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Dominion Churchman.

THE ORGAN OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND IN CANADA.

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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.

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FRANKLIN B. BILL, Advertising Manager.

LESSONS for SUNDAYS and HOLY-DAYS.

3rd SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.
 Morning—Isaiah lxii. Matthew xiii. 24 to 53
 Evening—Isaiah lxxv. or lxxvi. Acts xiv.

THURSDAY, JAN. 20, 1887.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A quantity of Correspondence and Diocesan News unavoidably left over for want of space.

REVOLUTION IN NONCONFORMIST OPINION.—Our columns for some time past have contained extracts from the re-union notes of Lord Nelson, many of them containing highly eulogistic passages from Nonconformist preachers in praise of the Church of England. We cut the following from *Church Bells* simply to show how great has been the change in the opinions and feelings of dissenters during the last half century. Mr. Rogers, we believe, could not believe it to have been possible for the words he heard attributed to Mr. Binney, ever having been uttered! Mr. Binney today would repudiate them. The Rev. G. F. Chambers writes:

Sir,—The Rev. R. Glover, having at the City Temple, quoted Mr. Binney as having said that "the Church of England had damned more souls than she had saved," Mr. Guinness Rogers jumped up and said that Mr. Binney had never made the statement in question.

Allow me to state that the exact words used by Mr. Binney were:—"The Established Church is a great national evil; it is an obstacle to the progress of truth and godliness in the land; it destroys more souls than it saves."

This friendly and charitable opinion was expressed in the year 1834. I quote the passage from an "Address," delivered on laying the first stone of the New King's Weighhouse Meeting-house in that year. A copy of this address will be found in the British Museum, where I saw it some years ago. I give the passages in full in my *Parochial Church Defence Lectures*.

These were dark days for the Church, the great revival was yet in the future, and the signs of its coming were mocked at.

In Canada of late the Church of England has won golden opinions from the earnest minded of Nonconformists, from the men who are Christians first and last, who make their politics bend and sway under Christian principles. These noble souled men have given us to understand that they have been delighted to thankfulness at our brave defence of the Word of God against its subtle and pausable enemies. One correspondent, a highly influential Nonconformist, writes:

"O! for an hour of a second Cromwell to stir this land with a nobler life. What would one give to see him point his sword at the Ross Bible and hear him scornfully exclaim, 'Take away that bauble!'"

CONSCIENCE MAKES COWARDS.—A man without the courage of his convictions is a coward, a moral coward, the most pitiable of men. More of these exist than we dream of. We have discovered recently that whole classes of Christians regard the Bible as capable of improvement for teaching purposes: We have heard of even grave divines accepting a book made up of disjointed scraps of the Bible, without any notes or references to indicate the source whence the scraps came, as a preferable book to the B.ble. But one thing we have looked for in vain. We have watched carefully all religious announcements, and not a single cleric or lay teacher who advertises his Bible class has yet had courage to announce that he will use the Ross Bible and not the Word of God! Conscience make cowards of these men or they would be consistent and declare that for the future in their reading desks, pulpits and Bible classes, they were about to use the Ross B.ble. We dare any of the political zealots who have championed the political substitute for the scriptures, we dare them to pace the Ross Bible in their Churches or Sunday Schools. Their courage is equal to words, to letters in a newspaper, but from this profanity, although demanded by their consistency, they shrink, conscience stricken. The layman who took up Tom Paine's plea against the Bible and adopted its blasphemy as his own, has retained the Bible in his class! Thus do men allow politics to bring them into shame, for political ends they traduce the Word of God, and yet they give the lie direct to their own words by using the Bible in teaching the young, for the very purpose they declared it to be grossly unfit! We have read also with care certain newspapers, so-called "church organs," but although these papers championed the Ross Bible they never use it for quotation or reference. This is another display of conscience at work. We shall believe that our contemporaries were sincere in defending and in preferring the scrap book got up to please the Romanists and to buy their votes, the sole motive of the Ross Bible, in our judgment, when we find them using this book instead of their Bible. But religion apart there is not an editor in Canada, who regards the Ross Bible as anything but a trashy affair from a literary standpoint, however much he may for political reasons defend its being used to oust the Bible from the schools. "We do not recognise the Protestant Bible at all," said Father Morphy, of Ingersoll, a few days ago. We say, in the same sense, we do not recognise the Ross Bible, save as being a gross imposture as a substitute for the Divine Record and Revelation of God. Our reliance rests on the enlightened conscience of the people rejecting the Ross Bible and sending it to oblivion.

A DREAM OF INFINITY.—The following wonderful vision by Jean Paul Richter, in De Quincey's free version, vividly expresses the littleness of man's capacities and conceptions in the presence of the infinities by which he is surrounded:—"God called

up from dreams a man into the vestibule of heaven, saying, 'Come thou hither and see the glories of My house.' And to the angels which stood around His throne He said, 'Take him, strip from him his robes of flesh, cleanse his vision, and put a new breath into his nostrils; only touch not with any change his human heart, the heart that weeps and trembles.' It was done; and with a mighty angel for his guide the man stood ready for his infinite voyage, and from the terraces of heaven, without sound or farewell, at once they wheeled away into endless space. Sometimes with the solemn flight of angel wings they passed through Saharas of darkness, through wildernesses of death, that divided the worlds of life; sometimes they swept over frontiers that were quickening under prophetic motions from God. Then, from a distance which is counted only in heaven, light dawned for a time through a shapeless film; by unutterable pace the light swept to them, they by unutterable pace to the light. In a moment the rushing of planets was upon them; in a moment the blazing of suns was around them. Then came eternities of twilight, that revealed but were not revealed. On the right hand and on the left towered mighty constellations, that by self-repetitions and answers from afar, that by counter-positions built up triumphal gates, whose architraves, whose archways, horizontal, upright, rested, rose, at altitude, by spans that seemed ghostly from infinitude. Without measure were the architraves, past number were the archways, beyond memory the gates. Within were stairs that scaled the eternities around; above was below and below was above to the man stripped of gravitating body; depth was swallowed up in height insurmountable, height was swallowed up in depth unfathomable. Suddenly, as thus they rode from infinite to infinite—suddenly, as thus they tilted over abysmal worlds—a mighty cry arose that systems more mysterious, that worlds more billowy, other heights and other depths, were coming, were nearing, were at hand. Then the man sighed and stopped, shuddered and wept. His overladen heart uttered itself in tears, and he said, 'Angel, I will go no farther, for the spirit of man acheth with this infinity. Insufferable is the glory of God. Let me lie down in the grave, and hide me from the persecution of the Infinite, for end I see there is none.' And from all the listening stars that shone around issued a choral voice, 'The man speaketh truly; end there is none that ever yet we heard of!—' 'End is there none?' the angel solemnly demanded; 'is there indeed no end?' And is this the sorrow that fills you?' But no voice answered, that he might answer himself. Then the angel threw up his glorious hands to the heaven of heavens, saying, 'End is there none to the universe of God: lo! also, there is no beginning!'"

—Dr. Farr, an English scientist, says that if one could watch the march of 1,000,000 people through life, the following result would be observable: 150,000 will die the first year, 58,000 the second year, 28,000 in the third year, and less than 4,000 in the thirteenth year. At the end of the forty-five years, 500,000 will die. At the end of sixty years 870,000 will still be living; at the end of eighty years 97,000; at eighty-five 81,000, and at ninety-five years, 2,100. At the end of 100 years there will be 228, and at the end of 108 years there will be but one survivor.

—"Ordinary business knowledge and business habits are just as attainable by a woman as by a man," says Mrs. Craik. "To be able to keep accounts, to write a brief, intelligent business letter, and to accustom herself to exactitude and punctuality, is as easy and as valuable to a girl in her teens, as to a youth in an office or a young man at college."