

HOLDING ON.

An infidel passing through the shadows that hang around the close of life, and finding himself adrift amid the dark surges of doubt and uncertainty, without anchorage or harboring in view, was urged by his skeptical friends to "hold on." He answered: "I have no objection to holding on, but will you tell me what to hold by?" Here is a question which men will do well to consider before they reach the closing scene. If they are to hold on, what are they to hold on by? Where is their trust? Where is their confidence? What certainty have they as they go down into the shadows? Surely a man who comes to his dying hour needs something better than infidelity can give him; he needs the guiding hand of Him who is in the resurrection and the life, who has conquered death and triumphed over the grave; and who is able to bring us safely off at last. He needs that hope which is "as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast, and which endureth that within the veil."

Children's Department

The answering an Advertisement will contain a favor upon the Advertiser and Publisher by stating that they saw the advertisement in the DOMINION CHURCHMAN.

MORNING HYMN.

God of mercy and of love,  
Lifted from the heaven above,  
Waste to Thee my voice I raise  
In a morning hymn of praise,  
It was Thine almighty arm  
Kept me all night long from harm;  
It is only, Lord, by Thee  
That another morn I see.

Father, keep me all day long  
From all hurtful things and wrong;  
Make me an obedient child,  
Make me loving, gentle, mild,  
Hark! the birds are singing gay;  
Let me sing as well as they,  
Praise to Him who reigns above,  
For His mercies and His love.

FAMILY WORSHIP.

The records of past generations are brightened by many illustrious examples of family devotion. These examples are heritage of God's people, and throw a sacred charm and holy influence around the idea of home, whether it be the stately mansion or the humble cabin on the remote frontier. Heaven bends lower over such homes; angels are frequent visitors there, and God listens at the threshold. Before Abraham went down to Egypt's land, his family altar was at Bethel; but when the famine of Canaan was ended "he returned and went on his journey from the south even to Bethel, unto the place where his tent had been at the beginning, unto the place of the altar, which he had made there at the first; and there he had called upon the name of the Lord." The altar is spoken of as a special interest,—built there at first. Abraham's first distinguishing act was family worship;—"there he called upon the name of the Lord."

The personal history of Job represents that great prince in an attitude of parental solicitude and tenderness that is deeply impressive, awakening the profoundest thoughts respecting the responsibilities which rest upon those whom God sets as heads of families. At the end of the birth day festivals of his children, "Job sent and sanctified them, and rose up early in the morning, and offered burnt-offerings according to the number of them; for he said, it may be that my sons have sinned, and cursed God in their hearts. Thus he did continually."

THE HUNTER'S TALE.

"I have had many narrow escapes and have seen some strange things. I can now recall one, when I was hunting beaver, just as the ice began to break up, and on one of the farthest, wildest lakes I ever visited. I calculated there could be no human being nearer than one hundred miles. I was pushing my canoe on the loose ice one cold day, when, just round the point that projected into the lake, I heard something walking through the ice. It made so much noise and stepped so regularly that I felt sure it must be a moose. I got my rifle ready and held it cocked in one hand, while I pushed the canoe with the other. Slowly and carefully I rounded the point, when, what was my astonishment to see, not a moose, but a man, wading in the water—the ice water! He had nothing on his head or feet, and his clothes were torn almost off his limbs. He was walking, gesticulating with his hands and talking to himself. He seemed to be wasted to a skeleton. With great difficulty I got him in my canoe; when I landed I made up a fire and got him some hot tea and food. He had a bone of some animal in his bosom, which he gnawed almost to nothing. He was nearly frozen, and quieted down and soon fell asleep. I nursed him like an infant. With great difficulty, and in a roundabout way, I found out the name of the town from which he came. Slowly and carefully I got along, around falls and over portages, keeping a resolute watch on him lest he should escape from me into the forest. At length, after nearly a week's travel, I reached the village where I supposed he lived. I found the whole of the community under deep excitement, and more than a hundred men were scattered in the woods and on the mountains, seeking for my crazy companion, for they had learned that he wandered into the woods. It had been agreed upon that, if he was found, the bells were to be rung and guns fired; and as soon as I landed a shout was raised, his friends rushed to him, the bells broke out in loud notes and guns were fired; and the report echoed again and again in the forest and on the mountains, till every seeker knew that the lost one was found.

"How many times I had to tell the story over! I never saw people so crazy with joy, for the man was of the first and best families, and they hoped his insanity would be but temporary, as I afterwards learned it was. How they feasted me, and when I came away, loaded my canoe with provisions and clothing and everything for my comfort! It was a time and place of wonderful joy. They seemed to forget everybody else, and think of the poor man whom I had brought back."

The old hunter ceased, and I said: "Does not this make you think of the fifteenth chapter of Luke, where the man lost one sheep, left all the rest in the wilderness and went after it, and when he found it, he called his neighbors and friends together to rejoice with him? 'Likewise joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth.'"

Troubles are in God's catalogue of mercies.

One smile for the living is worth a dozen tears for the dead.

I dare no more fret, than I dare curse and swear.

It is hardly necessary now to call attention to the celebrated "White Shirts," made by White, of 65 King Street West. Being made of the best material, by skilled labor, and mathematically cut, they recommend themselves to all who wish a really fine article. Every shirt warranted to give satisfaction. A White, 65 King Street West, Toronto.

BOYS AND SMOKING.

A timely note of warning is sounded by the New York Times against the growing evil of smoking among boys. It states that "careful experiments lately made by a physician of repute have shown that the practice is very injurious." Of thirty-five boys, aged from nine to fifteen, who had been in the habit of smoking, in twenty-seven he found obvious hurtful effects; twenty-two had various disorders of the circulation and digestion, palpitation of the heart, and more or less "crawling for strong drink"; and twelve had slight ulceration of the mouth. All were treated for weakness and nervousness, but successfully only after they had relinquished smoking. The Times says of this smoking:

"One of the worst effects is the procreation of an appetite for liquor, which, indeed, is not confined to the young, but which grown persons are better able to manage. Where boys drink to excess they are almost invariably smokers; and it is very rare to find a man overfond of spirits who is not addicted to tobacco. Men who want to give up drinking usually have to give up smoking at the same time, for they say that a cigar or a pipe generally excites a desire for liquor very hard to control."

The great increase of smoking among boys in recent years is one of the alarming tendencies of our time. There ought at once to be inaugurated a vigorous anti-tobacco crusade throughout the land.

THE CHILDREN'S QUESTION.

Cora and Jim were talking earnestly about something; no one could tell what.

"Are you sure, Cora?" Jim asked.

"Yes, I am sure," said Cora, decidedly.

"But how are you sure, Cora?"

"Why, just as sure as that I am alive," replied Cora. But even this did not satisfy Jim.

"What are you puzzled over?" asked Cousin Ray.

"Cora says there isn't a spot anywhere where we can hide from God. Mind, Cousin Ray, we are not talking about a spot in this world but any where! Now it seems to me if we could just get far away, off from the world, you know, there might be a place where one could be quite alone."

"Alone, without God, Jim? What does David say in that beautiful Psalm?"

Jim was not sure that he could say the Psalm.

"Do you mean the one where David speaks of going up to heaven, and flying to the uttermost parts of the earth?" he asked.

"Yes," said Cousin Ray. "If you like, I will repeat two or three verses, it is so beautiful. 'If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea; even there shall Thy hand lead me, and Thy right hand shall hold me. If I say, surely the darkness shall cover me; even the night shall be light unto me. Yea, but the night shineth as the day; the darkness and the light are both alike to Thee! It is the one hundred and thirty-ninth Psalm, children. I advise you to take it for your evening chapter.'"

"I am so glad it is that way," said Cora. "It would be dreadful to be in a place where God is not!"

"Yes, but when one has done wrong one feels like running away to hide," said Jim thoughtfully.

"That only makes the wrong worse," replied Cousin Ray. "Do you not know a better way?"

"Yes," said Jim, "I suppose we should go to our Heavenly Father and confess our sins; He will forgive us for Jesus' sake."

"But even if we do not think of God's eye when we sin, we are quite sure to hear a voice telling of our wrong deeds."

"A voice?" repeated Cora.

"Yes, the voice of conscience; and conscience seems to tell other folks too;

at least it seems to us as though many people knew just the naughty things we have done. In old times there lived a man named Bessus. He was rich, and among other things owned a large number of birds. They sang in every corner of his grounds; but their music almost set Bessus crazy. He endured it as long as possible, and then killed every bird.

"What harm had the birds done?" asked one.

"Ah!" exclaimed Bessus, "they were telling me all the time that I had killed my father. I could not get to a corner of the grounds that I did not hear the same story."

"True enough, Bessus had killed his father! His conscience troubled him so much, and he was so full of terror lest some one should suspect him, that he imagined the birds knew his secret, and were telling it to the world. No, dear children, we cannot escape from God; nor from conscience."

"This is a blessed thought to those who really want to walk in the way of God's commandments; they feel glad that God sees down into the very depths of their hearts, and knows just how sorry they are when they do wrong. They know, too, that he is ready to forgive and help them to begin all over again. Be glad then in the truth, 'Thou, God, seest me.'—Child's World.

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