

## HOUSEHOLD.

### To-day.

To-day is ours with its precious hours,  
To-morrow we may not see.  
So let us live that our lives may give  
Incentive to all that's good.  
Let us live to better our fellowmen,  
We will not be passing this way again.

A kindly word from a heart deep-stirred  
With pity impelled by love,  
May strength impart, till a fainting heart  
Shall rally to win at last.  
Let to-day be given to kindness then,  
We will not be passing this way again.

A dreary road, and a heavy load  
Our neighbor's lot may be,  
Let ours to share a brother's care  
Feeling the law of Christ.  
Let the deeds of to-day be helpful then,  
We will not be passing this way again.

To-day is done with the setting sun,  
But charity faileth not.  
The flowers we lay in our brother's way  
Shall live in eternity.  
Let to-day be given to kindness then,  
We will not be passing this way again.

[Housekeeper.]

### Value of Skimming in Cookery.

There is an art in skimming as in most other things, to skim milk that no portion of cream remains on the spoon, to remove fat from the surface of soup or gravy so that not a particle is left to annoy a fastidious taste, to remove the scum from broth just at the right time, are what is thrown up at the first has been drawn down again by the boiling liquor, and to be mindful to skim off the frothy scum which rises on the first boiling up of vegetables and potatoes—these are points in the true art of cooking which are apt to be too lightly regarded by the ordinary domestic. Who has not experienced a feeling of revolt on seeing a crust of rapidly caking fat form on the spoon which is lifted from the gravy, or—still more unendurable—little globules of grease on the surface of the invalid's cup of beef tea?

Yet, to clear away every trace of the disturbing element is a task far from easy, as every one who has honestly tried will have found. The smaller the quantity to be dealt with, the greater the difficulty.

Many cooks argue that if soup is allowed to get cold and the fat of it removed when solid there cannot possibly be any further cause for fear. This is a great mistake; as soon as that soup is allowed to boil again it will throw up more fat, perhaps quite as much as before.

Stock which has been made from the liquor in which ham or bacon has been boiled, or from meat which has much gristle about it, like calves' feet, will be found to throw up fat as long as it is on the fire. The only way to get rid of this is to skim patiently and thoroughly, keeping the liquor simmering, until ready to pour into the tureen, then to take a piece of clean blotting paper, and, holding it edgewise, to carefully absorb all remaining particles off the surface.

Soup which has been thickened with butter rolled in flour presents the same troublesome features, and can only be dealt with in the same manner. For clearing away all grease from small quantities of gravy or beef tea, where by skimming one is apt to risk losing part of the liquor, there is nothing better than clean white blotting paper.

Some cooks boast of having what they call a knack of blowing grease off the stock. The method may be ingenious, but it is far from cleanly, and most people will agree that it is very objectionable.

The first scum which rises to the surface of boiling broth or vegetables contains all the objectionable particles which all our care in previous cleanings could not have discovered. If this is not removed it is speedily drawn in again, and no after efforts will suffice to clear the liquor.

### Methods of Amusing Babies.

When my six-months-old girl begins to fret, and I have no time to stop my work and take her up, I roll her up in the table, take the bird cage from its hook, and set it upon the table before the little miss. This always proves a pleasure to bird and baby and gives me often an hour or more to work or rest. When she begins to tire of birdie's company, I set the clock (mine is a small one) upon the table beside the bird, and by the time baby has worn off the novelty of this, I am ready to take her up.

When my two-year-old boy begins to hang to my dress, and want something, he hardly knows what I say, "Let us play school soldiers." So I get the clothespins—they are the old-fashioned wooden ones;—and a basket or box, such as we get fruit in at the grocers. One of the clothespins has a cap on, made from a piece of red calico tied around the neck with a white tie; this one is the captain, or teacher, and upon rare occasions it is the mamma. The other pins are pupils or mamma's "little boys and girls." He will stick the pins along the side of the basket or box, and finds much pleasure in the arrangement and re-arrangement of things to suit his changing fancy.

When this gets a little old, I take a fancy basket from the mantel, and as I place it upon a chair you can see that it is filled with pieces of plain colored calico of every color I could find, cut into squares, oblongs and angles of all degrees. These he will lay or spread upon the floor, and has already learned the colors at sight, and noted the difference in shape.

In papa's shop there is an old cracker-box, and in it papa is putting all bits of perfect squares, cubes and angles, anything which little hands can pile up into a tiny building; pieces of moulding are also put into this box. By and by the pieces will be painted all colours, except poisonous green, which I never allow children to handle, and upon some happy day, when baby can sit upon the carpet, two little ones will be made glad by another present.

I may be infringing upon the kindergarten system, but if so these ideas are my own; and all can see that they are instructive as well as amusing. The little ones are taught to put the things away when tired of them, and thus habits of order are learned as well.

### Useful Recipes.

**Strawberry Preserves.**—Use one pound of fruit. Put them in a preserving kettle over a slow fire until the sugar melts; then boil twenty-five minutes fast. Take out the fruit in a perforated skimmer and fill airtight jars three quarters full. Boil the

syrup five minutes longer, skim it, and fill up the jars with it, and seal while hot.

**Tea Cakes.**—Two cupsful of sugar, one cup of butter, one half cupful of milk, four eggs, one pound each of raisins and currants, one half pound of citron, one half teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of cream-tar, three cups of flour, spice as you please. Bake two hours in a slow oven.

**To Keep Lemon Juice.**—Get lemons quite free from blemish, squeeze them and strain the juice; then to each pint put a pound of good loaf sugar pounded. Stir until the sugar has completely dissolved, then cover closely and let it stand until the dregs have settled and the syrup is transparent. Have bottles perfectly clean and dry, put a wine glass of French brandy in each, fill it with the syrup, cork tight, and dip the neck into melted rosin or pitch. Keep in a cool place. Do not put the syrup on the fire, it will destroy the fine flavor of the juice. If you wish to preserve the lemon peels, pour water over them and let them soak until you can scrape all the white pulp off, then boil them until soft. Preserve them with half their weight in sugar. Keep them for mince pies and cake; they are a very good substitute for citron.

**Rice Muffins.**—Cream together one table-spoonful each of sugar and butter, and stir in two beaten eggs. Then add three pints of sifted flour and a pint of warm milk, and afterwards add a cupful of boiled rice and a half yeast cake dissolved in two-thirds of a cupful of warm milk, then stir the whole with a spoon for ten minutes. Set to rise over night. In the morning, butter the muffin rings and set them carefully in a biscuit pan which has been greased; fill them two-thirds full of batter and let them rise an hour, or until the rings are full. Bake in a hot oven for half an hour.

**Spanish Buns.**—Mix together one pint of flour, one pint of sugar, cup of sweet milk, one cup of butter, four eggs beaten separately, one teacup of liquid yeast, one teacupful each of powdered cinnamon, cloves, allspice, and grated nutmeg. Knead thoroughly, then roll out and cut into large biscuits, and set them to rise in a warm place. When well risen, bake them like rolls. As soon as they are taken from the oven, sprinkle white sugar over them.

**Sponge Gingerbread.**—A north of England article. Quantity—One and a quarter pounds of flour, six ounces of butter, six ounces of soft brown sugar, one ounce of ground ginger, one pound of syrup, a little carbonate of soda, and half a pint of milk. Cream the butter and sugar together as for a cake mixture, then add the ginger and carbonate of soda, then the syrup, and lastly the milk. Mix well together. Grease out twenty-four tins, fill in with a spoon, and bake in a moderate oven. When baked turn on to a sieve, and place the cakes upside down. These keep good for a week or so, and are very light.

### A Woman's Business Suit.

The material is a medium shade of brown wool in a serge rather loosely woven so that it makes up into a dress not overheavy. Some of the surges are exceedingly heavy as well as warm, now that so much material is put into skirts.

The design of this admirable business dress is simple as can be. For this very reason it commends itself to the saleswoman or school-teacher, or any other woman who must needs look well, must dress economically, and would find an ornate frock too much trouble to make, and altogether out of place if it were made. A plain, gored skirt with a medium amount of fullness at the back is all there is to the lower part of the dress. If it were made by a fashionable dressmaker the lining would be of silk. The business woman will have her skirt, if she be on economy bent, lined with silesia, and the darker the better. This lining will be cut to fit each breadth of the skirt; the seams of the lining will be turned toward the seams of the outside skirt so that the inside of the skirt shows no raw



edges. A facing of canvas is set between the inside and the outside about the foot, the edges are finished with a "blind running" having all the raw edges turned inside; last of all, a velvet binding or a flat braid finish is put on. It pays to finish the skirt off neatly before the velvet binding is put on, because the latter will wear better over a smooth finish than if put on over rough edges, and also because the second binding, which will have to replace the first one long before the skirt is worn out, can be much more easily put on if the skirt is whole, comparatively speaking, underneath.

The body, as the English folks call the waist of the dress, is a round waist with tucked yoke and sleeves, the material for these being fine and corded. The tucking "takes up" the material more or less, and renders it stretchy. Therefore, in cutting the yoke and the upper sleeve portions—the latter being very full—the brown tuck material is laid loosely over the lining; that is to say, it lies smoothly over the lining and must not be stretched over it. The outside of the dress sleeves is cut a good deal larger than the lining, and is then gathered or pleated into the same space. [Toronto Ladies' Journal.]

## AN INDIAN CITY.

### A Visitor's Impressions of Historic Delhi.—Its Great Monuments and Ancient Civilization.

Delhi is a walled town, its walls extending five or six miles on an irregular line, inclosing the city on three sides. The fourth side is bounded by the Jumna river. It has one very broad street extending through the city from east to west, with a covered aqueduct and rows of trees in the centre. This street, called the Chandni Chauk, contains the best shops, native jewelry and gold and silver embroideries being the chief articles of interest in them. The other streets are narrow with low, flat-roofed houses of stone or brick, except in the English quarter, where the avenues are broad and attractive. Near the centre of the town is the principal mosque, and in a large square, and between that and the northern or Cashmere gate, is the Queen's garden, a pleasure ground handsomely planted, which contains a museum in a very fine building, in front of which is a colossal elephant in stone. This elephant was originally in Gwalior. It was taken to Agra by Akbar, and brought thence by Shah Jahan in 1645.

Our first excursion was out into the suburbs by the Cashmere gate, for the purpose of visiting scenes connected with the severe struggle for the recapture of Delhi after the Sepoy mutiny in 1857. All the points of interest have been furnished with tablets. Our ride took us to the summit of a rocky ridge north of the city, which was the vantage ground whence the British forces carried on their operations. A handsome gothic memorial has been erected here, and near it is one of the famous Asoka pillars mentioned above. It has been broken by an earthquake. What remains is about 30 feet high and three feet in diameter. It was a monolith, but is now in several pieces. The inscriptions are rather faint after 2200 years and a bad shaking. At this point there is a broad view of the city and the surrounding country, with the Jumna winding through it. Except this ridge and another similar one to the west of it the view appears to be over a boundless plain, though there are other similar ridges in the distance. About a mile to the north of this point is the place where Queen Victoria was proclaimed Empress of India on the 1st of January, 1877, with a great array, in which were all the princes and chiefs of India and all the British officials and envoys from places as distinct as Siam, and a parade of 50,000 soldiers of all arms. Eleven miles away, in the southwest, the lofty tower Kutab Minar pierces the sky. At various points in the city and outside of it rise the domes of mosques and tombs. We got an idea of what we had before us to see in and about Delhi.

### THE FORT AND PALACE.

Next in order we visited the great fort and what remains of the wonderful buildings constructed in it by Shah Jahan and his successors. The fort is nearly a parallelogram, about 2500 feet long and 1600 feet wide, containing nearly a hundred acres. It is built of red stone, and the wall is from 40 to 50 feet high, with ornate battlements. It has two grand gateways on the west side. As we enter by the Lahore gate we pass under a great arcade, with a dome in the centre, like the nave of a cathedral, 400 feet long. It is probably the most impressive entrance gate in the world. A large part of the area inside is occupied by the garrison. The old buildings remaining are the public audience hall, the private audience hall, a part of Shah Jahan's palace and the Pearl Mosque. The public audience hall is a large open structure, its roof supported by red sandstone pillars, beautifully carved. There is the Emperor's seat at the back, on a raised balcony, covered by a canopy supported by four white marble pillars, curiously inlaid with mosaic work. The wall behind the balcony is covered with mosaics in precious stones of the most beautiful flowers, fruits, birds and beasts of India. The balcony was entered from the palace at the rear.

The private audience hall is an open pavilion of white marble, richly ornamented with gold and pietra dura work. In the centre, on the east side, is the marble stand on which stood the peacock throne. In the palace adjoining the ladies' apartments are of white marble, inlaid below and frescoed in gold above. Next in order come the baths used by the Emperor, the women and the children. They consist of three large rooms, floored with white marble richly ornamented with pietra dura work, and covered by marble domes. In the centre of each room there is a fountain. The effect of the ornamentation in all these rooms here mentioned is rich above the power of words to describe. The Pearl Mosque is a gem of white and gray marble most elaborately carved, the floor inlaid in elegant patterns. It is a small building, only 40 feet wide, in three arches, opening on a court about 40 feet square, with two aisles inside. The carved arches show Hindoo influence. It has three domes, and slender minarets rise on the corners, beautifully ornamented. The mosaic work in all these buildings is richer and more beautiful than that we see at Agra, even in the Taj. Apparently the artists who did this work had reached a higher degree of skill. They had served a long apprenticeship under a skilful master, carrying out the orders of one of the most lavish of monarchs. Some of the gold painting is still in fair condition, after standing more than two and a half centuries. In parts it has been restored to show the splendor of the effect when it was first done.

### THE MOSQUES IN THE CITY.

The Jumna Masjid, or great mosque, built by Shah Jahan, in the centre of the city, impresses me, on the whole, more agreeably than any other building of this class I have seen. It is very large, rather simple in construction, with three noble domes and two graceful minarets. The spacious court in which it stands is elevated above the surrounding square, and its three noble gateways are approached by grand flights of steps some 30 feet high, and 150 feet wide at the bottom, diminishing in width as they ascend. It is constructed of red sandstone and white marble. In the facade the marble prevails, with sandstone trimming. The courtyard is 325 feet square, and on three sides of it runs an open sandstone cloister 15 feet wide, supported by handsome pillars of the same material. The mosque proper on the fourth side is 200 feet long and 120 broad. Its arches are simple and massive, with carved square marble pillars. The minarets are of sandstone, 130 feet high, in four stories and a cupola. The

floor is paved with marble slabs elegantly inlaid, and the pulpit is made of a single piece of clear white marble. The three gates are noble, simple and harmonious. Five thousand workmen were employed six years in building this mosque.

The Kalan, or Black Mosque, is interesting as an excellent specimen of its time—the 14th century. It is a simple cloistered quadrangle, very massive, with low domes and sloping pilasters, like some Egyptian temples. It has a primitive, archaic appearance. It is said to be in plan exactly like the original Arabian mosques. The other mosques in the city, outside the fort, call for no comment, if I except a small one called the Golden Mosque, on which Nadir Shah is said to have sat while his soldiers killed and looted in the city. The gold on its dome, which gave it its name, has disappeared.

### OLD DELHI.

We took a ride of nearly 30 miles outside the gates of the modern Delhi to see what remains of the seven cities in the neighborhood, of which I have spoken. We went out by the Delhi and returned by the Ajmere gate, our route following a triangle, with two long sides going and returning and a shorter one at the farther end. We came first to Ferozabad, about two miles outside the walls, near the Jumna river. For a mile square there is a confusion of ruins, with here and there a dome, a section of massive wall or a broken foundation. On a mutilated three-story structure, the floors diminishing in size as they rise, stands the second and larger of the Asoka pillars. It is a perfect monolith of pink sandstone, except for a jagged fracture at the top. I have given its dimensions above. The inscription on this one is very clear. It could not be better placed, for all its surroundings suggest antiquity.

We come next to Indrapat, on the site of one of the oldest of the Hindoo cities. It was repaired by Humayun early in the 16th century. Its walls are of gray stone, very lofty and extending for miles. They are broken in many places. All the gates but one are closed. We passed through this and found ourselves in a dirty lane which runs between mean houses, for here is a native village badly housed amid the ruins of a past splendor. The poor people have made huts out of the debris, eking them out with mud walls. Walking nearly half a mile through these squalid surroundings, we came to a large mosque, whose bold, massive and simple structure defies the tooth of time. It is of red sandstone, inlaid with marble. Ferguson says it is a noble specimen of a late Pathan period, which culminated in the 15th century.

A little farther along the road, perhaps two miles, we left our carriage and walked through a tangle of ruins, when we came to a nest of marble tombs of exquisite workmanship, very well preserved. One was the tomb of Nizam-ud-Daula, a famous saint, who, according to one authority, was the founder of Thuggism, as that murderous organization held his memory in great reverence. Another, called the Hall of Sixty-four Pillars, is the tomb of Akbar's foster brother. A third was the tomb of a poet named Amir Khusrav, so famous in his day that S'ali, the great Persian poet, journeyed to India, to see him. He died in 1315. Most of his works have perished, but his songs are sung by the people to this day. So a song lasts longer than a stone wall. It would be worse than useless to specify all the tombs here. The woods were literally full of them.

A little later we came to the tomb of Humayun, Akbar's father. It is of the same plan afterwards used in building the Taj, a great structure nearly 200 feet square, raised on a lofty double platform, and placed in the centre of a square garden of 11 acres, with a great gate on each of the four sides. We next came to Tughlakabad, built early in the 14th century by Tughlak Shah one of the early Mohammedan conquerors. It is built on a rocky eminence from 30 to 50 feet above the plain. The wall makes a circuit of about four miles. It is of cyclopean masonry, of gray stones so large that they were probably found on the spot. One we measured was 14 feet long and over two feet thick. The wall is built with a slope which increases its massive appearance. The ledge on which it rises is scarped, and the outer wall is 40 feet high, above which rises another 15 feet more. The frowning battlements were in sight for miles before we reached them. All inside is in ruins, but archeologists have traced the remains of palaces, mosques and other buildings. From this place a causeway leads to Adilabad, another great castle on a neighboring elevation, built by Tughlak's son and successor, Muhammed, a famous tyrant in his day, still known as "the bloody king."

Tughlak's tomb is outside the walls, in the centre of an artificial lake, dry at this season, and connected with the fort by an elevated causeway. It is of the same massive style as the fort, inclosed in a heavy, sloping wall of its own. The tomb itself is of sandstone, with bands and borders of white marble, and a white marble dome. Its massive structure and peculiar location, surrounded by walls, which seem like a grim old fort, make it an unrivalled picture of a warrior's tomb.

All along our route so far we had caught views of the great tower, the Kutab Minar, standing in relief against the sky. To its neighborhood we came next. The tower is undoubtedly the most beautiful in the world. Though we had read graphic descriptions of it, studied its photographs, and seen its graceful form at a distance, our first near view at once surprised and delighted us. It rises in five stories, divided by ornamental balconies. Its diameter at the base is 47 feet 3 inches, at the top about 9 feet. Its height is 240 feet 9 inches. Its form is round, but its surface is broken by flutings, which are alternately semi-circular and angular on the first story, semi-circular on the second and angular on the third. The first three stories are of red sandstone, the warm color of which is a great feature of its beauty. The two upper stories are of white marble. They were rebuilt by Feroz Shah in 1368, when he added a cupola, which was thrown down by an earthquake in 1803. So far the Taj at Agra and the Kutab Minar stand out as the two finest monuments we have seen in India. If I added another, it would be the great mosque in the city of Delhi.

In the immediate vicinity of the Kutab Minar are the ruins of a great mosque, built in the last of the 12th and the first of the 13th century by Kutub-ud-din, who is also the reputed builder of the Kutab Minar, though there is a contention about it, some authorities believing that he only finished what was a Hindoo structure. The mosque

was built on the great platform of a Hindu temple. The pillars for the cloisters were obtained from the demolition of 27 Hindu temples by the Mohammedans under Kutub-ud-din. They are marvels of elaborate carving, but the Mohammedans defaced the heads of the countless figures on them, considering them idolatrous. All that remains of the great mosque are the ruins of its lofty arches.

There is a dak bungalow (government rest house) in an old tomb here, and all about, and all the way on our route, the domes of great tombs, often 100 to 150 feet square, and rising 50 or 60 feet, were conspicuous objects in the landscape.

On our route we saw many strange pictures of the life of the people. I succeeded in getting rid of the idlers who follow every traveller with the hope of "back-sheesh," by getting my servant to inform them that my religion, which was peculiar, required me to visit tombs alone. That was the only plea at all effective.

## PEOPLE YOU KNOW.

Lord Aberdeen has taken for the summer Maplewood, a large house situated on what is called the North Arm at Halifax. The coming season will be brilliant at the Nova Scotia capital. His Excellency's steam yacht is to be there, and fashion will assemble from all parts of Canada and the United States. But the Governor will not go to Halifax until he has beguiled the tasty salmon on the Restigouche. He is to follow Earl Derby's precedent in the matter of fishing.

Bill Nye was in Toronto on the occasion of the recent visit of Mr. Mackenzie Bowell. Writing of the circumstance, Nye says he heard Mr. Bowell speak and found him to be a very good talker. He adds: "I had known a family of that name at Compassion, O., years ago, and meeting him after his lecture, I ventured to ask him if he might be related to the Bowells of Compassion, and he turned on his heel, with a frosty glance at me that almost gave me pneumonia. I hate to be received in that way when I am unconscious of saying a de trop thing."

Lord Rosebery's uncle, Hon. Francis Werd Primrose, Q. C., was a practising lawyer in the city of Quebec until 1860. He was born in 1785, and came to Canada in 1822, when, as an English barrister he was admitted to the Quebec bar. Several Government offices were held by him until his death in 1860. He was a very fine man, fair, frank, and philanthropic, and his death was greatly mourned. A ruddy, white-haired man, he was one of the specialties of the promenade in his later years. The present Premier of England, when visiting Canada in 1873, hunted up Mr. Primrose's house in Quebec, and gave it a very close inspection.

Mr. A. S. Hardy has been twenty-one years in the Legislature. His majority as a statesman is celebrated by the Brautford Expositor by the publication of an interesting history of his life. Mr. Hardy was born in '37, in the County of Brant, and is therefore a Brant boy. He is derived from the Scotch covenanter who took refuge in the North of Ireland. The first Hardy to emigrate to America was Captain John, who held land near Philadelphia prior to the Revolution. Captain John left the United States after the rebellion, bringing with him his brother Alexander, then a boy of ten. John acquired land on the Niagara river near Queenston Heights, and fought in the war of 1812. Alexander, on the other hand, moved to Brant. The latter had a large family. One of his daughters married William Nelles, and became the mother of the late Chancellor Nelles, of Victoria University. A son, Russell Hardy, was father of Mr. A. S. Hardy. Russell Hardy married a Miss Sturgis, and this is where Mr. Arthur Sturgis Hardy derives his second name. Mrs. Hardy is a daughter of the late Mr. Justice Morrison. She is an amiable, hospitable, and agreeable lady.

## A SHIP WITH A BANDAGED NOSE.

### How the "State of Georgia" Protected Herself in an Ice Field.

The perils of the sea are well illustrated in the story of the steamship "State of Georgia," which has just arrived at New York. She left Aberdeen on March 3. When off the Grand Banks, Newfoundland, an almost limitless ice-field was encountered, among dense fogs, which made it impossible to see the floes, until at dawn on March 14, the ship was in the midst of ice which extended on all sides as far as could be seen. The grinding together of the bergs and floes of all sizes and shapes crushed the hull of the steamer in several places. The bow plates were stove in, leaving a hole about four feet long on one side and one almost as large on the other. Through these the water poured in. At this time the crew almost gave up hope. Shields or mats were made, rough and strong, and lowered over the sides to protect the plates. Canvas covers were stretched over the holes already pierced. After five days' threading of the narrow openings of the field, the ship found herself in clear water, and reached port safely but in a dilapidated condition.

## THE LAST SURVIVOR DEAD.

### Adventures of an Old Sailor—the Story of the Famous Grace Darling Recalled.

Mr. David Grant, the last survivor of the wrecked steamer Forfarshire, and thus closely associated with the story of Grace Darling, died a few days ago at Hilltown, Dundee, at the age of eighty-three years. He was an able seaman on the Forfarshire and was stationed at the wheel when the vessel became unmanageable. He was dashed upon the rocks near the Longstone lighthouse on the coast of Great Britain. When the vessel struck a terrible panic seized the passengers. A rush was made for the boats. Grant got into a boat with eight others. Two or three passengers who attempted to leap into the boat were drowned. After hours of peril, in the dark, the boat and its nine passengers were picked up and landed safely. Grant went to sea again for a time, then settled down in Dundee and has since lived in that district.

As soon as we are with God in faith and love, we are in prayer.

A machine for making tacks was patented in 1809, but not put into practical use until near the middle of the present century. Now the world consumes fifty million tacks a day.