

ABIDE WITH ME.

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Abide with me, O Lord, till I am free, and the day is far sped.

Abide with me, O Lord, till I am free, and the day is far sped. The darkness thickens, Lord, with me abide! When other helpers fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, O, abide with me!

Swift to its close, bids our life's little day, Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away, Change and decay in all around I see, O, Thou, who changest not, abide with me!

Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word; But as Thou dwelt with Thy disciples, Lord, Familiar, condescending, patient, free, Come, not to sojourn, but abide with me.

Come not in terrors as the King of Kings, But kind and good, with healing in Thy wings, Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea, Come, Friend of Sinners, and thus abide with me.

Thou on my head in early youth didst smile; And, though rebellious and perverse meanwhile, Thou hast not left me, O, as I left Thee, On to the close, O Lord, abide with me!

I need Thy presence every passing hour, What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power? Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be? Through cloud and sunshine, O, abide with me!

I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless, Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness, Where is death's sting? Where grave thy victory? I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

Hold then Thy cross before my closing eyes, Speak through the gloom, and point me to the skies, Heaven's morning breaks! and earth's vain shadows flee! In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

BATTLES ON SUNDAY.

Some of the most important battles by land and sea have been fought on Sundays. The most important Sunday battle on land was Waterloo, while at sea Lord Howe inflicted a serious defeat on the French naval forces on Sunday, the "glorious" 1st of June, 1794. Inkerman, the "soldiers' battle," was another Sunday victory. It was fought on November 5th, 1854, between the British and French against the Russians, when 8,000 British repulsed a force of 25,000 Russians, of whom 9,000 were killed and wounded. Other important Sunday victories were Ramillies, one of Marlborough's great victories, which was fought on Whitsunday, May 23rd, 1706; Oudenarde, on Sunday, July 11th, 1708; and Malplaquet, on Sunday, September 11th, 1709. The battle of Vimiera was fought on Sunday, August 21st, 1808, and it was, on Sunday, January 16th, 1812, that Wellington issued the order: "Ciudad Rodrigo must be carried by assault this evening at 7 o'clock." The Indian mutiny broke out at Meerut on Sunday, May 10th, 1857, while Kars was carried by assault by the Russians on Sunday, November 18th, 1877.

The Central Business College. We are advised that this excellent school has just closed its most successful year, many young men and women having found their way through its hands into good positions in the business world. The next session will begin on September 1st, and anyone interested in commercial education, shorthand, type-writing or telegraphy will receive full particulars by sending a postal request to the principal, Mr. W. H. Shaw, Yonge and Gerard streets, and mentioning this paper.

I'LL BE A MAN.

That well known temperance orator, John Gough, was once going to a small village six miles from the nearest railway station to conduct a meeting. From the station to the village a small one horse omnibus ran, and into this the lecturer entered, his only fellow-passenger being a man who seemed to regard him intently.

"As we sat together," said Mr. Gough, in telling the story years afterwards, "I noticed the man was leaning forward very strangely; I saw him take a handkerchief—that was the beginning of it—and tie it round his face. Then he would sit a little, and shake it out, and then tie it another way, still leaning his head forward.

Said I: 'Have you the toothache?'

"No."

"Then will you be good enough to tell me why you lean forward with the handkerchief?"

"Well," he said, "the window of the cab is broken, and the wind is pretty cold this morning, and I am trying to keep it from you."

"Why," said I, "you don't mean to tell me you are sticking your head in that hole to keep the wind off me?"

"Yes, I am."

"I said: 'Well, I thank you, my dear fellow. I never saw you before.'

"No, but I saw you; I was a ballad singer, and used to go around with a half-starved wife and a baby in her arms, my wife oftentimes with a black eye. Somehow or other I got to hear you in Edinburgh, and you told me I was a man. I went out of the place and said: 'By the help of God, whatever it costs, I'll be a man!' And now I have a happy home, and wife and children gathered round. God bless you, sir! I would stick my head in any hole under Heaven if I could do you any good. God bless you, sir!"

A STORY OF GENERAL GORDON.

That great and good man, the late General Gordon, when he was at school, was as mischievous as most boys, indeed, more so. The following story is told of him by Dr. Bixby, who was at one time at school with him. When the boys had done anything wrong they were shut up in a large, barely furnished room, and set to write lines from a Latin author.

One of the most frequent visitors to this room was the late General, and he used frequently to be annoyed by the boys who were free coming to the door and jeering at him through the keyhole, telling him what a fine afternoon it was, and inviting him to come out and "lick" them.

Though he could not oblige them in the former, he resolved to do his best for them in the latter particular. He borrowed a large garden syringe from the gardener, and taking it with him the next time he was sent to write lines, went round to the various desks, and sucked up the ink into the syringe.

Several other boys were in durance vile with him, and they eagerly awaited the approach of their tormentors.

By-and-bye they heard stealthy footsteps coming down the passage. Nearer and nearer they came, and at last halted outside the door. "They're peeping through the keyhole," whispered the future General, and, placing the syringe at the keyhole, he squirted the contents through with all the energy he could muster.

There was a smothered exclamation of disgust, and then an appalling silence. Then someone fumbled with the handle of the door; it opened, and in stalked the head master, his face black with wrath, and his once immaculate shirt-front black with ink. We must draw a veil over the painful scene which followed.

WHAT TOMMY SAID.

Uncle John. Well, what do you mean to be when you get to be a man?

Little Tommy (promptly). A doctor, like pa.

Uncle John (quizzically). Indeed; and which do you intend to be, an allopath or a homoeopath?

Little Tommy. I don't know what them awful big words mean, Uncle John; but that don't make no difference, 'cause I ain't goin' to be either of 'em. I'm just goin' to be a family doctor, an' give all my patients Hood's Sarsaparilla, 'cause my pa says that if he is a doctor, he's 'bliged to own up that Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best family medicine he ever saw in his life.

HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

Vanilla Ice Cream. Two quarts rich cream, one pint new milk, one pound sugar and one teaspoonful vanilla. Mix well and freeze. Another way: Put milk and one cut vanilla bean on fire and boil slowly. Strain through a wire sieve, and when cool add cream and sugar, and freeze.

Tapioca Ice. One cup of tapioca soaked over night: in the morning put it on the stove, and when boiling hot add one cup of sugar, and boil till clear; chop one pineapple, pour the tapioca over it, stir together, and put into moulds. When cold serve with sugar and cream.

To Crystalize Nuts or Oranges. Take one cup of sugar, one small cup of water and the juice of a lemon; let this boil carefully until the syrup when dropped from a spoon looks like fine white hairs and is brittle; then dip small pieces of oranges into this and lay them on buttered plates to dry. The whole meats of English walnuts can be done in the same manner.

Onions are almost the best nerveine known. No medicine is so useful in cases of nervous prostration, and there is nothing else that will so quickly relieve and tone up a worn-out system. Onions are useful in all cases of colds, coughs, and influenza, in consumption, insomnia, hydrophobia, scurvy, gravel and kindred liver complaints. Eaten every other day, they soon have a clearing and whitening effect on the complexion.

Fried Chicken. Wash the chickens until all the blood is out, cut them in pieces, rub a very little salt over them, then roll each piece in flour. Fry them (covered) til a nice brown color in lard or butter. Make a gravy of cream and butter; if the cream is not very thick, add a little flour, season to taste, adding a little mace or nutmeg as desired.

Soft Gingerbread. One small half cup butter, one and one-half cups molasses, two well-beaten eggs, three cups flour, one tablespoonful ginger, a little each of nutmeg, allspice and cinnamon, one half cup sweet milk, and one and one-half teaspoonfuls baking powder.

English Yorkshire Pudding. On half pound of flour, one pint of milk, a pinch of salt, one teaspoonful of baking powder. Mix well together the baking powder, flour and salt, then add a little milk, and beat until perfectly smooth; then add remainder of the milk. Melt some butter or dripping in a flat tin, pour in the batter, place a joint of beef or mutton on it, and bake in a quick oven.

Pineapple Ice Cream.—Three pints cream, one pint milk, two ripe pineapples, two pounds sugar. Slice pineapples thin, scatter sugar over them, and let stand three hours. Cut or chop the fruit into the syrup, and strain through a bag of coarse lace. Beat gradually into the cream and freeze. Remove a few bits of pineapple and stir in cream when half frozen. Peach ice cream made in the same way is delicious.