



"From the sea to the surge of the sea,
We have all for our treasure;
We are blest in the promised To-be,
In a manifold measure.
For the gifts we have had from His hand
Who is Lord of all living,
Let there ring through the length of this land
A glad, hearty Thanksgiving!"

On the Cotswold Hills.

[Written chiefly for Old Country readers from Mid-Gloucestershire.]

Without wholly subscribing to Ruskin's dictum that "a human soul can do nothing better than see something and tell what he sees in a plain way," I will yet take it as my inspiration whilst I try to tell you something about what I have seen lately as I prowled about the Gloucestershire lanes, situated as they are amongst the most beautiful scenery in this beautiful old England. To do this, I must, for a season, drop the thread of my old Red River reminiscences, which, as they have waited so long as fifty years, may well wait a little longer. True, it is a far cry from an old settlement upon the prairies of the big Northwest to this quaint little village of Birdlip, upon the hills of Gloucestershire, but what would life be without variety? Moreover, perhaps, scattered here and there amongst the homesteads of Canada North and Canada South, of Canada East and Canada West, where the "Farmer's Advocate" finds fortnightly its ever-ready welcome, there may be found some old Gloucestershire folks who may derive some pleasure by finding mention of some familiar name still "to memory dear."

I wonder if any of them came from Birdlip, this little old-world village upon which the hand of time has laid but lightly, leaving it its dear little cottages, with grey stone, ivy-covered walls surrounding gardens filled with every kind of vegetable and bordered by gay flowers of every hue? Were they here to lay their hands upon the latch of the low wicket gate, before walking up the trim pathway to the neat door opening into the tidy living room, they could fancy the same bees were buzzing about the roses and the larkspurs, the sweet-williams and hollyhocks which they themselves had planted long years ago. Generations of blacksmiths and wheelwrights have probably occupied the same old "stands" (a word which would convey no meaning here), and probably there were many predecessors of "Hannah Driver, who for fifty years has been licensed to sell tea, tobacco, pepper and snuff." But time has not been wholly idle about Birdlip and its neighborhood. Its magnificent air and its elevation of 1,000 feet above sea-level have attracted the attention of those who are making the cure of tuberculosis their specialty, so within a mile or so is the large Cotswold Sanatorium, and in the village itself provision is made for those who may not need special treatment, but who yet require to be braced up and strengthened by the vigorous breezes and dry atmosphere of the neighborhood. If any Canadians are tempted by my description to try what Birdlip can do for them, let them ask me for particulars of the comfortable quarters from which I write, viz., the Harrison's Hotel, Gloucester.

One of Gloucestershire's historians thus pithily described it: "It is," said he "divided into three districts, hill, vale, and forest"; but in many parts all these are blended in one, and Birdlip is one of these. But you have sometimes to climb pretty high up if you would be rewarded by the full panoramic effect which awaits you at several points. I found one of these, two days ago, by skirting two oat-fields white for the harvest, and by pretending not to understand a lopsided post with its broken sign which had fallen into such disrepair that the word "No Path" had tumbled across the warning word "Proceeded." "Oh! Double-Dutch for that," said I to myself, and, gathering up my skirts, made directly for the old Roman fortification which surmounted the ravine. Below me, as far as the eye could reach, stretched out through the Severn valley, 1,000 feet below, what is known as the old Roman Ermine way to Gloucester, "as straight as though ruled with a ruler" for nearly seven miles. Had nature blessed me with strong, far-reaching eyesight, I am told that I could have seen the spire of Gloucester cathedral in the distance. Opposite me was the fine range of the Malvern Hills, and dotted every here and there were residences of every description, from the mansion and grounds of the rich proprietor, the farms and well-stored barns and hay-ricks of

the Gloucestershire farmer, to the thatched, rose-embowered or ivy-clad cottages of the several villages surrounding them. Wandering through the lanes, one day, I spied a man perched upon a reaping machine which had somehow a very familiar look about it. So I waited until he turned his horses' heads my way, and then I accosted him and had a few minutes of friendly confab. "Oats? Yes, it was oats he was cutting, and a good enough crop too; a good job we had fine weather at last; it had been pretty bad mostly everywhere, not only here, but in other parts of the world as well," etc.; and then with a "g'long" to his animals, his machine turned its back to me, and in big letters I read the familiar words, "Massey-Harris, Toronto." A Massey-Harris reaper and binder seen from a Gloucestershire lane, over a Gloucestershire hedge, does not look like British prejudice against Canadian manufactures, does it? During my walk that day, I counted, one after another, the many dear familiar things, redolent of childhood's memories, which grew upon the hedgerows bordering that lane. I called none by their botanic names—not I—and indeed I knew but few of those anyway. There were the already nearly crimsoned hips and haws, some almost-ripe blackberries, and some hazel-nuts peeping out between the leaves. I met some children, heedless of their digestions, busily munching them all in turn, as they passed me, as they certainly will be munching those tempting-looking—but oh! so bitter—sloes presently. What handfuls of flowers awaited the gathering! Poppies of vivid hue, bright hair-bells of brilliant blue. There was the vetch, the wild convolvulus, and tiny hedge geranium peeping out between the old familiar stinging nettle,



"HE SULKED AND POUTED."

(M. Emil Frechon.)

with its soft green and apparently harmless leaves, and the many varieties of the thistle tribe, with their lavender-colored bloom and white thistle-down. Ivy everywhere, climbing in profusion over the low stone walls and up the trees, and every here and there, in prickly self-assertion, were big holly bushes getting ready for Christmas. Shrubs were bedecking themselves with scarlet berries, and from the wealth of violet leaves, and the leaves and tendrils of the wild strawberry, one could guess what a harvest little fingers had been able to reap, and would reap again in spring and early summer. My walk ended at Brimsfield church, some two miles or more from Birdlip, which is in that parish. Having made up my mind to get to Brimsfield, I was bound to reach my goal; but it had its difficulties as well as its pleasures, for were there not those hills to climb, and were there not, at more places than one, ominous sounds which told me that the dog within might take me for a tramp and treat me accordingly! Happily for me, I was allowed to pass unquestioned. "Take the first turn to the left, ma'am, and you'll see the church right before you." There it stood, as I learned upon the wicket gate giving entrance through a field to Brimsfield churchyard, grey and old, with square turreted tower and surrounded by old, old, very old, crumbling tombstones, below which those who had been born and had died in the parish were sleeping the sleep of centuries. On some of the flat stones, which, unlike those which had begun on the perpendicular, had met with no greater disaster than the falling in of one end or the tip-tilting of the other, brass tablets had been inserted, with the names and dates of the burial of those who had become dust below. To my disappointment, I found the gates

padlocked, to keep out the cattle grazing in the outer pasture, I suppose, but a board, stille-fashion, rested on the lower bars, over which I managed to climb, and, of course, if the gate was locked, the church was locked too. That of the cool porch, however, with its stone seats, was on the latch, so I sat down and rested awhile, making a note from the printed list of parishes, of sundry names which may be familiar as household words to some of my readers who once upon a time called Mid-Gloucestershire their home. They are as follows: Tisbury, Fairford, Chipping Camden, Long Marston, Moreton-in-Marsh, Stow-on-the-Wold, Bourton-on-the-Water, Andoversford, Caudle Green-Nettleton, Cubberley, Standish Sheepscombe, Chalford, Avening, Thrupp, Great Witcomb, Lyptatt, and Lyde, with of course, Brimsfield and Birdlip. Leaving the church, I noticed a somewhat peculiar-shaped embankment which appeared to be surrounded by a deep but dry ditch, green with grass and gay with wild flowers. "Is that not a ruin?" asked I of a woman who, with a baby on one arm, stood watching her other youngsters scrambling up and down the banks. "Yes, ma'am," was the reply; "there was a castle there long ago, but there ain't nothing but a few stones of it left, and this here's the moat which was around it." "Sic transit gloria mundi," thought I, as I retraced my footsteps homeward over the hillside and through the flower-garlanded lanes to quaint little Birdlip.

H. A. B.

Hints to Housekeepers.

WALNUT CATSUP.—Gather the walnuts when green and soft. Pound up well, put to soak in a gallon of vinegar. Add 2 tablespoonfuls of salt, 1 teacup of horse-radish, 1 teacup of mustard seed and garlic, 2 ounces of allspice, 2 ounces of cloves, 2 ounces of nutmeg, 1 ounce of black pepper, celery seed. Boil half an hour. Strain and bottle.

SWEET POTATO CROQUETTES.

Take two cups of mashed, boiled, steamed or baked sweet potatoes; add the beaten yolks of two eggs, and season to taste; stir over the fire until the mass parts from the sides of the pan. When cold form into small croquettes, roll in egg and bread crumbs, and fry in hot lard to an amber color. Serve in napkins. The croquette mixture may be made into balls enclosing

minced meat. When used in this way, serve with sauce.

PEACH PUDDING, FOAMY SAUCE.—Six peaches, 1 pint milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup rolled cracker crumbs, 2-3 cup sugar, 2 eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cinnamon. Sauce: Whites 2 eggs, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup scalded milk, and 1 lemon. Peel and slice the peaches, add milk, crumbs, sugar, eggs, salt, and cinnamon. Mix all together, turn into buttered pudding dish and bake till custard is set. Serve hot with the sauce, or cold with cream and sugar. Sauce: Beat the whites of the eggs till foamy, add sugar and juice of the lemon. Beat all together and add the scalded milk, stirring constantly.

TO CLEAN SILVERWARE, add a tablespoonful of borax to a pan of hot soap-suds, put the silver in it and let it stand for two hours. Rinse in clean water and polish carefully with a soft cloth or chamois.

A SIMPLE DISINFECTANT to use in a sick room or in any room where a close, musty or sewer smell is noticed, is to put some ground coffee on a shovel, a bit of camphor gum in the middle of it. Light the gum, which is non-explosive and easily ignited, with a match, and allow the coffee to burn with the gum. A refreshing and sanitary perfume is the result.

"DAME SANDHURST."—Will the correspondent who wrote over this signature in September 1st issue kindly forward her address to the editor. Her letter has been destroyed, and we wish to forward her some letters which have been received bearing on the subject.—Editor Home Department.