

ST. MATTHEW'S MESSAGE.

"Behold I bring you Good Tidings of Great Joy."—Luke II: 10.

VOLUME I.

LONDON, ONT., FEBRUARY, 1890.

NUMBER II.

St. Matthew's Church.

REGULAR SERVICES every Sunday at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.
HOLY COMMUNION at Morning Service, on the first Sunday of each month.

SUNDAY SCHOOL every Sunday at 3 p.m.

PASTOR.—Rev. W. Minter Saborn.

WARDENS.—Thomas Clark and Geo. Minbinnick.

SIDEMEN.—John Isaac, Wm. McKenna, Wm. Henshaw
Geo. Oxley and R. Chadwick.

ORGANIST.—Mrs. Gray.

CHOIR MASTER—Edward Gardener.

SEXTON.—F. Murch.

S. S. SUPERINTENDENT.—H. Herbert.

DELEGATE TO SYNOD.—F. Coutier.

Emmanuel Church.

REGULAR SERVICE—Every Sunday at 2.30 p.m.

SUNDAY SCHOOL—Every Sunday at 2 p.m.

WARDENS—F. Fitzgerald and R. Shoebottom.

ORGANIST—Miss McLeod.

SEXTON—Edward Turner.

S. S. SUPERINTENDENT—Henry Shoebottom.

DELEGATE TO SYNOD—F. Powell.

THE BOWLDER.

In the road of a mining district lay
A worthless bowlder, huge and gray ;

Provoking many an oath and curse,
And stroke of whip from teamster coarse.

But of all the miners that daily passed
Never one thought from the road to cast

The bowlder he lingered to curse, that lay,
A hindrance sore, in the traveller's way,

Until one day there thundered along
A mountain teamster, brave and strong,

Who stopped to cast from the public way
The hindering bowlder, huge and gray.

'Twas weary work, but, with patient strength,
He strained and tugged, until at length

The task was done—and then, behold,
Beneath it a nugget of shining gold !

The road of life that we daily pass o'er
Is full of trials that vex us sore ;

And fuming and fretting in heart and tone
Will never take out of our path one stone.

But every hindrance we overcome,
With determined spirit, patient and dumb,

Will help us thro', may be, with panting breath,
To find the gold that is underneath.—[F. H. Marr.

THE BAD OLD TIMES.

For a change, how does the foregoing caption look? We have long been accustomed to the other phrase, "the good old times," let us change it. There were the bad old times of the French revolution, when blood flowed like water and the greatest murderer was the best fellow. There were worse old times before the French revolution; times of tyranny and

royal caprice and unutterable debauchery in high places; times that could only be purified as by fire. There were the bad old times of the middle ages in Europe, when children were allowed to have their feelings wrought up so that they would enlist by the ten thousand in a hopeless crusade against the Moslems, only to die by the ten thousand.

There were the bad old times in England when it was a perfectly respectable thing for a gentleman to get drunk once in while, and when no one was read out of good society because he was a gambler, and when the women labored half-naked in the mines, worse treated than the donkeys themselves.

There were the times when only the few could obtain an education, and the masses could scarcely hope to get above the condition of their fathers.

There were the bad old times in our own land when there was only one professing Christian to every fourteen of the population, instead of one in five as at present, when our rulers were pronounced atheists and our scholars were pronounced skeptics. There were the bad old times of slavery and disunion and civil war and carpet-bagism. There were the bad old times when not one voice, even of one crying in the wilderness, was raised against the curse of rum-selling, when some ministers of the gospel themselves tumbled at each house on their round of pastoral calls, and the members of the flock were not slow to follow their example.

Let us thank God that the bad old times have gone never to return, as we hope. The new times are not as good as those that are coming, but they are better than the past, and the eastern sky is brightening.—*Golden Rule.*

A LITTLE PLANT.

It was a sad, yearning, wistful face that looked up at the two pictures on the wall her mother and father—yet her thoughts were not resting on the sweet, gentle face of the one, nor the brave, true one of the other, for, on the wings of a message which had come to her to-day, "If you wish to have your father's body moved, you had better do it at once," they had flown by rapid transit to a grave in a war prison burying-ground, and transported it, as thoughts can, to a beautiful green hillside, where her mother slept beneath the weeping willows. It was only in thought, however. In reality, each grave was alone, uncared for. No one to lay among grasses a flower of caressing affection, or drop a tear of unforgetting love. "If only they could be together," sighed the girl. "And, O, if I only could watch over them

a little as I would love so dearly to do! But it can not be. I have not the money now, and if I were to work ever so hard it would be too late to save father." While her young heart was aching with the longing, she felt a tickling touch on her cheek, and, putting up her hand, found it was a tender young branch of her house-ivy straying away from its home in the pretty hanging-basket, and reaching out after something to cling to. Almost mechanically she guided it over to the plain walnut frame of her father's picture, and stayed it there with the support of a bent pin. Lo! in a few days it had wound itself lovingly around it, sending off anon tiny, tender shoots in every direction, weaving such graceful drapery that it was a joy to behold. And then when it crept over to the other, and began joining the two together in such a tender evergreen embrace, it made the girl's heart glad whenever she looked at it, and many a leisure moment she spent helping to weave the lovely green leaves around the faces she held so dear. To strangers and visitors it was a wondrous mass of living green, beautifying the pure white wall with its delicate tracery and spring-time beauty. And it comforted a maiden's heart, thus, by her care of it, to pay constant, loving tribute to the beloved dead. So much can a simple little plant do to brighten the winter of our discontent.

It is the taint of selfishness, not the too much loving, that makes love idolatry.—*A. L. O. E.*

A mine is a pit in which rich men may sink fortunes, and the most successful miner is the one who makes them do it.

There is a beautiful precept which he who has received an injury, or who thinks that he has, would, for his own sake, do well to follow: "Excuse half, and forgive the rest."

Or we may live to feel 'twas best
That God denied our prayer,
And tried and proved, till we confessed
That waves and storms which broke our
rest,
And tossed us to our Saviour's breast,
Our richest blessing were.—*Monselle.*

When the thistle seed is scattered to the four winds, it is hard to get it together again to destroy it. If one little seed, even, with its feather sail eludes pursuit, you may run across it any time far away from the centre of a thicket that it has propagated. Be truthful, check the idle word, and be as wary of a breath that can soil a good name as you would of wounding a soul that shall live through all eternity.