

At Twilight.

I hear the sound of a soft foot-fall,
A laugh that is elfin sweet,
A lisping word and a cooing call,
As down the length of the shadowy hall
Falter her baby feet.
She pauses, a-tiptoe, at the door,
With her bonny eyes ashine,
Her face holds wisdom beyond my store,
And I clasp her close to my heart once more,
With her fair little cheek to mine.

But my arms clasp only the empty air,
The lullaby dies unsung,
I lose the gleam of her golden hair,
And the little face, so childish fair,
And the lip of her baby tongue.
And then I remember; she lies asleep,
Her story has all been told,
And whether I wake or whether I weep,
There still is a mystery strange and deep,
Which time can never unfold.

But I sometimes fancy I catch the gleam
Of her hair, in the still of the night,
And the lilt of her hand in a pale moonbeam,
Or her eyes meet mine in a walking dream
As I sit in the dim twilight,
'Tis then, I fancy, she turns her face
That has grown so heavenly fair,
From where she stands in that shining place,
And looks toward me through the starry space
With the smile that the angels wear.

For the CANADIAN CHURCHMAN.

EASTER EGGS.

A STORY ABOUT AN EASTER GIFT.

Translated from the German.

BY THE REV. W. H. WADLEIGH, B.A.

CHAPTER VI., CONTINUED.

An egg that was richly set in gold and pearls.

"I am Rosalind, a daughter of the Duke of Burgundy. Two comely counts sought my hand—Hanno Von Schroffenneck, and Arno Von Lindenburg. Hanno was the richest and most powerful lord within a wide circumference, and had many castles and warriors; but he was not good nor noble. Arno was truly the bravest and noblest knight in the land; only, in comparison with Hanno he was poor, for he had inherited from his noble, disinterested father, but a single ancestral castle which had fallen into decay, and, moreover, he was held in but little estimation owing to the greater power of others to usurp. To him, with my father's approbation, I gave my hand, and brought him a dowry of a beautiful tract of land, and several strong castles; we lived in the enjoyment of serenest happiness.

"But Hanno was seized with a grim hatred of me and my husband, and became our deadly enemy. Meanwhile he concealed his grudge, and did not allow his enmity to break out in public. Now, my husband was obliged to go forth with the emperor in the war against the wild heathenish tribes; Hanno had also to take part in the expedition, only, he knew how, by all kinds of pretexts, to delay his preparations, lagged behind and promised merely to join the army as soon as possible. Now, while my husband was fighting with his people on the far away borders, on behalf of his native land, and all the Christian forces had enough to do to hold at bay the overpowering enemy, the faithless Hanno invaded our country, and there was no one able to withstand him. He laid waste all the country far around, and stormed one strong castle after another. There remained nothing more for me but to secretly take flight, with my two dear children. My good old Kuno was my only protecting angel in this dangerous flight, in which I was not, during any moment, safe from Hanno's ambushes. He conducted me into this mountain, where, in this valley hidden from all the world, I have found so quiet a dwelling place. Here I would now remain until my husband has returned from the war; and our possessions shall again have been wrung from their wrongful holder. From time to time Kuno issued forth from the mountains into the more inhabited world to obtain information about the war, but he always returned with sorrowful news. The wicked Hanno was always still holding sway in our land. The war was still ever continuing upon the borders with varying fortune. But it is now

already nearly a year that my good Kuno has been ailing, since which time I have heard nothing more from my dear native land and from my beloved husband. Ah! perhaps he has long ere this fallen under pressure of the enemy. Perhaps Hanno, who, with his men, is so near, has come upon the trail of my secret abode,—and what will then become of me? Death would be the best thing that could happen me. O, I beg of you, dear Oswald, speak to the colliers that they do not betray me!"

"What, betray!" said the miller, "I stand responsible to you for all; every one would give his life for you, before the cruel Jack Von Schroffenneck shall at all harm you; he must reckon with us all. Be therefore without anxiety, noble lady!"

"Even so," said the coal-burners, when the miller brought the matter before them, "let him only come," said they; "we shall show him the way with our pokers."

Meanwhile, the good lady spent her days amid perpetual cares and anxieties. She scarcely any longer trusted herself outside her cottage door, and also allowed none of her children beyond her own threshold. Her life was much troubled and full of worry. But when it became quiet again in the mountain, and one saw and heard nothing more of the armour-clad men, she resolved once again to take a little walk.

It was after a lengthened rain, upon an altogether fine, delightful day late in the autumn. Some hundred paces from her cottage stood a kind of rustic chapel. It was built solely of the trunks of fir-trees, and the front was entirely open. In the chapel was seen "The Flight into Egypt," a very exquisite painting which Kuno had brought with him on the occasion of one of his journeys, in order to comfort the good lady in her own exile.

Behind the chapel arose a high cliff, and in front of it stood some beautiful firs, and shaded its entrance. The little place had something about it so quiet and cosy that one might linger here both in sorrow and in joy. A pleasant pathway over a green lawn, between picturesque rocks and shrubbery, led up to it. This was her favourite walk. She went thither, not altogether without apprehension on this occasion. She knelt with her children for a little while upon a kneeling stool at the entrance of the chapel. The similarity of her lot with the great sorrow of the holy mother of Him who was God, who also with her Child was obliged to flee to a strange land, touched her, and many tears flowed down her cheeks. She prayed for a while, and then sat down upon a bench. Her children, meanwhile, picked blackberries round about upon the rocks, and were delighted to observe that each berry was formed like a little shiny, black bunch of grapes; and they moved farther and farther away to a considerable distance.

As now the lady sat there so lonely, lo! there came forth from among the rocks a weird traveller, and approached the chapel. He wore, after the manner of pilgrims, a long black garment with a short mantle over it; his hat was adorned with beautifully coloured sea shells, and in his hand he bore a long white staff. He was, as it appeared, already very old, but yet a stately and very handsome man. His long hair, which hung down smoothly on either side of the parting, and his long beard were white as a sloe-blossom; but his cheeks were even more ruddy than the finest roses.

The lady was frightened when she saw the strange man. He saluted her respectfully and began a conversation with her. But she was very cautious and reserved in her speech. She looked at him but very shyly, as she wished, first, to examine him as to whether she really ought to confide in him—as one who was an altogether strange, unknown man.

"Noble lady," said the pilgrim at length, "have no fear of me; you are not so unknown to me as you think; you are Rosalind of Burgundy. I also know quite well the kind of hard lot which compelled you to seek a refuge among these rough rocks. Moreover, your husband from whom you have been separated three years, is very well known to me. Since you have dwelt here in this secluded spot, there have been great changes in the world. If there still lies in you a desire to hear from good

Arno Von Lindenburg, and thought of him is not yet quenched in your heart, then I can impart to you the most joyful tidings of him. Peace has been made! Adorned with the crowns of victory, the Christian army has returned. Your husband has reconquered his lost cities. The wretch Hanno saved himself by dire necessity in these mountains. Moreover, from hence has he already been obliged to take further flight. The inmost wish of your husband is now to find you, his beloved wife."

(To be Continued.)

Hints to Housekeepers.

Lemons may be kept fresh and good a long time by putting them in an open stone crock and covering them with cold water. The water should be changed twice a week. Lemons treated in this way will become ripe and juicy.

STRAWBERRY PRESERVES.—A delicious preserve may be made by hulling strawberries that are free from blemish and not over-ripe, and placing them in a porcelain kettle with their weight in white sugar. Allow them to stand over night, and in the morning set them over the range and allow them to boil steadily for an hour. Not a drop of water should be used; the juice from the berries will furnish all the liquid necessary.

COFFEE JELLY.—One-half box gelatine, one pint of strong coffee, three-fourths of a pound of sugar; pour the coffee over the gelatine; when dissolved, stir in the sugar, add one-half pint of boiling water, strain into moulds and serve with whipped cream.

PINEAPPLE SHERBET.—One tablespoonful gelatine soaked in one cup cold water fifteen minutes. Dissolve with one cup boiling water. Take one-half can grated pineapple, and one and one-half cups sugar, juice of one lemon. Add strained gelatine, put in freezer, and pack with ice and salt and freeze.

TOMATO SALAD.—Skin and slice some ripe tomatoes, also one white onion; lay them on the ice until cold, put them in a salad bowl, sprinkle a very little sugar over them (about a saltspoonful), pepper them well, pour about three tablespoonfuls of salad oil over them, a little Worcestershire sauce, and the last thing, one tablespoonful of vinegar with one heaping teaspoonful of salt dissolved in it. Be very careful not to break the tomatoes, but mix the dressing at one side of the dish and gently pour it over with the spoon. The same dressing can be used for lettuce and cucumbers without the sugar.

LEMON TAPIOCA.—Two tablespoonfuls of tapioca soaked over night in one-half cup of cold water. In the morning add one-half a cup of cold water, and the peeled rind of one lemon. Set on the stove and boil until clear; take out the rind, add the juice of the lemon, and one teaspoonful of lemon extract, one-half cup of sugar, one-half cup of boiling water, a little salt, and boil up. Put in a mould to cool, and serve with sugar and cream.

HICKORY-NUT KISSES.—Whites of six eggs beaten stiff, one pound powdered sugar, two tablespoonfuls flour, and one pound hickory-nut kernels. Drop on well buttered tins, and bake in a moderate oven.

BOILED ICING.—Boil one cup granulated sugar with four tablespoonfuls water until it drops from spoon in threads. Have ready the beaten white of one egg, and pour the syrup slowly into it, beating all the time. Flavor. Spread on cake while warm.

One of the best disinfectants is the black or crude carbolic acid. For each drain, basin or bath tub pour down one tablespoonful. Then with boiling water cleanse out the pipe. In all cases of sewer gas it will be an excellent purifier and give to any house or apartment a healthy odor.

Steam sweet potatoes until they are soft, but not broken. Peel and slice them. Boil two cups of sugar and one and a half cups of water into a thick syrup. Stir into it one-half cup of butter. Put the sliced potatoes into a deep baking dish and pour the syrup over them. Sprinkle bits of butter over them and bake from one and a half to two hours.

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