

[Aug. 22, 1889.

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Dominion Churchman.

THE ORGAN OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND IN CANADA.

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The **DOMINION CHURCHMAN** is Two Dollars a Year. If paid strictly, that is promptly in advance, the price will be one dollar; and in no instance will this rule be departed from. Subscribers at a distance can easily see when their subscriptions fall due by looking at the address label on their paper. The Paper is sent until ordered to be stopped. (See above decisions.)

The "Dominion Churchman" is the organ of the Church of England in Canada, and is an excellent medium for advertising—being a family paper, and by far the most extensively circulated Church journal in the Dominion.

Frank Weston, Proprietor, & Publisher,
Address: P. O. Box 2640.
Office, No. 11 Imperial Buildings, 30 Adelaide St. E.
west of Post Office, Toronto.

FRANKLIN BAKER, Advertising Manager.

LESSONS for SUNDAYS and HOLY DAYS.

Aug. 24th.—TENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.
Morning.—1 Kings 18; 1 Cor. 6.
Evening.—1 Kings 18; or 17. Mark 1 to v, 21.

THURSDAY AUG. 22, 1889.

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

ADVICE TO ADVERTISERS.—The *Toronto Saturday Night* in an article entitled "Advertising as a Fine Art" says, that the **DOMINION CHURCHMAN** is widely circulated and of unquestionable advantage to judicious advertisers.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All matter for publication of any number of **DOMINION CHURCHMAN** should be in the office not later than Thursday for the following week's issue.

WHAT NEXT?—We recently recorded that the Wesleyan body had in several instances of late adopted practices and language decidedly Catholic. From an English paper we learn that at Penzance, where Methodism is very strong, this body celebrated the festival of Corpus Christi! This is of all festivals the one most commonly associated with Romanism because of the extravagant lengths to which the Roman Church goes in celebrating Corpus Christi, as is well known in the Province of Quebec. We have no objection to this Festival, but it would be well for the Wesleyans to adopt some policy in regard to festivals which would be consistent. Recently their chapels were used in many places for services of song in honor of Mr. Gladstone. Now we, in all humility, submit that to hold a solemn service one day in a place of worship in honor of a living politician, and then hold tea fights in honor of the festival of Corpus Christi, is hardly consistent. Then, further, we cannot but feel it rather hard to have the clergy abused

who adopt certain usages commonly associated with Romanism, often most erroneously, by the very same religious body that is making constant advances towards other usages that are distinctly Romanistic. We should like to know whether the Presbyterians of Penzance joined their Wesleyan neighbours in this Corpus Christi festival? It looks to us as though the High Churchism of John Wesley were working in the views of the body he called into existence.

THE TOTAL BLASPHEMY.—On Sunday, the 28th July, a Gospel temperance meeting was held at Grimsby Park. The speakers were, Rev. Mr. Lucas, of Toronto; and Mrs. Bradley, of England. Mrs. Bradley, after denouncing the use of intoxicating liquor in every case, touched upon the nature of the wine made by Christ at the marriage feast, and asserted that, "if she thought this wine was intoxicating she would go back on her Saviour and join Bob Ingersoll and his crowd of unbelievers."

Judging by her own language we should say that this person when she goes "to join Bob Ingersoll" will have a very short road to travel—a step or two at the most. A woman whose whole faith in Christ rests upon her ignorance of what no learned person has the least doubt about, a woman who declares that she would renounce Christ if it were shown to her that the Son of God differed in judgment from herself, is only a Christian in name. Grimsby Park is "run" by the Wesleyan body. We ask their attention to the language used by a woman who declares herself so nearly an atheist. Her faith in Christ is shallow indeed to be no deeper than her knowledge of the Biblical wine question, and her sense of decency even shallower when she uses language that is blasphemous to the very core. Grimsby Park ought to be fumigated after such language.

DO A LITTLE AND DO IT WELL.—The Bishop of Lincoln addressing the pupils of a girls' school said: "Try, then, when you learn hymns or sacred poetry, to exercise your memories. I would not have you merely repeat straight off like a lot of parrots, but what you learn should be impressed upon your memories, and there should be conviction with it as well. Let me say a word about the habit of thinking. As you grow older, you will be better in that respect. Begin to think while you are young: that is my advice. Don't be in a hurry to read a quantity of books, but read the books you do read over and over again. Take care not to waste your time in worthless books, but get good books, and read them over several times. Don't be afraid of saying, "I have not read everything"—don't be afraid of that. Make sure of what you are doing. When you go home, don't be ashamed if you have to say, "I have not read all French or German literature; I think I know one or two French verbs, but I should not like to be asked an irregular verb." Well, my dears, I am told there are such things as irregular verbs. Don't be afraid of saying you have not read everything; do a little, and do it well. That is what will do you the most good. There is one word more. What I have been saying would, in modern language, be called "Some hints on culture," or something of that sort. Well, culture, without religion, is a narrow and selfish thing, and culture itself may even lead you into one of those miseries which every educated person is anxious to get out of—namely, self-consciousness. Culture of itself, the mere improvement of yourself! No! You want something to lift you above yourself, to lead you outside yourself, to lose yourself in the love of God and the love of others. This is what you want to get at. Culture by itself has been said to be a dead and dividing thing, and so it is; for I myself have seen cultured people who were, as it were, dead and divided people—who would look at a thing as though they didn't know whether it was a caterpillar or a leaf. They had a kind of disdain about them; and it makes culture dangerous in such people. But if you have religion combined with culture, it will make life joyous and bright. Get the knowledge, my dear children, the love of God, and the love of good—then you will have that which is an ennobling and a happy thing. When you go to your homes, go with a determination to be bright, and to make home bright, and may God bless you!"

ARCHDEACON FARRAR ON BOOKS.—What a difference in the potentiality of human happiness was made by books! They must think what life would be without books if they would realise what life might be with them. Did they desire wealth? Books would bestow on them wealth beyond the dreams of avarice from treasures more golden than gold. With books they might hold Egypt and Assyria, and Greece and Italy in fee simple, and call the world their own. Learn but to read, and the poorest of them might be lords of all that mankind had thought. Books might be in them an amulet against vice and misery, for books could save them from long days of idleness and from that vacuity of thought which was fertile of degradation. What excuse was there for the poorest to seek for companions among the blighted groups which hung about the doors of the gin palace or the low haunts where pleasure foraged for death. No companions! Why, if they would, the noblest of all societies would welcome them; kings would utter to them their best thoughts, and saints sit beside them like brothers. Was it nothing that, at the turning of a page, they might find the best and greatest of men eager to talk to them; orators ready to pour forth their most splendid periods, poets with their garlands and singing robes about them? Once more he asked his hearers to think what books might be to them for instructiveness. They would throw open the gates of nature, and science would be a beneficent archangel to teach them the beauty, the wonder, and the power of the works of the Lord. There was all history open to them with its powerful and thrilling interest, "a Divine book of revelation, of which the inspired texts are great men." There was all biography to reinspire their failing faith in human nature, and to nourish them with the viaticum of good examples by showing how the noblest men had lived. Would they learn fortitude amid a hurricane of calamity and tornadoes of slander? Let them read the lives of Origen and of Milton. Would they learn the might and majesty of self-sacrifice? Let them read of Francis of Assisi and Francis Xavier. Would they learn how the high desire that others might be blessed savoured of Heaven? Let them read of John Howard, and Elizabeth Fry, and Father Damien. And if they would turn from these more solemn lessons, poetry might uplift them on her wings and scatter their path with gleams of paradise.

BUT though the fading leaf is a lesson to pride and to the insolence of strength and youth, teaching us that we should be humble, yet it need not make us sad. The faded leaf has done its work, and in another summer shall be replaced by a fresh green one! The Christian, who has served God in this life, hopes and trusts to bloom again in the resurrection spring-time. The ancients planted evergreen shrubs like the cypress in the cemeteries, as if to say, the soul is immortal, though the body may wither like the leaves on ordinary trees! The Gospel of Jesus, "bringing life and immortality to light," is like the dove with the green leaf in its bill, which came to Noah, imprisoned in the Ark. It was a symbol of peace, and of a fresh life! And therefore the Dove and the olive-leaf was a favourite figure to place on the tombs of the early Christians in the Catacombs of Rome.

The best way to see divine light is to put out your own candle.