

In the Strawberry Season.

When one tires of the plump red berries served with rich yellow cream, there are other ways to dispose of them, ranging from strawberry froth to strawberry soup, but in whatever form they come, the luscious fruit is tempting, healthful, and eagerly welcomed.

Strawberry Froth.—Beat the whites of six eggs to a froth, add a bit of salt and enough confectioners' sugar to form a stiff meringue, then beat until stiff; cut one pint of strawberries into small pieces, and as the meringue is being beaten, add a few from time to time until all have been stirred in; chill upon ice and serve in sherbet glasses.

Strawberry Pie.—Beat the whites of three eggs to a froth, add one cup of sugar, one teaspoonful of vanilla, and a good pint of large, perfect berries; have ready baked a fresh, flaky crust, and into this heap the berries and cover with an unbaked piece of pastry. Bake in a slow oven until well browned.

Strawberry Tapioca.—Prepare one-half cup of tapioca by cooking in a double boiler in one pint of water, and adding a pinch of salt; about one hour's steady cooking will render it transparent, when it is ready to be removed from the fire. Add one quart of luscious berries, and sweeten to taste. Cool upon ice, and serve with whipped cream.

Strawberry Salad.—Prepare one quart of berries, two oranges, two bananas, and one pineapple; slice the fruits, place in a dish, and sweeten to taste. Cover with Meringue, or serve with whipped cream.

Strawberry Shortcake.—Make the shortcake by rubbing into a quart of sifted flour, to which two teaspoonfuls of baking powder have been added, one heaping tablespoonful each of butter and lard, and add sufficient milk to make a soft dough; bake in a quick oven, and as soon as done cut open with a sharp, hot knife, and butter thickly; chop one quart of strawberries and add to them one cupful of granulated sugar; spread this between the layers and on top, and serve hot with whipped cream.

Strawberry Cakes.—Dip ripe berries in powdered sugar, and allow to stand for some time; take small sponge cakes, or cut a large sponge cake into squares, and cut out the center of each square so as to form a hollow; fill this hollow with the sweetened berries, then cover with whipped cream; garnish the cakes with berries and serve.

Strawberry Gelatine.—Dissolve three ounces of gelatine in cold water to cover, stirring occasionally until it becomes smooth; color with the sweetened juice of strawberries; place a few luscious berries in individual glasses and pour the gelatine over them; serve with whipped cream flavored with vanilla.

Strawberry Custard.—Sweeten a quart of very ripe strawberries and line a large glass dish with them; make an ordinary egg custard, and pour this over the berries; whip some sweetened cream and pile on top of the custard.

Strawberry Toast.—Stew and sweeten one quart of strawberries; have ready thin slices of buttered toast, and while the fruit is still hot pour it over the toast, having alternate layers of fruit and toast. Cover with meringue, brown slightly and serve hot.

Strawberry Dumplings.—Use the same dough as for strawberry shortcake; cut into small squares, and fill the centers with sweetened strawberries, mixed with cracker crumbs, and flavor with lemon peel; roll up each dumpling and tie tightly in cheese cloth to prevent escape of juice, but allowing enough room for the dumpling to rise. Steam for forty-five minutes, and serve hot with strawberry sauce.—[Prairie Farmer.]

Some time ago, in a certain village in Berkshire, an old man of eighty was engaged to a "sweet young thing" of seventy-eight. After a betrothal of six months, it was reported that the couple had quarrelled. The minister, hearing this, went to the old man to speak to him on the subject. "Well, Baldwin, I am sorry to hear your engagement with Betsy is broken off." "Yes, sir," said the old man, "we found out at last we could not agree who was to eat the crusts."



Faithful Unto Death.

Did you say that "the days are over
When man for his kind would die;
That life is more precious than duty
When the flames are raging high?"
'Twas Satan invented the falsehood—
"All that a man hath he will give,
Will sacrifice honor and duty,
If only he's suffered to live."
Though he dared to hurl that assertion
In the face of high heaven's King,
The words have been proved a slander
By records each age can bring.
To-day I would call your attention
To one of these records true,
When a girl braved a fiery furnace—
A young girl of twenty-two.
She was nursing a helpless patient,
Three stories up from the ground,
In a hospital over in Cleveland,
When she heard an awful sound—
Heard the cry that drives strong men
frantic,

The terrible cry of "Fire!"—
Ringing through the frail wooden building,
Which blazed like a funeral pyre.
There was hurry and wild confusion,
While patients were dragged from death;
They escaped to the yard in safety,
Then the nurses held their breath.

Far up at a third-story window,
Minnie Baumer's face appeared,
As she shouted, "Oh, help my patient!"—
'Twas not for herself she feared—
"Surely someone will come and help me!
I can't get him out!" she said,
"For his hip is so badly broken,
And he's strapped down tight to his
bed!"

But no one answered her summons—
What use to venture inside
Such a burning fiery furnace—
"Jump and save yourself!" they cried.
"I can't leave my patient," she answered,

Then hurried back to his side,
Dying there in a last endeavor
To get his bonds untied.
She was found at the post of duty,
A faithful servant and true,
When death's angel gently whispered:
"The Master has come for you."

Some said, "Her devotion was foolish,
'To what purpose is this waste!'"
But what is the Master's answer?
"If a man true life will taste,
He must lose his life for My sake,
Nor falter at duty's call,
Who saveth his life shall lose it"—
It is grand at one's post to fall.
Oh, a glorious inspiration
Such a noble death must be,
Rousing men to a high ambition
To a service that makes them free.

HOPE.

"And Satan answered the Lord, and said, Skin for skin, yea, all that a man hath will he give for his life."—Job ii. 4.

About the Fresh-air Mission.

I have just received the yearly report sent out by the "Children's Fresh-air Mission" of Toronto, and will give a few quotations from it:

"As gold lies hidden in the rough places of the earth, so capabilities lie hidden in these boys and girls, which, for their future well-being and happiness, must be developed. The Children's Fresh-air Mission is an aid to this. Two weeks holiday in the country brings such a change to the lives of the boys and girls. With freedom they can hardly understand, and with the loving care they receive, many of the most delicate and sickly children become quite well and strong."

"In speaking to one of the mothers, she said: 'You don't know how thankful I have been that my little girl was sent out last summer. Why, she hasn't been troubled with bronchitis this winter.' There are many more grateful mothers in our

city who have been saved much anxiety by the kindness of our friends who have opened their homes to receive these children in all parts of Ontario."

"Life in the country gives them new ideas, and creates in them longings for better things. Some of the boys sent out last year have expressed the desire to begin life on farms in the West, away from the narrowing, blighting influences in which they have lived."

"Children talk big things, and sometimes friends are puzzled to know what to believe. For instance, one little girl told the friends that she lived in a brick house on one of the up-town streets, and they had a piano. The friends wrote, asking why such children were sent, and the following facts were sent in reply: The little girl, with her mother, father and two other children, a cat, dog, and all their earthly possessions, lived in a room 8 x 10 feet, in the loft of a brick stable, which was reached by crawling through a window and climbing a ladder. No rent was paid for this magnificent dwelling, as no one knew it was occupied until a policeman stumbled on the scene. This same child, fearing her little parcel of clothes would be pawned for drink, left them at the home of one of the Workers the week before going out. Many such stories, more or less interesting, are told by some of the children, but the reality dwells only in their imaginations."

"We were much encouraged last summer by a request for twenty-three of our worst children. They were sent, and only one was not invited to go back."

"Very interesting and amusing stories could be told of the impressions made on the boys and girls. One child said they had a prayer-meeting every night where he stayed. How could he recognize family prayers, never having seen such before? But who can estimate the benefit for these boys and girls to learn what prayer and reading of God's word means?"

"One little girl of three went to a home where some months before the only little one of the household had been gathered in the Shepherd's arms. Such love and affection were bestowed that when the parting time came the child put both arms round the neck and clung to the one she had learned to call papa, while tears were in several eyes on that railway platform."

"God gave us this plan of sending them out two by two to the homes of His children, which gave them their first impressions of what a real home was, and how God's children live according to His own plan and will. It is easy to tell the story of the love of God, but how can children understand in homes where it is unknown? The drunken father and mother do not exhibit this love, and the story sounds strange to them in our gospel meetings."

"These Christian homes in the country are got by corresponding through friends of the Mission, and in answer to believing prayer the number is increasing each year. The Mission is solely a work of faith, trusting God for the homes, the children and the money. Many of the children have to be clothed throughout. We never ask, or allow our friends to ask, for financial needs. Each year we print a report, and if God lays it heavily upon the heart of anyone to give of His own, our treasurer gladly receives it. We never go into debt, and never refuse a child for want of a home or lack of funds. Last year, after sending out a contingent of seventy-three

children on one train, our treasury showed a balance on hand of three cents, and before the next day's children were ready, enough had come in for this need. The average cost per child for a two weeks' holiday in the country is about \$1.00. This is very small, considering the cost of travel, which varies from the price of a street car ticket to the fare of one hundred and sixty miles on the railway."

The children are sent two and two to prevent homesickness, and may be kept longer than the regulation two weeks if desired. The Mission pays railway fare both ways, asking only that the children may be received into Christian homes for the sake of Him who has said: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, My brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

Think what this holiday may bring to some of them—perhaps an inspiration to live a cleaner, purer life, which will bear good fruit through all eternity. Some of you may be willing to take in two of the children for a fortnight, or longer. Others may help with their quarters and their dimes. What a wonderful help this Mission would receive if every reader of the "Advocate" sent ten cents—who can calculate the big sum it would amount up to? I hope if you do help in either of these ways—and surely you will—you will mention the "Advocate," so that I may be able to tell how much the Mission has been helped. I don't belong to the Mission, being only a well-wisher, so I may venture to ask for financial help. The Secretary is Miss Florence Roberts, 21 Scarth Road, Toronto. The Treasurer is Chas. D. Gordon, Dominion Bank (Esther St. Branch), Toronto.

HOPE.

The Blight of Pessimism.

Considering how unprofitable such efforts are, it is surprising how many make a business of looking for trouble, of cultivating and coaxing it, and running to meet it. They find the thing for which they look. No one ever looked for trouble without finding plenty of it. This is because one can make trouble of anything if the mind is set that way. It is said that, during the development of the West, in the days of rough frontier life, the men who always went armed with pistols, revolvers and bowie knives always got into difficulties, while the men who never carried arms, but trusted to their own good sense, self-control, tact, and humor, rarely had trouble. The incident that meant a shooting affray to the armed man was merely a joke to the more sensible unarmed man. It is just so with the seekers for ordinary trouble. By constantly holding discouraged, dejected, melancholy, gloomy thoughts, they make themselves receptive to all that depresses and destroys. What to a cheerful person would be a trifling incident, to be laughed at and dismissed from the mind, becomes, in the minds of the croakers, a thing of dire portent; an occasion for unutterable gloom and foreboding.

Most unhappy people have become so by gradually forming a habit of unhappiness, complaining about the weather, finding fault with their food, with crowded cars, and with disagreeable companions or work. A habit of complaining, of criticising, of fault-finding, or grumbling over trifles, a habit of looking for shadows, is a most unfortunate habit to contract, especially in early life, for, after a while, the victim becomes a slave. All of the impulses become perverted, until the tendency to pessimism, to cynicism, is chronic.—[Success.]

Siamese Women.

In one country at least a woman's dress is regulated entirely by the day of the week. In Siam every woman is a living calendar. On Sunday red silk with a parure of rubies is worn; Monday brings silver and white dress and a necklace of moonstones; Tuesday is dedicated to light red, with coral ornaments; Wednesday is devoted to green, with emeralds; Thursday sees a display of variegated colors, with cat's eye; Friday the lady is arrayed in pale blue, with flashing diamonds, and Saturday is more somber, darker blue, with sapphires to match.