

# Dominion Churchman.

THE ORGAN OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND IN CANADA.

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The "*Dominion Churchman*" is the organ of the Church of England in Canada, and is an excellent medium for advertising—being a family paper, and by far the most extensively circulated Church journal in the Dominion.

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FRANKLIN BAKER, Advertising Manager.

### LESSONS for SUNDAYS and HOLY DAYS.

June 30th.—SECOND SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.  
Morning.—Judges 4. Acts 9 to v. 33.  
Evening.—Judges 5; or 5 v. 11. 1 John 3, 16 to 4, 7.

THURSDAY JULY, 4, 1889.

The Rev. W. H. Wadleigh is the only gentleman travelling authorized to collect subscriptions for the "*Dominion Churchman*."

ADVICE TO ADVERTISERS.—The *Toronto Saturday Night* in an article entitled "Advertising as a Fine Art" says, that the **DOMINION CHURCHMAN** is widely circulated and of unquestionable advantage to judicious advertisers.

A quantity of Correspondence and Diocesan News unavoidably left over for want of space.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All matter for publication of any number of **DOMINION CHURCHMAN** should be in the office not later than Thursday for the following week's issue.

A GOOD OLD CLERGYMAN.—The *Lichfield Diocesan Magazine* gives the following notice of a very notable, holy, and venerable man, the Rev. George Poole, B.A., late vicar of Burntwood.

He was originally an artist, but when about thirty years of age he went to Queen's College, Cambridge, and entered for holy orders. He was a very beautiful instance of the good old evangelical clergyman; firm in his own opinions, gentle and generous towards others, seeing good in all around him, consistent in all his actions, devoted to his work, and truly successful in it also. He was full of prayer, full of love, full of labour, full of holy beauty, and full of racy fun and playfulness. The limits of his parish, and the limits of the Church of England, set no limit to his generous and affectionate kindness. His preaching was as attractive as it was scriptural, and full of reverent pleasantry and brightness. With his money his rule was this, 'First my debts, then my charities,

then George Poole.' His kindness of nature expended itself not only upon human friends—all the lower animals were his friends also; he spoiled them with his gentleness. The missionary cause he loved and supported with all his heart and to the utmost of his power. The temperance cause he delighted in also. He said once to the Vicar of St. Mary's, Lichfield, 'I do feel such a boy, and I do believe that it is total abstinence;' and he was then nearly eighty years of age. The people of Burntwood rallied round such a pastor right heartily.

Our Bishop was passing along the road through the village one evening and saw numbers of people walking with their books under their arms; he stopped and inquired what was going on, 'Oh, nothing,' was the reply, 'it is only the Tuesday evening service.' But at length the dear patriarch must die, and he died as he lived, peacefully, lovingly, cheerfully, beautifully. 'I am ready for the Master's call' they heard him whisper. May England's Church and England's people never lose their power to love, and honour, and imitate such blessed, and holy, and Christ-like characters, as the late Vicar of Burntwood.

TREES AND THEIR USES.—Arbor Day supplies *Harper's Magazine* with a theme on which the Editor in his "Easy Chair," comments very pleasantly. He remarks that the birch commences the service of trees to our race, which stretches from cradle to coffin. Our houses, to a large extent, our fuel, our fences and our furniture are given us by trees, the frames and handles of implements, wharves, boats, ships, India rubber, gums, bark cork, carriages, railroad cars and ties all show the beneficent service of the trees. The Editor forgets, however, to recognise our fruits as a tree service. He poetically alludes to trees as growing like men, they begin tenderly and grow larger and larger, in greater strength, more deeply rooted, more widely stretching leafy boughs for birds to build in, shading the cattle that chew the cud and graze in peace, decking themselves in blossoms and foliage and murmuring with music day and night. But the Editor turns this reflection into a serious practical channel by stating that "to cut up forests recklessly is to dry up rivers." It is indeed a crime to strip land of trees so completely as we are doing, as the rain-fall is changed by such a policy, and the fatness of the clouds runs too swiftly off the surface to enrich the soil as it needs. Arbor Day should be observed at every school, it would be a valuable object lesson to the young as to the value, and beauty, and characteristics of trees, the habits, and features, and uses of which are an interesting and profitable study.

WONDERS OF INSECT LIFE.—That there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of by most of us we learn from Sir John Lubbock's observations on insect life. He tells us that the sense of hearing in the mussel is in the fleshy "foot," that of the snail in the nerve-collar that surrounds the gullet, that of the lobster in the hinder feelers, that of the fly in the balancers behind the wings, that of the bee in its antenna, that of the grasshopper in the front leg, that of the locust in the first joint of the abdomen, and that of the shrimp-like mysis in the tail. In the matter of vision insects, it is well known, are provided with two different types of eyes—the ocelli or simple eyes, which are probably useful in dark places and for near vision, or perhaps only for the perception of the intensity and direction of light, and the compound eyes for longer range and more distinct vision. In the compound eye there may be as many as 25,000 facets.

In the antennae of insects there are, Sir John Lubbock tells us, at least eight distinct modifications of the sensory terminations of the nerves. It is probable that these organs minister to touch, smell, and in some cases hearing. But it is also

probable that they minister to shades of sensation and modes of sensation of which we are ignorant. Sir John Lubbock insists upon this:—

"Sound is the sensation produced on us when the vibrations of the air strike on the drum of our ear. When they are few, the sound is deep; as they increase in number they become shriller and shriller; but when they reach 40,000 in a second, they cease to be audible. Light is the effect produced on us when waves of light strike on the eye. When 400 millions of millions of vibrations of ether strike the retina in a second they produce red, and as the number increases the colour passes into orange, then yellow, green, blue, violet. But between 40,000 vibrations in a second and 400 millions of millions we have no organ of sense capable of receiving the impression. Yet between these limits any number of sensations may exist. We have five senses, and sometimes fancy that no others are possible. But it is obvious that we cannot measure the infinite by our own narrow limitation."

It is quite certain that insects have some mode of communication with each other, their combination in work shows that. That certain dumb animals have senses so different to any of the endowments of man as to be incomprehensible to us we all know, who have an intelligent dog. Those who object to "mystery," would have to reduce creation to nought before they could get rid of it.

THE CULTIVATED EAR.—Sounds of the highest pitch, like the cry of some insects, become disagreeable, and, by some persons, cannot even be distinguished. It is quite possible to produce a sound, which, though painfully shrill to one person, shall be entirely unheard by another. Professor Tyndale, in his very interesting work on the glaciers of the Alps, relates an instructive anecdote of this sort, which I give in his own language: "I once crossed a Swiss mountain in company with a friend. A donkey was in advance of us, and the dull tramp of the animal was plainly heard by my companion: but to me this sound was almost masked by the shrill chirruping of innumerable insects, which thronged the adjacent grass. My friend heard nothing of this; it lay quite beyond the range of his hearing." There may, therefore, be innumerable sounds in nature to which our ears are perfectly deaf, although they are the sweetest melody to more refined senses. Nay, more, the very air around us may be resounding with hallelujahs of the heavenly host, when our dull ears hear nothing but the feeble accents of our broken prayers.

CARING FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS.—It is not natural to us to care for Foreign Missions. It is not possible for us to awaken or sustain an interest in the salvation of the distant heathen. This is so distinctly the work of the Holy Spirit that the first step toward the feeling we know we ought to have is to confess our want of it and dependence on Him for it. We cannot read ourselves into an interest or work ourselves up into a state of feeling that will continue. A passing enthusiasm may be awakened, but it is too short-lived to effect any thing. We need not interest, but love, "He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire." He must brood over us, producing in us the mind of Christ, setting our souls on fire with love for souls. "The love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us." (Rom. v., 5). Dean Alford gives the true meaning of this expression, "the love of God is poured forth," or "flooded" and "deluged." "That is what God does when He baptizes us with the Holy Ghost. He does not stir up our poor love, but He floods our soul with a stream of divine love from the throne; and then He who lives in us weeps over the erring, and we enter into sympathy with Him over a lost world."

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