

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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LESSONS for SUNDAYS and HOLY DAYS.

April 15th, 2nd SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.
Morning.—Numbers xx to 14 Luke xii. 35.
Evening.—Num. xx. 14, to xxi. 10, or xxi. 10. Gal. v. 18.

THURSDAY, APRIL 12, 1888.

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.

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

SURPLICED CHOIRS.—No intelligent Churchman now regards a surpliced choir in the slightest degree to be a sign of party feeling, or capable of being rationally so represented, but as simply a manifestation of deeper reverence for the services of the Sanctuary, and of a truer and nobler conception of the brightness and joy of divine worship. We are glad therefore to record that there are now twelve surpliced choirs in Toronto. Only a few years ago one such choir stood alone as a witness and promise of better things. We hope soon to see the other city churches falling into line in this movement, and so removing all occasion for comparisons and criticisms that do not tend to edifying. Several other congregations are fully prepared to bring their services into harmony with those having surpliced choirs. They now stand shivering on the brink, fearing to launch away into independence of the two or three dictators who have hitherto been allowed to regulate the ritual of a number of our Churches, who are indeed the only

genuine ritualists in Toronto. This abject and unworthy attitude would be changed if Churchmen would do their own thinking. In that happy day the occupation of the party agitator would be gone, his sceptre would depart and be stored up in the museum for the antiquities of bigotry, along with Papal anathemas and other powers of darkness and oppression. In no communion under heaven does the lamp of personal spiritual freedom burn so brightly as in the Church of England. For centuries the whole power of Rome backed by European armies and fleets was directed to an effort to extinguish this lamp, but without avail. The lesson of the Reformation is, that English Churchmen cannot be held in permanent bondage. For years the Papal policy has been tried by a few laymen, who caused not less than \$50,000 to be spent in the agitation to suppress one surpliced choir. The result shows that the *spirit* of the Reformation is still alive, but that the *lesson* of the Reformation has not yet been learnt by those who boast much of their Reformation principles.

BAD MANNERS NO SIGN OF PIETY.—This will be a strange doctrine indeed, to many persons, for there are quite a number who seem to be under the impression that they may say and do the rudest things, if only they are said or done in the name of religion. It is not an uncommon incident on our streets for some fanatical busy body to be seen stopping people and asking them some grossly impudent question, such as "Are you saved," and then thrusting on their attention tracts or leaflets of the "Plymouth," or Salvation Army type, which usually convey a scandalous insinuation of the rudest kind in sanctimonious language. These leaflets set forth the narrowest phase of only one doctrine, that of the atonement, and they declare to the reader that if he does not accept that restricted interpretation of the doctrine and ignore every other truth of the Gospel, he is on the way to eternal perdition! It is to a certain class no comfort whatever to be what they call "saved" unless they can annoy, insult, and slander their neighbors by these abominable insinuations that they are children of the devil. Vulgarity is thus mistaken for zeal, and downright insolence for godliness. We know that many of our clergy and their flocks are by these wretched tracts, annoyed beyond measure. Indeed the persons who distribute them take a malicious pleasure in sending their rude impudence in the shape of enquiries of the "Are you saved" class, to those whose Christian lives give the best answer to this vulgar question. But the *life* has nothing whatever to do with being "saved" according to these deluded and ill-mannered fanatics. To be "saved" according to their notions is simply to feel so inflated with spiritual conceit and pride as to despise all modest Christians. We would recommend these maligners to take up some genuine Christian work, let them go down into the back streets, the slums of our cities, towns, and villages, they can there find poor wandering souls who need sympathy, and care, and teaching, such work will take the Phariseism out of such workers, and by engendering the Christian graces of charity and patience and self-denial, bring them into a state, much nearer to being "saved" than they are now in.

GAMBLING WORSE THAN DRUNKENNESS.—Canon Knox-Little entered a strong protest against gambling, as "the gravest sin of Englishmen," in the course of a sermon at St. Paul's Cathedral. "My brothers," said the preacher, "I have been told that the gravest sin of Englishmen is drunkenness. It is a grave sin, but I don't believe it is the worst. Young men, the vice which, from my experience and from the testimony of others, is devastating your life at least as seriously as drink, is gambling. Covetousness is the idolatry of this age. Gambling, your forget that you are the hold-

ers of what God gives you for His glory; you forget that you are trying to get money without fulfilling the dignified condition of work; you forget that your success—if it goes to anything, at least, like large dimensions—means another's misery. You become the victim not only of the idolatry of covetousness, but of the intoxication of chance. Young men, I have seen ruined homes, ruined lives, ruined loves. Yes, and then the treachery and treason of the suicide. Come away from this increasing and debasing vice. For God's sake gamble no more! The eloquent Canon has reason for this appeal and protest. In a few weeks there will be an outbreak of gambling in every community on this continent, which will infect the larger portion of the male population with its poison. Every daily paper will pander to this vice, they will work hard to propagate and stimulate it, even newspapers that are prohibitionist and total abstinence organs, will help to stir up the gambling passion, and our cities will for the whole summer present a Saturnalia of this mean, dishonest, debasing excitement after money got by tickery and fraud. In Toronto, the paper that will ponder most to this vice that is worse than drunkenness is the chief organ of the "moral wave" agitators!!! But the patronage of gamblers pays.

FAITH UNDER A CLOUD.—The Bishop of Fond-du-lac told the following interesting story at the dedication of a new altar in his cathedral. "Shortly after my consecration as Bishop," he said, "I was summoned to the bedside of the man who was regarded as the leading sceptic of his region, H. Galloway was known here as the very soul of honour and integrity. Sagacious and enterprising, he had amassed a fortune where others had failed. The noble character of the man dignified the cause of infidelity, with which he was generally identified. Mr. Galloway said to me, 'as I lie here, I have reviewed my past life, and I wish before I die to correct mistakes that I have made in my principles and deeds. I have been told that I ought to take Christianity in the chances, that is, to say to myself that if there is a God, a Christ, a hereafter and a heaven, that is wise to have an interest in each and all, and that if there is no God, no Christ, no heaven, no hell, that it can make no difference to me whether I am right or wrong in my admissions and submissions. This I decline to do. I could not lie here and be content to despise myself as a dishonest man. What have you to say for Christianity?' After several interviews, Mr. Galloway said to me, 'I shall surprise you, I think. Reflecting on what you have said to me on my whole life, I now see clearly that in reality I have never lost faith at all. I never heard the name of God profaned without a shudder. I have never profaned it knowingly myself. I perceive that I had thought it my duty to understand the ways of God, the modes in which He governs the universe and men. The matter was beyond me. I see clearly that my whole life has been controlled by the simple faith that I learned from my parents. I do not care to live longer except to serve God and His Church. I would be glad by my deeds to show that this apparent change of principle is not simply in view of death; but really in accord with what I have aimed at in a mistaken way all my life.' Mr. Galloway was soon taken away. His widow has asked to commemorate him in this holy house by erecting this altar in the name of God. Every time I look at it I feel that it really proclaims the scepticism of the day is only on the surface, that the divisions among Christians, their failures in character, and the erroneous teachings of those who speak for our Lord have much to do with the spread and influence of scepticism in this Western world. I am glad to have in this cathedral a constant reminder of the power and grace of our dear Lord in the hearts and lives of those who do not recognize either; but who really owe to Him all goodness, beauty and joy."