

JUNE 22, 1911

THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE.

Hope's Quiet Hour.

Thine Inner Chamber.

When thou prayest, enter into thine inner chamber, and having shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret, and thy Father which seeth in secret shall recompense thee.—S. Matt. vi. 6 (R. V.).

By all means use sometimes to be alone. Salute thyself: See what thy soul doth wear.

Dare to look into thy chest, for it is thine own, And tumble up and down what thou findest there.

Who cannot rest till he good fellows find,

He breaks up house, turns out of doors his mind.

—George Herbert.

Do you ever get into the sad condition described by George Herbert, the condition of one who can never be happy except in the company of other restless mortals? We are creatures of habit, and can form the habit of always needing company or the habit of going often into our inner chamber where God is waiting to supply all our needs. But it is necessary to take time—or make time—for this high privilege. Everybody seems to be living in such a hurry in these strenuous days. Even when we are travelling, we are careful to choose the fastest train, so as not to "waste any time." Let us stop a moment and find out what really is waste of time. What object are we struggling after? What are these years of earthly life intended for? If they are to be crowded to the brim with active work, then let us live in a rush and accomplish as much as possible. If they are given to us as an opportunity of knowing God, and growing day by day more like the Perfect He has shown us in the earthly life of our Master, then we certainly waste our time when we live in such a rush of work that we have no time to obey the Master's wise command to shut ourselves into our inner chamber with God. Even JESUS, the Holy Son of Man, drew strength from His Father by often being alone with Him. He sometimes found His inner chamber in the desert, it is often easier to find God out of doors than in.

In "The Adventures of Elizabeth in Rugen," the following passage occurs:

"I know no surer way of shaking off the dreary crust formed about the soul by the trying to do one's duty or the patient enduring of having somebody else's duty done to one, than going out alone, either at the bright beginning of the day, when the earth is still unsoiled by the feet of the strenuous and only God is abroad, or in the evening when the hush has come, out to the blessed stars, and looking up at them wonder at the meanness of the day just past, at the worthlessness of the things one has struggled for, at the folly of having been so angry, and so restless, and so much afraid. Nothing focusses life more exactly than the stars while alone at night with the little. What are perfunctory bedroom prayers hurried through in an atmosphere of blankets, to this deep abasement of the spirit before the majesty of heaven? And, as a consecration of what should be yet one more happy day, of what value are those hasty morning devotions, disturbed by fears lest the coffee should be getting cold, and that person, present in every household, whose property is always to reprove, be more than usually provoked, compared to going out into the freshness of the new day and thanking God deliberately under His own wide sky for having been so good to us?"

If you doubt the truth of those words, try the experiment for yourself of going into God's own beautiful world to seek Him in quiet trustfulness. He has made a daily appointment to meet us, because He loves us, and is eager to give us joy and peace, love and strength. How much we lose when we fail to keep our appointment. If it is not possible to go out to meet our Lord, we can find

opportunities—if we are on the lookout for them—of retiring into our inner chamber right in the midst of work, or in a crowded room.

"God is never so far off
As even to be near.
He is within; our spirit is
The home He holds most dear.

"To think of Him as by our side
Is almost as untrue
As to remove His throne beyond
Those skies of starry blue.

"So all the while I thought myself
Homeless, forlorn and weary.
Missing my joy, I walked the earth,
Myself God's sanctuary."

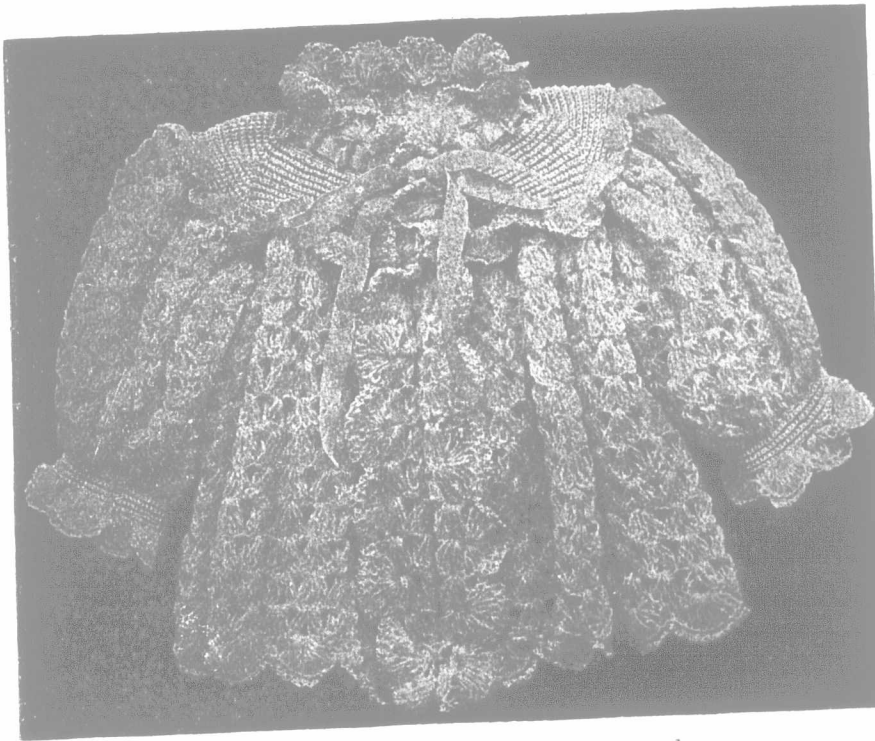
But we need to shut the door of that sanctuary, as our Lord commands. We must often resolutely turn our whole attention on God, and away from our earthly business, if we are determined to keep our appointment with Him satisfactorily. The image of a shut door is often used in the Bible. Sometimes the door is shut between a soul and God. Christ may be shut out from a life, and may stand patiently knocking, longing to bless one whom He loves. Or the time may come when those who are ready will be invited to enter the palace of the King, while the careless, indifferent invited guests will stand outside the closed door. It is not only foolish, but dangerous, to be slow about accepting our King's invitation. The invitation of a King to one of his subjects is a command.

Yesterday I was calling on one of God's

of Faith and hear Him speaking to our hearts?

He comes to meet us with His hands full of gifts. We want happiness, but He offers a far richer gift, patience in time of trial; we want earthly success, and He offers something far better and more lasting—character. But we are not thinking so much of His gifts as of Himself, when we joyfully enter our Holy of Holies and shut out the world. It is not the help we gain from that secret, hidden life with God, which is of most value in our eyes. Does a woman rejoice in the opportunity of meeting her lover because he always brings her a gift? If she does, then she can never bring joy to her lover's heart by real fellowship. God is asking for our love—will He be satisfied with our requests and our gratitude? If He always allowed us to see the gifts we gain from communion with Him, then we might think more of them than of Him. Perhaps we can give Him more joy by resting trustfully on His will when He is apparently doing nothing to help us, than at any other time. Let us be glad He gives us so many chances to show Him that we can trust Him, when He makes no sign of answering our prayers.

The time when we can come nearest to our Lord is when we obey His call to eat of the Feast which He has prepared. He offers Himself to us, saying: "He that eateth My flesh, and drinketh My blood, dwelleth in Me, and I in him." Shall we dare to doubt the truth of His words, just because we sometimes fail to feel Him near, as we eat of that bread and drink of that cup which He Himself offers to



Baby's Crocheted Sack with Silk Yoke.

saints who was told a few months ago that she would hardly live six months. She is eagerly watching for the summons to meet her Lord, and told me that the people round her seemed unreal in comparison with the felt Presence of God. That is an unusual case, but there is no reason why perfectly healthy people should fail to find the Presence of God the most real fact in their everyday life. Let us be real before Him, putting away all foolish make-believe. Either God is all ready to welcome us, or He is not. If He has invited us to meet Him and is waiting to receive us, if He has strength to offer for our weakness and joy to lift us over our sorrows, then it does not matter much whether we can feel His Presence always or not. If we go to Him for help—and He is really close at hand—then we receive the help we need. If we could always feel the change made by prayer, then faith would not be needed at all, and we should lose the opportunity of strengthening it by trusting when we do not feel, believing when we do not understand.

But, as I said, let us be real before God. Let us abstain from insincerity. Let us seek communion with Him. If we could see Him and hear His voice when He invited us to have a quiet, restful time alone with Him, then we should feel that other engagements were very unimportant as compared with this one. Is it not as real and just as important when we can only see Him with the eye

each communicant who approaches with penitence and love? He is there; and our feeling, or not feeling, does not alter the fact of His glorious Presence. We can go away, strong in the certainty that Christ's Life is really within us. We can lean back on our Master's heart, like St. John the beloved, sure of Him and of His unfailing love, even though the agony of Gethsemane and Calvary may lie right ahead of us. God understands why suffering must be faced, so we know our lives are safe in His hands. We can wait and trust until the Easter sunshine makes everything plain, and the darkness of death is changed into joyful life. We can wait and trust, if we spend much of our time consciously leaning on our God. This is a practical thing—are we doing it? If leisure for prayer cannot be found, we can lay each piece of work at the feet of our Master, and so make the work beautiful and splendid. So the busiest days may be sweetened and glorified by the remembrance of His Presence. He is here now.

DORA FARNCOMB.

The late Bishop Foss once visited a Philadelphia physician for some trifling ailment. "Do you, sir," the doctor asked, in the course of his examination, "talk in your sleep?"

"No, sir," answered the bishop. "I talk in other people's. Aren't you aware that I am a divine?"

The Ingle Nook.

[Rules for correspondents in this and other Departments: (1) Kindly write on one side of paper only. (2) Always send name and address with communications. If pen-name is also given, the real name will not be published. (3) When enclosing a letter to be forwarded to anyone, place it in stamped envelope ready to be sent on. (4) Allow one month in this department, for answers to questions to appear.]

Canning Fruit.

Last summer a woman said to a friend of the writer of this, that she had "tried sterilizing her sealers, but the fruit didn't keep any better than without it. It always spoiled anyway, and the less fuss the better." Now, this would be pitiful if it were not so laughable. Once for all, fruit put up in thoroughly sterilized sealers and thoroughly air-tight cannot spoil, even if no sugar at all is used. Sealers must be washed perfectly, put into cold water, set on the stove and boiled until every germ that could cause fermentation is killed. Tops and steel rims must also be boiled, the new rubber rings dipped in boiling water, the fruit put in boiling hot and heaped up at the top so that when the top is put on no air space will be left in the upper portion of the jar,—not even so tiny a space that a single air bubble can stay. Any stewed fruit can be put up this way perfectly, the main thing being to keep everything boiling hot.

Some put the fruit in clean jars, pour in syrup to fill, and bake the whole until done, finally filling up the sealers with hot juice and adjusting the rims and tops which have been boiling on top of the stove,—and, of course, the rubber rings dipped in boiling water. The principle is the same. The intense heat of the oven kills the bacteria, yeast and mold germs.

Others, again, use the same method, but put the sealers in the wash-boiler with lukewarm water to the height of jars, and boil until the fruit is thoroughly cooked, finally filling each sealer to overflowing with hot fruit and adjusting the sterilized tops and rims. These cannot, you see, be put on tightly at first, else the steam will break the jars.

If there is any carelessness anywhere; if tops or rims are insufficiently sterilized; if the fruit is not sufficiently cooked; if the jars are left open until the fruit is half cold and bacteria or yeast germs have time to float in out of the air again, fermentation may set up and the fruit may "spoil."

Indeed, in order that as few bacteria as possible may be in the air while canning is in progress, the process should always be carried on in a quite clean room, and the clothes of the operator should be perfectly clean. On no occasion permit sweeping—or dusting, except with a moist dust-cloth—to be carried on while doing up the fruit, and for some time before it, unless, indeed, to wipe floors, etc., with a damp cloth.

The following table for boiling fruit has been taken from an authority. Please keep it on hand.

TABLE FOR BOILING FRUIT.

Fruits.	Time for Boiling.		Sugar to Quart.
	Minutes.	Ounces.	
Strawberries	8	8	
Cherries	5	6 to 8	
Rhubarb (sliced)	10	10	
Raspberries	6	4 to 6	
Blackberries	8	8	
Huckleberries	5	4	
Plums	10	8	
Hard Pears	30	8	
Bartlett Pears	20	6	
Crab-apples	25	8	
Currants	6	10	
Sour Apples (quartered) ..	10	8	
Gooseberries	8	8	
Sour Grapes	10	8	
Peaches (halved)	8	4 to 8	
Peaches (whole)	15	4 to 8	

Crocheted Coat.

Dear Dame Burden,—Could you please send me, through your valuable paper, a crochet or a knitted pattern of a coat for a child about two years; also the kind of wool to use best, as they require washing, and oblige?

A FARMER'S WIFE.

Lambton Co., Ont.
The following directions were obtained from the Corticelli Home Needlework