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FRANKLIN E. BILL, Advertising Manager.

LESSONS for SUNDAYS and HOLY-DAYS.

Sept. 27th—19th SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.
Morning—Jeremiah xxxvi. Ephes. iv. 25 to v. 22.
Evening—Ezekiel ii. or xiii to 17. Luke vi. to 30.

THURSDAY, OCT. 1, 1885.

The Rev. W. H. Wadleigh is the only gentleman travelling authorized to collect subscriptions for the "Dominion Churchman."

THE LONDON TIMES ON THE STRENGTH OF THE CHURCH.—The London Times has treated Lord Ebury as might have been expected, it has nothing for the noble lord but jeers and derision. It tells him that he has been alarming himself by a phantom of his own creating—that he is, in fact, shuddering at a rushlight in a scooped-out turnip—and then it winds up with the reproach that he has contrived to miss the real excellencies of the Church of the present day—"The faithful, earnest work of the clergy, the hearty co-operation of its laity, the sacrifices of times and money which both clergy and laity have been making, and are ready to make, in the interest of their great cause. A Church which can command such genuine devotion as this, has an element of vitality which neither Establishment or Disestablishment can tame, and is safe alike against the attacks of its declared enemies, and the discredit brought upon it by the occasional follies of its worthy, but weak-minded friends." The Church in Canada has suffered equally with the Mother Church from the follies of its weak-minded friends. It is, however, very encouraging that a secular paper like the Times has so far read the signs of the times, as to see the foolishness of alarm expressed that the effect of sound Church principles being taught is comparable to "shuddering at a candle light in a scooped turnip!" Yet to produce this ludicrous shuddering is the great end, aim and only reason for life of the party organ and party agitation. But what a fine name they give to their "scooped-out turnip!"

PARTY SHIBBOLETHS CONDEMNED.—In one of the splendid discourses delivered in Canada, Dr. Farrar took occasion to censure the party press as the promoter of strife. How richly that party press deserves rebuke we know, his censures touch us not for we are not connected with any party or faction. The allusion in the following passage to a party

shibboleth convinces us that the preacher was well instructed as to the special phrases in use by the party which has fought so bitterly in a Western diocese to crush out all independence of thought and to reduce our clergy into being mere puppets pulled by a party Chief. Dr. Farrar says:

"Was there in the cross no meaning except for a handful of religionists who happen exactly to agree with you? Your Christ! The Christ of your sect or party! Nay, only yours as he is the Christ of all the world; not yours in the least; or in any save as he is the universal brother in the great family of man. Not yours one whit more than He is and for the same reason that He is the Christ of him whom it may be you regard as your deadliest enemy, as your bitterest opponent, not your Christ one tittle more than He is the Christ of the man whom you most detest, and not the Christ of your religious faction one iota more than He is the Christ of the party you delight to denounce, and which may be as near to Him—yea, even nearer to Him—than you, though you can be eloquent on what you ignorantly call their soul-destroying errors. 'Christ,' said St. Jerome fifteen centuries ago, 'is not so poor as to have a Church only in Sardinia.' Not so poor is he, the Lord of the world, not so narrow the lover of all mankind, as to have none to be faithful to him except in the members of some petty schism. You might as well try to make an enclosure in God's free air or claim an arrogant monopoly in God's common heaven as assert that Christ loves us one whit more for our special opinions or is one whit more nearer to us because of our special ceremonies than he is to all who come to him, to all who love him in sincerity and truth. When we brand this man as superstitious and that man as latitudinarian, this man as a heretic and that man as a formalist, those whom we thus anathematize with our petty basis are kneeling on their knees it may be day by day, and with many a streaming tear are asking of the Lord who loves them very dearly for grace to speak the brave word and to do the noble deed. 'The meek, the just, the pure, the humble,' said the holy founder of Pennsylvania, 'are religion all over the world.' And when the mark of their limitation has dropped off with a thrill of brotherhood, but also it may be with a blush of remorse and shame, they shall recognize each other as brothers in Christ throughout the whole universe of God."

ELOQUENT REBUKE OF CHURCH FACTIONS.—Although we cannot say "Amen" to all Archdeacon Farrar's utterances, we do heartily admire his eloquent rebuke of party spirit and sectism which we republish. The preacher has been, no doubt, informed of the curse under which the Church in Canada is suffering.

"We cannot ruin Christianity more effectually than by stamping it with faction. The deadliest of all heresies, the only heresy that goes to the verge of the unpardonable, is that petty sectarian bitterness in which Christians have so often and so fatally suffered themselves to run riot. Wouldst thou be a Christian? Then lay aside thy rags of self-satisfaction, thy badges of party, thy envy, and bitterness and strife. Ceremonial observances are not religion, multiplied factions are not religion, long prayers are not religion. He is not the Christ of the railing party; He is not the Christ of a self-satisfied few; He is not the Christ of Papal oratory, or City Tabernacle, or Ebenezer Chapel, or Revivalist Mission Hall. He is the Christ of none of these as such, but of all these, and of you and me also, as in our better moments we rise out of our factions and separations. It was no latitudinarian, it was no Rationalist, but it was a Romanist, a monk, a Dominican; it was the eloquent and holy Pere Lacordaire who said, 'Where there is the love of God there is Jesus Christ, and where Jesus Christ is there is the church with Him.' The throne of Christ may be the heart of an unselfish monarch or a faithful drudge, it may be the heart of a Pon-

tiff who in the most gorgeous robes and the most pompous ceremonies is still breathing the prayer of the publican. It may be the heart of the most ragged crone mumbling her feeble prayer in the darkest corner of the loneliest church. It may be the heart of the millionaire who has learnt humbly and wisely how to make himself friends of the mammon of unrighteousness. It may be that of the ignorant worshipper telling his beads in irremediable ignorance at the shrine of some questionable saint. For by this we know that we are the children of God when we love God and keep his commandments, and his commandments are not grievous, 'but if thou wouldst enter into life keep the commandments.'

THE TRUE GLORY OF THE TEACHER'S WORK.—At a reunion of former students of the Ripon Diocesan (Female) Training College, a sermon was preached by the Bishop of Ripon from St. Matthew xx. 27-28. In the course of an eloquent discourse, he said that Christ told us that true greatness consisted in service, and, though we were ready to acknowledge this, yet we were slow to adopt it practically. We thought that the men whose positions were the highest and whose wealth was the largest, were the men to be reckoned as the greatest, but a moment's reflection would show us that it was not so. Run over the names of the great ones of the earth, Newton, Milton, Shakespeare, Socrates, and these were measured not by any position which they held, but by some great service that they rendered to humanity. It was possible, however, that a man might achieve some great thing and yet not come under Christ's definition. It was not the man who had won the greatest battles, or who had written the books which had the largest circulation, but the man who had written that which had gone to the hearts and the minds of the people, and who had wrought that which preserved the weak and protected those who had no protector. It was not those who had contributed to the lustre on the page of history, but those who had contributed to the moral or material well-being of the human race. It was not a question of having intellect or genius, or having a life cast in larger, more conspicuous or more brilliant spheres, but of doing the service needed. Were we not sometimes tempted, even when we believed that the greatest was he that served, to be discontented with the place we held? And yet, speaking to those gathered for the festival, he knew of no vocation in life where the words of Christ could be more truly verified than in theirs. If the greatest was he that did the greatest service, then it was clear that in their work lay the opportunity of the highest greatness. They might imagine that it was a greater thing to move among grown up and to be able to influence the old, who, after all, were the powers of present life, and they might therefore sometimes grudge the monotony of teaching and educating the young. But if they could see that greatness was not measured by the mere lustre which surrounded the act, but by the serviceableness of the act, then their vocation was truly great. It was useless to pour healing virtues into the turbid river flanked by huge quays and docks and crowded cities—the busy haunts of men. It must be dropped in where the stream is a silver thread, so that from the fountain-head every drop of the stream would be charged as it flowed and broadened onward. Heal the upper stream, and power and potency would be given to its broader flow. Their duty was to do the serviceable work of sweetening the fountain of life at its spring-head, and if it was not a great thing they must stand where God had placed them, there to do their best; then there was for them the greatest greatness, because to them was given the opportunity of quickening, forming, and directing the fountain-head of that power of life and stream which would flow in future generations. Let them aim at an unselfish, sacrificing, serviceable greatness, a greatness which was the greatness of Christ Himself.