

how far this is possible or admissible, no teaching of the same subjects can supply the place of the Catechism itself. It is by means of these definite questions and answers that a child can alone apprehend and retain a clear knowledge of Christian truth." Referring to the relation of the Sunday-school to catechising, the Bishop remarks: "With the fullest recognition of the earnestness and devotion of a large number of the Sunday-school teachers of our day, and with all appreciation of the improved methods and discipline, and of the helpful manuals which are now in use, my own experience leads me to believe that they have entirely failed to fill the place for which the service of catechising is provided by the Church." He adds that, in his opinion, the revival of catechising will be to Sunday-schools an increased power of usefulness and a gift of new life.

The Red Breast of the Robin.

AN IRISH LEGEND.

Of all the merry little birds that live upon the tree,
And carol from the sycamore and chestnut,
The prettiest little gentleman that dearest is to me
Is the one in coat of brown, and scarlet waist-coat.
It's cockit little robin!
And his head he keeps a-bobbin'.
Of all the other pretty fowls I'd choose him;
For he sings so sweetly still,
Through his tiny slender bill,
With a little patch of red upon his bosom.

When the frost is in the air, and the snow upon the ground,
To other little birdies so bewilderin',
Picking up the crumbs near the window he is found,
Singing Christmas stories to the children:
Of how two tender babes
Were left in woodland glades
By a cruel man who took 'em there to lose 'em;
But Bobby saw the crime,
(He was watching all the time!)
And he blushed a perfect crimson on his bosom.

When the changing leaves of autumn around us thickly fall,
And everything seems sorrowful and saddening,
Robin may be heard on the corner of a wall
Singing what is solacing and gladdening.
And sure, from what I've heard,
He's God's own little bird,
And sings to those in grief just to amuse 'em;
But once he sat forlorn
On a cruel Crown of Thorn,
And the blood it stained his pretty little bosom.

—Chamber's Edinburgh Journal.

Do not be Discouraged.

On a certain occasion Marie Antoinette asked her Prime-Minister whether or not a project which she contemplated could be accomplished, and his reply was, "Madame, if impossible, it shall be done."

Of course the impossible cannot be achieved; but "impossibility" would not seem to have had any place in the vocabulary of those who have attained the highest distinction. "Experience is the best of teachers," and we learn—from the experience of others, if we have as yet not learned from our own experience—that tireless exertion and steadfastness of purpose will remove whatever obstacles bar one's way to the proudest eminence.

Andersen, the popular Danish author, was the son of a cobbler, and in his earlier years worked "on the bench" most industriously, doing his first literary work on scraps of paper kept beside him, in the moments when he rested from his regular duties.

Arsaces, who founded the Parthian Empire, against which the mighty hosts of Rome long contended in vain, was a mechanic of obscure origin.

Beranger, the celebrated French poet, wandered about Paris in a state of pitiable destitution until he obtained a situation as pot-boy—that is, to carry pots of beer in public-houses and restaurants.

Burns was the son of a small farmer, and at an early age displayed an appetite for learning which he had few opportunities for gratifying, as is shown in the most brilliant of his poems.

Carrera, beginning life as a drummer-boy and

driver of cattle, rose to the Presidency of the republic of Guatemala.

Catherine, Empress of Russia, in some respects one of the most remarkable women that ever lived, was a peasant girl of Livonia and a camp grisette.

Demosthenes, the Grecian orator and "prince of eloquence," was the son of a blacksmith. In his first attempt at public speaking he displayed such a weakness of voice, imperfect articulation, and awkwardness that he withdrew from the speaker's platform amidst the hooting and laughter of his hearers.

Giotto, noted as a painter, sculptor, architect, worker in mosaic, and really the founder of modern Italian art, was a shepherd boy whom Cimabue discovered drawing sheep on the sand with a pointed stone, with an accuracy that indicated a natural artistic ability, and so he took him as a student.

Handel was nearly fifty years of age when he published the first of those musical compositions which have immortalized his name.

Sir Isaac Newton while attending school was considered by his teachers but little better than an idiot; and Sheridan, the celebrated playwright, was presented by his mother to a tutor as a "block-head."

The foregoing examples prove conclusively that a humble origin, poverty, natural defects, age, or physical ailments need not prevent the attainment of distinction, and they should be encouraging, especially to the young.—Harper's Young People.

Cheap Pleasures.

Did you ever study the cheapness of some pleasures? Asks some writer. Do you know how little it takes to make a multitude happy? Such trifles as a penny, a word, or a smile do the work. There are two or three boys passing along—give them each a chestnut, and how smiling they look; they will not be cross for some time. A poor widow lives in the neighbourhood, who is the mother of a half-a-dozen children. Send them a half-peck of sweet apples and they will be happy. As you pass along the street, you meet a familiar face. Say "Good morning!" as though you felt happy, and it will work admirably in the heart of your neighbour. Pleasure is cheap. Who will not bestow it liberally? If there are smiles, sunshine, and flowers all about us, let us not grasp them with a miser's fist, and lock them up in our hearts. No, rather let us take them and scatter them about us, in the cot of the widow, among the groups of children in the crowded mart, where men of business congregate, in our families, and everywhere. We can make the wretched happy, the discontented cheerful, the afflicted resigned, at an exceedingly cheap rate. Who will refuse to do it?

Bemoaning the Past.

It is not unusual to meet people who are always bemoaning the past. There are many such who spend more energy in thinking what they ought to have done, and chiding themselves for not having done it, than in thinking what they ought to do, and planning how to do it.

Life is really too short for this sort of thing; there is too much to be achieved in the present and in the future to justify continuous dwelling on unimproved opportunities in the past. It is always in order and in time to turn over a new leaf, to begin again, to make stepping-stones of the sins and errors and mistakes of the past, remembering them only so much and so long as to learn how to avoid and overcome them in the future.

"Oh if I could live my life over again," says one, "how differently I would act!" But you cannot live it over again. The only thing you can do is to live to-day as well as you can, to straighten your lines of action, and see that they all point upward, away from the wrong, toward the right. Time spent in mere idle regret is worse than wasted.

The atmosphere of regret is debilitating, enervating, asphyxiating. It should be avoided by us as we avoid malarial atmospheres and those saturated with infection. A great purpose will lift one out of regrets, and failing a great purpose, many smaller ones will accomplish the same end.

In such a world as this there is always enough affirmative, positive good to be done to occupy all one's time and thought, and all one's capacity of doing and willing.

Hints to Housekeepers.

A SAVORY STEW.—Take some bones of beef from which the meat has been cut, break in small pieces, then mash, put in a pot, then cover with cold water. Boil and skim, season with salt, pepper and allspice, add two turnips, two carrots, two heads of celery, two onions and one Irish potato, all cut fine. Skim out the bones, cut up the meat which has been trimmed from them and put in, let heat and serve.

BEEF COLLOPS.—Take any cold meat left over. Cut in pieces three inches thick and four long. Pound them flat. Sift flour over and fry brown in butter, then lay in a sauce-pan, cover with brown gravy, mince half an onion fine, add a lump of butter, rolled in flour, a little pepper and salt. Stew slowly, but do not let boil. Squeeze in the juice of half a lemon and serve very hot with pickles.

RAGOUT OF BEEF.—Cut slices from the leanest part of a rare, cold roast of beef. Make rich gravy and flavor with thyme, sweet marjoram, parsley, black pepper and a tablespoonful of currant jelly; thicken with grated crackers and a lump of butter. Have a frying-pan very hot, put the rare beef in it without grease: turn quickly, take up, lay on a dish, pour over the gravy. Garnish the dish with celery and sippets of toast.

HOTCH POTCH.—Take cold lamb or mutton, cut up with equal parts of cabbage, lettuce, turnips, potatoes and onions, put in a stew-kettle with a slice of fat bacon, a pod of red pepper and a little salt; let cook slowly until the vegetables and bacon are done.

COLD BEEF STEW.—Cut the lean of cold, cooked beef up with scraps of cold, boiled ham. Put in a sauce-pan with a little soup stock or meat gravy. Stew slowly, add a chopped onion, one head of celery, with pepper and salt. Thicken with a tablespoonful of butter rubbed in a tablespoonful of flour, add three thinly-sliced potatoes and stew until done. Serve hot.

FARMER'S STEW.—Take any cold, fresh meat, cut fine, put one tablespoonful of currant jelly, one of walnut catsup, one of butter, half a chopped onion and a teaspoonful of strong vinegar in with it, add pepper and salt. Stir over the fire for fifteen minutes and serve with cucumber pickles.

WARMED-OVER BEEF.—Cut from the remains of a cold roast or boiled piece of beef, the scraps of lean: cut also some thin slices of fried bacon and put with the beef, season with sweet herbs, salt and pepper. Stir all together, then sprinkle the meat thickly with flour and pour oversoup stock or meat gravy. Let boil and dip some slices of buttered toast into it, and put them on a dish, and set to keep warm. Let the meat and gravy boil up once. Spread on the toast and serve with gravy around.

BREAKFAST STEW.—Mince some cold veal fine, stew five minutes and put boiled rice around the dish, set in the oven to brown. Garnish with hard-boiled eggs.

MINCED CHICKEN.—Take cold chicken, mince fine, add half as much chopped ham and stale bread crumbs as you have chicken, moisten with cream; season with pepper and salt. Put in a baking-dish and spread butter over the top, set in the oven to brown.

The custom of lifting the hat had its origin during the age of chivalry, when it was customary for knights never to appear in public except in full armour. It became a custom, however, for a knight upon entering an assembly of friends, to remove his helmet, signifying, "I am safe in the presence of my friends."