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doing away with party spirit, by mutual toleration in unessential matters. Teaching what the Catholic Church is, how she holds the faith and has always held it. The value of the sacraments as a means of life and grace; need of a better educated and trained young clergy. Also alluding to the evils of the pew system. Rev. Mr. Ryan, in a pithy address, spoke of the low estimation in which the clergy were held. We have now committed the matter to the committee of '93, and will endeavour to bring out the result in our next.

REVIEWER.

Huron, Sept. 22nd, 1894.

Nothing Strange.

Intelligent people, who realize the important part the blood holds in keeping the body in a normal condition, find nothing strange in the number of diseases Hood's Sarsaparilla is able to cure. So many troubles result from impure blood, the best way to treat them is through the blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla vitalizes the blood.

Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner pills, assist digestion, prevent constipation.

—The Toronto Conservatory of Music, with much laudable spirit, is offering six valuable free scholarships for open competition. As the teachers named are of well-known eminence, and the value of the scholarships is upwards of \$600, this is a rare opportunity for obtaining free instruction of such excellent character in the several departments named. See Conservatory's advertisement in another column.

Family Reading.

Love's Mastery: Or the Gower Family.

"When it ought to have been," added her aunt, smiling in her turn.

"Yes; and of course it was not for me to raise obstacles, after all that has gone by. Will it be possible, do you think, auntie, by the end of next month?"

"It seems very near; but possible of course it is. People must be invited: that is the great thing."

"Yes, I suppose they must; but I shall leave all that to you and Somerset, auntie. For myself I seem too bewildered and too happy to think of anything."

Lora had never so freely spoken to her aunt before; and Lady Trevannion could only kiss her and call her a dear girl, and say how very, very thankful she was that things had turned out all right again.

"Luxmoor! The very man I wanted!" Mr. Gower exclaimed, as he was pacing the platform at Paddington on his home-ward journey, and suddenly stumbled on Harry Luxmoor.

"You will come down to the wedding on the 20th of next month, all right?"

Lady Trevannion had lost no time in apprising Somerset of the new tide given to events, and in asking him while in town to do all that was necessary in the way of invitations.

"What wedding?" exclaimed Mr. Luxmoor, puzzled for the moment; for he had heard sundry reports of the broken engagement and its probable cause, and had given credence to them.

"I understood—" But before he could finish his sentence his own penetration and Somerset's face enlightened him. "Ah! to be sure, I was forgetting. Tell Miss Gower I shall only be too delighted to do myself the pleasure."

"Amantium ire," Somerset replied, still smiling; for he saw through Mr. Luxmoor's well-disguised confusion. "You know the rest, my dear fellow."

"Not from experience, unhappily; Croombe must be looking splendid now, in its summer dress."

"I have not been there for weeks—am on my way down now. You'll not forget the 20th of August, and also that the first of September follows very close upon it. Stella and I, together with the birds, will do our best to entertain you, you will stay on."

"You won't have to ask me twice: I shall make

a note of the engagement without further delay. Remember me to all," he continued, as Somerset seated himself in the carriage, "with best congratulations: especially don't forget my friend Stella, and the German lady."

Stella smiled when Somerset gave her the message, and said, "I shall be pleased to see Mr. Luxmoor again: I am glad he is coming."

"And yet he was not always quite a favourite—eh, little one?" her brother asked, holding her chin in his hand, and giving her another kiss; for he was only just come in.

"No; but our feelings about people alter sometimes, you know; and what do you think, Somerset? Lora is going to ask Mary and Miss Fridell to the breakfast, with Dr. Lyon. Won't that be nice?"

"My dear child, you apply adjectives in a very improper and unsuitable sense; and, instead of having you to keep house for me when your sister is gone away, I shall be compelled to send you to school to finish your education."

"O, that would be dreadful!" Stella answered: "I must lose no time in mending: you will see how correct and guarded I am in my choice for the future."

"Somerset being so particularly guarded and correct himself!" Lora remarked. "I will make out a list of his favourites before I go, Stella, if I can in any way find time; and he shall go off to school in some other direction. How things will go on between you two when I am gone I cannot conceive: full half your time will be wasted in nonsense. Fortunately there will be auntie, to keep you both in order."

Auntie came in just then, and gave her nephew a very cordial welcome; and Somerset felt his home-coming a very great deal more happy than he had anticipated; for Lora's incomprehensible change of purpose had weighed sorely on his mind during his absence; and he had almost dreaded the re-union and the explanation which he felt it would be a positive duty to obtain.

He had looked upon Captain Flamank as a brother so long and with such entire satisfaction, that the renunciation of the idea would have been no light trial to himself, leaving quite out of the question his sister's absorbing love and attachment, which Somerset knew full well.

It was a glorious day, that 20th of August; bright glad sunshine, sound of bells, village children strewing the pathway with flowers, friendly and admiring guests brilliantly attired—all that could make a bridal-day outwardly attractive and magnificent. The bride was very calm and possessed, with a face less beautiful, perhaps, but far more lovable than in bygone days. The bridegroom was, as always, noble and winning; and both so full of inward happiness and content, that the display of circumstance about them seemed well-nigh unheeded.

For stomach troubles use K.D.C.

Forgiveness.

Little words have great force sometimes. In the prayer, "Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors," who has not stumbled over that word "as" and found it more than a mouthful? Who has not offered the petition with a mental reservation? For it means vastly more than forgiveness of our enemies. That might be easy; in fact many of us are not conscious that we have any enemies. But our friends who hurt us, who touch us in the sorest places, who are unjust to us; our friends who pass by on the other side when we are overcome in life's conflicts, they are the ones we find it hardest to forgive.

In the words of the prophetic Psalm, "It was not an enemy that reproached me; then I could have borne it. . . . But it was thou, a man mine equal, my guide, and mine acquaintance."

Our Saviour, entering into all the depths of human needs by His own experience, knew well what power this one petition would have, to bring the hearts of men into harmony with His own loving spirit.

Only as we are filled with His love; only when like Him we are meek and lowly in heart, unselfish, seeking not our own; only then we dare to pray: "Forgive us, as we forgive."

Magdala.

In Palestine the Sea of Tiberias, or, as it was differently called by the people of the various towns on its shores, the Sea of Galilee, or the Lake of Gennesareth, has on the north-west of its precipitous banks a very small bay, shaped like a crescent. It is about two miles long and nearly one mile wide. South of this there is a very beautiful and fertile plain—the "Plain of Gennesareth," or "the Garden of Princes," where we may find the most luxuriant plants, especially oleanders, which grow down to the edge of the sea.

Now, travelling across this rich and fertile plain, coming southwards and keeping close along the banks of the blue waters of the Lake of Tiberias, we enter the City of Magdala, doubtless greatly changed since the days when it was made famous by the history of Mary of Magdala, or Magdalene. She has generally been mistaken for the "woman who was a sinner," to whom the Pharisees made such great objection, mentioned in Luke vii. 37. But that was not Mary of Magdala. She had been cured of woful disease; for it was out of her that Jesus cast "seven devils," and she was so grateful to Him that she became a devout and faithful follower, ministering to him of her substance and attending Him in all His journeys, till she mourned and wept for Him at the Cross and by His tomb. She was one of those Marys who were the last to leave his grave, and among those women who were at the sepulchre in the early morn; for we are told (John xx. 1) that "the first of the week cometh Mary Magdalene early, when it was yet dark, unto the sepulchre." And she was rewarded and comforted by being the first to behold the risen Lord. What joy to her heart to find that the grave had no power to hold Him, and that she could once more see the face and hear the loving words which fell from the Great Master's lips.

Let us, dear young friends, so learn to love and walk with Jesus here, that we may, like Mary of Magdala, see our risen Lord with joy when He shall come, according to His promise, to take us to the home He has prepared for all who love Him.

K.D.C. Pills tone and regulate the liver.

Thoughtful in Time

When a man has a journey before him, he thinks well about it. He takes care that he knows the way, and has the right outfit. He learns all he can about the dangers and difficulties which he may have to meet, and prepares himself for them.

So it surely ought to be with the young who are setting out on the journey of life. There are many ways, but no two lead to the same end. There are many turnings where a mistake may be made. There are stumbling-blocks to be avoided. There are helps which must be used, if the way is to be made clear, and if it is to be travelled safely. The distance to be travelled is not the same for all: but life only just gives time for it. Days wasted never can be got back. Time spent in wandering aimlessly, or in wilful error, should have been spent in going forward in the right course. There is no such thing as "making up for lost time." Whatever earnestness we give to the call of any day is never more than we are bound to give. There is nothing over to be put to the account of other days.

The work of the young is mainly to learn, and to gain bodily and mental and moral and spiritual strength for after days. Still this must go on through all the life. For the doing of duty even in those far on in years is meant to fit for better progress and truer work. And in the life even of the very young the first steps are taken which have much to do with the marking out of the whole course. It is most sad to see in early years a trifling spirit and a lack of aim, which are sure to bring bitter regrets, even if the character is not fixed in thoughtlessness. How many begin to think when they can only think of a wasted past and a lifetime thrown away! How many find out how they ought to live, and learn the meaning of their life, when it is time to die!

Sour tempers sweetened by the use of K.D.C.