

very fine, per lb. ; work this well in, using the wooden spoon or clapper, and put away till next day. Then with the butter-worker roll it till dry and well mixed, otherwise the salt is apt to make it streaky, and pack very firmly, putting in one or two pounds at a time according to the size of the crock, and running the finger round the sides at every filling to make sure of no air getting in. After filling quite to the top, let it stand a day or two days, then slice off 1 or 2 lb. ; put this in a basin and stand it in the oven until quite melted. Allow the sediment to remain at the bottom of the dish (and perhaps some experienced and excellent butter-makers will be surprised to see how much there is) and pour the fine, pure, liquid butter on the top of the crock. Being freed from casein and other perishable constituents, this never goes rancid, and forms a fine top to the crock ; keeping absolutely fresh and preventing the air getting to the butter below ; a piece of thin muslin may be laid over to keep out the dust.

A. L. O. S.

TO THE MISTRESS.

Unlimited advice has been freely offered to the lady *domina* of our households as to the care she should bestow on the various departments under her charge. The parlour, the guest chamber, the kitchen, the pantry, the scullery, have all in turn been passed under review, and her duties, towards each and all, been severally pointed out to her. But it has been left to an "Idle fellow" full of "Idle thoughts" to say to the women of our homes, *House keep thyself!* Is not the hint a timely one? "My dear lady" he says, "you may polish your furniture till it shines again, but the most valuable piece of furniture in the whole house is going to rack and ruin for want of being seen to. Pause and look within. Do you not see that while your house is in apple-pie order, you are making everybody wretched?"

It is indeed too true. Are there not thousands of women in the world who are willing to spend and be spent, toiling in the kitchen from morning to night, and yet, as our author says, "render the whole feast tasteless for want of a ha'porth of salt ; for want of a soupcon of amiability ; for want of a handful of kindly words ; a pinch of courtesy?" Truly in labouring much for the meat that perisheth we forget to look after the

things that endure. In studying to please the senses, as if the world were made up of eating and drinking, and bodily comfort, we forget to appeal to sentiment, and fail to remember that "a dinner of herbs where peace is is better than a stalled ox and hatred therewith."

The true home, where "the children rise up and call the mother blessed" ; and the husband, with a grateful heart, declares that "a good wife is from the Lord," is not entirely made up of food and raiment and a never-ending sweeping and dusting, but in the brightness shed around her, who has its happiness in her hands, to mar or make—to frown on every pleasure or with kindly, sympathetic heart to seek to sooth every sorrow and make the bitter sweet.

Add this is no small task. It has been well said that it is easier to die a martyr than to live a saint, and the woman who manages to live above the petty cares and daily annoyances of a household, to endure patiently the contradiction of sinners, in the shape of unruly children and careless servants, with perhaps a cantankerous lord and master to study and keep in tune, would need to be a saint indeed, and be continually exercising restraint over herself and guarding against those too ready ebullitions of temper that leave such a sting behind ; bridling the tongue, and ruling the spirit "as one that keepeth a city."

As J. K. Jerome well puts it, "A little less care of your pots and pans madam, a little more of yourself, were wiser ; you had a pretty wit once, a pleasant laugh, a conversation that was not confined exclusively to the shortcomings of servants ; the wrongdoings of tradesmen. Try a little less scolding of Mary Ann, and practise a laugh once a day ; you might get back the dainty curves. It was a pretty mouth once." But enough ! Let me advise my lady friends, who have not the volume, to get it, and study the whole chapter. It is headed "On the Preparation of Love Philtres." Not the philtres the young sigh for to stimulate some "laggard in love," but the philtres that can keep evergreen that love when the charms of youth are past ; when the grey hairs and the sunken cheek, and the furrowed brow are merged, and lost sight of, in the graciousness of age and experience ; and the beauties of a mind at peace with all the world, itself, and Him, who is "the author of peace and lover of concord."

A. L. O. S.