

Household.

Washing Dishes.

The Rev. T. K. Beecher gives his estimate and experience of the daily recurring domestic trial of washing dishes in the following characteristic style:—

The quiet fidelity with which "she" will dishwash her life away for "him" is a marvel of endurance and grace. Just here is the servitude of women heaviest—no sooner is her work done than it requires to be done again. Man works up jobs, ends them, and takes his pay. The pay can be translated into something else desirable. A man works all day, and draws pay for a day's work. This pay allures him, as oats a horse homeward bound. Thus men work by terms and jobs, and although work is endless as to quantity, yet when cut up thus into terms and jobs, we men go heartily on our journey and count our milestones.

Not so with our mates. "She" mends our socks, and we put our irrepressible toe upon the darning spot, and she darns it again. "She" washes for the family, and the family makes haste to send back the same garments to be washed again. "She" puts the room in order, and we get it ready to be "rid up" again. The same socks, the same washing, the same room every time. She has no successive jobs, no terms, no pay-day, no tally-stick of life. She washes the same dish three hundred and sixty-five times—yes, three times three hundred and sixty-five times every year. No wonder she breaks it and is glad of it. What a relief to say, "I've done that dish."

Not only have we washed dishes, but also we cooked and served and helped eat a meal—with *bated* appetite because of cooking—and now we are astounded at the number of thoughts, and steps, and acts, and processes involved in a very plain supper. Only two of us, jolly cronies, caring nothing for style and needing only a very plain supper. And we had it, and with it came wisdom.

Gentlemen, all! We go into a room and see a table ready set. It seems to us one thing—a supper. It is, in fact, from fifty to two hundred separate things, taken down one by one for use to use, and for "her" to wash and put back whence they came. There is a plate of biscuit. To that plate of simplicity, we with our hands and feet brought together a new, quick fire for baking, viz: kindling wood, raking out stove, and hod of coal. Flour from the bin, shortening from the gravy-drip down cellar, salt from one box, sugar from another, soda from the jar, acid (muriatic) from a bottle, a spoon, a pitcher of water, a dripping-pan, and a tin pan for mixing up these ingredients; and after all happening to forget the things for ten minutes, we burned the biscuit half through in a way which we men reckon quite unpardonable in a cook. Meanwhile that one

plate of biscuit added to the eternal dishwash two spoons, two pans, one plate, and a little cup. Just a little piece of steak contributed eight pieces to the dish wash. A few strawberries sent in six pieces to be got ready to soil again. Four eggs impressed themselves on six separate articles.

Gentlemen, we began at ten minutes to six, and at a quarter to eight we found ourselves triumphant—everything cleared away except the dish-cloth. You see we washed up the bread-pan, the dish-pan and the sink, scalding them all—and our fingers too—and dried them off with the dish-cloth. Now, where on earth can we go to wash out that dish-rag? Not in the clean pan! Not over the clean, dry sink! We stood aghast for five minutes, then wadded up the rag, round like a ball, tucked it into the far corner of the sink, and shut down the cover. Our sink has a cover. But that rag, though hidden, was heavy on our conscience. "She" never would have done so. We have seen clean dish-cloths, but how they washed them passes our skill.

And so, as we said, "she" is always leading us to thought and good resolutions. We shall be a wiser and a better man for at least two days after her return. And whenever we stop to think, we rank a successful house-keeper and home-maker as a worker second to none on a scale of achievement and deservings. Her services are like the air, the rain and the sunshine.

Brewing Beer.

Canada is the only Province under British rule in which a man may not make the materials he requires for brewing his own beer. We trust this will be amended, and that the excise laws will be so modified that a farmer can make his own malt for his own consumption. He can grow his own barley and his own hops, which are the only materials besides water which are required for brewing, but he must not at present malt his own barley for home use, and this, it is to be hoped, will be modified.

However, as many old country men must have their beer, it may not be amiss to give practical directions for brewing. Whenever the legal disabilities as to making malt are removed or modified, it will be time enough to explain the process of malting, as adapted to the scale of the household.

It may be as well to observe that the writer is a regularly educated brewer—has brewed many hundreds of thousands of barrels of ordinary brewers' beer, and is quite *au fait* in every branch of the business. The object for a farmer is to brew a good, wholesome, table beer, of which a man can take a draught sufficient to satisfy his thirst, without muddling his brain, or otherwise overstepping the bounds of temperance; and it will be shown that he can do this without a set of brewing utensils, except those to be found about every farm house.

A large sugar or potash kettle will answer the purpose of a copper in which to heat the water, and also in which to mash the malt. If it has a spout and tap to it so much the better. If it has none, a substitute must be found.

Heat the water—good spring hard water—and let it boil; then let it cool down, or cool it down with cold water, to 160 degrees by the thermometer (Fahrenheit scale). A thermometer can now be purchased for less than fifty cents. When the water is 160°, check the fire down to a few embers or brands, then add the ground malt. The malt must, of course, be ground, and it should be coarsely ground, or if crushed only, so much the better, so that every grain is broken. Put in malt until when, mixed with the water, and after stirring for a quarter of an hour, the malt is just on a level with the water. Your boiler must not be more than half full of water when you put in the malt. When it is well stirred up, try it again with the thermometer. It will vary in heat according to the coldness of the malt, and the season when it is used, from 140° to 150°. If it is below 140°, add a little more fire, stirring the contents of the kettle all the while, until the mash gets to 145° or 150. Then put out the fire and stop up the stoke-hole with ashes, if the kettle is set in brickwork—otherwise keep the heat varying from 145° to 150°, and stirring all the time, if you keep the heat up with fire; but if the boiler is set in brickwork let it rest. Keep it at this heat for three hours, then lade all out into a fine sieve or basket, placed over a washing tub (well cleansed with boiling water and all the soap got out of it), until all the wort has run through the malt into the tub. It will be tolerably clear if you take care to keep the centre of the malt the lowest, so that the surface of the malt forms a kind of dish—it thus acts as a strainer for the wort. Ladle it all out until the kettle is empty, put some more water in the kettle, and heat as rapidly as possible; when nearly or quite boiling, sprinkle the mashed malt in the sieve or basket with the hot water, until what comes through has lost its sweetness. Take care to sprinkle all over the surface, and don't put too much at a time; a quart or so at once is enough, until you have used as much as you have obtained from the malt the first time. You will thus get out nearly all the goodness of the malt, and the rest that is left in it will do for the cow. As soon as you can empty the kettle of the hot water do so; the quicker the better; then put the wort out of the washing tub into the kettle and boil it up, putting in hops to the taste. Generally one pound of hops to a bushel of malt is enough, but one and a half pounds is better. The total quantity of wort obtained from a bushel of malt should be fifteen gallons. Bring the whole to a boil as soon as possible, but do not boil much; cover up close and leave it for an hour, just simmering. By this time you will have