

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

A Catechism of the Doctrines of the Plymouth Brethren.

By the Rev. Prof. Croskery, M.A., Magee College, Londonderry. Toronto: Canada Presbyterian Office. This is a pamphlet of forty-four pages, containing, in the form of question and answer, an exposure and refutation of the errors of the Plymouth Brethren in the matters of Faith, Repentance, Justification, Sanctification, the Sabbath, the Church, the Ministry, the Moral Law, Prayer, and the Work of the Holy Spirit. It will be found beneficial to circulate this pamphlet wherever congregations are troubled by the "Brethren."

The Tariff Hand-Book.

By John McLean. Toronto: Rose-Belford Publishing Co. This manual shows the Canadian Customs' Tariff, with the various changes made during the last thirty years, the British and American Tariffs in full, and the most important portions of the tariffs of France, Germany, Holland, Belgium, Italy and Switzerland. To all who desire trustworthy facts respecting our own customs' tariff, and those of other lands, this little hand-book will be very useful. The tariff of the United States is given in full as being the most important, next to our own, especially in the present crisis.

Harper's Periodicals.

New York: Harper & Brothers. "Harper's Magazine," "Harper's Weekly," and "Harper's Bazar," all occupy advanced positions, each in its own class. The monthly magazine has a brilliant list of contributors, furnishes its readers with a great variety and a superior quality of literature, is appropriately illustrated, and is said to be the most popular monthly in the world. The "Weekly" has always opposed shams, frauds and false pretences, and aimed at the dissemination of sound political principles. On account of its high literary character as well as for its artistic excellence it occupies the foremost place among illustrated papers. The "Bazar" is the great leader of fashion on this continent, and is peculiarly acceptable to many on account of the domestic and social character of its literature.

Rose-Belford's Canadian Monthly.

Toronto: Rose-Belford Publishing Co. The "Canadian Monthly" for December contains: "About some Fire Mountains," by E. C. Bruce; "The Haunted Hotel," by Wilkie Collins; "Shelley," by Walter Townsend; "The Monks of Thelema," by Walter Besant and James Rice; "Water: Fit to Drink or Not," by J. F. Everhart, A.M.; Sonnet, by H. L. Spencer; "Under One Roof," by James Payn; "Stewart's Canada under Lord Dufferin," by W. J. Rattray; "Berlin and Afghanistan," by Prof. Goldwin Smith; "A Modern Dryad," by *Fidelis*; "Richard Realf," by W. H.; Sonnets, by Watten Small; "Under the Trees, by the River," by John Reade; Round the Table; Current Literature. Mr. Bruce's article "About some Fire Mountains," is instructive, well written, and beautifully illustrated. The paper on "Shelley" by Mr. Townsend is a successful effort in poetical criticism. Mr. Rattray, under cover of reviewing "Stewart's Canada under Lord Dufferin," furnishes a good, original, historical article. There is a good deal of smooth versification and some poetry in *Fidelis*' "Modern Dryad." We do not know that Prof. Goldwin Smith ever set himself up as a model of literary elegance, but at the same time we do not think that the public will be very well pleased when they find a writer of the class to which he aspires descending to vulgarity. Our proof that he has done so is to be found in his article on "Berlin and Afghanistan," in the present number of the "Canadian Monthly." In the second line of that article he uses the term "Jingo England." A little farther on he speaks of another England, meaning another English party, which is "Anti-Jingo," and then he unsparingly denounces the path of "filibustering aggrandizement" into which the "Jingos" are trying to drag the nation. In the next sentence he states that Scotland is "Anti-Jingo," and that the "Scotsman" paper is "steadfastly Anti-jingo." But to prove our case beyond cavil we must quote, in full, a sentence which occurs a little further on. The Professor is giving advice to Canadians, and he says: "That you may be true to England without being Jingo—that the more true you are to England the less Jingo you will be—is clearly the opinion of at least half the English nation." All the instances quoted occur in the first paragraph, and all through the article the same unfortunate piece of slang meets us almost at every step. On the whole the "Canadian Monthly" is keeping up its reputation for weight, good taste, literary excellence, and attractiveness.

YOUNG MEN.

The critical period in a young man's life is when he leaves home, the presence and influence of his parents, his instructors and early associates, to start in life for himself, and to make new companions and acquaintances. A large majority leave the country and settle in our large towns and cities. They are drawn to these centres, supposing the chances of success are more favorable, and the sphere of operations much larger. They come with their ambition on fire, and with visions of wealth before them. They come with a mother's prayers, youthful purity and vigor, inexperienced in crime, ignorant of the devices of wicked men, unsuspecting, and consequently easily entrapped. Soon they find themselves among strangers, and with entirely new surroundings. The quiet of their country home is exchanged for the din and bustle of business. Instead of spending their evenings around the bright and pleasant hearthstone of the old homestead, they find themselves in the crowded street, amid the glare of temptation and the seductions of vice. It is a great disadvantage—in fact, a misfortune, for a young man to be a stranger. The devil is sure to tempt him when lonely. The restraint of friends removed, Satan suggests the possibility of covering up and concealing sin, and having no reputation to maintain, no honor publicly involved, no loving ones to face in the morning with the stain on his character, the young man yields to the voice of the tempter, and enters the chambers of death.

How weak we all are when alone. How little we seem when among absolute strangers. How much of life is wrapped up in our hearts. How love strengthens character and surrounds it with bulwarks. All this the young man forfeits when he leaves home and takes the risk of unfavorable surroundings in a strange city.

A young man without a home, or some special friends whom he can visit in their own private homes, in a large city, is to be pitied. For a whole year young men in our cities never sit down in quiet conversation with a family group. They know no families. They are only acquainted with those like themselves, whose chief attractions is the street or the theatre. Society, in the higher sense of the term, they know nothing about. They are not at ease in the company of the refined and religious. Their taste is gross and sensual; their conversation has the ring of coarseness; their manners are rough; their ease and grace in virtuous company are gone. Such society becomes distasteful. They prefer the club-room to the parlor, the ball to the private circle at home, the boisterous crowd of the street to the intelligent society of ladies, or the elevating influence of music.

Thus we see hundreds and thousands of young men slowly going down to ruin. One restraint after another is broken; old friendships lose their power; early recollections fade slowly away; home is forgotten, or seldom visited; church is neglected; the old Bible, the mother's gift, is unread and unstudied; and deeper and deeper they plunge for gratification. To silence conscience they benumb their feelings with strong drink. To bury thoughts of former innocence and of home, they rush into all kinds of amusements and excitements. Reflection, self-examination, thoughts of accountability unto God—these become purgatory to the soul—hence, they must be thoughtless, indifferent, and even scoffers at religion. They soon destroy health, blast character, and come down to a sick and dying bed. They break a mother's heart, fill an untimely grave, and lose their souls.

How sad and heartrending this scene! The bright flowers removed from the fertile gardens to the filthy den to droop and die in the vile corruptions of sin; the bright-eyed, beautiful, innocent and pure lad, as if an angel had marked him for paradise, or God had left him here as a model of manhood, just unfolding into fragrance and beauty, often becomes the devil's agent—a very demon on earth. O God, pity and save these straying lambs, lost in our city vices, and on the road to hell! Christian young men, unite, combine, organize, pray, work, and rescue these victims from the grasp of the destroyer, and turn their feet into the royal highway of God's redeemed people. Church members, welcome them to your churches, your pews. Speak to them; invite them to come again. Be kind to them, and you may pluck a jewel from the mire to shine in Christ's coronet. You may, in saving one soul, set in motion a wave of influence and power for good that shall roll on throughout the ages, and never cease.—*Christian Voices.*

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

DUST IN THE EYE.—A correspondent writes to the "Scientific American" this remedy for cinders in the eye.—"A small camel's hair brush dipped in water and passed over the ball of the eye on raising the lid. The operation requires no skill, takes but a moment, and instantly removes any cinder or particle of dust or dirt without inflaming the eye."

FRIED OYSTERS.—Take large oysters drained well. Roll some crackers fine, season them with pepper and salt. Have ready some boiling lard and some beaten eggs. Dip the oyster first in the cracker then in the egg, and then into the cracker again; drop them into the hot lard; let them brown, and skim out in a colander drain. Should be served hot.

VEAL SOUP.—A three-pound joint of veal well broken, in four quarts of water and set over the fire to boil; prepare a quarter of a pound of macaroni by boiling it by itself with water enough to cover; add a little butter to the macaroni when it is tender; strain the soup and season with salt and pepper, then add the macaroni and water in which it was boiled. A pint of rich milk or cream and celery flavour is relished by many if added.

FAVORITE MEAT PIE.—Take cold roast beef, or cold meat of any kind, slice it thin, cut it rather small and lay it, wet with gravy and sufficiently peppered and salted, in a meat pie dish. If liked, a small onion may be chopped fine and sprinkled over it. Upon this pour a cupful of canned tomatoes, a little more pepper and a thicker layer of mashed potatoes. Bake slowly in a moderate oven till the top is a light brown. It is very good, and a great favorite with those who do not usually like meat pies.

BUCKWHEAT CAKES.—Take a yeast cake, soak it in a little warm water; when soft, mix flour and make a sponge, as for bread. This is to be prepared early in the day and set in a warm place to rise. At night mix into this sponge your buckwheat with a little wheat flour; mix it with warm water, and don't have it too thick. Set it in a warm place to rise over night. In the morning if they are too thick, thin with a little warm milk and water. Add salt to taste. If not sufficiently light, put in a little soda; but they are better raised entirely by the yeast.

PINE WOOL.—In Breslau, Germany, there has existed, for several years, an establishment that prepares from the fibrous substance of the leaves a pine-wool, that possesses many valuable properties. This wool, when spun and woven has the strength of hemp, and it may be made into carpets, blankets, and other articles. As to durability, in mattresses, it is found to last three times longer than wool, and possesses the advantages that while its odour repels insects, it is salutary and agreeable to those using it. In the preparation of this pine-wool an essential oil is obtained, having a pleasant odour, which is used as a liniment in rheumatic complaints, wounds, and certain cutaneous diseases.

FOR PICKLING SMALL ONIONS.—Peel some very small white onions and lay them for three days in salt and water, changing the water every day; then drain them, and put them into a porcelain kettle with equal quantities of milk and water, sufficient to cover them well; simmer them over a slow fire, but when just ready to boil take them off, drain and dry them, and put them into wide-mouthed glass bottles, interspersing them with blades of mace. Boil a sufficient quantity of the best cider vinegar to cover them and fill up the bottles; add to it a little salt, and when it is cold pour it into the bottles of onions. At the top of each bottle put a spoonful of sweet oil. Set them away closely corked.

OYSTER SOUP.—Take one quart of liquid oysters; drain the liquor from them and add as much more water; a teaspoonful of butter, and a teaspoonful of rolled crackers to each person; put on the stove and let them come to a boil; the moment it boils put in your oysters, having ten, or at least six to each person; watch carefully and the moment it boils, count just thirty seconds by your watch and then take them from the stove; have the soup-tureen or a large dish ready with two tablespoons of rich, cold milk or sweet cream for each person; pour in your stew, adding salt and pepper to taste. Never boil an oyster in milk if you want it good. Salt should always be put in the last thing in any soup, fricasse or stew where milk is used, as it is apt to curdle the milk.

BED-QUILT PATTERN.—If you examine honey-comb work of bees, and cut a piece exactly like one of the cells you may have a pattern which will suit for a variety quilt. Before piecing, cut quite a number and lay them down in forms, arranging to fancy. In my quilt like this, I put them together so that the pieces ran cross-wise, corner to corner,—first a light and then a dark stripe. This kind of work looks well in rugs made of thick cloth, with each piece corded with some bright color and then sewed together. I use the best parts of old coats and pants, with now and then a piece of bright woollen. These pieces are quite difficult to set together, as one must not sew within a seam of each side before joining on another piece. I had to put mine together two or three times before I could get them to suit me.

HINTS FOR WASHING FLANNELS.—I will give a little of my experience in washing flannels. I was taught to wash flannel in hot water, but it is a great mistake. In Italy my flannels were a wonder to me; they always came home from the wash so soft and white. I learned that the Italian women washed them in cold water. Many a time I have watched them kneeling on a box, which had one end taken out, to keep them out of the mud, by the bank of a stream, washing in the running water and drying on the bank or gravel, without boiling; and I never had washing done better, or flannels half so well. I have tried it since, and find the secret of nice, soft flannels to be the washing of them in cold or luke-warm water, and plenty of stretching before hanging out. Many recipes say, Don't rub soap on flannels; but you can rub soap on to the advantage of the flannels if you will rinse it out afterward and use no hot water about them, not forgetting to stretch the threads in both directions before drying. Flannels so cared for will never become stiff, shrunken or yellow.—*By a Boston Lady.*