

Aug. 26, 1886.]

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next to nothing, to Christian missions and paro-  
chial expenses.

81. When they say, as they do in the service of  
holy communion, "And here we offer and present  
unto Thee, O Lord, ourselves, our souls, and our  
bodies, to be a reasonable, holy and living sacrifice  
unto Thee," etc., and then go off into the pleasures  
of the world with great enthusiasm, as if of the  
world, instead of being *not* of the world, as Christ  
said His true disciples are, and never put forth a  
hand in real earnest service in the Sunday school  
or in any other department of the church's work.

O that these inconsistencies might come to an  
end, and that the church would arise and shake  
herself from the dust, and put on beautiful gar-  
ments of salvation, and act as did the disciples,  
after the day of Pentecost, both in the consecra-  
tion of wealth and of personal labor; then would  
she go forth against the various forms of sin in  
the world "terrible as an army with banners," and  
again win great victories for Christ.—*Beta*.

#### OUR PRAYER BOOK.

One other excellency of our Prayer Book is the  
care manifested in all its rubrical directions to pro-  
vide for the utmost simplicity and sobriety in all  
matters of outward ritual studiously manifested;  
for when we find special rubrics introduced to keep  
us from putting any superstitious or mystical con-  
struction on the most ordinary outward observ-  
ances, such as the use of the sign of the cross in  
baptism, and the reverent kneeling in the act of  
receiving holy communion, lest any should regard  
such an act as one of adoration to the material  
elements, we cannot for a moment doubt that our  
liturgy is framed designedly on principles of the  
severest simplicity. Very grievous it is to every  
loyal son of the Church of England to find that  
notwithstanding these plain directions and these  
plain indications of what the mind of the church  
is, some few should be found who are desirous to  
innovate upon our time honored forms, and to  
engraft a gorgeous ceremonial on the simple ritual  
of our Reformed Church. We are a practical  
people, and like prettinesses very well in their  
proper places—not when they are made part of the  
national worship of grown up men and women.  
Our reformed liturgy has come down to us as a  
precious heirloom from our forefathers, and we are  
traitors to a trust if we do not hold it fast. They  
may be crafty and strong who are trying to wrest  
it from us, but it must be our own fault if we let  
it go.—*Rev. Daniel Mone, M. A., England.*

#### DON'T STEP THERE.

A man started out for Church one icy Sunday  
morning, and presently came to a place where a  
little boy was standing, who, with choking voice,  
said:

"Please don't step there."

"Why not?"

"Because I stepped there and fell down," sobbed  
the little fellow, who had thus taken it upon him-  
self to warn the unwary passer-by of the danger  
into which he had fallen.

There are many men in the world who have  
good reasons for giving such warnings as this.  
The man who has trod the dark and slippery paths  
of intemperance, as he sees the young, learning to  
take the first glass of spirits, or wine, or beer, has  
good reason to say to them, "Don't step there,  
for I stepped there and fell down." The man who  
has indulged in gambling till he is despised by  
others and abhorred by himself, has good reason  
to say to the young, when they are entering on  
the same course, "Don't step there, for I stepped  
there and fell down."

How many there are to-day in prisons and con-  
vict settlements, with reputations ruined and lives  
blasted, who could say to the young man tempted  
to enter the paths of dishonesty and wrong-doing,  
"Don't step there, for I stepped there and fell  
down."

It is well for us to be warned by the sad experi-  
ence of others, as it is sometimes a duty for those  
who have fallen by these temptations to lift a  
warning voice. There are slippery places all

around us, and thousands are passing heedlessly  
along. Let us entreat them to beware, and, as we  
remember the bitter experiences of our own sinful  
lives, let us say to those who are just yielding to  
such temptations, "Don't step there, for I stepped  
there and fell down."

#### A TRUE STORY.

"Come, tell me a story. Now, mamma dear,  
The story, you know, that I love to hear,  
About little Samuel, and Eli, and all,  
And how he waked at night by a call.  
Now be sure, mamma dear, and don't get it wrong,  
And don't be afraid you'll make it too long."

He climbed in my lap, all ready for listening,  
The bright eyes were beaming, the soft curls were  
glistening.

"Now, mamma, begin." So I told of the boy  
Who was brought by his mother in calm holy joy,  
To live in the Temple, to work for the Lord—  
How he loved Eli, and watched for his word—  
Then how "one night when he lay down to sleep,  
"Now, mamma, that's wrong, I wish you would keep  
The story all straight, begin at the top  
All over again, and then please don't stop."

"But, darling, I really don't know what you mean."  
"Oh, mamma! The 'little coat' comes in between!"  
So "all over again" I tried "straight" to tell,  
The story my bird loved always so well.  
The blue eyes grew brighter, he list to the Lord,  
And with little Samuel answered this word.  
Then!—such are the changes in all earthly things,  
The peace and the joy both fluttered their wings,  
Tears came running down, they poured down like  
rain,  
"Oh, mamma! oh, mamma! you've spoiled it  
again."

I really was quite in despair by that time,  
For I'd just reached the end, the very last line.  
He hardly could speak but 'mid sobs I heard,  
"You said—yes you *did*—you said the wrong word.  
You said that he *shut* the doors the next day,  
And, mamma, he *opened* them, that was the way.  
Please, mamma dear, try to tell it now better."  
I did, I assure you, each word and each letter.  
Well repaid, was I then, by sweet kisses and praise,  
And advised, "tell it so, darling mamma, always."  
E. BEDELL BENJAMIN.

"No man has any right to live on the toil of  
his neighbors; no man has any right to be a use-  
less burden on others; no man, unless he be  
utterly base, will sit down at the feast of life and  
meanly rise up and go away without paying the  
reckoning. I need hardly pause to correct this  
abuse. I trust that all of us, of every rank, of  
every age, have learned the dignity of work, the  
innocence of work, the holiness of work. I trust  
that the very poorest person here present has a  
healthy scorn for the unworthy indolence of the  
drunkard, the idler, and tramp."—*Archdeacon  
Farrar.*

#### HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

To brighten carpets, sprinkle with salt before  
sweeping.

When putting away the silver tea or coffee pot  
which is not in use every day, lay a stick across  
the top under cover. This will allow fresh air to  
get in and prevent the mustiness of the contents,  
familiar to boarding-house sufferers.

MACREME LACE can be washed so as to look as  
well as when new. Roll it up loosely and tie a  
string around the fringe so it won't get tangled,  
and wash like white muslin. Take off the string  
from the fringe when rinsing and hang it to dry  
without wringing it. When dry, pull into shape  
and comb the fringe with a coarse comb.

CORN FRITTERS.—One coffee cup of canned corn,  
one of sweet milk, two eggs—whites and yolks  
beaten separately, two tablespoons or more of flour  
and a little salt. Drop with a spoon into boiling  
lard. The flour to be added is a variable quantity  
and can be determined only by experiment. These  
fritters taste like fried oysters. Serve with or  
without sauce.

FUR cloaks and fur-lined garments may be suc-  
cessfully preserved from moths by the following  
method: Lay the garment on a table and comb it  
carefully all over with a fine-toothed comb. If  
there be any moth eggs in it this will certainly  
discover them. Then brush it thoroughly, fold  
and tie up tightly in a bag of firm unbleached  
muslin and lay it away in a chest with insect  
powder scattered through it. Muffs, etc., may be  
combed in like manner, and put in a muff-box with  
paper pasted around the lap of the cover over the  
box.

CREAMED CHICKEN.—One cup and a-half of un-  
skimmed milk, one tablespoon of cornstarch, one  
tablespoonful of butter rubbed into cornstarch, half  
teaspoonful of minced onion, half teaspoonful of  
minced parsley, a pinch of soda stirred into the  
milk, salt and pepper to taste, remnants of cold  
roast, boiled, or broiled, chicken, jointed, or cut  
into neat pieces. Heat the milk to scalding in a  
double boiler, and pour a little on the cornstarch  
and butter. Return to the fire, stir until it thickens,  
and add the seasoning. Drop the pieces of chicken  
into the sauce and let simmer five or ten minutes.  
Pour over rounds of fried bread, garnish with sprays  
of parsley, and serve very hot.

The following methods of putting up preserves  
have always been successfully used in the New  
York School of Cookery, the second being the least  
troublesome. Choose firm, ripe, sound fruit; do  
not wash berries unless they are very sandy; remove  
the stones from peaches or plums, if desirable, and  
peel them at will; pare and core quinces and pears.  
Weigh the fruit after it is prepared, and allow an  
equal quantity of sugar; put the fruit and sugar  
in layers in a porcelain-lined kettle, with sugar at  
the bottom and top, and let them stand overnight.  
The next morning set the kettle over the fire and  
gently boil its contents until the fruit is soft but  
not broken, removing all scum; transfer the fruit to  
heated glass jars without breaking it, boil the syrup  
until it begins to thicken, then pour it over the  
preserves, and close the jars; when they are cold,  
make sure they are air-tight, and keep them in a  
cool, dry place. The other way of preserving is to  
weigh the fruit, and allow a scant equal quantity  
of sugar to balance the waste of paring, etc.; put  
the sugar over the fire in the preserving kettle,  
with half a cupful of cold water to each pound, and  
boil it, removing all scum. Meantime prepare the  
fruit; when both are ready, boil the fruit in the  
syrup until it begins to look clear, but do not let it  
break; transfer the fruit to glass jars heated in  
water, and then boil the syrup until thick, and put  
up the preserves as usual.

#### A NEW-FANGLED RELIGION.

BY THE REV. F. PARTRIDGE.

We hear a great deal of talk now-a-days about  
what is called unsectarian religion. Instead of  
squabbling about Church Doctrines and Methodist  
Doctrines and Baptist Doctrines and all the rest of  
them, they tell us we need only have the plain  
broad things that all Christians agree about. We  
all want to get to the same place, so if we have  
these preached in our churches and taught our  
children in their schools, it does not matter much  
about the rest.

Well, it is easy enough to talk in this way. It  
sounds so grand and liberal, that surely anybody  
who does not like it must be bigoted and unchari-  
table. But, as the Yankee said to the stump  
orator who had made an election speech stuffed  
full of fine words and promises that meant just  
nothing at all, "That's all very well, mister, but  
what does it all come to when it's peeled and  
biled?" What is this new religion—"our Com-  
mon Christianity" as they call it—this that every-  
body is to be satisfied with, what is it when it is  
peeled and boiled? What will be left when we  
have taken out everything that people disagree  
about? Let us see.

To begin with, we must not teach that our  
Saviour Jesus Christ is God and man, to be  
worshipped and prayed to, and trusted in, for the  
Unitarians do not believe it. Nor must we say