

Home Science.

[Written for the "Farmer's Advocate."]

Last year's big rush will be followed by, perhaps, a little greater rush this year. Outdoor help will be scarce, but not nearly to the same extent as indoor help; therefore, the farmer should provide his better-half with every possible convenience in order to facilitate her routine of work. He can often, personally, render assistance that will prove very helpful without lessening his own day's labor—thoughtful planning counts.

The Agricultural College Commission recommended, in connection with an agricultural college, a course of domestic science for the farmer's daughter. That is only as it should be, but I would go a step farther. I would recommend that every boy should also take a course of "domestic science" in his mother's kitchen. Then, if his mother, sister, or, later on, his wife, have not all the help they need he can turn in with his brawny arm and lend a hand.

The delicate frame of woman can scarcely be expected to possess perpetual motion. She requires occasional rest in the form of a suitable outing, which gives her new life.

"The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world." If that axiom be accepted, what can we expect from the progeny of the mother who has been a slave to the home?

Fellow farmers, think of it. We go through this world but once. Then give the "Queen of the Home" a chance to cultivate those ennobling qualities that should control the destiny of future generations.

Virden, Man.

JAS. WELLS.

Preserving Children.

The following amusing "recipe for preserving children," written by Miss Mignone Lincoln, aged sixteen, of New Orleans, and which won the prize for the best answer sent to "St. Nicholas" magazine, will be relished by all women, whether mother or not:

Take one large grassy field, one-half dozen children, all sizes; three small dogs, one long narrow strip of brook, pebbly if possible. Mix the children with the dogs, empty them into the field, stirring continually; sprinkle with field flowers. Pour brook gentle over the pebbles. Cover all with a deep blue sky. Bake in a very hot sun. When the children are well browned they may be removed. Will be found right and ready for setting away to cool in the bath-tub.

Farm and School Life.

Dear Editor:

As I enjoy reading letters from boy farmers, I thought I would write one, too, and let you know what I am doing on the farm. I am fourteen years old, and have always lived on a farm. We have six horses, and one of them is mine. His name is Thiel. We have five cows and seven calves, also pigs and lots of poultry. I have a dog; his name is Joe. He is a fine, strong fellow, able to draw me. In the morning, before starting for school, I feed the cattle and horses, and chop some wood and bring in water.

Last fall, I drove a team during threshing, and made sixteen dollars bucking straw.

Our school is two miles distant. I go on foot and attend regularly. We study both English and French, also grammar, history, geography, drawing, arithmetic, composition and physiology. I am in the Third Reader.

I wish you would kindly print my letter. To your valuable paper I send many happy wishes.

Selkirk Electoral District, Man. EMILIE ROSS.

A Little Help.

There's help in seeming cheerful
When a body's feeling blue,
In looking calm and pleasant,
If there's nothing else to do,
If other folk are wearing
And things are all awry,
Don't vex yourself with caring,
'Twill be better by-and-by.

There's help in keeping tally
Of our host of happy days,
There's never one that dawneth,
But it bringeth cause to praise
The Love that ever watcheth,
The Friend that's ever near,
So, though one tryst with sorrow,
One needs must dwell with cheer.

When troubles march to meet you
Salute them at the door,
Extend both hands to greet them.
Their worst will soon be o'er.
Beat down their stormy bugles
With your own rejoicing drums,
And mailed in lofty courage,
Accept whatever comes.

—Margaret E. Sangster, in Youth's Companion.

THE QUIET HOUR.

The Easter Message.

"O teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things Thou dost impart,
And wing my words, that they may reach
The hidden depths of many a heart."

The Easter message of life from the dead is proclaimed in the glorious springtime by every blade of grass, by every leaf and flower. No wonder people try to wear something new on Easter Day, for we all like to be to some extent "in the fashion." The old earth seems to renew its youth, coming out in a fresh robe of green, and very soon the orchards will burst into a display of blossom, putting the Easter hats into the shade. The earth faithfully declares her Easter message:

"True to her trust, tree, herb, or reed,
She renders for each scattered seed,
And to her Lord, with dutiful heed,
Gives large increase;
Thus year by year she works unted,
And will not cease."

Are we as faithful? God never reveals Himself to any soul for the sake of that soul alone. All nature is eagerly trying to pass on the life committed to it. The first message at the empty tomb was to the women: "Go quickly and tell His disciples that He is risen." Because they departed "quickly," and did "run" to deliver their wonderful message, they were rewarded quickly, for "Jesus met them." They had not seen their risen Lord before, but because they were eagerly spreading the good tidings which they had only heard, a much fuller revelation was granted them, and this also they were to pass on to others: "Jesus said unto them, Be not afraid; go tell My brethren—"

"Happy who so Christ's word convey,
That He may meet them on their way!"

Perhaps you are like those women. You have been often told the wonderful truth that He who proved His love by willingly enduring insult, shame and death to save us all, is living and close at hand. You believe this, because you have faith in the people who have taught you, but it may be that you have not yet heard the Master's voice calling you by name, and have not seen Him plainly with the eye of faith. Sow the seed you have, and it will surely be increased. Don't be satisfied with a little money given for missions, do mission work yourself. If you cannot tell out the Easter message to anyone else, there are always children to be instructed. Teachers are wanted in our Sunday schools, there is plenty of soil there, but every teacher should go directly to Christ for his seed. The first recorded Easter command given to St. Peter was: "Feed My lambs." The children are His, and He will call us to account if we neglect them.

Even Mary, who loved her Lord so dearly that "she was last at His Cross, and first at His Grave: staid longest there, was soonest here: could not rest till she were up to seek Him," even she was not permitted to stay, clinging to her Master with adoring worship, but was sent like the other women with a message to His "brethren."

The two disciples who, on that same great Easter Day, listened with burning hearts to the mysterious Stranger who walked with them to Emmaus, lost no time in spreading the good news that the Lord was indeed alive. "They rose up the same hour," although it was evening, and hurrying back the threescore furlongs to Jerusalem, "told what things were done in the way, and how He was known of them in breaking of bread." Do we seek to know Him more and more fully in the "Breaking of the Bread?"

The Apostles constantly proclaimed the "Resurrection." When Festus tried to find out the reason for St. Paul's imprisonment, the only crime of which he was accused was that of affirming that Jesus was alive. As Festus said, in explaining the case to Agrippa, there can be no doubt about the death of Jesus—it is a fact of history, which no one can deny, that He was crucified—yet nothing could shake the Apostle's witness to that other glorious fact that He is most surely alive.

Is not that the question to-day? The Man who founded the great Christian Church, which is gradually conquering the world, died nearly two thousand years ago. Some may agree with Festus that that settles the question; for if He died how can He be alive? But it is our business, if we are real Christians, to tell the world that He "liveth."

Perhaps you may ask why I, who have such a good opportunity, do not talk more about the Resurrection. But surely you can bear me witness that I have scarcely written a "Quiet Hour" without declaring, in one way or another, that Jesus is indeed alive, and by our very side al-

ways: "for we cannot but speak the things which we have seen and heard."

Of one thing, though, we must be careful, and that is not to profess a belief we do not feel. Humbug, cant and hypocrisy do more harm to the cause of Christ than any amount of open opposition. When He trusts us with a message, let us deliver it faithfully, neither adding to it nor subtracting from it, and then go to Him for another and a clearer revelation—which He will certainly give as soon as we are ready and able to receive it.

"I came and communed with that mighty King,
And told Him all my heart."

"Now will I turn to my own land, and tell
What I myself have seen and heard of Thee,
And give Thine own sweet message,
'Come and see!'

And yet in heart and mind for ever dwell
With Thee, my King of Peace, in loyal rest,
Within the fair pavilion of Thy Presence blest."

HOPE.



My dear Guests,—

"Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere," is the song of the grass at this season of nature's awakening. How it steals softly in, filling all waste spaces, and making beautiful every quiet corner! Do we think often enough or feel the gratitude we should to the Giver of all good gifts, for this humble and unobtrusive member of His vegetable kingdom?

By many of us it is passed unnoticed, or we feel and enjoy its presence without realizing whence the pleasure comes. The eye is soothed by its soft hue, and the heart encouraged, for green is the color which symbolizes hope; yet we seldom pause to consider our benefactor. Not so all men; the great word-painter, Ruskin, tells us: "Gather a single blade of grass and examine for a moment, quietly, its narrow, sword-shaped strip of fluted green. Think of it well, and judge whether, of all the gorgeous flowers that beam in summer air, and of all strong and goodly trees, pleasant to the eyes or good for food, there be any by God more highly graced, by man more deeply loved, than that narrow point of feeble green. Consider what we owe to the meadow grass, to the covering of the ground by that glorious enamel, by the companies of those soft and countless and peaceful spears."

We experience a thrill of joy when we read his words, and find that he has voiced our feeling—the mission of those to whom God has given the gift of expression. Then our imagination brings before us the picture of the mountain slopes covered with verdure; the "unshorn fields, boundless and beautiful," the prairies; the level, velvety lawn of park or garden; the grassy mounds in old-fashioned churchyards, that cover the quiet dead; the country lanes and roadsides; and all the waste spots and corners of the busy city, which the "soft and countless spears" have beautified.

What a lesson of life may be learned from this humble but powerful part of the economy of nature; the use and beauty of an obscure life! We are tempted to regret that our lives are spent in a monotonous round of commonplace duties. Among our acquaintances or friends we may find some whose lives seem lacking in the beauty or brightness we should desire for them. But have we not noticed sometimes that those are most missed when removed from us. These lives so humble, simple, but useful, have the beauty of the quiet grass, which makes pleasant the waste spaces and quiet corners of the world.

"Belle."—Your letter came just as this budget was in course of preparation. I am afraid the subject you propose would read rather tardily by the time results could be in. I shall be pleased to receive the photograph. I am glad you keep up your correspondence with "Annie Laurie," 'twill serve sometimes to brighten an occasional, otherwise dull, hour. Come again.

THE HOSTESS.