

Cross-Bearers.

"Compelled to bear His Cross." If we might only
Have stood beside the fainting Form that day,
And willing hands and feet should then have helped
Him

To tread the bitter way!

Ah! thus oft times our heart within us burneth
To follow Him to prison and to death,
Yet are we not, spite of our fervent pleadings
Of those, of whom He saith,

"This day, e'en in this night ere the cock croweth,
Thou shalt with craven hand put by My cup,
And when I lay a light cross on thy shoulders,
Refuse to take it up?"

Yea, Lord, with grief and shame of heart we own it,
A grudging service oft to Thee is given,
With small remembrance of Thy pain and toiling—
Thy Heart with sorrow riven.

Full oft in wilful ways of our own choosing
We wander, while Thy Voice is all unheard,
And till in love Thou turn and look upon us,
Remember not Thy word.

We have no power except Thy love constrain us,
Nor will to follow Thee e'en from afar;
Thou knowest, Lord, how like the reed that bendeth
Our wavering spirits are.

Yet we are Thine, leave not Thy children orphans,
The sheep for whom Thy Life was not denied;
Stretch forth Thine Hand of infinite compassion,
And draw us to Thy Side.

Let Thy love hold us by its sweet compulsion,
To bear whatever cross Thou deemest meet,
Till, where our love can no more fail or falter,
We lay it at Thy feet.

I. J. P.

Consolation in Death.

"Let me hear, when I am on the bed of death,
that Christ died in the stead of sinners, of whom
I am the chief; that He was forsaken of God during
those fearful agonies, because He had taken my
place; that on His cross I paid the penalty of my
guilt. Let me hear, too, that His blood cleanseth
from all sin, and that I may now appear before
the bar of God, not as pardoned only, but as inno-
cent. Let me realize the great mystery of the
reciprocal substitution of Christ and the believer,
or rather their perfect unity, He in them, they in
Him, which He has expressly taught; and let me
believe that, as I was in effect crucified on Calvary,
He will in effect stand before the throne in my
person—mine the sin, His the penalty; His the
shame, mine the glory; His the thorns, mine the
crown; His the merits, mine the reward. Verily
Thou shalt answer for me, O Lord, my Righteous-
ness; in Thee have I trusted, let me never be con-
founded."—Bishop Jeune.

Christ is Risen!

Once more Easter—the Queen of Feasts, the
brightest, gladdest day of all the Christian year—
is here again. It is true, every Sunday we com-
memorate the Resurrection of our Lord; but the
great yearly commemoration takes place on Easter
Day. We then decorate our churches, and do
all we can to honour the Festival which reminds
us of the event which, above all others, has
"brought life and immortality to light." Before
that event—though many and many a good man,
like Socrates, hoped against hope and refused to
credit the desperate thought that wickedness and
goodness came to the same end—yet all was dim
and uncertain. After Jesus had actually risen
from the dead, this uncertainty came to an end.
It now became clear "what the resurrection from
the dead should mean." It meant that we should
again be clothed with a body like that we had be-
fore, only a "glorified" body; that we should
again hold converse with those we had loved, and
who had loved us during our lifetime; and that
we should cease to be subject to some of the sad
necessities that encompass us here below. These
and a number of other truths were revealed on
that first Easter Day. And, therefore, in the
Resurrection of our Head and Elder Brother we
rejoice on this great day "with joy unspeakable,
and full of glory," and render to our God our
heartfelt thanks and praise. Yes; because Christ

lives, we shall live also; as members of His Body,
the Church, we also have part in His eternal life.
His resurrection is the pledge that, if we suffer
with Him now and be (like Him) obedient to God's
will even unto death, we shall likewise appear
with Him in glory. How this thought cheers us
when our hearts are sad for friends who have gone
away; or when we think of our own departure from
this world! When we leave our earthly bodies,
which are so wonderfully fitted for our life here,
we hope that the Lord Jesus will give us a body
like to His glorious Body, and fitted for the new
life in heaven to which He will call us.

May we, in spirit, grow like Him, during our
earthly life; that so hereafter, even in our bodies
too, we may be like Him, and may "see Him as
He is!"

"O risen Lord, in Thee we live,
To Thee our ransomed souls we give,
To Thee our bodies trust."

Apples as Medicine.

Chemically, the apple is composed of vegetable
fiber, albumen, sugar, gum, chlorophyl, malic
acid, gallic acid, lime, and much water. Further-
more, the German analysts say that the apple con-
tains a larger percentage of phosphorus than any
other fruit or vegetable. The phosphorus is ad-
mirably adapted for renewing the essential nervous
matter, lecithin, of the brain and spinal cord. It
is, perhaps, for the same reason, rudely under-
stood that old Scandinavian traditions represent
the apple the food of the gods, who, when they
felt themselves to be growing feeble and infirm,
resorted to this fruit for renewing their powers of
mind and body. Also, the acids of the apple are
of signal use for men of sedentary habits, whose
livers are sluggish in action, those acids serving
to eliminate from the body noxious matters,
which, if retained, would make the brain heavy
and dull, or bring about jaundice or skin eruptions
and other allied troubles.

Some such an experience must have led us to
our custom of taking apple sauce with roast pork,
rich goose, and like dishes. The malic acid of
ripe apples, either raw or cooked, will neutralize
any excess of chalky matter engendered by eating
too much meat. It is also the fact that such fresh
fruits as the apple, the pear, and the plum, when
taken ripe and without sugar, diminish acidity in
the stomach, rather than provoke it. Their vege-
table sauces and juices are converted into alkaline
carbonates, which tend to counteract acidity.—
Southern Clinic.

Reading the Bible.

Read the dear Book, my daughter;
Turn to a hallowed psalm.
Sweet are the words of wisdom,
Soothing the heart to calm.

We've had our share of trouble,
Poverty known and care,
But no matter how great the hardship,
Comfort was always there—

The light of a starry promise
To cheer the steepest way;
The sunshine of God's own promise
To fall on the darkest day.

Now we are old and weary,
The wife of my love and I;
But the after glow is lying
Warm on the western sky.

So read from the Bible, dearie,
The beautiful words of John,
Or the thoughts of Paul and Peter;
They are pillars to rest upon.

Or turn to the grand Isaiah;
I always loved him most
Of the throng of the wonderful prophets
Who spake by the Holy Ghost.

Read in your sweet voice, daughter,
Giving the sense and the sound,
Till I feel as if we are waiting
In a place that is holy ground.

But wherever you read, my darling,
End with a tender psalm,
Soothing our old hearts' aching,
And touching our souls to calm.

Hints to Housekeepers.

When baking cakes, set a dish of water in the
oven with them, and they will not be in any
danger from scorching.

LEMON SAUCE.—Boil one cup of granulated sugar
in two cups of hot water, wet a tablespoonful of
corn starch in cold water, add it to the syrup, and
cook ten minutes; add the juice and grated rind of
one lemon, and a tablespoonful of butter.

GROUND RICE.—Two tablespoonfuls of ground
rice, one pint of milk. Boil the milk, and stir in
the rice, which must have been previously mixed
with cold milk. Let it boil slowly twenty minutes;
if it should be thicker than a thin batter, add a
little more milk. Sweeten it to the taste. Pour
it into teacups and serve it with cream.

CAN YOU THINK?—Can you think of a worse
disease than dyspepsia; it plunges its victim in
gloom and despondency, makes him a burden to
himself and others, and causes constipation and
bad blood. Yet Burdock Blood Bitters cures dys-
pepsia or indigestion, and has done so in thousands
of cases.

CHOPS WITH TOMATO SAUCE.—After trimming the
chops neatly, and seasoning with salt, pepper, and
mixed herb powder, dip each one in beaten egg,
coat with fine bread crumbs, and fry a rich brown
on both sides, in a small quantity of clarified fat.
When done, pile the chops up high in the middle
of a hot dish; surround them with a border of
carefully boiled whole potatoes, rather small and
even in size, and pour over all some tomato sauce;
sprinkle the surface lightly with finely chopped
parsley and tiny patches of sifted egg yolk, and
serve very hot.

DYSPEPSIA CURED.—Gentlemen,—I was troubled
with dyspepsia for about four years. I noticed an
advertisement of Burdock Blood Bitters, so I
started to use it and soon found that there was
nothing to equal it. It took just three bottles to
effect a perfect cure in my case.

BERT J. REID, Wingham, Ont.

CELERY SOUP A L'ALLEMANDE.—Chop up finely
the white part of four heads of fresh celery and
two medium-sized onions, and put them into a
saucepan with two ounces of butter and a break-
fast-cupful of clear white stock. Stew over a
gentle fire until the vegetables are quite soft, then
add three pints more stock and bring to a boil.
Draw the saucepan to one side, stir in four well-
beaten eggs and a cupful of warm cream, and con-
tinue stirring until the soup becomes the thick-
ness of rich cream, but it must not, on any account,
boil after the eggs are added. Serve in the usual
manner, with toasted dice, or ordinary fried
croutons.

A CURE FOR COUGHS.—There is no remedy that
makes as large a percentage of perfect cures as
Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. In nearly every
case of coughs, colds, asthma, bronchitis, hoarse-
ness, croup, etc., its curative effects are prompt
and lasting.

AN EASY PUDDING.—Pare, core and quarter about
four large apples or six small ones. Cut the
quarters lengthwise into three pieces; put these
in the bottom of a bright tin basin and sprinkle
over them a tablespoonful of sugar, a dust of nut-
meg or allspice, according to taste, add a piece of
butter the size of an egg cut into small bits and
scattered over the apples, and a pinch of salt.
Make a batter with a small cup of milk, one egg
thoroughly beaten, a little salt and a teaspoonful
of baking powder. Make the batter so it will drop
from the spoon in rather soft lumps and will flatten
out by its own weight. Pour this over the apples,
taking care that it is mostly in the middle of the
dish. Do not get scraps of it on the edges of the
pan or it will burn, and the crumbs may injure
the taste of the pudding. Set this in the oven
and bake it about twenty minutes. The oven
should be just hot enough to make the top a
coffee-brown. If there is danger of burning turn
a round pie-pan over the basin, but remove it
about five minutes before taking the pudding from
the oven. Serve this with hard sauce or any
other dressing that may be desired.

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