

Happiness grows at our own firesides, and is not to be picked up in the stranger's gardens.

To bring forward the bad action of others to excuse our own, is like washing ourselves in mud.

Innocence, thou art genuine only when, as a child, thou knowest not thyself; the moment of thy consciousness is that of death.

He who is conscious of his ignorance, viewing it in the light of misfortune, is wiser than one who mistakes superficial polish for knowledge.

The tears of beauty are like clouds floating over a heaven stars, bedimming them a moment that they may shine with a brighter luster than before.

### RECEIPTS.

**SUGAR CAKES.**—One pound of sugar; six eggs three quarters of a pound of butter; one nut-meg; two teaspoonfuls of soda; one cupful of cream. To be baked in a quick oven.

**HARD GINGERBREAD.**—One quart molasses; two cupfuls of sugar; three-quarters of a pound of lard and butter; one cupful of ginger; one teaspoonful of black pepper; and a tablespoonful of cloves, cinnamon, and allspice.

**CHOCOLATE CAKES.**—One pound of sugar; half a pound of grated chocolate; the whites of eight eggs; mix these ingredients together, and stir them for half an hour; then mix in some cinnamon, cloves or vanilla, and add six ounces of flour. Butter a pan, and drop small cakes upon it baking them in a cool oven. It is well to add to the above ingredients, two pounds of almonds which have been beaten fine in a mortar.

**HARD GINGER CAKES.**—One pound of butter; one quart molasses; one pound of brown sugar, which has been dried a little; three pounds of flour; half a paper of ground ginger; a good sized cup of milk; and one nutmeg, grated. Roll the dough very thin.

**FLOATING ISLAND.**—Beat the white of ten eggs until they are stiff, and then add to them four tablespoonfuls of sugar, and enough jelly to cover it; float some sponge cake on a quart of milk, and put the beaten egg on the top of it.

**FARINA 1.**—Put together one quart of milk, one tablespoonful of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of farina, and one teaspoonful of extract of almonds. Boil for twenty minutes, stirring constantly. Dip your jelly moulds into cold water, and then pour in the farina. Let it stand until it is quite cold.

**FARINA 2.**—Put one pint of milk over the fire, and when it comes to a boil, stir in two and a half tablespoonfuls of farina, and boil it for thirty minutes. Beat the whites and yolks of two eggs separately, and after the farina has cooked twenty minutes add the eggs to it, also two tablespoonfuls of sugar, and just enough essence of almonds to flavor it.

**LEMON SYRUP.**—Take the juice of twelve lemons, grate the rind of six in it, let it stand over night; then take six pounds of white sugar, and make a thick syrup. When it is quite cool, strain the juice into it, and squeeze as much oil from the grated rind as will suit the taste. A tablespoonful in a goblet of water will make a delicious drink on a

hot day, far superior to that prepared from the stuff commonly sold as lemon syrup.

**TO DRIVE RED ANTS FROM THE HOUSE.**—Drop some quick lime on the mouth of their nest and wash it with boiling water; or dissolve some camphor in spirits of wine then mix with water, and pour into their haunts; or tobacco water, which has been found effectual. They are averse to strong scent. Camphor will prevent their entering a cupboard, or a sponge saturated with crocote.

### Poetry.

#### BACKBONE.

When you see a fellow mortal  
Without fixed or fearless views,  
Hanging on the skirts of others,  
Walking in their cast-off shows,  
Bowing down to wealth or favour,  
With abject, uncovered head,  
Ready to restrict or waver,  
Willing to be drove or led,  
Walk yourself with firmer bearing,  
Throw your mortal shoulders back,  
Show your spine has nerve and marrow—  
Just the thing which he must lack.

A stronger word  
Was never heard  
In sense and tone  
Than this backbone.

When you see a theologian  
Hugging close some ugly creed,  
Fearing to reject or question  
Dogmas which his priest may read,  
Holding back all noble feelings,  
Choking back each manly view,  
Caring more for forms and symbols  
Than to know the Good and True,  
Walk yourself with firmer bearing,  
Throw your mortal shoulders back,  
Show your spine has nerve and marrow—  
Just the thing which he must lack,

A stronger word  
Was never heard  
In sense and tone  
Than this backbone.

When you see a politician  
Crawling through contracted holes,  
Begging for some fat position,  
In the ring or at the polls,  
With no sterling manhood in him,  
Nothing stable, broad or sound,  
Destitute of pluck or ballast,  
Double minded all around,  
Walk yourself with firmer bearing,  
Throw your mortal shoulders back,  
Show your spine has nerve and marrow—  
Just the thing which he must lack.

A stronger word  
Was never heard  
In sense and tone  
Than this backbone.

A modest song and plainly told—  
The text is worth a mine of gold,  
For many men most sadly lack  
A noble stiffness in the back.