

[Nov. 25, 1886.]

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DOMINION CHURCHMAN

781

"Nothing to do?" And thy Saviour said:—
"Follow, thou Me, in the path I tread."
Lord, lend Thy help, the journey through!
Lest, faint, we cry, "So much to do!"

AS THE TWIG IS BENT, THE TREE'S INCLINED.

We have a proverb everywhere accepted as true, that the "child is the father of the man." That is to say—what the child is (or what we make of him) that the grown man will be by-and-by. From which we argue that it is important to bring up a child well.

How are children brought up now-a-days? Well, there will of course, always be people who neglect their children, which is one way of bringing them up badly; but besides this there are two other markedly different ways of bringing up the little ones—one to treat them as little Christians beloved of God, intended to live with Him in heaven; and the other to consider them merely as citizens of this world.

Which way is best? Some people say, "Eternity will show." I think time will show. God will not make us wait for Eternity in a matter of such importance.

In France men are daily trying to bring up the little ones more and more without God. They have thrust Him out of the schools, torn His image off the walls, scratched His name out of the children's books. Foolish people! As if they could drive Him out of the world He made!

Let me tell you a true story about this.

Two Frenchwomen, who had been brought up in the old days, when God was not forgotten in the land, were lately talking over a great trouble which had fallen upon a neighbour. "She will be ruined," said one. "It will break her heart," said the other. "Well, God's will be done!" returned the first.

A little girl was playing in the room, just come in from her new "secular" school.

"God! Grandmother," she said, "God! C'est un mensonge."

I give you the French words; I hardly like to translate them, they are so dreadful. Yet it was true that at this school this poor little girl had been openly taught that God was, as she expressed it, "a lie," a fancy conjured up by designing men. She was only repeating the teaching of her schoolmistress.

Happily our nation has not yet fallen into such frightful depths of darkness and infidelity as this. Ignorance and neglect there is among our little ones, but not worse as yet.

A very untalented little child was received into one of our schools the other day, and for the first time heard of the existence of God. A gentle, teachable, little heathen she was. After school hours she went home with a wrapt expression on her face, and, reaching her father's house, began to scrutinise walls and ceiling and corners of the poor kitchen. Then she went to the bedroom, and looked curiously, yet reverently, round that too. The mother was surprised, and asked what she was doing?

"Mother!" said the child, seriously, "did you know? God is here! In this room—in the other room too! The good God who made us and loves us! Yes, He is here!"

"She was so serious," said the mother afterwards to the teacher, "it gave me quite a turn."

Even the irreligious mother could not say and do the same careless things with God in the room. It made an impression upon her too.

Which child had the better chance of growing up good do you think—this little one, or the poor little French girl?

Oh, men and women of England, do not ever be tempted to do the least thing towards giving up your God, or letting the children give Him up. Send them, we pray you, to schools where they will have a religious education. Never mind if another school is grander or costs less, or lies nearer your home; make a push to get your little children brought up religiously.

Do not say, "The children are so young, it does not matter for a bit where they are sent." If you

bring up a child without God, you are rearing a man who will not care for his God. And better had it been for that man that he had never been born.

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

HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

CANNED PUMPKIN.—Peel, scrape the pulps and seeds, cut in small pieces, put in a close-fitting steamer and boil two hours. Then put in a kettle; to every quart add two ounces of sugar; boil five minutes and seal.

CANNED CORN.—Take nice, tender green corn, cut from the cob with a sharp knife; with the back of the knife scrape the cob to get all the sweetness out; see that your jars are perfect, no cracks; put in the corn, with the small end of your potato-masher, and pack it in; when the jar is quite full put on the rubbers; screw on the covers almost tight, put cloths in the bottom of your boiler, lay in the cans of corn in any way you please, put cloths between so that they will not touch each other; fill the boiler as full as you wish, cover over with cold water, set it over the fire, and boil three hours without ceasing. Then take out and make as tight as possible; immediately after they are cold, tighten again, if you can; put away in a dark, cool place. Peas and succotash will keep in the same way.

CANNED TOMATOES.—Take ripe tomatoes and pour boiling water over to skin; boil twenty minutes, fill your glass self-sealing jars, and seal as quickly as possible.

CANNED BEANS.—Take butter, case knife, or lima beans, cook as for the table, boil one hour, season lightly with pepper and salt, and fill the jars quite full. They will keep the year round.

CANNED PEAS.—Boil twenty minutes, fill the jars, set in warm water, boil ten minutes more, seal quickly.

CANNED CORN.—Gather when in good eating state, pour boiling water over cobs and all, let remain five minutes, then cut the corn from the cob, boil one hour; then fill your jars, putting in as little water as possible.

GLORIFY THE LORD IN THE FIRES.

Among the many illustrations of Scripture which Whitefield introduced into his sermons, this one is truly worthy of record: Preaching from the words, "Wherefore glorify ye the Lord in the fires," he says: "When I was some years ago at Shields, I went into a glass-house, and, standing very attentively, I saw several masses of burning glass of various forms. The workman took one piece of glass and put it in to one furnace, then he put it into a second, and then into a third. I asked him, 'Why do you put that into so many fires?' He answered me, 'O, sir, the first fire is not hot enough, nor the second, and therefore we put it into a third, and that will make it transparent.'"

"O, thought I, does this man put this glass into one furnace after another that it may be rendered perfect? O, my God! put me into one furnace after another, that my soul may be transparent, that I may see God as He is."

THE MINISTRY OF ENCOURAGEMENT.

There are some people who never have a cheering word for a straggler. They make life just as hard as possible for all who are striving to do right. They never think of rejoicing with a poor sinner who has turned and is trying to follow Christ; they only wonder if his conversion is genuine, and fear it is not, and wait in icy serenity to be sure of it before they lend a hand to help him in the new way. They never have really hearty words of

commendation for any one, however deserving the person may be. They say they are afraid of turning people's heads by compliments and words of praise; but surely it is much better to help people than to hinder them in life. Duty is hard enough at the best for most of us; and we need all the cheer we can get to keep us from disheartenment and failure.

Now and then, to be sure, there is one who needs to be repressed, and for whom the chilling air of discouragement is really a tonic. False or indiscreet praise is always injurious. Too much help in struggle and difficulty is positive unkindness—often worse than none at all. Yet, with all these cautions, there is still large room for the simple ministry of encouragement; and certainly no one's true mission really can be to make life harder for others by suspicion, discouragement, or harsh criticism.

A TEST.

A well-known English solicitor of charities called at the castle of a nobleman, more noted for withholding than for giving. The time was late evening, and it was very desirable that the solicitor be entertained at the castle for the night. But to his surprise the solicitor was courteously informed that the castle was full, with the exception of a haunted chamber. Not wishing to offer that to his guest, he was compelled to decline entertaining him for the night, and presumed that in this way he had effectually disposed of the solicitor's mission. But he was mistaken in this. The solicitor very promptly assured him that he would cheerfully accept the hospitality of the haunted chamber for the night, and was accordingly assigned to it. Of course he slept comfortably and had no vision.

But at breakfast the next morning, being questioned by his host as to the experiences of the night, the solicitor cleverly humored the ghostly whim by assuring his host and fellow-guests that he had indeed seen a vision, had, without doubt, been visited by a veritable ghost. As he lay upon his back in bed meditating upon his work, he was startled by the accustomed apparition. But not in the least disconcerted, the solicitor calmly extending his collection-book toward the spectre, who, or which, instantly vanished.

And thus, or similarly, much of the boldest and noisiest piety vanishes on the presentation of the collection-book.—*Dr. Hall.*

—For constipation take St. Leon Water before breakfast.

AGE AMONG THE CHINESE.

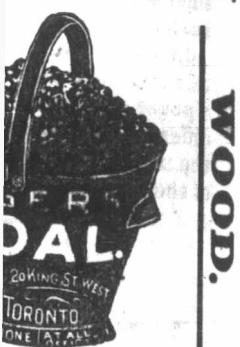
The Chinese do not reckon their age from the day of birth, but from New Year's Day. It is on this account some times difficult to find out the true age of young children. Here is a tiny shaven headed bundle of humanity, scarcely able to stand alone for a moment, and you are gravely assured that he is three years old! If you have left the sacred rules of propriety at home, you venture mildly and politely to cast just a faint shadow of doubt upon the statement; or if you do not discredit the parent's assertion, but are still unacquainted with the mode of reckoning, you probably condole with its parents on the slight degree of progress he has made towards maturity. Should a child arrive in this world at five minutes to twelve on New Year's eve, the fond father will proudly assure you next morning that the new arrival is two years old, and never so much as think that what he says is untrue. Seeing that clocks are very scarce articles except along the coast, and that even where a clock is found, time is a very elastic and variable quantity, one wonders how such matters are determined in certain cases. The Chinese do not conceal their age, nor do they ever try to represent themselves as younger than they are. There is a much stronger tendency to add to the stated number of their years than to diminish it. On being introduced to a new acquaintance, the first question is, "What is your distinguished surname?" and the second is, "What is your honourable age?" You reply to one as

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