

**Select Poetry.****THE OLD, OLD HOME.**

When I long for sainted memories,  
Like angel troops they come,  
If I fold my arms to ponder  
On the old, old home.  
The heart has many passages  
Through which the feelings roam,  
But its middle aisle is sacred  
To the old, old home.

When infancy was sheltered  
Like rose-buds from the blast,  
Where girlhood's brief elysium  
In joyousness was passed;  
To that sweet spot forever,  
As to some hallowed dome,  
Life's pilgrim bends her vision—  
'Tis her old, old home.

A father sat, how proudly,  
By that hearthstone's rays,  
And told his children stories  
Of his early manhood's days;  
And one soft eye was beaming,  
From child to child 'twould roam;  
Thus a mother counts her treasures,  
In the old, old home.

The birthday gifts and festivals,  
The blended vesper hymn  
(Some dear one who was swelling it  
Is with the Seraphim)  
The fond "good nights" at bed-time,  
How quiet sleep would come,  
And fold us all together  
In the old, old home.

Like a wreath of scented flowers  
Close intertwine each heart;  
But time and change in concert  
Have blown the wreath apart.  
But dear and sainted memories  
Like angels ever come,  
If I fold my arms and ponder  
On the old, old home.

**THE CHURCH SPIDER.**

Two spiders, so the story goes,  
Upon a living bent,  
Entered the meeting-house one day,  
And hopefully were heard to say,  
"Here we shall have at least fair play,  
With nothing to prevent."

Each chose his place and went to work;  
The light webs grew apace;  
One on the altar spun his thread,  
But shortly came the sexton dread,  
And swept him off, and so half dead,  
He sought another place.

"I'll try the pulpit next," said he,  
"There surely is a prize;  
The dark appears so neat and clean,  
I'm sure no spider there has been;  
Besides, how often have I seen  
The pastor brushing flies."

He tried the pulpit, but alas!

His hopes proved visionary;  
With dusting brush the sexton came,  
And spoilt his geometric game,  
Nor gave him time nor space to claim  
The right of sanctuary.

At length, half starved, and weak and lean,

He sought his former neighbor;  
Who now had grown so sleek and round,  
He weighed the fraction of a pound;  
And looked as if the art he'd found  
Of living without labor.

"How is it, friend," he asked, that I  
Endure such thumps and knocks,  
While you have grown so very gross?"  
"Tis plain," he answered, "not a loss  
I've met since first I spun across  
The contribution box."

**Family Receipts.****Apple Potatoe Pudding.**

Six large potatoes boiled and mashed fine; add a little salt, and piece of butter size of an egg. Roll this out with a little flour, enough to make a good pastry crust. This is for the outside of the dumpling, instead of the ordinary pastry. Into this crust put peeled and chopped apples. Roll up like any apple dumpling and steam one hour. Eat hot with liquid sauce.

**Potted Shad.**

Take the backbone out of the shad, cut it in small pieces, then put one layer of shad, one small piece butter, some salt, pepper, and a very small piece of mace, clove, and allspice whole; cover with vinegar. Bake in an earthen pot, well sealed, eight hours. Six whole cloves and the same of allspice is enough for three shad; seal the cover with dough, so as to keep the air out.

**Stale Bread Griddle Cakes.**

Take stale bread, soak it in water till soft, strain off the water through a cullender; beat the bread crumbs lightly with a fork; to one quart of these soaked crumbs add one quart milk, one quart flour and four eggs. Bake on a griddle.

**Corn Cakes.**

One pint sour milk, two cups Indian meal, one cup flour, one egg, two tablespoons molasses, one teaspoon salt, one teaspoon soda; mix thoroughly and bake twenty-five minutes in two shallow pans.

**Floating Islands.**

Scald any tart apples before they are fully ripe, pulp them through a sieve, beat the whites of two eggs with sugar, mix it by degrees with the pulp and beat all together; serve it on raspberry cream, or color it with currant jelly, and set it on a white cream, having given it the flavor of lemon, sugar and wine, or it can be put on a custard.

**Quince and Apple Jelly.**

Cut small and core an equal weight of tart apples and quinces. Put the quinces in a preserving kettle, with water to cover them, and boil till soft; add the apples, still keeping water to cover them, and boil till the whole is nearly a pulp. Put the whole into a jelly-bag, and strain without pressing. To each quart of juice allow two pounds of lump-sugar. Boil together half an hour.

**Graham Cakes.**

To one quart of Graham flour add one teaspoonful salt, five tablespoons of molasses, two tablespoons of yeast, or a small yeast cake; stir as thick as pound cake. Let it stand over night, if wanted for breakfast. When ready to bake, add a well beaten egg and a teaspoon of soda. Bake in cups half an hour. They are excellent.

**Sour Milk Griddle Cakes.**

To one quart of thick, sour milk, stir in wheat flour until it is quite stiff; add a little salt. When the griddle is hot dissolve one teaspoonful of saleratus in a little water, stir it in quickly, and bake.

**Drop Cakes.**

One pint of cream, three eggs, and salt; thicken with fine rye till a spoon will stand upright in it, and drop on a well-beaten iron pan, which must be hot in the oven. They are made thinner, and baked in buttered cups.

**Indian Cake.**

Scald one cup Indian meal with one pint of milk, two eggs, one tablespoon sugar, butter size of a walnut, half teaspoonful of soda. Bake half an hour.

**Muffins.**

One teacup of yeast, three eggs, teacup of flour, pint of sweet milk, teaspoon of salt; let it rise until it is light and then bake in muffin rings.