

expel all the whey. The salting of the cheese is also considered a delicate and important process. The salt is rubbed, from time to time, on the outside of the cheese, care being taken to discern when enough shall have been absorbed. The Gruyère cheeses are commonly three feet in diameter, and weigh over one hundred pounds. A successful cheese of this kind is like a soft yellow paste, which melts in the mouth, and is filled with cavities about the size of a pea, one or two, say, in each square inch of cheese.—*Ex.*

#### THE PREACHER.

A great writer has told us that one of the most beautiful and touching things one sees on earth, is a man standing and speaking spiritual things to men. And he asserts that "The speaking function—this of truth coming to us with a living voice—nay, in a living shape, and as a concrete practical exemplar—this, with all our writing and printing functions, has a perennial place." For some have thought, and staunchly maintained, that the pulpit has done its work, and that the multitude of newspapers, books, and magazines, is enough for all the requirements of man. It is remarkable, however, that never did so many men and women listen with solemn and earnest attention to so many preachers throughout the land; and that wherever there is a preacher whose peculiar gifts proclaim his vocation to speak to men of the glad tidings of good things, crowds have joyfully assembled to hear him. The truth is, that philosophy has never made men moral, nor abstract doctrine made them holy. The Incarnation was as needful to sanctify as it was to redeem; and the warm presence of humanity, not merely thinking the truth, but feeling it, not denouncing sin, but fighting it, carries a force with its living energy which nothing else can simulate or rival. Every era of rising religious life has been an era of preaching. Even now, while men complain that we have so few great preachers, they seem to forget that we have so many good ones; and if they demand an excess of pastoral care, it is because they are anxious to continue during the week the good influence they felt on the Sunday, and to be better acquainted with him who so deeply enters their hearts, and so tenderly touches their lives.—*Quiver.*

#### HOSPITALITY.

True hospitality has its origin in the heart, and beautifies, like the sunlight upon the cloud, everything it touches, and never goes beyond the circle of generous impulses. Entertainment given with genuine hospitality means more than the mere feeding of the body, it means a royal interchange of the gifts of the soul. This is the highest compensation which the intelligent mind can bestow or receive. It is pre-eminently social in its manifestations and tendencies, and wherever it strews its fruitage, there you will find happy hearts and happy dwellings. Still it should be made subservient to wholesome laws, as all things that are good are governed by the methods of law. The obligation to be hospitable or kind to strangers and guests is a sacred one, and is a proof to its possessor of the highest order of humanity, and is emphasised by every moral code known to the world, and a beautiful exemplification of the second great commandment. There should never be a guest in the house whose presence requires any considerable change in the domestic economy of one's household affairs. However much the circumstances of business or mutual interests may tend to the entertainment of a stranger, he should never be taken into the family circle unless he is known to be entirely worthy of that high social distinction; but when once admitted, he should be treated as if the place had been his always. The individuality or pursuits of the host or guest should never for a moment be lost sight of. The fact that an invitation has been accepted does not confer or carry with it the right of either the one or the other to be master of the other's time. A man should never be so essentially himself as when he entertains a friend.—*Albany Sunday Press.*

GREAT MEN.—Lockhart, of the *Quarterly* on reaching the inn at Weimar, in the course of a German tour, asked the waiter whether "Goethe, the great poet," was in the town. The man shook his head, as if he had never heard the name before, but the landlady suggested that the traveller might mean "Herr von Goethe, the Privy Counsellor."

#### MY FRIEND.

##### AFTER THE GERMAN.

The friend who holds a mirror to my face  
And hiding none, is not afraid to trace  
My faults, my smallest blemishes within;  
Who friendly warns, reproves me, if I sin—  
Although it seems not so,—she is my friend.

But she who, ever flattering, gives me praise,  
Who ne'er rebukes, nor censures, nor delays  
To come with eagerness and grasps my hand  
And pardons me, ere pardon I demand—  
She is my enemy, though she seem my friend.

#### FATE OR GOD?

Beyond the record of all eldest things,  
Beyond the rule and regions of past time,  
From out Antiquity's hoary-headed rime,  
Looms the dread phantom of a King of kings:  
Round His vast brow the glittering circlet clings  
Of a thrice royal crown; behind Him climb,  
O'er Atlantean limbs and breast sublime,  
The sombre splendours of mysterious wings;

Deep calms of measureless power, in awful state,  
Gird and uphold Him; a miraculous rod,  
To heal or smite, arms His infallible hands:  
Known in all ages, worshipped in all lands.  
Doubt names this half-embodied Mystery—Fate,  
While Faith, with lowlier reverence, whispers—God!

*Paul H. Hayne.*

#### DARE TO SAY "NO!"

Dare to say "No" when you're tempted to drink,  
Pause for a moment, my brave boy, and think—  
Think of the wrecks upon life's ocean tossed  
For answering "Yes" without counting the cost;  
Think of the mother who bore you in pain!  
Think of the tears that will fall like the rain;  
Think of her heart, and how cruel the blow;  
Think of her love, and at once answer "No!"

Think of the hopes that are drowned in the bowl;  
Think of the danger to body and soul:  
Think of sad lives once as pure as the snow;  
Look at them now and at once answer "No."  
Think of a manhood with rum-tainted breath;  
Think how the glass leads to sorrow and death;  
Think of the homes that, now shadowed with woe,  
Might have been heaven had the answer been "No."

Think of lone graves both unwept and unknown,  
Hiding fond hopes that were fair as your own;  
Think of proud forms now for ever laid low,  
That still might be here had they learned to say "No."  
Think of the demon that lurks in the bowl,  
Driving to ruin both body and soul;  
Think of all this as life's journey you go,  
And when assailed by the tempter say "No!"

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

No notice whatever will be taken of anonymous letters, nor can we undertake to return letters that are rejected.

All communications to contain the name and address of the sender.

Letters should be brief, and written on one side of the paper only. Those intended for insertion should be addressed to the Editor, 162 St. James Street, Montreal; those on matters of business to the Manager, at the same address.

It is distinctly to be borne in mind that we do not by inserting letters convey any opinion favourable to their contents. We open our columns to all without leaning to any; and thus supply a channel for the publication of opinions of all shades, to be found in no other journal in Canada.

#### THE "CHURCH" IN THE "WORLD."

To the Editor of the CANADIAN SPECTATOR.

SIR,—Your correspondent "Church" is evidently not "a worldling," else he would be aware that it is quite possible to describe the line of thought which is to be found in any certain class of mind, without giving that line of thought more than a temporary lodgement in one's own heart. It is surely possible to feel sufficient sympathy, both with the "church" and the "world," to make it easy and natural to speak from the separate standpoint of each. Nor is it strange that one who has stronger sympathy with the latter than the former, because he recognizes its superior usefulness, should yet show a disposition to comfort both with such faint glimpses as he might be enabled to give of the certain dawn of a brighter day than either have yet known.

My critic's other remarks hardly call for reply. A more careful and less inimical perusal of the article itself, and the absence of one or two printer's errors which slightly obscure some of its latter paragraphs, ought to be sufficient explanation. I wrote with but little hope that "the church," as represented by sectarians and so defined by me, would either comprehend, or care for, the views expressed. My hope was strong as regards "the world." It at least has always shown considerable sympathy with

*"A Worldling."*