincerity and reality, in accordance with His real nature, not with images or human intermediaries, but sincerely and directly as children seek their father. I was deeply touched when I read an article in this paper some time ago on "The Things that Jesus Would Not Do." I could truly sympathize with those 1,500 young people, bawling to do as Christ would have them do. I gave up my former trade for conscience sake. It seems hard at first, but oh! the joy after yielding to the command. I am afraid I have taken up too much space, and thought only to write a few lines. How I should like to plead and encourage those young people in their trying situations. It is astonishing how frequently truths are told in all trades; they seem part of the business. "But anything that is not of Truth is sin, and must leave an awful impression, for we read in II. Cor., xiii, 5, "Examine yourselves, whether ye be in the Faith; prove yourselves; know ye not your own selves, how that Jesus Christ is in you, except ye be reprobates." Then again there is much enlightenment in I. John, ii, 27. "But the anointing which ye have received by Him abideth in you; and ye need not that any man teach you, but as the same anointing teacheth you of all things, and

is Truth, and is no lie: and even as it hath taught you, ye shall abide in Him." Sask. LIVLANENG.

I am sure all our readers will be interested and pleased as they read the earnest words of our correspondent. It is always especially inspiring to have a man come out boldly and declare himself a whole-hearted Christian—perhaps because it is in some ways much harder for men than for women. D. F.

Saints.

It is usual for artists to give to their representation of so-called "Saints" a ring of light around the head. My idea of a saint is one whose life and actions diffuse such light that one cannot but "take knowledge of them, that they are constantly with Jesus." There are those who are born, and continue all their lives to be, almost without fault, and are humble-minded and pure-lived beings; but, to my way of thinking, these dear souls are not the help to their fellow-creatures that the men or women who are constantly fighting against sin, and Satan, in their own lives; fighting often against fearful odds; knocked down again, and yet again, and rising by the Helping Hand of the Master, with fresh strength, given by Him at their asking, to renew the fight. Sometimes this is the case in quite a young man or woman—really only boy or girl, and the victory is won before middle age. And again it is fighting and victory, all along the path of life. I do not think such people ever realize that they are at all saintly. A true saint, is a very humble-minded individual. Are there such? Aye—God be thanked! many, many such. Overcoming evil temper, patiently enduring trials and temptations, which would be no trials, or temptations, to another. Fighting daily, hourly; bearing bodily pain, rubs against sensitive feelings, contradiction, misunderstanding, perhaps all their lives. I could tell you of saints I have known, and know now. Of those who, putting aside the things that would make life pleasant and lovely to them, cheerfully take up the ugly, distasteful duties which lie to their hand, and do them perfectly—so perfectly that those around them never know or dream that there is any sacrifice made by them.

A LOVER OF MANY.

The above is a very beautiful description of saintliness, though perhaps the writer might find—if hearts could be seen—that the "dear souls" described in the first part of the article are fighting as hard as the brave, self-sacrificing souls described in the end. Browning makes no mistake when he declares it is very hard to be a Christian. God knows it is not easy. D. F.

The Ingle Nook.

Coming down to the office this morning I noticed a new advertisement on the bill-board by the bridge, a new old advertisement, rather, for it represented the familiar figure of the old lady with the wooden shoes, who has proved such a good friend to the "Dutch Cleanser" people. Right well she has done her duty, even better than the pleasant darkey who has smiled so long over his bowl of Cream of Wheat. She is certainly "after" the dirt, and no doubt her little Dutch kitchen shines with a cleanness that would be almost painful if it weren't so sweet and wholesome.

Now, do you know what that old lady made me think of? Why, of the perennial struggle that all the housewives of the land will soon be waging against—(don't groan)—bacteria. I groaned inwardly at the very word. "How on earth," thought I, "am I ever going to bring that old subject up again? Year after year, we have preached about bacteria. Perhaps some of the readers, at very sight of the word, will skip the whole thing. But what are we going to do? The subject is seasonable. It is one of the very most important that every housekeeper should understand, and yet, in spite of all our preaching and explaining, how are we to know that our readers do understand all about it?"

Then a bright idea struck me. Why not let our readers do the explaining this time? And so here we are. We will

give a prize of \$2 cash for the best answer to the following questions, written, not in the form of a mere catalogue of answers, but in a connected letter or article. Books and pictures will be sent as prizes for 2nd, 3rd and 4th best answers. Contributors must, of course, be either subscribers, or belong to a subscriber's family.

What are bacteria? How could you see them if you wanted to, and what would they look like? Where are they found? Are any of them useful? If so, in what way? Are any of them harmful? If so, in what way? How do they reproduce? Under what conditions do they thrive best? If you wished to check their thriving (multiplication), name different ways by which you could do so, (1) to prevent putrefaction in foods; (2) to prevent dissemination of illness by bacteria.

Describe in detail how you would keep bacteria, "wild yeasts," etc., out of fruit that you are canning.

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Also answer the following questions by number:

1. Why are dried beef, dried fruits, etc., so easy to "keep"?
2. Why will milk and foods of various kinds keep sweet and eatable so much longer when in the ice chest than when merely sitting in the cupboard?
3. If you had no ice, yet wished to keep milk sweet longer than it is likely to in hot weather, what would you do?
4. Why is it that the following "keep" with so little care, comparatively: Very rich fruit, jelly, marmalade; salt pork, corned beef, and salt fish; pickles; mince-meat and sausage?
5. Why is very frequent scalding necessary to keep a dish-cloth pure and harmless?

6. Why is it advisable, as the best bread-makers will tell you, to leave the salt out of bread-sponge as long as possible in cold weather, but to put it in as early as possible in hot weather?

7. Describe briefly the process of caring for milk from the time the cow is driven into the stable until the milk is separated, in order that as few pernicious bacteria as possible may be in the milk.

Now, Chatterers, this is something new for you, but I think you will really enjoy writing about it, if you start. You will think I am very wise to know the answers to so many questions, but you must remember that I have dozens of books bearing on every subject at hand, and the dairy editor right in the next room. He's an obliging mortal, and always ready to answer questions or help over a hard place.

This time I am not going to count literary skill, or good writing, or fine sentences. I want just good, plain, practical papers, no matter if half the words are spelled wrong; but I do want you to send me your papers so that they may reach me not later than the 24th of May. If you all turn in and make this experiment a success, even half as much of a success as the Roundabouts have made of their "studies," perhaps we shall give you a chance of winning some more prizes. Yours cordially, D. D.

Cleaning Velvet and Zinc.

Dear Dame Durden,—I wonder if any of the Chatterers, or yourself, can suggest a way to clean velvet couches, as we have an old couch which has become soiled and we do not want to have it re-upholstered. Would be very glad to receive any suggestions along that line. In regard to the kitchen-cabinet question, I may say we have used a Chatham kitchen cabinet nearly a year and have had no trouble in keeping the zinc clean, as we have used the Old Dutch Cleanser in scouring it, and it retains a perfectly-clean, bright appearance. Wishing you every success. MAYFLOWER.

Oxford Co., Ont.

We presume you wish to clean the couch without taking the covering off, and would say that about the only thing you can do is to take the couch out of doors some fine day and rub it well with gasoline, applied with a rag. Rub over and over again, until the soiled places have disappeared. This ought to act all right, unless there is some colored material underneath upon which the gasoline may act as a solvent. Of course, you understand the necessity of keeping gasoline away from fire and lights while using.

It is very inflammable, and must be used with care. A woman in this city was severely burned last week through an explosion caused by carelessness in handling it.

Message from Lankshire Lass.

Dear Dame Durden,—Lankshire Lass has requested me to send you a card to tell you that she has been very ill for two weeks, and has not been able to give the recipe asked for, for maple syrup, in last week's "Advocate," but she shall as soon as possible.

She does get so ill, and suffers so much, and always so patiently. I love her very much, and feel so very sorry she cannot be well like the rest of us. Trusting last week's Inquirer will not mind the delay, I remain, yours truly. B. H.

I am sure I may speak for all of the Chatterers in sending a message of sympathy to Lankshire Lass. She has been a lesson in patience, indeed, to many of us.

Our Scrap Bag.

A writer in Harper's Bazaar says that a most convenient clothes-horse can be made and suspended by pulleys so that it can be drawn up flat against the ceiling when not in use.

Have you seen any of the new "printed serims" for window curtains? Some of them are very pretty, and the price is not at all prohibitive, running at about 85 or 40 cents a yard.

While reading some bulletins on bread-making recently, I found repeatedly the statement that, since bread mixed with water is rather poor in protein, it is advisable to mix it with skim milk instead of water. One writer says: "Its use (that of milk) is by all means to be advocated, especially on farms where skim milk is abundant." The loaf is said to rise more slowly, but to be quite as light, and much more nutritious. . . . If any reader has been in the habit of using skim milk thus, I should be pleased to hear from her. D. D.

Try some very young dandelion leaves for "greens." They are both palatable and medicinal.

Are you going to make a bonfire at housecleaning time this year, by which to dispose of the really useless and no longer beautiful things that are only cluttering your house and making extra work at dusting and cleaning time? It is really a good idea. Some people seem to think it is an unpardonable extravagance to discard anything, but is it? Here are some old silvered or gaudy glass vases, good enough in their time, twenty or thirty years ago, perhaps, when the taste of the neighborhood demanded nothing better, but now nothing but a mark of tawdriness. Is it an extravagance to get rid of them? And here is an old "Rocky-mountain" cushion-cover, faded, soiled, unwashable—what about it? And what about those old chromos, garish and inartistic—that antiquated shell-drape, besplashed with impossible roses, and more impossible other flowers, unnamable, because unlike anything on the earth or under it?—that dirty and discarded milkweed-down bag hanging on the corner of a picture?—those Berlin-wool toilet mats, faded and unsuitable for the purpose to which they are applied?

Of course, you need not burn these things—you may make the heart of some child glad with them at play-house time—but you will do well to discard them from your house. Having done so, you are likely to add a new one to your household axioms. "Wise is the housewife who has learned when and how to eliminate."

"I tell you I won't have this room," protested the old lady to the bell-boy who was conducting her. "I ain't a-goin' to pay my good money for a pigsty with a measly little foldin' bed in it. If you think that jest because I'm from the country—"

Profoundly disgusted, the boy cut her short.

"Get in, mum. Get in," he ordered. "This ain't yer room. This is the elevator."