

And He's walking the wards of the hospital still, while mankind is groaning in pain;

And there never was one that e'er beckoned His aid, that ever has beckoned in vain.

Well, I told you 'twas only a childish tale, but it gave me so much delight,

That I thought I'd just fashion it into rhyme, and tell it to you to-night.

Its simple annals of childish faith may well excite sympathy's tears,

Although there are those in the world, I suppose, who could hear of them only with sneers.

So the Hospital surgeon he laughed, "Ha! ha! it seemed a ridiculous thing;

But the angels in heaven they shouted a psalm to the triumph of Christ the King.

—A. H. Miles.

An Angel or Thunder!

The people . . . said that it thundered; other said, An angel spake to Him.—S. John xii.: 29.

Our Lord had spoken aloud to His Father in heaven, and the answer was audible to the people who stood around—they heard the sound and some said, "an angel spake to Him," while others thought it was only a peal of thunder. It is much the same in these days. An unexpected blessing comes to one man and he looks up and thanks his Father for the gift, while another person would only say, "That was a wonderful bit of luck for me."

Perhaps both alike offer earnest prayers for the recovery of a sick friend—sick in body or soul. The friend recovers, and one looks up to thank the Good Physician, while another gives the earthly doctor all the praise.

Yesterday I received a letter from a lady in England, who had read the Canadian edition of "The Vision of His Face," and thought the book could only be bought in Canada. She was passing through Old London, and thought she would inquire at Elliot Stock's shop—on the chance that it might be found there. She went in, and was surprised to find a pile of copies near the door—the English edition was just out, and she had "happened" on the publisher. Was it merely a remarkable coincidence that she had picked out the only shop in London where it could have been found that day? If it was only a coincidence, then it is strange indeed that my prayers should so often be followed by such coincidences. The child and nurse—in the poem given above—would have seen God's answer to prayer in such an event. The hospital surgeon would have called it "a chance." So it is always. God pours blessings of prosperity on some of us, and we are apt to take them without a word of acknowledgment. Perhaps He sends the blessings of adversity, to help our souls to grow, and we only grumble at our hard fate. If we want to have ears and eyes open to spiritual things, we must accustom ourselves to see God's hand in His everyday gifts. Let us look up and thank Him for the night's sleep, or for the sleeplessness through which He tried to catch our attention. Let us thank Him for daily strength, or for the weakness which forces us to press close to His side. Let us thank Him for an easy, peaceful life, or for the difficulties which are intended to make us grow strong and brave. Whatever comes to us is a gift from our Father. Let us listen for His voice always, and then we shall never fancy that "fate" tosses each day's events to our feet. Let us expect pleasant gifts from God, and accept them with some expression of thankfulness.

DORA FARNCOMB.

English Edition.

A copy of the English edition of Miss Farncomb's "Vision of His Face" has reached this office, a volume somewhat different in appearance from the Canadian edition, but with the same dedication, so interesting, etc., to many of our readers. "To my true and loyal friend, Mary Weld, without whose encouragement I should not have ventured into the great sea of literature." Miss Weld will be affectionately remembered by many of our readers as the "Minnie May" and "Mollie" who once contributed largely to the pages of "The Farmer's Advocate."

In the introduction to this volume, Rev. J. Stuart Holden writes: "These brief chapters are full of that unspeakable radiance which the Vision imparts to beholding souls. . . . Without having anything of the sound of the trumpet, the book vibrates with the music of the harp, and I am certain that those who take it up in the desire of gaining more clearly the Vision of the King in His Beauty, will lay it down with deep gratitude and satisfaction of heart."

The Ingle Nook

[Rules for correspondents in this and other Departments: (1) Kindly write on one side of paper only. (2) Always send name and address with communications. If pen-name is also given, the real name will not be published. (3) When enclosing a letter to be forwarded to anyone, place it in stamped envelope ready to be sent on. (4) Allow one month, in this department, for answers to questions to appear.]

Stencilling.

Dear Dame Durden,—In your issue of April 21st I noticed a "budget" from "Auntie," in which she asks about stencilling, and as I do a good deal of it I thought perhaps if you would kindly publish this it might help her.

I design all my own patterns; in fact, sell numbers of them to those in the neighborhood. Whatever design I wish I draw on tough manilla paper, then cut along the design with a sharp knife or small scissors, then I take stencil oil and paint over the design on both sides (stencil oil can be procured at the Art Metropole, Toronto). When dry, the design is ready for use. As to outfit, one

strange we all have our pet hobbies? Mine is chickens. Although they take a great deal of care and attention, one seems to get pretty well paid for the trouble when eggs are selling at 1½¢ a piece or better.

I have a nice flock of about 155 hens, mostly Black Minorcas, and a few Brown Leghorns. For several years I have been culling out and raising chicks from my best stock, until now I think I have a strain of up-to-date layers. I also keep a strict account of eggs laid, sold, etc.

In the fall of 1909 I started in with 139 hens, but, owing to having a cement floor put in the poultry-house, the poor things were turned out and kept out for a couple of weeks. I had a fine lot of pullets at the time, and they were in prime condition, but the weather turned cold and several of them took the roup, from which they died; so, by spring I had left about 125. However, I had to make the best of it, so set about raising some more.

Out of 70 chicks hatched I raised 68. The crows got one, and one got drowned. During the year the hens laid 1,683.3 dozen of eggs, out of which I sold \$293.92 worth, besides having a goodly supply of both eggs and chickens for the table.

Now, don't think I spend all my time with poultry. There are five of us in the family; I do my own housework, gardening, sewing, in fact, everything that a farmer's wife has to do, and simply take poultry as a side line, for it seems to work in along with the rest, and one does not miss the time so very much.

Of course, it does not leave much time for making or receiving calls. However,

garden every week, for a "stitch in time saves nine." However, if my land is light I would rather have the garden on the flat, for then it does not dry out nearly so quickly. Having thus prepared the ground, I plant a few early potatoes, then a little of lettuce, reserving the seed that is left for later on; then I get in my black seed onions as soon as possible. For early onions I prefer the potato onions, put in close together, and when beginning to use take out every other one. The next are my Dutch sets. Having a large family, I put in a whole paper of garden peas, another later. This plan enables me to keep in green peas nearly all summer.

I always stake my peas and tomatoes up. I find that a dozen tomato plants are enough for an ordinary family. Cucumbers I plant about the 1st of June. I also raise muskmelons, squash, pumpkin, watermelon; also a little sage. Amongst all these vines I plant my tomato plants as much as possible, for this plan helps to ward off the fly, which does not like the smell of the tomato. Sweet corn I put in early, if the weather is warm and settled; if not, I leave till later, as corn will not thrive in wet or cold weather. I put in butter beans for early use, and white for the winter's supply. I sow my carrots along with my cabbage, for carrots are also a preventive for the cabbage insects. However, for a sure remedy, I save the stovepipe soot, and scatter it freely on all my vines, citrons, muskmelons, and so forth, and on my cabbage too. This plan is a sure preventive. I must not forget the popcorn, which children take so much delight in. Well, I hope we will all be prospered this year.

MRS. WM. CAMPBELL.

Lanark Co., Ont.

Pop-corn Pudding.

Select some nicely-popped corn and roll it. To three cups of corn add 3 cups of milk and set on back of stove to soak for an hour or two. Then add 1 egg, 2 tablespoons sugar, butter size of walnut, pinch of salt, nutmeg, ½ cup raisins, and bake. Serve with cream and sugar. This makes a very good pudding.

A FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

Middlesex Co., Ont.

Some Recipes.

Dear Dame Durden,—I presume all are welcome to the Ingle Nook? Anyway, here I come. I want to write a letter some time, as I enjoy so much reading the breezy letters from others. I suppose all know how busy mothers are, at this time of the year especially, but we feel that we are in touch with everyone now that we have the telephone and rural delivery, and we certainly would not change places with our city friends.

I have read the enquiry for ammonia cookies, and hope all who try these will enjoy them as well as we do:

Ammonia Cookies.—1 oz. baking ammonia, 1 lb. half lard and butter, 2 lbs. granulated sugar, 4½ lbs. flour (perhaps a little more), 1 pint sweet milk. Powder the ammonia and dissolve ½ hour before using in the milk. Add any flavor you wish, and a little salt—not too much, or it will spoil them.

Lemon Biscuits.—Whites of 6 eggs beaten light, 1 cup granulated sugar, 1 cup butter, 3c. baking ammonia, a little salt. Soak ammonia in sweet milk ½ hour; mix very stiff; add oil lemon.

Essex Co., Ont.

C. H. B.

Pork Cake.

Dear Dame Durden,—I have received many helpful hints and recipes, also much pleasure in reading Ingle Nook from time to time. The gardening essays were very practical. How much we miss the vegetables when we don't have them, which is too often the case. More often laziness is the cause than anything else. If the men will plow and harrow a suitable piece of ground in the right way and at the right time, there usually is no case but a woman can plant a few seeds and do some of the weeding at any rate. Let us send in a report in the fall, telling what success we had with our gardens.

Pork Cake.—1 lb. fat pork, chopped fine. Pour over it 2 cups boiling water, and cover until cool. Add 2 cups molasses and 2 cups brown sugar, fruit and



Residence of Mr. Allison, Owen Sound, Ont.

Vines, shrubs and trees give an air of coziness. (Photo by Allison.)

cannot readily do without madder lake, lemon chrome, Prussian blue, burnt sienna, chrome green No. 2, and flake white. Windsor and Newton oil colors are the best, and the regular stencil brushes, Nos. 0, 2 and 5, are sufficient. Thumb tacks are necessary to keep material and pattern from slipping.

The secret of good stencilling lies in using very little paint on the brushes; blotting paper can be used to test on before stencilling.

I have three designs for curtains, a rosebud running design, about 5 inches wide; a rose conventional one, about 3 inches wide, and a poppy design, the colors of each varying to suit the room for which they are intended. The two former designs run down the inner edge and across the bottom of curtains; the poppy one is scattered over the curtains. I also do designs for centerpieces, shirt-waists, book marks, cushion tops, dresser covers, etc.

Should "Auntie" or anyone else like to know anything more re stencilling, she can procure my address from you, Dame Durden, and send me a stamped envelope and I will answer her promptly.

"INTERESTED."

Northumberland Co., Ont.

Something About Chickens.

Dear Dame Durden,—Does it not seem

while the farmer is working hard six days out of the week, the wife ought to do a little to help keep the wolf from the door, and the woman who never has time for anything but sweeping and dusting is a very poor helpmate—at least, that is my impression.

I would like to give Margaret a word of caution, then I will step down and out. When building your new house, Margaret, don't neglect to build an extra room to keep the old numbers of "The Farmer's Advocate" in; for that is what we will have to do some day.

Well, I don't know how much longer I could write, but fear my letter is already too lengthy. Wishing the Nookers every success, I will bid adieu, but may come again some time with our kind Dame's permission. "BIDDY."

Oxford Co., Ont.

Gardening.

Dear Editor,—I never wrote an essay before, but gardening is so interesting to me—it is work I also enjoy—could not help giving my experience anyway.

First, I have the ground well manured and well worked before planting, on good land. I have my land laid out in drills. It looks so nice, and by so doing the horse can do the most of the cultivating. The weeds are also easier kept down, although I always go over my