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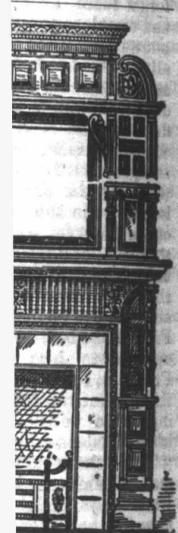
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they stuck them in corners of the kiln at burning time. One brought some fruit in the bulge of his apron, and another some engravings in a rude scrap book. Not one of them all whispered a word, for this thing was not to be talked about. They put them in the old man's hat, where he found them; so he understood all about it. And I tell you seriously, that entire pottery, full of men of rather coarse fiber by nature, grew quiet as the months drifted, becoming gentle and kind, and some of the ungoverned ones stopped swearing as the weary look on their patient fellow-worker's face told them beyond any mistake that the inevitable shadow was drawing nearer. Every day now somebody did a piece of his work for him, and put it upon the sanded plank to dry; thus he could come later and go earlier.

So, when the bell tolled, and the little coffin came out of the door of the lowly house, right around the corner, out of sight, there stood a hundred stalwart workingmen from the pottery, with their clean clothes on, most of whom gave a half day of time for the privilege of taking off their hats to the simple procession, filing behind it, and following across the village green to its grave that small burden of a child, which probably not one of them had ever seen with his own eyes.—Anon.

WHY DO I SUFFER SO

with headache and vertigo, doctor? I have a bad cough, too, and dull aches under the shoulder blades: I'm losing weight, and am bilious all the time." The courteous physician answers:—"If you enquire what is the cause of all this mischief, it is a torpid liver. That organ, you are aware, is the largest gland in the body, and its office is to carry off the waste of the system. When it fails to do its proper work, the refuse of the body is re-absorbed and goes circulating round and round in the blood, poisoning, not nourishing the tissues. But why you continue, to suffer in this way I am at a loss to understand, since Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery would give prompt relief, and future immunity from such attacks."

THE BISHOP AND THE COLLIER.

The late John Fraser, Bishop of Manchester, was on one occasion on his way to preach in the neighborhood of Bolton-le-Moor, a wild moorland, tenanted by mill hands and colliers, rough and uncouth. Overtaking a collier returning from the pit, black and grimy, with his Davy lamp in his hand, he accosted him.

"Can you tell me the way to Bolton, my man?" "Oy, mester," not looking up, "aw'm bound part o' th' way mysen, and if tha' do'ant moind walking on wi' me, aw'll show thee a shorter cut." Then he surveyed the bishop from head to feet, gaiters and shovel hat, took his pipe out of his mouth (a sure sign of Lancashire politeness), and said: "Hand o'er thy bag, mester: aw'll carry it for thee."

The bishop handed it over, when this conversation ensued:

Collier—"I reckon frae yore out, mester, yore sommot high up i' th' Church. Whaw may ye be, if aw may maken sa bold as ta ax?"

Bishop (smiling)—"Why, yes, I am, as you say, somewat high up in the Church."

Collier—"Whaw may ta be? Whaw art ta, mon?"

Bishop—"Well I'm the bishop."

Collier—"Well, I never! Thou art lord bishop, and walking alonside o' a common chap loike me!"

Bishop—"And why shouldn't I?"

Collier—"Aw sees no reason, but aw reckon there isn't a deal of lord bishops as would, but mebbe, if thou art lord bishop, thou canst tell me th' road to heav'n."

Bishop—"I hope I can."

Collier—"Aw'm none so sure; aw rayther mis doubt thee. Thou would'st not be axing me th' road to Bolton if thou knowed th' road to heav'n."

Bishop—"Why, you talk as if heaven were a long way off. Heaven, my friend, is within you. You and I are making our heaven if we are striving to fear and serve and love God, and to hate what is sinful. Did you never feel happier because your conscience was at peace—because you had spent a good day?"

Collier—"None so oft as aw ought. But thou mun be a happy mon if all aw hears o' thee be true."

Bishop—"Don't believe all ye hear; we none of us do what we ought."

So the bishop and his companion walked on together till they came to a turn in the road, when the collier handed back the bag, and the two parted, but not until he had asked:

"Where art ta' going to preach my lord? Aw reckon aw mun ca' thee, my lord. Aw doant mind if aw go'and hear thee."

The bishop told him, so the collier went home and tidied himself up, and not only came to church himself, but brought a good many of his chums with him. His lordship took the conversation for the subject of his sermon, and preached a telling one.

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THE FIRESIDE SAINT.

Doubtless the memory of each one of us will furnish the picture of some member of a family, whose very presence seemed to shed happiness; a daughter, perhaps, whose light step even in the distance irradiated every one's countenance. What was the secret of such a one's power? What had she done? Absolutely nothing; but radiant smiles, beaming good humor, the tact of doing what every one wanted, told that she had gotten out of self and learned to think for others; so that at one time it showed itself in deprecating the quarrel which lowering brow and raised tones already showed to be impending, by sweet words; at another, by smoothing an invalid's pillow; at another by humoring and softening a father who had returned weary and ill-tempered from the irritating cares of business. None but she saw those things, none but a loving heart could see. That was the secret of her heavenly power.—Rev. Frederick Robertson.

WHAT TO READ WHEN THE DAY IS OVER.

It is wise at night to read—but for a few minutes—some books which will compose and soothe the mind; which will bring us face to face with the true facts of life, death and eternity; which will make us remember that man doth not live by bread alone; which will give us before we sleep a few thoughts worthy of a Christian man with an immortal soul in him. And, thank God, no one need go far to find such books. I do not mean merely religious books, excellent as they are in these days; I mean any books which help to make us better and wiser and soberer and more charitable persons; any books which will teach us too despise what is vulgar and mean, foul and cruel, and to love what is noble and high-minded, pure and just. In our own English language we may read by hundreds books which tell of all virtue and of all praise; the stories of good and brave men and women; of gallant and heroic actions; of deeds which we ourselves should be proud of doing; of persons whom we feel to be better, wiser, nobler than we are ourselves.—Canon Kingsley.

A NOTABLE REPUDIATION.

Certain passages in a work of Bishop Lightfoot's are freely used by those who, though Churchmen, outwardly are Presbyterians at heart, as evidence that this eminent scholar did not believe in the teaching of the Church as to the episcopate. At the Lambeth Conference, however, Bishop Lightfoot formally repudiated the construction which such persons had put on his language concerning the Christian ministry, and to emphasize this repudiation he voted against the strange proposal of the Bishop of Sydney to recognize ministers not episcopally ordained.

HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH LITURGY.

"Before the Reformation, when the Romish religion was the established religion of the country, the public service of our Church was in Latin, and different liturgies were used in different parts of the kingdom. Some of these liturgies consisted of prayers and offices transmitted from ancient times, and some were of late date and accommodated to Romish superstitions.

"In the beginning of Edward VI's reign, when the public mind had become enlightened by the translation, publication and reading of the holy scriptures, and when the Reformation had taken place, the king commanded Crammer, Ridley, and other divines, to draw up a liturgy in the English language for the use of the Church, free from Popish corruption and superstitions. This was done and completed in 1548, presented to the king and ratified by Parliament. This first English liturgy was, however, soon perceived to be imperfect, and in some points objectionable. Two years afterwards a commission was appointed for its revision. This was made very carefully. Some things savoring of Popery were omitted, and other judicious alterations and additions made, and the book generally called King Edward's second book. Thus improved, it was again confirmed by Parliament in 1552.

"On Edward's death, Mary set aside this liturgy and restored the Latin one, according to Papal forms.

"Early in Elizabeth's reign, another commission was appointed to frame a liturgy on the basis of Edward's second book. This was done and was ratified by Parliament and came into use in April, 1559, and continued unaltered during the whole of her reign.

"James the first being desirous of accommodating the differences between the Church and the Puritans, appointed a conference at Hampton Court between a select number of bishops and dissenting leaders, at which he presided. The demands of the Puritans, however, were deemed too unreasonable to be granted, so that no agreement was come to. Some additions and improvements, indeed, were made soon after, which most probably had been suggested in the course of the discussion.

"In the reign of Charles the second, after the liturgy had been laid aside for fourteen years, a commission was again appointed consisting of twelve Episcopalians and twelve Presbyterians as principals, with nine assistants on each side, to frame a liturgy which might suit all parties. This, however, owing to the disagreement of the parties, was found impracticable. But the convocation which met in the same year adopted many improvements suggested by the Episcopalian commissioners, adding some prayers, as those for Ember weeks, that for Parliament, the general thanksgiving, office for adult baptism, and also removing certain ambiguities of expression, selecting the epistles and gospels from the new translation of the Bible. The book was then subscribed by the bishops and clergy, ratified by Parliament and received the royal assent in 1662. This was the last revision of the Book of Common Prayer.—Copied from the fly leaf of a Church of England Prayer-book, printed at Oxford University Press, A. D., 1839.

WHY DO YOU COME TO CHURCH?

Let me hear if you can give me the one correct answer. To be respectable? No. To listen to preaching or praying? No. To have an intellectual treat of oratory? No. To show off fine clothes, a new bonnet, a costly dress? Oh no. To meet other young friends and while away an hour or so of a dull day? No, no—all wrong answers. Why do you come to Church? Think again. To worship God? Yes. That is the one and only right answer. You come for worship; that is, to give God something in return for what God has been giving you all the previous week and always. This something is worship: the homage paid publicly by man to his Maker out of a grateful heart. Morning, noon, and night of