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THE HOSTESS.

Ingle Nook Chats, Pakenham, Ont.

THE QUIET HOUR.

God Knows and God Cares.

"I know not what will befall me!
God hangs a mist o'er my eyes;
And o'er each step on my onward path
He makes new scenes to arise;
And every joy He sends me
Comes with sweet and glad surprise.

"I see not a step before me,
As I tread the days of the year,
But the past is still in God's keeping,
The future His mercy shall clear;
And what looks dark in the distance
May brighten as I draw near.

"For perhaps the dreaded future
Is less bitter than I think;
The Lord may sweeten the water
Before I stoop to drink;
Or if Marah must be Marah,
He will stand beside the brink.

"It may be He is keeping
For the coming of my feet,
Some gift of such rare blessedness,
Some joy so strangely sweet,
That my lips can only tremble
With the thanks I cannot speak."

I have just been reading a story of the Franco-German war, and those vivid pictures of sorrow and anxiety for absent husbands, brothers and sons, made me think of the sadness even now caused by the fighting in South Africa. How many are looking anxiously for news of their boys, hoping for good tidings, yet fearing the worst! They are so far away, and we powerless to help them. There are others who bear heavy burdens of anxiety, pain or sorrow, feeling as though it were impossible to obey the command, "Rejoice in the Lord Alway."

Are you anxious about a dear friend, uncertain of his fate? Remember that God knows, if you do not, and He cares far more than you do. If you are powerless to help, He is not. Did you ever read the wonderful story of our Lord's life, with the special purpose of noticing His sympathy? Sometimes, as in the case of the widow who was mourning for an only son, it is directly stated that He had compassion on her. Sometimes His sympathy is shown in act or word, which reveals the quick insight and loving thought of our Elder Brother.

I have not time to speak of many cases, but will mention a few where His love was strong to help, although not manifested miraculously, but only by a look, a word or a touch. In the midst of the terrible excitement of the mock trial, He was ready with the look which was strong enough to win back the erring disciple to repentance and courage. There was a living power in the hand laid so tenderly on the loathsome leper from whom all men shrank; a power to reach the shrinking soul, apart from the miraculous power which healed the body. There was loving sympathy in the way He invited Himself to visit Zaccheus, the hated publican, who was accustomed only to contempt and scorn. Mark of the thrilling power of that one word "Mary," which turned despair into ecstasy in a moment. Think of the thoughtful tenderness of that special message to St. Peter, who must have felt that he had very little right to be considered a disciple.

What He was then He is now, "the same yesterday, to-day, and forever." He loves each one of us with an everlasting love, and surely we can trust Him to order everything for the best. As Miss Fowler says: "At one time, like everybody else, I thought that I knew better than God, and I tried my utmost to teach Him what was the right thing for me and the Church, and I confess that I was grieved, not to say reproachful, when He did not follow my advice. But now I just sit still, and let Him take all the responsibility."

"O restful, blissful ignorance!
'Tis blessed not to know;
It keeps me quiet in those arms
Which will not let me go;
And hushes my tired soul to rest
On the heart that loves me so.

"So I go on not knowing;
I would not if I might;
I would rather walk in the dark with God
Than go alone in the light;
I would rather walk with Him by faith
Than walk alone by sight.

"My heart shrinks back from the trials
Which the future may disclose,
Yet I never had a sorrow
But what the dear Lord chose;
So I press the coming tears back,
And the whispered words, 'He knows.'"

H. A. B. has drawn my attention to the parable of farm life in the last part of Isa. xxviii. If you read it you will find that the greatest care is taken in preparing the ground and sowing the different kinds of seed in the place best suited to each. Then, when the grain is to be threshed, it is not all treated alike. Some kinds are beaten out carefully with a flail, while others are broken

with the heavy threshing wheels, or bruised with hoofs. "Bread corn is bruised," and if the Captain of our salvation was made "perfect through sufferings," we can hardly expect to be gathered as good wheat into God's great granary without being first purged from the husks and chaff which cling so closely to us. The Divine Husbandman never makes mistakes either in our environment or our training. God knows and God cares—cares so much for our real good that He does not hesitate to cut very deeply sometimes. Certainly He loves too much to give us any unnecessary pain, so we may rest satisfied in those strong yet tender Hands, feeling sure that anything that comes from Him must be for our real and lasting good.

"Tis the Master who holds the chisel;
He knows just where
Its edge should be driven sharpest,
To fashion there
The semblance that He is carving;
Nor will he let
One delicate stroke too many,
Or few be set
On forehead or cheek, where only
He sees how all
Is tending—where the hardest
The blow should fall
Which crumbles away whatever
Superfluous line
Would hinder His hand from making
The work divine.

"With tools of Thy choosing, Master,
We pray Thee, then,
Strike just as Thou wilt: as often,
And where, and when
The vehement stroke is needed.
I will not mind,
If only Thy chipping chisel
Shall leave behind
Such marks of Thy wondrous working
And loving skill.
Clean carven on aspect, stature,
And face, as will,
When discipline's ends are over,
Have all sufficed
To mould me into the likeness
And form of Christ."

Think what it means to be a member of Christ's mystical body, the Church, of which He is the living Head. As every pain in every member of a body is flashed like lightning along the nerves to the brain, so—as Robertson beautifully says—"there is not a single throb, in a single human bosom, that does not thrill at once with more than electric speed up to the mighty heart of God.

We are not required to be stoics, hardening ourselves until pain is hardly felt. God surely intends us to feel, for insensibility to pain is a very dangerous symptom, either in soul or body, and He will very likely cut deeper still if we try to harden ourselves. Let us trust Him utterly and unreservedly, for He knows what is really for the best—and certainly we don't. Let us seek to win the great gift of patience.

"While I lay prone, Pain stood at my right hand,
And with hot fingers seared her furrows wide
Through nerve and muscle; till to longer stand
Her cruel torture seemed too hard! I cried,
'Enough!' But sounded in my ear
A tender voice, 'A little longer, dear!'

"While, the sweet speaker beckoned toward the night,
And broad-shouldered Courage took his place by Pain,
And so we faced, until the morning light,
Courage and Pain and I; nor e'er again
I cry, 'Enough!' but meekly turn to hear
Great Patience speak, 'A little longer, dear!'

HOPE.

Some Winter Ways with Beef.

BEEF STEW.

Cut two pounds of the cheaper pieces from the bones, and then into inch pieces, roll in flour and fry brown in a saucepan, with a little fat and a sliced onion. Put the bones into cold water and heat slowly to boiling, add the meat and $\frac{1}{2}$ teacupful of canned tomatoes. Simmer an hour, then add a carrot cut in squares. Cook until the meat is tender, adding a few potatoes, also cut in squares. Serve with a garnishing of toast cut in pieces around the meat dish.

MOCK SAUSAGE.

Chop very fine a pound of cold beef, add to it four tablespoons of mashed potatoes, a beaten egg, season highly with salt, pepper and sage; mix well. Shape into small flat cakes with the hands, and fry in a little fat like pork sausage.

ROAST BEEF WITH YORKSHIRE PUDDING.

Take the roast beef from the pan, skim off all the fat dripping into a pan in which the pudding is to be baked, make a batter with two eggs beaten separately (very light), salt, one cup of milk, one cup of flour. Unless the eggs are very light, add a little baking powder. Bake in the beef dripping for ten minutes in a hot oven.

BEEF STOCK.

Get a knuckle of beef, cut the meat all off the bones into small pieces, break the bones, put them into a kettle with the meat, allow one quart of water for every pound of meat. When it begins to boil, skim as long as any scum rises. Set the kettle on the back of stove, so that the meat will cook slowly for five hours; then add salt to season, and skim out meat and bones. Strain the rest and set away to cool; then skim off the fat and you will have a firm jelly ready for soups.

BEEF LOAF.

Chop fine four pounds beef without any fat, add to it three dozen soda biscuits rolled fine, four eggs, one cup milk, one tablespoon ground mace, salt and pepper to taste, one tablespoon melted butter; mix well, and put in a tin, packing it well; baste with butter and water, and bake two hours. This will slice well when cold, and can be eaten either cold or hot.

Old Foggy Farm Women.

Not long ago I called on a town woman, who remarked: "Why don't you write up for the 'Farmer's Advocate' these old foggy farm women who spend their time patching quilts and sewing rags? Why do they not buy their cloth and have a prettier quilt, with the covers all of one kind, without cutting up to sew together again?" I nearly smiled out loud, for I quite agreed with her on the method of quilt-making, but I did not quite agree on the "old foggy farm women." It is a well-known fact that the village and town women are just as "old foggy." Indeed, at our local fairs it is just as often the village woman who shows the many-patched quilt. Last fall I saw one made of two colors of cashmere, new, and of good quality. Instead of the cover being of one color and the lining of the other, it had all been cut into tiny strips and sewn up again log-cabin pattern, and I had the extreme bad taste to see no artistic beauty in it, but (I would like to emphasize that "but") it was not the old foggy farm woman, it was a Town Woman who exhibited it.

I once, in a Farmers' Institute address, used words somewhat as follows:

"Any young woman who buys new cloth to cut up in little pieces to sew together again is a fit subject for the lunatic asylum." Perhaps I was rash, though it does look to me like a crazy piece of work, but I forgot that one might be insane in this one line but be perfectly sane on every other subject, and so might be left at large for many useful years.

Then, the gorgeous hooked mat and the rag carpet are extravagant luxuries if one has a sensible regard for mind and body; and they, too, almost as frequently grace the floors of the village woman as of the farm home. Do they pay for the time and strength wasted in making and shaking them? Of course, those who hook mats do not consider the time wasted, as the work is done in supposed leisure moments. This is where the mischief comes in. Our leisure moments should not be spent in extra and unnecessary work, be it patching quilts, sewing rags or embroidering center-pieces. We should consider we have minds to improve and to keep from deteriorating. We might just as well be built without brains if we put them to no better use than to plan sewing rags.

Our pioneer ancestors had not the wealth of reading matter, nor had they the educational advantages we have, but they had time for social intercourse and for a life "near to nature's heart."

We neglect to entertain, because we are too busy patching quilts and doing lots of other useless things. My town friends say: "Why cannot the farmers trace up and be somebody? Give little social evenings, and not live so much to themselves?" Of course, select little parties are very pleasant, and I being (or, not being) "an old foggy farm woman," give and attend them about a dozen times during the year, not counting the evenings when boys and girls drop in for music or a quiet game. Do the "old foggy" town women entertain oftener?

I decidedly disapprove of the every night away from home which is so prevalent both in town and country; some classes going to parties, others to revival and prayer meetings, where, perhaps, only the emotional part of one's nature is aroused. We should also remember we have bodies to improve and to keep healthful. We are placed in this world to enjoy its beauties and its pleasures and to be as nearly perfect as possible. To do this we must make our recreation partake largely of physical exercise, for if we have not healthy bodies we must expect to be less perfect in spirit and mind. If we would drop the rag recreation and go out skating, walking, tobogganing, or take other lively physical exercise, in company with congenial people, new brightness would come to the eyes, yellow complexions would turn white, bleached cheeks would become rosy, minds would become fresher and more able to grasp grander ideas and to think better thoughts. In conclusion, while I admit there are "old foggy farm women," I refuse to believe that we are all "old foggy," or that we are more so than are our sisters in towns and villages. Old foggyism means being behind the times, old-fashioned in our ideas and methods. Let us show the world that we are up-to-date farm women, if not in our dress, at least in our thinking capacity, and in our methods of spending our working and recreation hours.

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