

made a mistake when He praised Mary's quiet attentiveness and warned Martha that she was missing the highest opportunity of pleasing Him. Some people even dare to say that our Lord's commendation was unjust; they echo the self-satisfied complaint of Martha: "Lord, dost Thou not care that my sister hath left me to serve alone? bid her therefore that she help me."

A few weeks ago a lady said to me, "Mary was the lazy one, wasn't she?" This lady felt quite sure of her own blamelessness in the matter of industry. She was at that moment knitting a pair of socks for her husband. She had already knitted forty-four pairs for him, all of which were in perfect condition, so possibly a few hours spent like Mary at the feet of the Great Teacher might have yielded better results than such unnecessary industry. She thought that Mary was idle, while I thought she herself was wasting a great deal of precious time which might have been spent in cultivation of her own mind or spirit, or in doing something to lift the heavy burdens of people who had no time for knitting countless socks. There is a difference of opinion, you see. Even if I thought that Mary was idle—which I don't—I should be quite sure that my opinion was a mistaken one, as it was opposed to the solemn statement made by the wisest of men: "One thing is needful; and Mary hath chosen that good part; which shall not be taken away from her."

The best way of making an ugly corner beautiful is by living a beautiful life there. A life that is reaching up in trustful courage to God, and reaching out in tenderest consideration and unselfish service to all within reach, cannot fail to be beautiful. Anyone may live such a life. It is a grand opportunity, within the reach of each of us. Are we really eager to make the most of it, right here and now?

A beautiful life is more inspiring than any number of sermons. If you are living a life hidden with Christ in God, a life of shining thoughts and radiant joy, and are seeing to it that the power drawn from the touch of God is not dissipated in spiritual excitement, but is made to do real helpful work, then you are certainly a great power for good. You don't know how many struggling souls might say of you

"Because of your strong faith, I kept the track
Whose sharp-set stones my strength
had well-nigh spent.
I could not meet your eyes if I turned
back;
So on I went."

"Because you would not yield belief in
me,
The threatening crags that rose, my
way to bar,
I conquered inch by crumbling inch—to
see
The goal afar."

"And though I struggle toward it
through hard years,
Or flinch, or falter blindly, yet within,
'You can!' unwaveringly my spirit
hears;
And I shall win."

DORA FARNCOMB.

Drumquin, Oct. 9th, 1910.

To the Editor of "Quiet Hour":

Enclosed, please find a piece for your Thanksgiving Number. Hoping to see it published, I remain, yours truly,

A SUBSCRIBER, C. F.

A Prayer of Thanksgiving.

We thank Thee, Heavenly Father, for this, another year of plenty.

We rejoice, these beautiful October days, for all the beauty and grandeur of the woods, yet we are glad that these woods have given place to beautiful homes and fine farms, with their tall, waving corn-fields, and lovely orchards, with their boughs laden with delicious fruit. All these things make us rejoice, and be glad to be alive and full of health and strength.

We are glad and rejoice that we have a God that is full of love and mercy. Who is continually showering down upon our lives blessings day by day. May we ever be thankful for our Father's great love to His children.

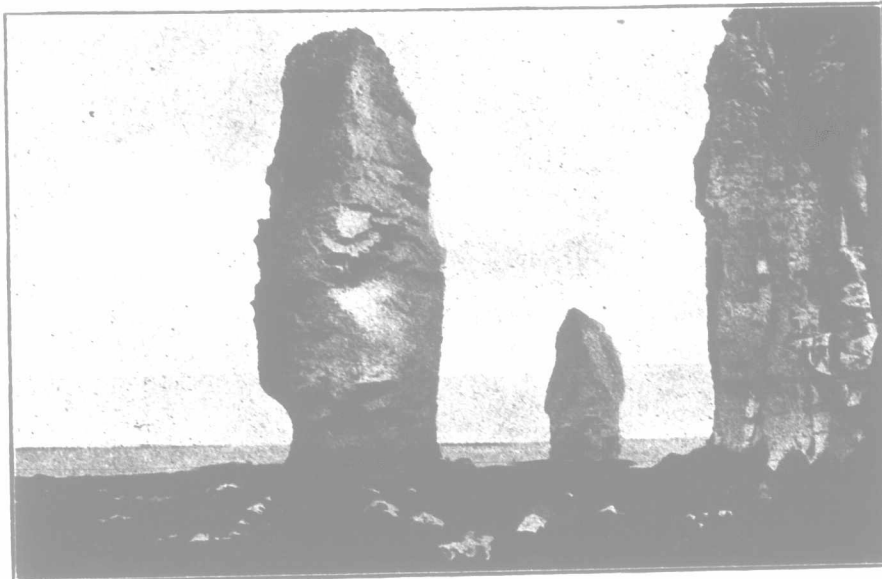
Of Little Faith.

Oh, troubled heart of mine, we must less anxious be,
And learn our Father's love to trust implicitly.

For why should we, with doubt and fear,
Sit gloomily in shadows here?

And question whether God is near?

We should not doubt our Father's love,
nor doubt His care;
He showers blessings from above free as
the air:



Old Harry Rocks, Swanage.

And yet we put His gifts aside,
And fear that evil may betide,
Or that our sorrows may abide.

Oh, let us love Him more, my soul!
love and adore!

And on Him all our burdens roll for ever
more.

Let us look up into His Face,
And there His loving kindness trace,
His saving and His keeping grace.

ANNA M. HICKS.

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.]

My Dear Chatterers.—While it is still fresh upon me, I must write you about our cooking classes. A short time ago, a German Professor of Cookery and his

made, I might have taken pictures of each of the dishes for you; but—well, I didn't quite like to ask for the delay. Perhaps I shall summon up courage enough yet before the lessons are over.

One thing I noticed particularly, viz.: that the demonstrator had everything he needed by way of utensils—and surely this is desirable; a good workman should always be provided with good tools—yet his whole outfit was not expensive. There were, of course, the usual pans and saucepans, and a double boiler; there was a very deep lid, something like the cover of

a basting pan, only deeper, for putting over buns and bread while rising, to exclude draughts, and yet prevent pressure such as must occur when a covering of cloth is used; then there were a spatula, a saw-knife, paring knives, a very fine egg and cream beater, a little pastry wheel that looked something like a dress-makers' tracing wheel, a pastry bag (of which more later), a wooden slotted spoon, and a carpenter's scraper, which, the Professor says, is one of the very best things for cutting off dough quickly, as well as for other things. I noticed, too, that he had the bakeboard elevated on solid wooden blocks. This made less stooping, and, at the same time, made it easier to flip sheets of pastry off on to a pan than were the board flat on the table.

Now you see the outfit. I wish you could see the chef. What a fat, good-natured German he was, with an endless fund of humor, and the most delightful German accent. No doubt he found our veris as confusing as we should find his, for he was always telling us that he "used to was" doing something.

That first day he made Cannelon Beef, and the most delicious lemon-cream pie

salt, white pepper to season, the yolk of 1 egg, 10 drops lemon juice, 1 teaspoon of chopped parsley, and the grated rind of $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon.

These were mixed well and let stand a few minutes until the pastry was made, as follows:

He took $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. pastry flour, remarking that spring-wheat flour should be used for bread; pastry or winter-wheat flour, for all pastry; and blended flour, part spring, part winter wheat, for biscuits or doughnuts. Half a pound of flour, he said, is plenty to make an ordinary covered fruit pie.—This by the way.

Putting the $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. (about $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups) flour in a pan, he rapidly rubbed in 6 ounces (6 rounded tablespoons) butter with his fingers, then added just enough water to make the dough hold together, leaving the dish clean.

He now rolled the pastry out, ran the pastry wheel along the edges to cut off strips, prettily scalloped, and put the remaining sheet on a greased pan. The pastry was now "glazed," or brushed with a mixture of yolk of an egg, mixed with 2 tablespoons milk, the meat was piled on in a neat loaf, the pastry at the sides turned over and neatly pressed together to hold. Next, the scalloped strips were placed across to ornament, a hole was made in the top to let the steam escape, and the whole was brushed over with the milk and egg again (to glaze and brown), and put into the oven.

When it came out, we all thought it just as pretty as could be, but the Professor was not satisfied. Next, he put some mashed potatoes, seasoned and moistened a little with milk, into a pastry bag, and piped them in a fancy pattern over the top. Finally, a few sprigs of parsley were stuck on, a brown gravy was poured round, and the dish was ready to serve. Needless to say, it tasted as good as it looked. "And it's this minute I'm wishing I had a picture of it for you."

The brown gravy was made as follows: Brown 1 tablespoon butter. Add 1 tablespoon flour, stirring rapidly. Add 1 pint water or stock, stirring well until it thickens. Season with salt, pepper, and a little kitchen bouquet. Strain quickly and serve.

Lemon Cream Pie.—The pastry was made as above, using, of course, a smaller quantity of flour and butter.

For the filling, the Professor took 3 ounces sugar (1 rounded tablespoon=1 ounce), 2 ounces flour (2 rounded spoonfuls flour=1 ounce), and mixed them together. He next put in 2 eggs, stirring all until smooth, then gradually stirred in 1 pint milk, cooking all over hot water until thick, and stirring steadily. He next added the juice and grated rind of a lemon, but stated that, if preferred, coconut and vanilla might be added instead, or bananas, or chocolate, anything, in fact, that one liked.

He baked the pastry before putting in the filling. After putting it on the pan, he pressed in into shape and perforated all over, then glazed and baked it.

When filled, he covered the pie with a meringue of the whites of eggs. As this was to be a fancy pie, presumably for a state occasion, he used the whites of 4 eggs, beating them up with a little fruit sugar. He now spread some of this over the top, then piped a rim around the edge with the pastry bag, and criss-crossed more over the top, ending up with a wavy border. Finally, he dusted powdered sugar all over the top, and browned the whole in the oven. You have no idea how delicious it looked, and, still better, tasted.

The pastry-bag, by the way, is a great invention. It is simply a cornucopia-shaped bag of pillow ticking, with a little funnel-shaped tube passed through the smaller end while in use. There are more expensive ones made of rubber to be had, but Prof. Detlef considers the ticking kind the better, as it can not only be washed, but also boiled, as often as necessary, and so kept sweet and pure.

The Professor, I may tell you, has no sympathy with "luck" as a factor in cooking. Given a good recipe, right conditions, and a particular cook, he says, and the cooking is bound to be good. He believes that many people suffer ill-health by reason of continually using poorly-cooked or innutritious food, and he considers himself a missionary in this respect. That his audience agrees with him, goes without saying. At the close of this first lesson, one lady of the city



Swanage: The Pier.

wife arrived in the city, and it was announced that he would give a course of lectures, with demonstrations. "Now," thought I, "here may be a grand chance to get some ideas for our Ingle Nook folk," so to the introductory lecture I went.

Um-m-m-m! What good things he made! And how pretty they looked! If it hadn't been that everything was cut up and divided around as soon as it was

you ever saw or tasted in your life.

To make the Cannelon, he first took 1 lb. lean beef, cut off all the fat and gristly bits, and put the rest through a meat-chopper. Incidentally he remarked that if suet is white and brittle, and the meat a clear red, then the beef is good, whereas if it is soft and yellow and the meat dull or pink, it is not good. To the chopped meat he added 2 ounces (2 round tablespoons) butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon