REV. A. H. BRACE, PASTOR OF PARK STREET BAPTIST CHURCH, PETERBORO.

those from the Lord."

"On Christ the solid rock I stand

All other ground is sinking sand.

We are way of life," and the nature of his crowds choice are clearly set forth by Paul

for the sheep.'

is a melancholy thing to be a Christian. He only has a right to be happy

whose feet are planted on the rock of

"The ransomed of the Lord shall re-

turn and come to Zion with songs and

"THE KING'S HIGHWAY."

"This is the way, walk ye in it."-Is. xxx., 21.

In dealing with this text we want to

lay special emphasis on two words,

"the way," and shall show that it is the right, safe and happy way, because

God's way. We shall treat the sub-

1-Man's action in relation to this

The personality of the text is signifi-

cant—"Walk ye"—individuality. This truth is impressed by the following in-

Her husband was careless about spirit-

house of prayer, and having to go con-

to feel it very acutely.

The more she thought about it the

"Do come with me to-day, dear,"

nd after much entreaty he would say.

pointing his finger over his shoulder, "You go and pray for both." and the

One Sunday afternoon, after she had

to pray her old sinner of a husband threw himself on the lounge, and while of Heaven and the glory streamed thru

the ransomed host made him long to

would slip in by her side. He anxious-

when up she came. He stepped to her side to pass in and just as he youched the threshold a hand was stratched

him back, saving: "Let her go in for

venture. He perceived they were Christions and church-going people and con-

ject under two heads:

that fire burn. I

place."

morrow. Did you night for people in

night, in that great

that the picture is

d therefore no food.

-earned repose, and, and Hope. ere right! God has une to-day."

had to offer. But blessing, and it was board and turn the

the stone es run. the sun."

world runs merrily l in low places, the er and clothing. The brotherhood of man. ganization is doing in

ears

the English-speaking day Night," when a student of sociology of "For a' that and Flow Gently, Sweet cant with nature the " or "The Posie, atives in verse he will sayings he will turn s written to magnify

is poetry that makes fore, the birthday of ngs of sentiment and choes thru all hearts tish bard is held too his memory. ervone desires to pay

will be no less feron another page an g writer, Mrs. Flora

re-read some of his

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'Anti-Profanity League of Canada' If you are in sympathy with the movement, please sign the application and forward to J. M. Wilkinson, 288 Yonge-

'Anti-Profanity League of Canada'

The sermon to-day, which is simple A. H. Brace, as a mark of my regard in its construction, and has the mu-in its construction.

in its construction, and has the music of the Gospel bells in its tones, is by an old friend of the editor, Rev. A. H. Brace, at present pastor of Park-street Baptist Church, Peterboro. I knew him twenty-five years ago, when he was superintendent of the Fegan Boys' Home, on Georgestreet of this city. Occasionally, esserted from England, he used to bring them over to Agnes-street Church, where we would have them sing in their true English dialect gospel songs their true English dialect gospel songs the control of the Gospel bells in its tones, is monomuth, Wales, in 1845, came to Canada in 1885, and after serving the boys' home for a number of years in the capacity of principal and superintendent, was baptized in the Jarvis Street Baptist Church in 1889 by the Rev. Dr. Thomas, and offered himself to the Baptist ministry. He has had a pastor in the three charges—Cannington, Dunnville and Peterboro—that he has served so faithfully. His work in Dunnville stands as a monument to his own way." "Turned everyone to his own way." "I want to relate a fact that this verse is recorded twice in the Proverbs. Why twice? That it may arrest your attention and rein you up. "There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the

their true English dialect gospel songs in Dunnville stands as a monument to his zeal and devotion, while his pastorate in Peterboro will perpetuate his labor of love in the erection of a hand-of Mr. Brace. In addition to a besome new church edifice. May he constituted in the properties of the prope the converted collier, who went thru Great Britain and Ireland like a fiame of fire, turning men to God. He said after a long series of revival meetings: quest of \$10,000 to the Fegan Home, tinue to have what he is preaching for he kindly remembered Mr. Brace in —"Souls for his hire and seals to his his will in the following words: "To ministry." (no one would wonder at it who had ever heard him preach), I lay on a lounge and my wife and children were crying about me. "Will my papa die?" on nothing but wine."

'Oh, yes, dear, I think papa will die this time, said the broken-hearted wife. But I glent and down the said the worken with the said the broken will die this time, said the broken will die this time, said the worken will die this time, worken will die this time. found there, but the redeemed shall walk there."—Is. xxxv., 9. Third, it is a happy waay. "Her ways are ways of pleasantness and all her "The way of religion true pleasures It is a libel on Christianity to say it angel, 'that will do.' He said the same to the brother on my left, who gave the same answer. but he treated me quite different. He took me by the hand, saying, 'Come this way.' We walkgrace and sings with happy heart and voice: saying, 'Come this way.' We walked up one avenue and down another in
that city of gold, till we reached the
battlements, and he said, 'Do you see
that dark abyss?" 'Alas! Alas!! I see.' everlasting joy upon their heads. They shall obtain joy and gladness and sor-row and sighing shall flee away."— Alas! Alas!! I do.' Then he pointed up to a tremendous precipice. Do you see that army of men and women with their eyes blind-folded coming up two without his company, began Is. xxxv., 10.

It is interesting to notice that God's deep and tumbling over headlong way of life is invariably spoken of in the scriptures with a prefix. The demore concerned she became about his spiritual welfare. At last she decided to make every effort to induce him to that dark abyss?' Alas! Alas!! I see, 'Now, what will you do? Will you stay up here amid this music and singor go back to earth and cry "Be-

suffice:

"I am The way," not a way, one out
of many, but "The way," the only way. hold the lamb." and help to take the bandages off their eyes? 'Oh, let me go back and cry "Behold the lamb." and point men to Christ," He awoke. He took his children and said. "Your papa Again, "I am The good shepherd." "The good shepherd, who gave his life is not going to die, but live.

"Wickedness in High Places"

that The New York World uses to describe the midnight orgies of New York's "upper ten" on the last night of the year, tell a story that should bring the blush to the cheek of modern civilization. That such drunken nocturnal rites should take place in the metropolis of America staggers the faith of the most optimistic worker in the field of reform. Well may the serious outlook of the student of history, scanning the horizon for the dawning of a better day, ask in dismay: "Is the world getting better?" What themselves such, and belonged to the "decent set." they read The World's account of the worship of Bacchus?

Lewis and Clark Exposition a few years ago. I was fortunate to be there the shameful scene of nothing but wine. his own particular weakness, his besetting sin, and the devil does not care what it is or how he goes, as long as he goes down. He is the kidnapper of souls and he dogs the footsteps of the children of men and plots for their people against interference with the Chinese in their worship. All day souls and he dogs the footsteps of the children of men and plots for their ruin.

Roland Hill was an eccentric preacher and turned everything into good account in the pulpit. In walking down the street one day he saw a herd of swine following a man to the street one day he saw a herd of swine following a man to the street one day he saw a herd of the street one day he saw a herd of the street one day he saw a herd of swine following a man to the street one day he saw a herd of the street one day he saw a herd of the street one day he saw a herd of the street one day he saw a herd of swine following a man to the street of the swine following a man to the street of the swine following a part of their worship did not here the Chinese quarter, warning the wrought brain of the reporters who were employed by The New York World wrought brain of the reporters who were employed by The New York World to "write up just what they saw." It is vouched for by Prof. Quackenbos, to "write up just what they saw." It is vouched for by Prof. Quackenbos, to "write up just what they saw." It is vouched for by Prof. Quackenbos, to "write up just what they saw." It is vouched for by Prof. Quackenbos, the "wrought brain of the reporters who were employed by The New York World to "write up just what they saw." It is vouched for by Prof. Quackenbos, the "wrought brain of the reporters who were employed by The New York World to "write up just what they saw." It is vouched for by Prof. Quackenbos, the "wrought brain of the reporters who were employed by The New York World to "write up just what they saw." It is vouched for by Prof. Quackenbos, the "wrought brain of the reporters who were employed by The New York World to "wrought brain of the reporters who were employed by The New York World to "write up just what they saw." It is vouched for by Prof. Quackenbos, and the property of the property of the property of the wrought by the mayor of the wrought by the mayor of the wrought by the mayor of the property of the wrought by the mayor of house. He followed him and found out the secret of the swine following a man. Next Sunday from his pulpit he at the dawn of their new year. I saw them bring out large paper balloons did Rev. Chas. Scanlon, D. D., one of the secretaries of "Moral and Temath."

Tell me the secret of these swine following you and he smilingly said, 'Did you not see I had a bag of grain at my side? I dropped a handful here to practice his religious rites and ceremonies in a my side? I dropped a handful here my side? I dropped a handrul here and there along the way and they and there along the way and they gobbled them up, then another and an another and another another and another another and another a Should it? Thousands who read this will be ready to say, "Yes—banish as bad myself at the fashionable after-theatre resorts on upper Broadway. other till the slaughter house was reached. Here they are ready for the knife." "Dear hearers," said this faithful old preacher, "the devil has just the grain you like and he deposits by the wayside. The grain of pride, selfishness, gold, adultery, whiskey, uncleanliness. That's the way. He coys you fint the chief Christian city of America? I am inliness. That's the way. He coys you fint the eternal slaughter house of lost clined to think that the publication of such drunken revelnes in the ears of the said myself at the fashionable after-theatre resorts on upper Broadway.

It is only a picture of hell (whose existence some theological fools seem it from our shores—if we must admit the Chinee keep out his religion."

Well, brothers! suppose you are right. What have you to say about the grain of pride, selfishness, gold, adultery, whiskey, uncleanliness. That's the way. He coys you fint the chief Christian city of America? I am inliness. That's the way. He coys you fint the chief Christian city of America? I am inliness. That's the way. He coys you continue to pride, selfishness, gold, adultery, whiskey, uncleanly the country of the chief Christian city of America? I am inliness. That's the way. He coys you continue to pride, selfishness, gold, adultery, whiskey, uncleanly the country of the chief Christian city of America? I am inliness. That's the way. He coys you continue to continue to pride, selfishness that the fashionable after-theatre resorts on upper Broadway.

It is only a picture of hell (whose existence some theological fools seem it from our shores—if we must admit the Chinee keep out his religion."

It is only a picture of hell (whose existence some theological fools are theological fools are the chief c our pure boys and girls of Canada is in itself an injury, but apologetically and kingdom come? Shall we continue to pray, "Thy will be done on earth for purposes of contrast with the "heathen Chinee" whom we will not allow as it is in Heaven?" or is this prayer taught us by thyself a mockery? is recorded twice in the Proverbs. Why twice? That it may arrest your attention and rein you up.

There is a way that seemeth right is recorded twice in the Proverbs. Why twice? That it may arrest your attention and rein you up.

There is a way that seemeth right is recorded twice in the Proverbs. Why two purposes or contrast with the neathen Chinee whom we will not allow as it is in Heaven?" or is this prayer taught us by thyself a mockery?

The "prince of the power of the air"—Satan, the autocrat, the king to choose a way that seemeth right in the choice phrases the New York paper employes to set forth the worship of the choice phrases the New York paper employes to set forth the worship of the power of the power of the past year, and the choice phrases the New York paper employes to set forth the worship of the power of th

Men guarded the doors to permit no more within." "Midnight—Just a few women were drunk here and there; it was feast in a royal palace.

"One o'clock-More drunken women on nothing but wine,"

wife. But I slept and dreamt I was walking up the golden pavement of Heaven with Reginald Ratcliff on one also had nothing but wine, worked perfunctorily with ice bags and re-

wine. There they lay." 'Down and out and all in,' said the maids, helping only those who

could still speak or stagger." "Jewels fell from burnished locks or from gowns torn open for more air or easement of qualms. Paris dresses, bedraggled and polluted, were to adulterers—and decanters rattle, and goblets clash, and foam kisses foam, see. torn and dishevelled as their owners were dragged out of the gangway."

"Drunken men clamored at the doors, 'Where's my wife? She left

forthcoming to carry his lady to a cab." "But as the hours crept on to the dawn, and the number and helplessness honest toil.

of the drunken women increased, and when all semblance of dressing room the doors to 'Pick 'em out.' Sometimes they picked out the right ones, but weep bitterly for the shame of your sex.'

"The jumble of sentences," as reported last week by an evening paper, in several cases they picked out one better of looks or of less bulk to carry.

Some of the readers of this hellish debauch may think that these "swine"

will the educated Japanese and the Hindoo, to whom we send the missionary out from the public bar to fall in the ditch stupefied with the cheapest and to teach "the way of Salvation," say about "Christian America" when vilest of liquors. It was not a mere handful of the "gay set," who had planned to celebrate in silence the death of the old year. They numbered It was my privilege to spend a week in Portland, Oregon, during the not ten or twenty, but their name was legion, and every retiring room was

NO FANCY PICTURE.

This "jumbling of sentences" is not a mere fancy drawing of the over-

said to a large and fashionable congregation. "Herein is a strang thing. of men, women and horses. I asked what these things meant. The afperance Reform" of the Presbyterian Church in the U. S., say about it last gregation. "Herein is a strang thing. Last week I saw a herd of swine follow a man, I have seen a horse follow a man, a cow follow a man, a sheep follow a man, but never swine. I said here is a strange thing. I followed the man to the slaughter house. I said to the man to the slaughter house. I said to the man to the slaughter house. I said to the man to the slaughter house. I said to the man to the slaughter house. I said to the man to the slaughter house. I said to the man to the slaughter house I said to the man to the slaughter house. I said to the man to the slaughter house I said to the man to the slaughter house. I said to the man to the slaughter house I said to the man to the slaughter house. I said to the man, "Tell me the secret of these swine following you and he smillingly said." Don't you fable priest said: "Our god in heaven wants men for service, women for sunday afternoon at the temperance Reform" of the Presbyterian Church in the U. S., say about it last perance Reform of the temperance meeting in Massey Hall? Don't you fable priest said: "Our god in heaven wants men for service, women for think, Mr. Scanlon, that it would be more in keeping with the duties of wives, horses to go to battle—all old men and wives and horses die at midnever swine. I said here is a strange thing, would be more in keeping with the duties of wives, horses to go to battle—all old men and wives and horses die at midnever swine. I said here is a strange think, Mr. Scanlon, that it would be more in keeping with the duties of wives, horses to go to battle—all old men and wives and horses die at midnever swine. I said here is a strange the would be more in keeping with the duties of wives, horses to go to battle—all old men and wives and horses die at midnever swine. I said here is a strange the would be more in keeping with the duties of wives, horses to go to battle—all old men and wives and horses die at midnever swine. I said here is a strange

unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death."

Pardon me! I mean "the ladies (?) in costly proclaim the assured prosperity of his "kingdom of darkness" for the pre-"A Bacchanalian Orgy—Every cafe on bright Broadway was thronged. vice-general on earth. He selects as his place of revelry the most attractive and dazzling banquet halls of the finest city in the world. A royal

The hour arrives. The last hour of a year of great victory. The splendid music begins. His satanic majesty enters with his retinue of ser-"Two o'clock—Sentimentally maudlin women singing songs; bitter wo-vants and sits down with his wives and concubines to do honor to the goddess of wine. What bewitching "Some were led off, some staggered off to the retiring rooms, deathly sick carousal! Daring deeds of outrageous profanity do honor to the most beautiful and winsome princess in the realm, amid the blaze of jewels and the "As the New Year grew older all shame and concealment died down glitter of plate. All hell is excited over the glorious event, while its king

"Fill up the cups again with the sparkling wine," cries the master Heaven with Reginald Rateliff on one side and a companion in labor on the other. Then a beautiful bright angel stood before us. He took my Bro. Rateliff by the hand, saying, 'Friend, how camest thou up hither?' He answered, 'Hallelujah, I am come up thru the blood of the lamb.' 'Pass on,' said the same! 'Women got as far as the door and fell over in stupor from nothing but of his majesty—drink to the victories of the past—drink to the still greater "Women got as far as the door and fell over in stupor from nothing but of his majesty—drink to the victories of the past—drink to the still greater "Women got as far as the door and fell over in stupor from nothing but of his majesty—drink to the victories of the past—drink to the still greater "Women got as far as the door and fell over in stupor from nothing but of his majesty—drink to the victories of the past—drink to the still greater "Fill up the cups again with the sparkling wine," cries the master of ceremonies. "Clap the cymbals—blow the trumpets—beat the drums of ceremonies. "Clap the cymbals—blow the trumpets—beat the drums of ceremonies. "Clap the cymbals—blow the trumpets—beat the drums of ceremonies. "Clap the cymbals—blow the trumpets—beat the drums of ceremonies. "Clap the cymbals—blow the trumpets—beat the drums of ceremonies. "Clap the cymbals—blow the trumpets—beat the drums of ceremonies. "Clap the cymbals—blow the trumpets—beat the drums of ceremonies. "Clap the cymbals—blow the trumpets—beat the drums of ceremonies."

"Decorum thrown to the winds. This was not alone in one place, but a cymbal to the health of your noble king, and let that tongue be defined by the cymbal the cymbals—blow the trumpets—beat the drums of ceremonies. "Clap the cymbals—blow the trumpets—beat the drums of ceremonies."

"All elight the cymbals—blow the trumpets—beat the drums of ceremonies."

"Women got as far as the door and fell over in stupor from nothing but the cymbals—blow the trumpets—beat the drums of ceremonies."

"Beat a company to the cymbals—blow the trumpet "Women got as far as the door and fell over in stupor from nothing but of his majesty—drink to the victories of the past—drink to the still greater.

There they lay." os more light—give us louder music—give us sweeter perfumes—ladies, extol

your goddess." And so beauty vies with beauty-wife ogles wife-adulterers shout and all hell holds high carnival.

Shut that door! We have had enough! Don't tell us any more about our "fallen sisters" -- our wealthy sisters-our refined, educated sisters "'Aw come in and pick her out,' snapped the maids if the man gave __who, blear of eye and blurred of speech, with dishevelled hair, cannot no indication of coming with gifts. Did he wave a bill, assistance was walk, but have to be carried to their carriages and motor cars, to be driven away hastily so as to escape the eye of the common herd on their way to

Well, ladies of Toronto, what are you going to do about it? Let me decorum and segregation was thrown to the winds, drunken escorts came in tell you what you ought to do. "Enter your closets—shut your doors—and

any man enter in he shall be saved.

In The door. The only door. Miss and eternity. The ofference of the and eternity. The same is a thief and robber of the save with God thru our Lord Jesus ofference of the without the page of the with the page of the without the page of the withou "Jesus Lover of My Soul." This is not command and should be "Ye search the of two of the greatest men in America

way of life, and the nature of his caching way of life, and the nature of his way. It swiftle to the Roman Haw with same the reading way of life, and the way of life, and the nature of life, and the way of life, and

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