

Pembroke Castle.

Pembroke Castle, as seen by Turner. Do ordinary mortals ever see these old English memorials in such a glory of light and shade as our artist did? By a rare chance it is possible. The peculiar exaltation—some would say exaggeration—of a scene which the artist seizes upon for the creation of his picture is really more common than ordinary observers would suppose. It is rare, indeed, for any season to pass over any point of view which possesses picturesque elements without radiating it with numerous striking effects. The artist, also, not infrequently transfers to one scene, or point of view, an effect which he has witnessed elsewhere, and all that we can require of him is that his effect shall not violate any possibilities or probabilities of nature. In one of the grandest series of views ever produced by one artist—England and Wales, by J. M. W. Turner—the effects throughout are of that class which, though true to nature, have to be watched and waited for, and the spectator will be happy indeed who may see any noted scene with that special effect with which some great artist has immortalized it. It is rare indeed for nature to repeat herself. From its incessant variety arises the ever fresh and exhaustless spring of inspiration for every artistic spirit born into the world whose mission is to train humanity to a comprehension of the glory of its dwelling place; the beauty of infinite variety and of most opposite aspect that in every path awaits man's coming, with a blessing for every eye and heart that are open to it.

Pembroke Castle is an old historical stand-ground. Britons who fought with Romans raised defences here on a rocky ridge running into Milford Haven, one of the deep indentations of South Wales. Ships can sail here, and all the varied effects of a sea coast scene play about the old walls; deep below is a strange natural cavern, through which communications could be kept up between the castle and the town at some little distance off. The earliest date connected with it that history gives us is some eight hundred years ago, when we read of a son of an Earl of Shrewsbury building here. From time to time great additions were made, and the vast remains give it still an appearance of uncommon grandeur, unsurpassed by any other of the many picturesque and striking views that Wales can offer the tourist. The chief historical events connected with it are the birth here in 1456 of Henry VII., a son of the Earl of Richmond, a certain Edmund Tudor, of royal blood. In this grim old castle we have a passing picture of a young girl, but wife and mother, with cares upon her heart and hands long before her time. It is a Margaret Beaufort, a descendant of old John of Gaunt, who in her girlhood had been married for State reasons to this Edmund Tudor. We can but hope he was kind in the short time he had the opportunity, for he died the same year his son was born—a son who, after a dangerous and troublous boyhood, was to bring to a peaceful close the long and bloody era of the Red and White Rose conflicts. Nearly two hundred years later Cromwell, the destroyer of royalty, besieged the castle for six weeks. Up to that time, though often attempted in different ages, it had never been taken. It fell before the Ironsides, like many another stout old stronghold, witnessing in that age the last of the many conflicts waged round their hoary walls, and henceforth, as time healed the deep wounds of civil war, to become treasured and venerated memorials of a past that now, in its varied influences, lives still in the English race throughout the world.

PINEAPPLE CREAM.—Soak one-quarter ounce of gelatine in the liquor strained from a can of pineapple, and stir it over the fire until dissolved, adding sugar if the juice is not sufficiently sweet. Beat the whites of three eggs to a stiff froth, add two tablespoons of white sugar, and the gelatine, which should be nearly cold. Keep whisking all the time, mix in the pineapple, and pile it high on a glass dish.

MINNIE MAY'S DEPARTMENT.

MY DEAR NIECES,—

The Christmas festivities are over, a New Year has dawned, and winter holds full sway.

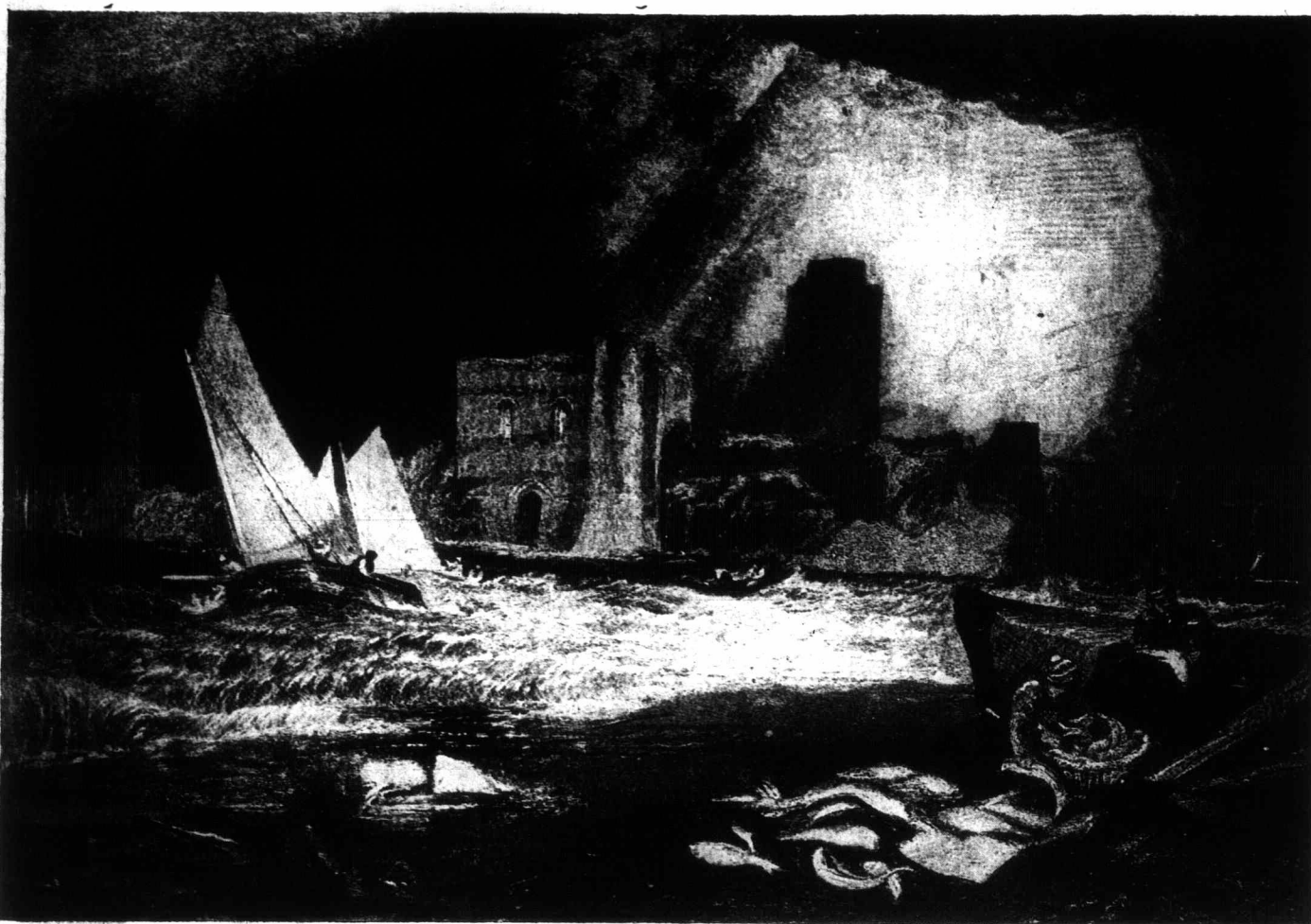
Mother Earth looks beautiful clad in her soft white robe—emblems of purity and peace—while the shining crystals which adorn the trees atone, in a great measure, for the absence of the beautiful raiment of which Autumn has bereft many of them.

The Frost King, too, has been abroad and breathed on the laughing brooklets, and silenced the majestic rivers; but who will be found to complain when the sound of the ringing steel is heard on the ice and the merry laugh comes floating softly to us, while the rosy cheeks and bright eyes testify to the healthfulness of skating.

As I write, my fancy conjures up the faces of my many readers, and I cannot help thinking of them as the Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter of life.

How glad I should be to speak to each in turn: the merry children, heedless of everything save present enjoyment (children are so dear to my heart that I hope Cousin Dorothy will excuse me for encroaching on her domain); the bright maidens, "standing with reluctant feet where the brook and river meet;" the busy matrons, with their many responsibilities; and the dear ones on whose heads the snows of many winters have left a lingering trace, but whose eyes are calmly fixed on a bright futurity.

What joys and sorrows lie buried with the year just gone!



PEMBROKE CASTLE.

What memories, sweet and bitter, joyous and sorrowful, crowd upon us; the good resolutions formed, kept or broken; the duties neglected or fulfilled; the lessons of life it taught us, all rise up before us. But a New Year is with us, and let us, with Tennyson, say, "Ring out the False, ring in the True!"

Let us search the innermost recesses of our hearts and discover all its follies and foibles, banish all that is hollow and artificial, to make way for the virtues which render us happy with a consciousness of right living. Ring out the False, ring in the True—for the two can have no coexistence.

Time is too precious to be frittered away in senseless frivolities. Each day we are adding a page to the Book of Life; let us pause and see what we are writing therein.

To each of us have been given talents of some kind. These we should endeavor to find and cultivate, bearing in mind that though the universe is full of good, no kernel of nourishing corn can come to us but through our own toil bestowed on that plot of ground which is given us to till.

To shrink from doing what we can, because we can do so little, is to hinder our own development and the progress of the world. Only by exercise are our faculties strengthened, and only by each one putting his shoulder to the wheel the world moves and humanity advances.

The Past is irrevocably gone, the Future a dim uncertainty, but the Present is all our own. With renewed vigor let us set to work, not letting golden opportunities drift by.

May the bright beams of Hope remain with us throughout the year, flashing across the dark places to show us the sunshine beyond. MINNIE MAY.

Domestic Science.

ORIGIN AND COMPOSITION OF FOODS.

BY MARY E. MILLER.

"Yule is come and yule is gone,
And we have feasted well;
So Jack must to his fall again,
And Jenny to her wheel."

"The ministry of diet in the work of character-building is one of the most important studies a woman can undertake."

In order that one may rightly understand what comprises a proper diet, we must acquire (1st) a knowledge of the origin and composition of foods, and their functions in the body when consumed; and (2nd) a knowledge of the effects produced upon these by different combinations, and by the application of heat.

Chemists tell us that, subject to the surrounding forces, matter is constantly undergoing physical, chemical, and other changes into which the action of life enters, called biological. We do not create anything, we simply mix, combine, and rearrange substances, and subject them to the action of heat and other forces. Vegetable growth is a result of these changes brought about by the action of the sun's rays on the seed and the surrounding soil and atmosphere. When placed in a favorable position, the seed, or plant, draws from the soil and air the elements necessary for the development and growth of the life germ within it, and so prepares these crude constituents in suitable form for us, and we call them our *vegetable foods*—fruits, grains, roots, and herbs.

Certain parts of this vegetable growth is, however, even yet beyond the reach of man for food. Yet these "waste" portions are not "wasted," for by the economy of nature another process is provided. After being consumed and assimilated by the lower animals, they are presented to us in the form of well-known *animal foods*—meat, milk, butter, cheese, and eggs. These are generally found to be more easily digested than the vegetable foods, as we may readily suppose, but are sometimes more expensive. Herein lies the value of a knowledge of proper methods of cooking, that the cheaper food materials may yield to us as much nourishment in digestible form as the more expensive kinds. Food may be defined as that which when taken into the body strengthens the system and provides heat and energy, or work power.

A machine is manufactured or built by human hands, part after part being made and added until the whole is soon complete and ready for action. A living body grows up gradually, little by little—in a manner builds itself as the proper material is supplied to it. Then, again, a machine wears out and must be repaired from without; but the living machine is constantly repairing its own waste of tissue consequent upon the daily wear of active life. For this "building" and "repairing" certain kinds of food are required which have been called "flesh-formers," or *proteids*—familiarly known among agriculturists as albuminoids or nitrogenous foods.

The housewife is familiar with proteid in the form of the lean of meat, in cheese and eggs, or in vegetable foods in the gluten of wheat, and vegetable casein of peas and beans. Analyses of these foods show of this important constituent on an average in lean of meat about 15 to 21 per cent.; in eggs, about 12.5 to 14 per cent.; in milk, about 3.4 per cent.; in cheese, about 25 to 30 per cent.; in dried codfish, about 30 per cent.; wheat flour, about 10 to 12 per cent.; in peas and beans, about 22 to 25 per cent.; in oatmeal, about 11.73 to 16.1 per cent.

Carbonaceous foods include the hydrocarbons or fats and oils, and the carbohydrates or starches and sugars, and serve to provide warmth to the body and work power—just as carbon, in form of coal, is fed to an engine to produce heat and power. We cannot say distinctly that fats are "heat foods," carbohydrates "work foods," and proteids "flesh foods," because the different food principles are, when necessity demands, capable to a certain extent of being used interchangeably for a time in the body; but the best results follow when used in