

He is regulator, and where He is master all goes right."

"One is my master, even Christ," repeated the young man slowly and seriously, "everybody who puts himself sincerely under His leadership wins at last."

THE OLD ROAD AND THE NEW.

"Blessed is the people, O Lord, that can rejoice in Thee; they shall walk in the light of Thy countenance."

One portion of the road is past for ever, Thy feet again shall tread its windings never, The stones that hurt and hindered thee are past; Once more a stage of life's long road is ended, So hard for thee, and yet, with hand extended, A Friend has walked with thee from first to last.

Hath it been rough for thee, poor heart, so weary Dost deem life's road is all thorn-set and dreary, And hath the path led over rugged ways? Behold, 'tis past, sad heart, O cease repining, On every step the Light of God was shining, Thine eyes were dim, thou didst not see the blaze.

O lonely heart, trust on amidst thy sorrow, Who keeps to day will surely keep to morrow, Christ will support thy weakness with His grace; Look up to Him, for lo! there is no gladness, No perfect joy in earth's overwhelming sadness, But in the vision of thy Saviour's face!

And if upon the road thy feet have stumbled, And in the very dust thy pride is humbled, Yet, weeping, fear thou not, for one doth wait, The Lord of Love himself shall stoop to raise thee, With 'circling arms of pity shall embrace thee, And lift thee gently from thy fallen state.

One stage is past, another stage succeedeth, God gives to thee the strength each moment needeth, Fear not, thy steps are measured out each day; Thou canst not tread beyond the length He measures, The very tears the good Lord counts and treasures, Behold he waits to light thee on thy way!

Another portion of life's road commenceth, With rails of love thy God thy pathway fenceth, Rejoice! thou hast a never-failing Guide; On flowers or stones His countenance aye gleameth, Walk in the Light from His dear face that streameth, Thou shalt rejoice, whatever may betide!

E. M. DAWSON.

HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

SAGO MILK.—Three tablespoons sago soaked in a cup of cold water one hour; add three cups of boiling milk; sweeten and flavor to taste. Simmer slowly a half-hour. Eat warm.

TO WASH all mourning calicoes and gingham, throw them dry into hot suds and boil hard for five or ten minutes; then take out and rub the soiled parts, rinse, and you will find that the goods will look fresh, and colors will not run.

BAKED MILK.—Put a half gallon of milk in a jar, and tie it down with writing paper. Let it stand in a moderate oven eight or ten hours. It will be like cream, and is very nutritious, especially for invalids.

TO KEEP BLACK ANTS OUT OF THE SUGAR BARREL.—Draw a big mark with common chalk, around the barrel, and the work is done. The small red ants (a real pest) are easily banished by a free use of cayenne pepper placed and blown into their resorts.

HOW TO CAN CORN IN MASON'S GLASS JARS.—Boil the ripe corn on the cob until it is tender; and cut it off while hot. Salt well, return to the fire and heat to scalding, stirring incessantly to prevent scorching. While boiling hot fill the glass jars, setting each on a wet cloth to prevent its cracking. Seal up while hot and keep in a dark place.

HOW TO FIT KEYS INTO LOCKS.—When it is not convenient to take locks apart in the event of keys being lost, stolen or missing, when you wish to fit a new key, take a lighted match or candle and smoke the new key in the flame, introduce it carefully into the keyhole, press it firmly against the

opposing wards of the lock, withdraw it, and the indentations in the smoked part of the key will show you exactly where to file.

WORTH KNOWING.—A medical journal gives the following simple antidote for home use: If a person swallows any poison whatsoever, or has fallen into convulsions from having overloaded the stomach, an instantaneous remedy is a heaping teaspoonful of common salt and as much ground mustard, stirred rapidly in a teacup of water. It is scarcely down before it begins to come up, bringing with it the remaining contents of the stomach. Lest their be any remnant of poison, however small, let the white of an egg and sweet oil, or butter or lard—several spoonfuls—be swallowed immediately after vomiting, because these very common articles nullify a larger number of virulent poisons than any medicines in the shops.

GRACE AT TABLE.

"He that sitteth down to his meat without giving thanks, sitteth down like an ox and riseth up like an ass."

So somebody wrote in strong if not in beautiful English. "Grace" getteth scarcer; men and women grow independent by their wealth, and so the old family trait dieth out, as do family prayers. When the Blessed One took the seven loaves in his hand to distribute, as head of the whole family of God, He "gave thanks." When as head of the Church He took the sacramental bread and cup, he gave not to the apostles before He had given thanks. When St. Paul in his shipwreck be-sought his fellow passengers and the sailors and soldiers to eat food, he took bread, but first gave thanks to God in the presence of them all. When friends met him on his way to Rome, he thanked God; and as this was his custom, he entreated his converts to "give thanks in everything." One trait of old heathen nations was "they were not thankful;" and the man in a Christian land who sit at his table without thanks, is worse than a heathen.—Nay, we are not so much as to pray, to ask favors of God, unless our prayers be accompanied with thanksgiving to God. All of which we may reflect about as we sit down to our tables without saying grace.—*The Southern Churchmen.*

ARABIAN POLITENESS.

There was a poor Arab once, who, travelling in the desert, and accustomed only to water from muddied and brackish wells, came upon a spring of the purest and sweetest water. So fresh and pure did the water seem to him that he thought it a not unworthy present to the caliph of his tribe. And so, filling his water-skin to the full with it, he started on a long and difficult journey to his caliph's presence. At last, he laid his offering of the sweet water at his monarch's feet. The caliph did not despise the poor man's offering, ordered some of it poured into a cup, drank it, and presented the humble giver with a suitable reward. The courtiers, crowding around, were making haste themselves to taste the wonderful water; but the caliph immediately forbade them—not a drop of it might they touch. When at last the humble man had gone, the courtiers ventured to ask the reason of a command so strange. Then the caliph answered: "During the travels of the Arab, the water in his leathern bottle had become impure and distasteful; but it was an offering of love, and as such I received it with pleasure. But I well knew that, had I allowed another to partake of it, he would not have concealed his disgust; and, therefore, I forbade you to touch the water, lest the heart of the poor man should have been wounded."

DOING NO HARM.

To do no harm in the world is not enough for a man calling himself a Christian. Yet many think it is.

"I am a quiet fellow. I don't quarrel, or fight or drink. I let my neighbor alone and I don't want him to interfere with me. Surely that is the

best way of going through the world; no one can find fault with that."

Yes my friend, our Lord can. He did find fault with it when on earth. He did not say a good word for doing no harm. He must have His servants do good.

Look at the servant entrusted with a talent of his master's money. He did not squander it, he did not drink it, he put it safely by, to return untouched to his lord: and he did return it. Yet what was the result? He was pronounced a wicked and slothful servant, and ordered into outer darkness.

He had thought himself harmless, or tried to think so, but he had simply been idle and unprofitable.

Think of this you men and women, who are quite comfortable in your minds because you do no harm to any one.

Think of it and begin to do good. Everyone can find some good to do close at home, if he looks for it. Begin at once to try and do good. Out of fear of being cast into outer darkness, if for no better motive: out of obedience to a holy law, if you will go higher; out of love to your fellow-creatures and to the Blessed Lord, if you are to possess the best motive of all.

Only do not shut your eyes and be content with doing no harm."

Such a course will be fatal to you in the end.

DON'T MEDDLE WITH GOD'S PLANS.

Many men wreck their lives by determinedly carrying out their own plans without reference to the plans of God. In an army, every part, every brigade and regiment must wait the commander's orders. If any battalion moves independently, though ever so heroically, it not only confuses the whole plan of battle, but brings disaster to itself as well, in the end. So each individual must always wait for God's command to move. Keep your eye on the pillar of cloud and fire that leads. Rest when the pillar rests, move when it moves. Never lag behind, but be sure you never run ahead. You can make the clock strike before the hour by putting your own hands to it, but it will strike wrong. You can hurry the unfolding of God's providence, but you will only mar the divine plan unless you wait for Him.

You can tear the rose-bud open before the time it would naturally open, but you destroy the beauty of the rose. So we spoil many a gift or blessing which God is preparing for us by our own eager haste. He would weave all our lives into patterns of loveliness. He has a perfect plan for each. It is only when we refuse to work according to His plan that we mar the web. Stop meddling with the threads of your life as they come from the Lord's hands. Every time you interfere you make a flaw. Keep your hands off, and let God weave as He pleases.

A STORY OF A HYMN.

A party of tourists formed part of a large company gathered on the deck of an excursion steamer that was moving slowly down the Potomac one beautiful evening in the summer of 1881.

A gentleman who has since gained a national reputation as an evangelist of song had been delighting the party with the happy rendering of many familiar hymns, the last being the sweet petition so dear to every Christian, beginning "Jesus, lover of my soul." The singer gave the first two verses with much feeling, and a peculiar emphasis upon the concluding lines that thrilled every heart. A hush had fallen upon the listeners that was not broken for some seconds after the musical notes had died away. Then a gentleman made his way from the outskirts of the crowd to the side of the singer, and accosted him with:

"Beg your pardon, stranger, but were you actively engaged in the late war?"

"Yes, sir," the man of song answered courteously. "I fought under General Grant."

"Well," the first speaker continued with some thing like a sigh, "I did my fighting on the other side, and think, indeed am quite sure, I was very

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