

A Thought on the Cross.

Beside the upraised Cross I kneel,
Mid shadows long and dim,
And worldly thoughts all flee away
As my eyes look on Him.

It seems to me no years have passed
Since Christ for us hath died.
I seem to kneel on Calvary,
Where He was crucified.

I see Him writhing on the Cross
In agonizing pain;
I see the cruel crown of thorns
Press hard upon His brain.

And as I look, that blood-stained face
Has naught but love to show;
Even in that hour of bitter pain,
He prays for those below.

Oh, Saviour dear, those outstretched hands
Seem calling all to Thee;
I almost hear Thy pleading voice,
"My son, come, follow Me."

Could I such wondrous love behold,
And vainly let Thee plead?
Ah, no! Dear Saviour, make me Thine
In thought and word and deed.

Help me to tread the path of life
With Thee, Lord, as my Guide,
To live for others, not for self;
Let self be crucified.

I'll fall, perhaps; yes, often fall;
But if the aim be right,
I will not go so far astray,
With this, Thy Cross, in sight.

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Easter, the Queen Feast of the Year.

This is the Festival on which we commemorate our Lord's triumphal rising from the grave; churches are decorated with flowers and plants on this day as symbolical of the Resurrection; She puts on her white Vestments, which have always been used at Easter-tide, as Durandus says, on account of the angel who brought the tidings of the Resurrection, who appeared in white garments, concerning which St. Matthew testifieth, saying: "His countenance was as lightning, and his garments white as snow." The same signs of joy are observed throughout the week, the Church contemplating an Octave of Daily Celebrations of the Holy Communion. Easter Monday and Tuesday, being more especially the extensions of the Easter Day Festival, which in honor of our Blessed Lord's Resurrection, has been observed from the first age of the Church, and was kept as the principal festival of the year. Easter had become familiar to all parts of the Christian world as early as the days of Polycarp and Anicetus, who had a consultation at Rome A. D. 158, as to whether it should be observed according to the reckoning of the Jewish or Gentile Christians. Eusebius also records the fact that Miletus, Bishop

of Sardis, about the same time wrote two books on the Paschal Festival; and Tertullian speaks of it as annually celebrated and the most solemn day for Baptism. Cyprian, in one of his Epistles, mentions the celebration of Easter solemnities, and, by writers of later date, the Festival is constantly referred to as the most Holy Feast, the Great Lord's Day, and the Queen of Festivals.

The Worship of the Body.

As the season approaches that turns our thoughts to that article of faith—the resurrection of the body—should we not question ourselves sometimes as to how that body, as well as the soul, is fulfilling its part in the preparation for life eternal? Is it not possible that we may acknowledge fully our spiritual duties and obligations, but forget in a measure that the body is the Temple of the Holy Ghost, and has therefore a mission of its own to be fulfilled not only in inward purity, but an outward, visible life of reverence and holiness.

Thus in the soul's worship, the body has, or should have, its definite and appointed part. In praise we stand, in supplication and homage kneel, in adoration bow, and in meek attention sit to receive God's word and instruction. With the lips we utter praise, with eyes gaze on all that can express to the mind God's beauty or majesty, with ears drink in His word and will, with willing hands labour in His service, and with obedient feet follow as He calls.

This is the worship, the ministry of the body, and while the soul may sometimes be subject to influences and feelings beyond our control, let us remember that the body is ever under the command of will. Let us see then that it fail not in its duty, but render its worship or its service in the true spirit of reverence and love.

Maundy Thursday.

The Thursday in Holy Week, the day of the institution of the Blessed Sacrament. It is said to be called Maundy from the first word of the Antiphon *mandatum novum de nobis*, i.e., a new commandment I give unto you. Holy Communion is celebrated with every solemnity. The organ which is generally silent during the week, is played again. Evensong is said without chanting, and the altar is hung with white.

Consecrated Hands.

It is very pleasant to feel that if our hands are indeed our Lord's, we may ask Him to guide them, and strengthen them, and teach them. I do not mean figuratively, but quite literally. In everything they do for Him we want to do it well—better and better. "Seek that ye may excel." We are too apt to think that He has given us certain natural gifts, but has nothing practically to do with the improvement of them, and leaves us to ourselves for that. Why not ask Him to make these hands of ours more handy for service! If the Lord taught David's hands to war and his fingers to fight, will He not teach our hands and fingers, too, to do what He would have them do?

There is a very remarkable instance of the hand of the Lord, which I suppose signifies in that case the power of His Spirit being upon the hand of a man. In 1 Chron. xxviii. 19, "All this, said David, the Lord made me understand in writing, by His hand upon me, even all the works of this pattern." This cannot well mean that the Lord gave David a miraculously written scroll, because a few verses before he says that he had it all by

the Spirit. So what else can it mean but that, as David wrote, the hand of the Lord was upon his hand, impelling him to trace, letter by letter, the right words of description for all the details of the temple that Solomon should build, with its courts and chambers, its treasures and vessels?

Have we not sometimes sat down to write, feeling perplexed and ignorant, and wishing some one were there to tell us what to say? At such a moment, were it a mere note for post, or a sheet for press, it is a great comfort to recollect this mighty laying of a divine hand upon a human one, and ask for the same help from the same Lord. It is sure to be given!—*Frances R. Havergal*.

Hints to House-keepers.

ICING FOR CAKE.—One cupful of pulverized sugar, three tablespoonfuls of water; mix and boil together until it strings; take off the fire, mix with the white of one egg which has been beaten to a stiff froth, and add a teaspoonful of lemon extract.

A nice Lenten dish is called "stuffed eggs." Put six eggs in a dish of hot water and boil them fifteen minutes. Drop in cold water to cool and loosen the shells. Cut them in half lengthwise after shelling, take out the yolks, and set the whites aside. Mash the yolks to a paste, add a tablespoonful of butter, melted, a teaspoonful of made mustard, a tablespoonful of chopped parsley, salt and a little pepper. Make into little balls and put back into the cavities, turning the other half over it. Press the two together, dip in beaten egg, then in bread crumbs, and fry in smoking hot fat till a nice brown.

Maple sugar drops are made by melting a pound of maple sugar with a cup of water and boiling the syrup until it is a creamy ball. Let it cool when the syrup reaches this stage; and when you can bear your finger in it begin stirring it. When it is about the consistency of lard, knead it on a marble board or a platter until it is an even, smooth fondant. Melt it by setting the bowl in a pan of boiling water, and drop it by the spoonful on buttered tins.

FRIED GRAHAM MUFFINS.—One and one-half cups sifted graham, or entire wheat, one and one-half cups of white flour, one-half teaspoonful salt, two eggs, three tablespoonfuls sugar, three level teaspoonfuls baking powder, one cup milk. Mix the dry ingredients; beat eggs till very light, add them to the milk, then add this liquid to the dry mixture. Wet a spoon in milk, take up a small quantity of the dough, drop into the hot fat and fry till they will slip from a fork without sticking. Take them up and drain on cheese cloth.

ORANGE PUDDING.—Grate the rind of three oranges; squeeze over the juice of one lemon and the oranges; mix with a pound of sugar, half a cupful of butter and the beaten yolks of half a dozen eggs; pour into a deep pudding dish and set into a hot oven to bake for fifteen minutes. Take out, spread with meringue, set back in the oven for one minute. Serve with lemon sauce.

STUFFED SMELTS.—Chop six large oysters, add one cup of soft bread crumbs, one tablespoonful of melted butter and salt and pepper to taste. Clean the smelts, fill with the mixture, sew the edges, roll in melted butter, then in soft bread crumbs, and bake in a moderate oven ten minutes. Serve with maitre d'hotel butter. Cream two tablespoonfuls butter, add juice of half a lemon or lime, and a teaspoonful of chopped parsley.

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