

by becoming a household drudge, a slave who can never break loose from work.

Life is very big, no matter how obscure it may appear to be. Did you ever realize that every act and word and thought is not over and done with as soon as it has dropped into the past? It is always living on, having become a part of character. God sees it still, and one day He will hold it up for us to see again, saying that it is great and glorious—if done for love's sake—or mean and dishonorable—if inspired by selfish motives. Sins done secretly will not always be hidden. So we should live our lives in honest frankness, then we never need fear exposure. And there is really no need to make ourselves unhappy if other people find fault with us. If we can look up joyously into our Master's face, sure of His approval, then it is a very unimportant matter whether men approve or not. And the approval or disapproval of men often veers round very suddenly. "Sister Dora," of Walsall, was stoned by the rough men she was trying to help, but she met roughness with gentleness, conquered hate by love, and when she died, the people mourned as if each had lost his best friend.

The gloom of a complaining spirit must vanish if the soul is flooded with the abiding presence of the Sun of Righteousness. Gladness is our duty, and it is our privilege. If we are neglecting this duty, and casting away this privilege, we are wronging ourselves and all who know us.

"Why darken we the air
With frowns and tears, the while
We nurse despair?
Stand in the sunshine sweet,
And treasure every ray,
Nor seek with stubborn feet
The darksome way."

HOPE.

About the House.

RECIPES.

Devil's Cake.—Beat two-thirds cup of butter to a cream; beat in 1 cup sugar. Beat the yolks of four eggs very light; beat into them one cup sugar, then beat the two mixtures together. Add one cup hot, mashed potato, two squares melted chocolate, and, alternately, half a cup sweet milk and two cups sifted flour, sifted again with $3\frac{1}{2}$ level teaspoons baking powder, a teaspoon each of cinnamon and nutmeg, and half teaspoon cloves. Lastly, add, if you choose, a cup of chopped walnut meats, and the whites of the four eggs (beaten dry). Bake in a loaf or a sheet. Frost with chocolate or plain icing, as desired.

Dried-apple Pie.—Fill open crust of pastry with this mixture: One pint dried apples stewed soft; rub through a colander, and add a piece of butter the size of an egg, one and one-half cups sugar, one teaspoon each of mace and cinnamon, one-half a grated nutmeg. Bake, and when serving spread with whipped cream.

Brown-sugar Icing.—Boil one cup brown sugar and one-third cup water until it spins a thread. Then pour in a fine stream on to the white of one egg beaten very light. Beat while pouring on and for some time afterwards.

Apple Butter.—Put the apples, after peeling and coring, through a meat grinder. Take nine pints of the prepared apple, 4 pints sugar, and 1 quart good cider vinegar. Cook until thick, flavor with cinnamon, and seal while hot.

Coffee Cream.—Put two tablespoons gelatine to soak in one-half cup of water. Then add two tablespoons strong coffee, and one-half cup sugar dissolved in one-half cup water. Let this mixture stand on ice until it begins to harden; then beat in one cup of whipped cream, and set again on ice until it hardens.

Tapioca Cream.—Soak over night two tablespoons tapioca in enough milk to cover. Bring one quart milk to boiling point. Beat well together three eggs, half cup sugar, and one teaspoon vanilla, and stir into the boiling milk. Add the tapioca; let boil once, and take off the fire. Serve cold, with or without fruit. The whites of the eggs may be kept out, if preferred, and made into a meringue for the top. Tapioca cream is delicious served with layers of uncooked oranges, pineapples or bananas.

Boiled Custard.—One quart milk, two tablespoons cornstarch, two eggs, a pinch salt, butter size of a hickory nut. Mix the cornstarch smoothly in a little of the milk, heat the remainder to near boiling, then stir in the cornstarch, and cook until it thickens, stirring constantly. When quite smooth and thick, stir in the well-beaten eggs and four tablespoons white sugar; let just come to a boil again; take off the stove, and beat well. Flavor with lemon. Let get cold, and, just before serving, cover the top thickly with grated cocoanut.

Children's Corner.

[All letters intended for the Children's Corner must be addressed to Cousin Dorothy, 52 Victor Ave., Toronto.]

THE OPPOSITES.

Little Mr. Whineyboy came to town one day,
Riding on a Growlygrub, screaming all the way,
Howlyberries in his hat,
Screecher leaves atop o' that,
Round his neck a ring o' squeals,
Whineywhiners on his heels,
What do you think?—that awful day
Everybody ran away!

Little Mr. Smileyboy came to town one day,
Riding on a Grinnergrif, laughing all the way,
Chuckleberries in his hat,
Jolly leaves atop o' that,
Round his neck a ring o' smiles,
All of the "very latest styles,"
What do you think?—that happy day
Not a body ran away!

—Saint Nicholas.

6. If the alphabet were invited out to dine, what time would u, v, w, x, y and z go? Ans.—They would go after tea (t). STELLA NIVEN (age 10).
Virgil, Ont.

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—My two uncles take "The Farmer's Advocate," and I like to read the Children's Corner. I must tell you about my pets. The biggest pet is my pony, Topsy, and she is a darling. I drive her every day that is not too cold. She is very fond of sugar and apples. Next, is my dog, Benny; he is thirteen months old, and is a Boston Terrier. My little sister, Ruth, and I play with him, and he is full of fun. My other pet is a big black Persian cat that we call "Sir Gibbie." He is very fond of fish and partridge. This is my first letter to you, so I hope you will put it in your paper.
ELANOR M. CAMERON (age 9).
Rockland, Ont.

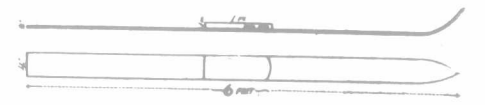
Dear Cousin Dorothy,—This is my first letter to the Children's Corner. I live on a farm, and my big brother takes "The Farmer's Advocate." I live two miles from school, but I go every day, and like it fine. Last year I got the second prize in my class, but this year I am going to try to get the first. I have a dog named Gip, and two cats, Peter and Muggins. I have learned to skate this winter, and it's just lots of fun. We have three horses. One is a great pet; he is twenty-seven years old, and sound as a dollar. I ride him all over. Once I rode him down to the post office. Well, this is quite a long letter for the first one. I hope it will not go in the waste basket. WRAY HAYWARD (age 8).
Corinth, Ont.

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—I go to school every day. I am in the Senior Second

barn, and as the horse turned the corner quickly, the boys both tumbled off and fell into the well. The Indians came up, and started hunting for them, but the father and mother had seen them coming. They both fired. One Indian was killed, and the other rode away. Both father and mother, when they saw their boys were not hurt, were very thankful.
Darlington, Ont. NELLYE GURY.

Making Skis.

Dear Sirs,—In your issue of "The Farmer's Advocate" of February 20th, I notice "A Young Reader" enquires how to make skis. The following is how I made a pair that gave me entire satisfaction: I went to a planing mill, and procured two pieces of white ash, 7 feet by 4 inches by $\frac{1}{2}$ inch. I then scalded the end to be turned up thoroughly after cutting it to a point. After half an hour's scalding, I bent up the pointed end a few degrees. To facilitate the bending, it is as well to plane the point a shaving thinner than the body. A deck the length of the foot was then screwed on, half way along the ski, with two holes cut under to allow skate straps to buckle on. The deck was one inch thick. The following is a diagram of my ski:



Just plane the bottom, sandpaper, and oil well.
ARTHUR R. HOLDEN.
Beamsville, Ont.

WHY SOME LETTERS DO NOT APPEAR.

Every week a letter or two for the Children's Corner comes addressed to "The Farmer's Advocate," London. Now, Cornerites, this is a mistake. Cousin Dorothy does not live in London, but at 52 Victor Ave., Toronto, as given each issue at the top of the Department. If you want to see your letters in print, you must send them to this address, so please do not forget next time.

THE CROCUS' SOLILOQUY.

[Mr. C. J. Fox has contributed the following, which first appeared in the Saturday Magazine, Feb. 13th, 1886.]

Down in my solitude under the snow,
Where nothing cheering can reach me;
Here, without light to see how to grow,
I'll trust to nature to teach me.

I will not despair, nor be idle, nor frown,
Locked in so gloomy a dwelling;
My leaves shall run up, and my roots shall run down,
While the bud in my bosom is swelling.

Soon as the frost will get out of my bed,
From this cold dungeon to free me,
I will peer up with my little bright head,
All will be joyful to see me.

Then from my heart will young buds diverge,
As rays of the sun from their focus;
I from the darkness of earth will emerge
A happy and beautiful Crocus!

Gaily array'd in my yellow and green,
When to their view I have risen;
Will they not wonder how one so serene
Came from so dismal a prison?

Many, perhaps, from so simple a flower,
This little lesson may borrow;—
Patient to-day, through its gloomiest hour,
We come out the brighter to-morrow!

A Kentuckian with a huge whiskey jug asked a countryman to take him in a wagon a few miles over a hill, adding, "How much will it be worth?"
"Oh, a couple of drinks out of that jug will be about right," said the countryman.

After the journey had been made and the driver had taken a "swig," he said: "Stranger, I am a peaceable man, but unless you want to be full of lead to-night you had better find out a new way to carry your molasses."



Is Baby Enjoying It?

Family of A. D. Perry, Valleyfield, Que.

THE LETTER BOX.

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—This is my second attempt at writing to the Children's Corner, but I guess it must have got lost, as I did not see it in the Corner. I have three brothers and three sisters. I have just one brother home now, and he goes to school every day with me. We have $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles to go, but we do not mind it, as we are nearly always driven in stormy weather.

NELLIE TUFGAR (age 9).
Millgrove P. O.

Riddles.

1. Why is the letter g like the sun?
Ans.—Because it is the center of light.
2. Which animal travels with the most and which with the least luggage?
Ans.—The elephant the most, because he never travels without his trunk. The fox and the cock the least, because they have only one brush and comb between them.
3. Of what color is grass when covered with snow?
Ans.—Invisible green.
4. You eat me, you drink me, deny it who can, I'm sometimes a woman and sometimes a man. Ans.—A toast.
5. Why should you not go to London by the 12.50 train?
Ans.—Because it is ten to one if you catch it.

Class. We have a dog, whose name is Shag; he is the shape of a bear, only not so large. He is an English cattle dog. I like him very much.

EVELEEN HORNE (age 8).
Wolfe Island, Ont.

A Narrow Escape.

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—This is my first letter to the Children's Corner, so here is a story to start with:

In a county in North Dakota lived a man, his wife, and two little boys, Albert and Willie. This was a long while ago, and the country was covered with forests.

This man's wife was always thinking at night that she heard Indians around; but her husband would not believe her.

One day the two little boys wanted to go for a horseback ride on Swayback, their favorite horse, so their father let them go. They rode quite a ways into the woods, when the little boy said he wanted to turn back, but the other boy wouldn't.

Suddenly, there was a wild whoop, and they saw two Indians on horseback chasing them. Swayback knew what it was, and galloped for their barn. There was an old well at the corner of the