

rural estates. Islington, where the Merry Milkmaid once wandered and John Gilpin rode so madly; Hampstead, where the gallant highwayman used to lie in wait for the unwary traveller; Bethnal Green, where Pepys found the largest quantity of strawberries he ever saw, and very good; Chelsea, where Sir Thomas Moore lived in his quiet house, with its gardens, and where within the present century the dandies and bells of London used to go down to Ranelagh, attended by an armed patrol from Hyde Park Corner—all these country places and many more which poets have sung and novelists woven their webs of romance, have now been lost in the great metropolitan embrace; and still the capacious arms are stretched wider and wider to enfold new villages and commons, meadows and marshes; and on the outermost rim there is always a broad belt of transition, where the farmhouse is just yielding to the villa, and the *rus* is swiftly changing in *urbem*. From all parts of Great Britain; indeed, from all parts of the world, the streams of human life are flowing towards this great centre of activity at the rate of nearly a hundred thousand a year.

It is bewildering, benumbing, almost oppressive, to find one's self in such a mighty whirl of humanity. One recalls the remark of the Irishman who complained that he could not see the forest for the trees. Everywhere there is a crowd; great lumbering omnibuses plying in every direction; hansoms innumerable dashing up and down, and four-wheeled cabs ("growlers" as they are expressively called), heavy laden with luggage, crawling like big beetles along the streets; the countless trains of the Metropolitan railway flying around the inner and outer circles without ceasing, and expresses starting and arriving at almost every moment of the day in the main stations. Go out at whatever hour of the night you will into the great thoroughfares, and you shall find the pavements swarming with people, all going somewhere. New York with all its roar and bustle is a simple town compared with this. For there we have four or five straight channels and the tide flows either up or down. But here there are a thousand currents and counter-currents, and the streams go eddying and whirling through each other, uniting and dividing and darting in every direction until the mind that tries to follow them is lost in confusion.

But even here Sunday comes every week; and with its advent a strange charm seems to fall upon the city's heart—a charm of rest and peace which could not be felt so deeply but for the contrast with the turmoil of the week. In the country there are quiet places where the Sabbath seems to be always at home; but in the city it comes as a stranger, a visitor, and therefore more noticed and more welcome. The shops are all closed; even the restaurants are open only for a few hours at mid-day and in the evening. The streams of hurrying life have vanished, and the city is as quiet as a mountain lake in summer. The very houses seem asleep.

Presently the bells begin to chime. And now gentle currents of life begin to flow along the sidewalks toward the church doors. There are fourteen hundred places of worship in London, and though some of the old parish churches in the city are but sparsely attended, in most of them there are many worshippers, for the English are still a church-going people, and if any change is taking place in this respect, it is not, to-day, a change for the worse. The Church of England, let foolish detractors say what they will, is very much alive, and doing noble work.—*Cor. of the N. Y. Observer.*

A CAUTION TO TEACHERS.

Let me warn teachers, especially young ones, against attempting to reply to any question asked by a scholar when they do not really know what answer to give. No one can be prepared for every question which can be asked. The veriest fool can ask more in five minutes than the greatest philosopher can answer in a lifetime. I know the temptation is great to give a reply of some sort, which may be right or may be wrong, "for fear the scholars should think us ignorant;" but that temptation must be battled with. The real reason

why an answer is attempted, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, is pride, and it is pride which will certainly have a fall, for if the scholar does not know at once that the reply was a guess, he will remember it at some most inopportune time—perhaps quote his own words against him. Then, indeed, will the scholars look down upon that teacher, and probably give him a far lower place in their regard than he really deserves. If, however, that teacher is generally well-informed, and well ahead of them, he will not sink at all in their estimation if he honestly confesses that he cannot answer some particular question—it is generally one of fact—on the spur of the moment. Still, he should carefully treasure the question, and see that he obtains the correct answer to it, for the very next time he meets his class he should give them the reply, with any other information about the subject he may think fit. I can speak from a lively experience on this matter. A few days after I took my first and only class, we had a lesson in which some of the mountains of the Holy Land were mentioned, and as we spoke of them, I was suddenly taken aback with the question, "Teacher, what's the highest mountain in the world?" I confess I had some sort of an idea that it was Chimborazo; but, fortunately, my better nature conquered, and I admitted that I did not know, but added I would tell them in the afternoon. I know that I have never forgotten since then that it is Mount Everest, and I do not think they have forgotten it either. I found that the boy who asked me knew it, and had I made a guess, would have tripped me in fine style.—*The Quiver for August.*

HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS

A BAG of hot sand relieves neuralgia.
Vinegar will clean the mica in the stove doors.
Salt should be eaten with nuts to aid digestion.
Rub window-sills with fine wood ashes and rinse with clean water to remove flower-pot stains.
In washing bedsteads use strong brine or hot alum water.
Wash grained woods with cold tea, wipe dry and rub with linseed oil.
Cayenne pepper blown where mice and ants congregate drives them away.
It may not be generally known that a little ammonia in water will cleanse glass thoroughly and impart to it a considerable brilliancy.
Glaze the bottom crust of fruit pies with white of egg, and they will not be soggy.
Put a small piece of charcoal in the pot when boiling cabbage, to prevent it filling the house with the smell.
Quick boiling toughens all meat, whereas a slow bubbling renders the meat tender and secures a better flavor.

Hash, to be good—and it can be good—must not stew and simmer, and simmer and stew, but be heated through as quickly as possible and sent to the table at once.

Ham, to be eaten cold, should stand in the water in which it is boiled until it is cold; it will not be so dry and hard.

The most effectual remedy for slimy and greasy drain pipes is copperas dissolved and left to work gradually through the pipe.

To clean marble the following is recommended: Common soda, two pounds, powdered pumice-stone and finely powdered chalk, one pound each. Pass through a fine sieve and mix to a thin paste with water. Rub it well over the marble and the stains will be removed, then wash the marble over with soap and water and it will be as clean as it was at first.

WHITE SOUP.—One quart of water, three potatoes, three onions, one sliced turnip, a sprig of parsley. Boil until soft, then pour water and vegetables through a colander, then return to kettle. Just before serving add one pint sweet cream, or part milk, add a little pepper and salt, one tablespoon

corn-starch, stirred smooth with two tablespoonfuls butter. Let boil up once and serve.

NEVER serve potatoes, boiled or baked whole, in a closely-covered dish. They become sodden and clammy. Cover with a folded napkin that allows the steam to escape, or absorbs the moisture.

TO KEEP EGGS.—Three gallons water, one pint freshly slacked lime, one half-pint salt. Use perfectly fresh eggs with sound shells. Put them in carefully. If more lime is put in it eats the shell; if more salt it hardens the yolk. If the recipe is strictly followed, the eggs will keep sound for a year or more.

PREACHING THE TRUTH IN LOVE.

BY THE BISHOP OF TENNESSEE.

I would have the clergy preach the Gospel in all its fulness and power. I would have them preach Christ and the Church; Christ the Head, and the Church His body; the fulness of Him that filleth all in all. Of course, there is a vast amount of prejudice to be overcome, but the hope of propitiating that prejudice by attenuating the Church's own catholic statements is most futile. Preach the truth in love. There is a gentleness in presenting the claims of the Church which is entirely consistent with a firm assertion of her fundamental principles, and a determined adherence to her catholicity. Anything sour and virulent is antagonistic to the unity of spirit and the bond of peace. Gentleness does in no way hinder us from a clear statement of that polity which the most solemn obligations require us to defend. It is a sore mistake for us to imagine for one moment that liberality of sentiment consists in indifference to the metes and bounds which separate the Church from other religious communities. I do not advise timid prudence, for it is best to meet error without shrinking from responsibility, in the sure confidence that truth will triumph if manfully defended. There is no narrowness in believing that Christ set up His Church, ordained its sacraments, and appointed His ministers, and the faithful priest will preach Christ alike in the pulpit and at the altar.

There is abroad a growing distaste for the popular sectism of the day. Thoughtful men want stability—a Christianity founded on a Rock. They want rest from the wild fanaticism which is self-assertive, boastful, vituperative, irreverent, and shallow. The toiling and the hungry, the cultivated and the illiterate, the rich and the poor, are seeking something better and more restful. Let the clergy, united in love, realize more and more Whose they are, and Whose work they are doing, and let them make known the claims of the Church. Her faith appeals to the judgment of men as catholic. Her ministry—in its claims to validity—challenges the closest scrutiny, and her worship charms by its simplicity and grandeur.—*From Convention Address.*

TORONTO INDUSTRIAL FAIR AND EXPOSITION.—In the programme just issued by the directors it will be seen that the attractions offered to the visitors are more numerous and complete than upon any previous occasion. These include the largest Exhibition of Paintings ever made in the Dominion, a magnificent display of Fireworks, representing the last days of Pompeii, Sword Combats on horseback, grand Military and other Band Concerts, great Labor Demonstration, with Procession and various Branches of Industry in full operation, Races and Steeple-chases, with Gymnastic and Acrobatic entertainments in the ring also International Baseball match between the Toronto and Hamilton or Guelph clubs. Several side shows of great interest will also be open at a small additional charge. The Electric Railway will convey visitors to the centre of the buildings for a small fee. The general features of the Exposition will include all the latest improvements and inventions in machinery agricultural implements and manufactures of all kinds. The Zoological gardens, open to visitors at reduced rate of admission, have received several valuable additions, and altogether the Exhibition of the present year is worthy of a more extended patronage and we trust the managers may be rewarded by still greater hosts of visitors than heretofore.

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