

alked along, re-
n this statement
fear him? He
out a smile and
little head. He
ten, as he passed
the children
a rush, and a
g him they would
their heads, and
or walk sedately
ed. And he re-
ad noticed this
and the noisiest
throng. A pang
r's heart that the
him thus. An
rival as it may
r to depress his

ne he knew by a
t Walter was in
ter's presence in
ring, because so
dually become
youthful cheeri-
was like a re-
tagnation of his
ter's manner to-
lly since Miss
the Vicar's his-
ling of affection
was irresistably
temperament.

mer began with
ts and occupa-

employed your-
liver.

sir, in my im-
g nothing. It is
astonishment to
s have no mis-

with solemnity,
will arise from
or I should feel
ibility with re-

sh feeling, and
enough by this
s tonic was not
e, as he would
n the beginning
ered, therefore,

was merely jest-
ie, as you know.
quit myself here
and a guest of

oung man one of
were full of gen-
hen, turning to

e Dolly Maple is
go and see her

exclaimed Wal-
ittle urchin! I
aightway. She

ur, "her mother
ild. Is she not

ould be more to
ether I am not
witch makes a
never she gets

alter scrutiniz-
bright, lovable
a cheery nature
e won his way
new idea to the
re reflected on
lter, this supei-
gion where his
succeeding. So

Vicar's nature
dousy. He liked
t. His heart
never done be-
a longing that
should recog-
that God had
use it with a
good.

ll come into my
ernoon. It is
u there."

s she saw them

"That is as I wish," she said to her-
self. "James will be the better for this
breath of young life, and Walter cannot
but be shamed from his castle of indolence
by contact with a nature so noble and so earnest."

(To be continued.)

CATHOLIC.

"Words are things." The misuse of
the word Catholic, through ignorance or
inattention, favors or helps those who
so use it by design. "That is the
Catholic Church," "that is the Catholic
Cemetery," from the average Protestant,
is a concession that gives aid and com-
fort to the followers of the Bishop of
Rome, that he is not slow to avail him-
self of.

The fact is that the official name in
the Creed of Pius and the Catechism of
Trent is not Catholic, "but the Holy
Roman Church." There may be a
question about the holiness, but there
can be none about the Romanism.
There can be no just ground of offence
in using the title which the standards
authorize and the facts of history
justify. But to confess in the Apostles'
Creed our belief in "the Holy Catholic
Church," and then apply the term to
that which is merely Roman, is a glaring
inconsistency, is an offence against
truth that a Churchman should not be
guilty of.

As a mere sect, with a handful of
notions that constitute our peculiarities,
the sooner the better we get out of the
way and make one less amid a chaos of
denominations that divide and weaken
our popular Christianity.

But if we float the same old banner
which once marshalled a united and
triumphant Church, we must stand by
our colors, and labor and wait for God's
own time, when what has been shall be
again: "One fold and one Shepherd."

EXTREMES MEET.

At a recent dedication of a Methodist
house of worship in New Brunswick, we
learn that two ministers read a Psalm,
verse about, "the latter for the people."
Why not have allowed the people, as "a
royal priesthood," to take their own
parts in the Psalms? The worship of
Christian bodies about us is offered by
the minister alone, the people have
nothing to do but sing. They attend as
listeners, not worshippers. The Roman
authorities have deprived their laity of
the cup, and the religious bodies who
cling to the novelty of extemporaneous
worship have deprived their adherents
of their right to take their proper part
in public worship. So extremes meet,
the Roman priest saying the mass alone,
in a "tongue not understood of the
people," and the Protestant people wor-
shipping God by praying in the person
of their minister.—*Standard of the cross.*

RELIGIOUS DUTY.

Many persons have an idea that they
are free from religious duties until they
agree to be bound by them. They
think that the attendance upon public
worship, the support of the Church,
the avoidance of unprofitable amuse-
ments, and the maintenance of high
Christian character may be binding
upon the acknowledged Christian, but
they do not apply to the irreligious man,
especially the avowed skeptic.

But moral obligation is not created
by contract, nor does it depend upon
belief. It requires no contract to bring
a man within the range of God's physical
laws. Disregard of the laws of health
is punished, irrespective of the ignorance
or disbelief of him who disregards them.
Strychnine would kill, even though the
victim did not believe in the power of
poison or the fact of death; and so of
the civil laws. It requires no contract
to obligate a man to obey the laws of the
State. He may be ignorant of the laws;
he may refuse to obey them; he may
deny their existence; yet they bind him,
and for their violation he is justly pun-

ished. And so of the moral laws; it
requires no contract to bring man under
their authority. By the very nature
of his being he is under their authority.

There can be no evasion of the laws
by which God carries on his moral gov-
ernment. They must be obeyed or dis-
obeyed. Among those laws are the
duties pertaining to the Church of
Christ. The Church is a most import-
ant part of the moral government. It
is the duty of every one to whom that
Church is presented, to enter it, to sus-
tain it, and to be conformed in conduct
to its teachings. Each one of these
duties is binding; and the non-perform-
ance of the first—that of entering the
Church—by no means lessens the obli-
gations of the others; nor does disregard
of them all either change their nature
or diminish their force. The Divine
law which lays these duties upon every
one, is an eternal fact; and neither its
existence, or its power is in any way
affected by men's belief concerning it.

NO USE.

There is no use in putting up the motto,
"God bless our home," if the father is
a rough old bear, and the spirit of dis-
courtesy and rudeness is taught by the
parents to the children, and by the older
to the younger. There is no use in put-
ting up the motto, "The Lord will pro-
vide," while the father is shiftless, the
mother is shiftless, the boys refuse to
work, and the girls busy themselves over
gegwags and finery. There is no use
in putting up the motto, "The greatest
of these is charity," while the tongue
of the backbiter wags in that family,
and silly gossip is dispensed at the tea-
table. There is no use in placing up
conspicuously the motto, "The liberal
man deviseth liberal things," while the
money chinks in the pockets of "the
head of the household," groaning to get
out to see the light of day, and there
are dollars and dimes for wines and
tobacco and other luxuries, but positive-
ly not one cent for the Church. In how
many homes are these mottoes standing
—let us say hanging—sarcastically,
which serve only to point a jest and adorn
a satire? The beauty of quiet lives, of
trustful, hopeful, free-handed, free-heart-
ed, charitable lives, is one of surpass-
ing loveliness, and those lives shed their
own incomparable fragrance, and the
world knows where to find them. And
they shall remain fresh and fadeless
when the colors of pigment and the
worsted and the floss have faded, and
the frames have rotted away in their
joints.

COST OF THE COLONGE CATHEDRAL.

Since 1821 the public and private
contributions to the building fund of
Cologne Cathedral have amounted to
\$35,000,000. Adding the contributions
of past centuries, notably the money
expended on the colossal foundations, a
German paper finds that as it now
stands the cathedral represents about
\$100,000,000.

KIND words do not cost much. They
never blister the tongue or lips, and we
have never heard of any mental trouble
arising therefrom.

Flee in your troubles to Jesus Christ.
The experience of upward of thirty
years enables me to say: "No man
ever had so kind a friend as He, or so
kind a master. View Him, not at a
distance, but as a prop, a stay, and a
comforter ever at hand, and he will re-
quite your confidence with blessings
illimitable." *Sir Henry Havelock.*

GOOD WORKS.—Good works do not
make a Christian; but one must be a
Christian to do good works. The tree
bringeth forth the fruit, not the fruit
the tree. No one is made a Christian
by works, but by Christ; and being in
Christ, he brings forth fruit for Him.

Children's Department.

THE MOUNTAIN OF SORROW.

There's a dark and dreary mountain,
Whose paths are wild and steep,
In the mystic Land of Silence,
Where shades are thick and deep—
And 'tis there God's holy angels
Their constant vigils keep.

Thou hast never seen this mountain?
Art thou a child of God?
For the feet of all God's children
Those thorny paths have trod
Bleeding and sore, but yet upheld
By His own staff and rod.

It is called the Mount of Sorrow
And on its chilly height,
God's children, worn with many a cross,
Are toiling in the night;
But near there stands another mount
Shining with heavenly light.

'Tis the holy Mount of Prayer,
And oft a cheering ray
Is sent to the weary children,
To cheer them on their way;
For there the light shines more and more
Unto the perfect day.

And between these mystic mountains
A valley calm and sweet,
In soft and blooming fragrance lies;
And Jesus' blessed feet
Walk through this bright and holy vale
His stricken ones to meet.

'Tis the Vale of Resignation,
O hearts that ache with care,
Close to the dark Mount of Sorrow
Stands the bright Mount of prayer;
Lift up your eyes, ye mourning ones,
God's holy Son is there!

"NOT YET."

"Not yet," said a little boy. "When
I grow older I will think about my soul."
"Not yet," said the young man. "I
am now about to enter trade. When I
see my business prosper, then I shall
have more time than now."

Business did prosper.
"Not yet," said the man of business.
"My children must have my care.
When they are settled in life I shall be
better able to attend to religion."

He lived to be a grey-headed man.
"Not yet," still he cried, "I shall
soon retire from trade, and then I shall
have nothing else to do but read and
pray."

And so he died, he put off to another
time what he should have done when a
child. He lived without God and died
without hope.

BETTER THAN GOLD.

"I will give that to the missionaries,"
said Billy, and he put his fat hand on a
little gold dollar, as he counted the con-
tents of his money box.

"Why," Susie asked.
"Cause it's gold. Don't you know
the wise men brought Jesus gifts of
gold? And the missionaries work for
Jesus."

Stillness for a little, and then Susie
said: "The gold all belongs to Him
anyhow. Don't you think it would be
better to go right to Him and give Him
just what He asks for?"

"What's that?" Billy asked.
Susie repeated softly: "My son, give
Me thine heart."

HOW A STORY GROWS.

A farmer once was told that his turnip
field had been robbed, and that the rob-
bery had been committed by a poor, inof-
fensive man, of the name of Palmer, who,
many of the people of the village said,
had taken away a wagon load of turnips;
Farmer Brown, much exasperated by the
loss of his turnips, determined to prose-
cute poor Palmer with all the severity of
the law. With this intention he went to
Molly Sanders, the washerwoman, who
had been busy in spreading the report, to

know the whole truth; but Molly denied
ever having said anything about a wagon
load of turnips. It was but a cart load
that Palmer had taken, and Dame Hod-
son, the huckster, had told her so, over
and over again. The farmer, hearing
this, went to Dame Hodson, who said
that Molly Sanders was always making
things worse than they really were;
that Palmer had taken only a wheelbar-
row full of turnips, and that she had her
account from Jenkins, the tailor. Away
went the farmer to Jenkins, the tailor,
who stoutly denied the account altogeth-
er; he had only told Dame Hodson that
Palmer had pulled up several turnips, but
how many he could not tell, for that he
did not see himself, but was told it by
Tom Slack, the plowman. Wondering
where this would end, Farmer Brown
next questioned Tom Slack, who, in his
turn, declared he had never said a word
about seeing Palmer pull up several tur-
nips; he only said, he had heard say that
Palmer had pulled up a turnip, and that
Barnes, the barber, was the person who
had told him about it. The farmer, al-
most out of patience at this account, hur-
ried off to Barnes, the barber; who
wondered much that people should find
pleasure in spreading idle tales which
had no truth in them! He assured the
farmer that all he had said about the
matter, while he took off the beard of
Tom Slack, was, that for all he knew,
Palmer was as likely a man to pull up a
turnip as his neighbors.

A great many men who start out to
reform the world leave themselves for
last.

Repentance without amendment is
like pumping out a ship without stop-
ping the leaks.

A LITTLE child beautifully said:
"Thinking is keeping still and trying to
find out something." Who could have
stated the case better than this? It
makes one think of these striking
words of the Highest: "Be ye still
and know that I am God." Sil-
lence ye harsh noises and babbling
tongues of human strife and folly and
speculation. Be still. Listen. Find
out something. Find out God if you
can. Climb up, in the silence of
your soul, to a knowledge of the
Almighty.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES and DEATHS

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BIRTHS.

CHOWNE.—At the Parsonage, Rosseau,
Muskoka, Ont., Nov. 17th, the wife
of the Rev. ALFRED W. H. CHOWNE,
of a daughter,

WALKER.—At the Parsonage, Credit, on
the 17 inst., the wife of the Rev. T.
Walker, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

BARWICK—HODGE.—On the 11th inst., at
Christ Church, Holland Landing, by
the Rev. W. R. Foster, Rural Dean of
West Simcoe, assisted by the Rev. H.
B. Owen, of Newmarket, and the Rev.
A. W. Sprague, of Bradford, Augustus,
fourth son of John Barwick, Esq., of
the Homewood, Holland Landing, to
Emily Enjalbert, youngest daughter of
the Hon. and Rev. T. P. Hodge, in-
cumbent of Holland Landing.

INNES—BOURCHIER.—At Valparaiso, Sep.
23rd, by the Rev. W. LLOYD, THOMAS
INNES, Esq., of Chanaral, to VIRGINIA
BLANCHE, youngest daughter of the
late COL. BOURCHIER, of Kingston.

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