

soon as the can is filled seal it hermetically. Put the cans when filled and sealed into a boiler, surround them with straw to prevent them striking against each other when boiling; then cover them with cold water. Set the boiler over the fire; heat gradually. Let them boil, after the water gets to the boiling point, one and a half hours. Then puncture the top of each can to allow the escape of gasses, but seal immediately after, and let them boil two and a half hours longer. In packing the cut corn into the can all the milk that flows out while cutting it must be put into the can with the corn.

CORN AND TOMATOES.

This combination is much liked by many, and, very singularly, when mixed, there is none of the trouble often experienced in canning corn alone.

Scald, peel, and slice ripe tomatoes; they should not be too ripe. About one-third corn to two-thirds tomatoes, or, if preferred, equal parts. Cook the corn in its own juice twenty minutes in a steamer to avoid the necessity of adding any water. Cook the tomatoes in a porcelain kettle five minutes, in only their own juice; then add them to the corn; stir well together till they boil up once, and can seal immediately.

We have never tried this, and should fear the corn would need longer cooking, but it comes well endorsed from several good authorities.

STRING BEANS.

Next to tomatoes string beans are among the easiest vegetables to can. String them by pulling off the rough strings or bindings on either side; break into two or three pieces, and throw into boiling water till scalded all through, but not cooked, then can and seal immediately while boiling hot.

TOMATOES

should be ripe, but not at all softened, and be sure they are freshly gathered. Pour boiling water over them, to remove all of the skins. Melt red sealing wax, and add a little lard, as the wax alone is too brittle. Have it all ready in a tin on the stove, if the tomatoes are to be put in tin cans. Put the tomatoes in a porcelain-lined preserve kettle, add no water, but cook in their own juice, taking off all the scum which rises. Stir with a wooden spoon. Have the cans on the hearth filled with boiling water. When the tomatoes have scalded all through over a good fire, and boiled up once, empty the hot water from the cans, set them in a pan of boiling water over the stove, and fill them with the scalded tomatoes. Wipe off all moisture from the top of the can with a clean cloth, and press the cover on tightly. While one presses the cover down hard with a flat knife let another pour carefully round this cover the hot

sealing-wax from the cup, which should be bent to lip, so it will flow all around the cover in a small stream. Hold down with the knife a minute till the wax sets; continue in the same way till all the cans in readiness are filled. Now take a flat poker, or the blade of an old knife no longer useful, heat red-hot over the coals, and rub it round on the sealing-wax, to melt any bubbles that may have formed. Notice if there is any noise from the tops of the cans like escaping gas. If so, it is not tight enough, and the steam is escaping. Examine if any holes are found anywhere about the can, and wiping them dry, cover with wax, while the cans are yet hot.

Boil down what juice may be left over after the cans are filled, season and use for catsup.

If glass jars are used instead of tin cans, screw the covers tight, wrap in paper, and set in a dark, cool place. We much prefer glass to tin for all such purposes, and especially for tomatoes, because the acid of the tomatoes acting on the tin gives a disagreeable taste, and we doubt if they are as wholesome as glass or stone.—*Christian Union*.

A FARMHOUSE DIRGE.

BY ALFRED AUSTIN.

The following verses—true to nature and to country life—are taken, a few, here and there, from the very touching domestic sketch in the *Contemporary Review* for January:—

1.

"Will you walk with me to the brow of the hill, to visit the farmer's wife,
Whose daughter lies in the churchyard now, eased of the ache of life?
Half a mile by the winding lane, another half to the top;
There, you may lean o'er the gate and rest; she will wait me awhile to stop,
Stop and talk of her girl that is gone, and no more will wake or weep,
Or to listen rather, for sorrow loves to babble its pain to sleep.

ix.

"Will you lean o'er the gate, while I go on? You can watch the farmyard life,
The bees, the farmer's hope, and the poultry, that gladden his thrifty wife;
Or, turning, gaze on the hazy world,—you will not be seen from here,—
Till your thoughts, like it, grow blurred and vague, and mingle the far and near.
Grief is a flood, and not a spring, whatever in grief we say;
And perhaps her woe, should she see me alone, will run more quickly away.

1.

"I thought you would come this morning, ma'am. Yes; Edith at last has gone;
To-morrow's a week, ay, just as the sun right into her window shone;
Went with the night, the vicar says, where endeth never the day;
But she left a darkness behind her here I wish she had taken away.
She is no longer with us, but we seem to be always with her,
In the lonely bed where we laid her last, and can't get her to speak or stir.

2.

"Yes, I'm at work, 'tis time I was. I should have begun before;
But this is the room where she lay so still, ere they carried her past the door.
I thought I never could let her go where it seems so lonely of nights;
But now I am scrubbing and dusting down, and setting the place to rights.
All I have kept are the fl-worn there, the last that stood by her bed.
I suppose I must throw them away. She looked much fairer when she was dead.

5.

"She never wished to be smart and rich, as so many in these days do,
Nor cared to go in on market days to stare at the gay and now,
She liked to remain at home and pluck the white violets down in the wood;
She said to her sisters before she died, 'Tis so easy to be good.'
She must have found it so, I think, and that was the reason why
God deemed it needless to leave her here, so they took her up to the sky.

7.

"The young ones don't seem to take to work as their mothers and fathers did.
We never were asked if we liked or no, but had to obey when bid,
There's Bessie won't swill the dairy now, nor Richard call home the cows,
And all of them cry, 'How can you, mother,' when I carry the wash to the sows.
Edith would drudge, for always Death the hearth of the helpless rob.
But she was pretty, I could not bear to set her on dirty jobs!

9.

"Some day they'll have a home of their own, much grander than this, no doubt,
But polish the porch as you will you can't keep doctors and coffins out.
I've done very well with my fowls this year, but what are pullets and eggs,
When the heart in vain at the door of the grave the return of the lost one begs?
The rich have leisure to wail and weep, the poor haven't time to be sad;
If the cream hadn't been so contrary this week, I think grief would have driven me mad.

11.

"Must you be going? It seems so short. But thank you for thinking to come;
It does me good to think of it all, and grief seems doubled when dumb.
'An the butter's not quite so good this week, if you please, ma'am, you must not mind,
And I'll not forget to send the ducks and all the eggs we can find;
I've scarcely had time to look round me yet, work gets into such arrears,
With only one pair of hands, and those fast wiping away one's tears."

x.

"Come, let us go. Yes, down the hill, and home by the winding lane,
The low-lying fields are suffused with haze, as life is suffused with pain.
The noon mists gain on the morning sun, so despondency gains on youth;
We grope, and wrangle, and boast, but Death is the only certain truth.
O love of life! what a foolish love! we should weary of life did it last.
While it lingers, it is but a little thing: 'tis nothing at all when past."