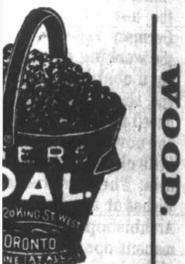


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HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

Bananas cut in thin slices may be added to boiled custard just before serving.

A very good cake is made in this way: Half a cupful of butter, mixed with one and a half cupfuls of sugar; and two-thirds of a cupful of milk, in which is dissolved half a teaspoonful of soda, two cupfuls of flour, sifted, with one tea-spoonful of cream-tartar and three eggs. Flavor to taste and bake in a good oven.

For breakfast or lunch cold meat of any kind may be used in this way: Mince the meat very fine; mix it with an equal quantity of bread crumbs that have been soaked, and then pressed rather dry, and one finely chopped onion. Season with salt, pepper, nutmeg and allspice. Mold with beaten egg, form into balls and fry in boiling fat.

A practical housekeeper says if the necessity of cutting hot bread be imperative the moist unpleasantness may be obviated by using a warm knife for the purpose. The heating of the steel prevents the chill which causes the sodden look so well known to those who have been compelled to cut the warm loaf. A napkin should be laid on the plate upon which the slices are placed.

This pudding is simple and delicate: Set one quart of milk upon the stove, and when it is very hot add three table-spoonfuls of corn-starch, mixed smooth with a little milk and the yolks of four eggs, adding a little sugar; stir until thick, and then pour it into a baking-dish; when cold, pour over it a frosting made of the whites of the four eggs, allowing a table-spoonful of sugar to each egg. Flavor with lemon-juice and set in the oven until it is a delicate brown.

Chamois skin may be cleansed by rubbing into it plenty of soft soap and then laying it for two hours in a weak solution of soda and warm water. At the end of this time rub it until it is quite clean, rinsing it in clean warm water, in which soda and yellow soap have been dissolved. It should then be wrung dry in a rough towel, pulled and brushed. This process makes the leather soft and pliable. It should never be rinsed in clear water. The soapy water causes it to become soft.

Baked clams are relished by many persons. Wash fifty soft clams thoroughly; cut four large cold boiled potatoes in very thin slices, and mince one large boiled white onion very fine. Butter a baking dish and put into it a layer of clams, then a layer of the potatoes with a little of the onion, a dash of black and cayenne pepper mixed, a very little powdered mace, a little butter, and some finely rolled butter or soda crackers. Repeat this until all the clams are used, then pour over all equal parts of milk and water to fill the dish two-thirds full. Cover with a good paste, or, if preferred, with the rolled crackers, putting here and there bits of butter on top, and bake three-quarters of an hour in a hot oven.

A QUEER PROVERB.

There is a queer old German proverb which tells us, "The best is often the enemy of the good." What does it mean? I think I can show you. Have you ever heard a boy say in school, "I shan't bother over that lesson. I couldn't get to the top of the class if I tried?" He is possibly not a stupid fellow at all; he could take a fair place among his schoolmates, but because he can't have the "best" place he won't try to take a "good" one. So wanting the best actually prevents his doing good. "The best is the enemy of the good." Another illustration. A man knows it is a good thing to be religious, he even admires a comrade who loves God and worships Him, who denies himself to benefit his wife and children, and to help the very poor; he secretly desires to be like him.

But then he says, "What's the use? I should get tired of going to church every Sunday; I couldn't turn teetotaler; I couldn't give up my pipe; and if I did I should forget myself at times, and fly into a passion with my wife when she contradicts me, or should hit Jem when he don't do as I bid him, and then where should I be? Oh no, I'd better not try."

So because he can't be best all in a minute, as good as a man who for years had led a Christian life, he won't even try to be good. The best is enemy of the good here. But ought it to be so? Are not the "good" and the "best" brothers of the same family? Ought not a man to feel I can always try to be good, and if I fail even, I am nearer the best than if I had not tried?

It is a great mistake to think that a man who tries to give up sin for a time, and then has a fall, is worse than if he had not tried at all.

I tell you he is better, aye, better though the devil may have got him at a weak moment, and persuaded him to commit the very sin he vowed himself never to commit.

I know the world thinks differently, but never mind the world.

That man has only to rise up ashamed and repentant, and to say humbly "I will try again," and he is in a better position than the scoffer who marks his fall and proclaims it in the market-place, declaring, "Well, I never made any profession, thank God!"

Yes, he often puts in these last two words, though what he has to thank God for, just then, poor fellow, I hardly know.

So the end of this little sermon, dear friends, is, "Try to be good, and never mind being best," and don't let scoffers persuade you that trying to be good is "making a profession."

They hold you up to scorn if you don't keep to that profession, but if you had no falls, and continued perfectly steadfast, the world would still find fault with you somehow, I am certain; for those who won't try even to be "good" are sure to dislike the man who does. He is a living reminder to them that there is a better and safer road than the one they are travelling on, and that makes them envious and snarling.

—For constipation take St. Leon Water before breakfast.

"FOREST AND FARM."

We would direct the attention of our readers, to the very large and valuable premium list offered by *Forest and Farm*, the latest arrival in the field of Canadian journalism. The name of Mr. Charles Stark, publisher and proprietor of *Forest and Farm*, is well known throughout the Dominion. He is one of Toronto's most successful and enterprising business men, and from our personal acquaintance with him, we feel assured he will fulfil every promise he makes. We wish *Forest and Farm* every success.

THE INFLUENTIAL WOMAN.

We generally picture her as a leader of fashion, stately and beautiful, the centre of her coterie. Her moral qualities are not considered at all; and that is where we err. When the rich woman can show to the world only a life of fashion and idleness, she is deserving of open censure and disgrace, so long as there are hungry bodies, minds, or souls crying for some of her abundance. To whom much is given, of them much is required. Let public opinion mete out its wrath of censure upon the fashionable, idle woman, who is a disgrace to her sex, because of the aimless, useless life. Let the expression "best society" mean those who do good deeds, who leave the world happier and better for having lived, instead of those who have been most idle and aimless. The influential women of every community are those who are doing and daring that the world may be purer and better; whether they are fashionable or unfashionable it matters not.

—Drink St. Leon Water for dyspepsia or weak digestion after each meal.

BEYOND.

It seemeth such a little way to me  
Across to that strange country, the Beyond;  
And yet not strange—for it has grown to be  
The home of those of whom I am so fond;  
They make it seem familiar and most dear,  
As journeying friends bring distant countries near.

So close it lies, that, when my sight is clear,  
I think I see the gleaming strand;  
I know, I feel that those who've gone from here,  
Come near enough to touch my hand.  
I often think, but for our veiled eyes,  
We should find heaven right 'round about us lies.

I cannot make it seem a day to dread  
When from this dear earth I shall journey out  
To that still dearer country of the dead,  
And join the lost ones so long dreamed about.  
I love this world, yet shall I love to go  
And meet the friends who wait for me, I know.

I never stand about a bier and see  
The seal of death set on some well-loved face,  
But that I think: "One more to welcome me  
When I shall cross the intervening space  
Between this land and that one over there—  
One more to make the strange Beyond seem fair."

And so for me there is no sting to death,  
And so the grave has lost its victory;  
It is but crossing, with a bated breath,  
And white, set face, a little strip of sea,  
To find the loved ones waiting on the shore,  
More beautiful, more precious than before.

—Ella Wheeler.

THE DAILY SERVICE.

To pray daily together has been the Christian rule always and everywhere—for men in earnest, I mean—and the experience of whole races of men is no trifling inheritance to us.

In no other way can we drink in so much of the waters of life, the living oracles of God, the inspiration of the Holy Spirit—not only in quantity, but in systematic arrangement, for the daily Lessons omit the chapters more difficult to understand, and repeat those that bear most on the practice of a Christian life.

So the Church measures out the faith in due proportion, allots to each main act that God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost has done for us a season of its own, and through the closing month of every year setting before us the close of the world and the last day, and Him Who returns to reckon with His servants.

There are no such prayers as these—so old, yet so buoyantly young; so catholic yet so reformed; those Glorias which make us one with the Church of the martyrs, and breathe over us the breath of the first three centuries; those forty collects that connect us with greater fathers of the Church, and make us one congregation with Gregory the Great and his Yorkshire slave boys; that Litany which was first heard amid the crash of a falling world, while it transfigured the ruin of the Gothic invasion into the throes of the new birth of the Church, and those later prayers of our English martyrs and reformers, the General Confession and Thanksgiving, and Laud's Prayer for Parliament, never more needed than now.

And what is the daily service? Is it not the common prayer of Christendom, the family prayers of the nation, the confession of those sins, the pleading of those wants, the offering of those thanks, which are common to us all; the great antidote to religious selfishness.

When those who can come to the house of Christ represent those who cannot and even those who will not; the sick, the overworked, and those out of reach are with us in the spirit, as we bear their sorrows and temptations before our common Lord.

"Wherever two or three are gathered together there am I in the midst of them." Therefore our daily service is the presence of God in our streets, and the sense of that presence overflows more and more into all our daily life. The presence of God is the life of our environment, and our consciousness of it is the holy sense by which we touch, and handle, and taste, and absorb it.

When I was a young curate, and very ignorant of the interlacings of things human and divine, I