

Dominion Churchman.

Vol. 8.]

TORONTO, THURSDAY, AUGUST 19, 1880.

[No. 81.]

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THURSDAY, AUGUST 19, 1880.

THE PROPRIETOR'S HOLIDAY.

In accordance with a very usual custom, and with the concurrence of numerous subscribers, we propose taking a week's vacation for the benefit of ourselves and family. During the period of more than five years, in which we have published the DOMINION CHURCHMAN, we have not taken a holiday; and we find it quite necessary to avail ourselves of the present opportunity for the purpose of enjoying a brief respite from our toilsome occupation.

The DOMINION CHURCHMAN will therefore not be issued on the 26th Inst. The next issue will be September 2nd.

THE Bishop of Queensland visits England on account of domestic loss. His visit will be attended with the completion of several matters connected with his Diocese.

The successor of Canon Carter, as Rector of Clewes, is the Rev. Roland Errington, who was formally inducted by the Bishop of Oxford at a special service. The Bishop commended the new rector to the prayers of the congregation, and said that he had succeeded to a heritage of duty peculiar in its difficulty and its responsibility. He mentioned the many works of benevolence and charity which had been carried on by the late Rector, during a period of five-and-twenty years. To continue these works would involve a peculiar responsibility. He counselled mutual forbearance and concession, and he charged the new Rector, as he had done in private conference, to be careful of their feelings and even of their prejudices. He charged the people to do all they could to help him in the work to which he had set his hand, giving no occasion for disputings, and then he might, God willing, do good service in the saving of souls in that parish. He besought them to allow all differences to pass away, and to do all they could in the short life that was left to them to work together in Christian charity.

A most successful district festival in connection with the Canterbury Diocesan Choral Union, was held in the parish church of St. Mary's, Faversham, on the 22nd. Ten choirs of the neighborhood took part in the service and there were nearly 800 voices. Upwards of a hundred were in surplices, who, with the clergy, formed the procession, singing, "Ten thousand times ten thousand," to the setting of Dr. Dykes. The anthem was, "O love the Lord, all ye His Saints." The recessional hymn was, "Saviour, blessed Saviour." A good practical sermon was preached by the Rev. W. N. Griffin, Vicar of Ospringe and Rural Dean.

A correspondent of the London Record writing from Italy says:—"Demolition is fast going on. That which, in England, is apparently being built

up, in Italy is in rapid process of destruction. A few more years and there will be no Roman Church, such as she now is, to coquette with, and to imitate. As it is, she is, in the mind of the majority of the good in Italy, a church fast passing away. What presses much more upon the minds of Italians than the prospect of demolition is that of reconstruction, and the basis and principles on which it should proceed. Here it is that they want direction. I wish I could place in the hands of some of the eminent men with whom I am acquainted with in Rome and Florence a copy of our own Book of Common Prayer in Italian."

The Old Testament Revision Committee concluded their 64th session. The version of Job was continued to chapter 38:35. The New Testament Committee are now engaged in harmonizing their various renderings.

The question of the "Church and Dissent" is to come before the Congress at Leicester at the end of September, in the following form, "The responsibility of the church towards dissent, with special regard to home reunion." The subject will be introduced by the Dean of Peterborough, and Archdeacon Watkins in papers, and Earl Nelson, the Bishop of Liverpool, and Professor Plumtre will speak upon it.

The London Post says that the Marquis of Ripon has ordered the discontinuance of the practice of doing official work of any kind on Sundays, as has been hitherto done in certain departments of the Government of India.

Frankfort-on-the-Maine, with a population of about 100,000, is the richest city of its size in the world. There are one hundred Frankforters worth from four million dollars to five million dollars each, and two hundred and fifty who are worth one million dollars and upward. The city is one of the great banking centres of the globe. Its aggregate banking capital is estimated at two hundred million dollars—more than one-fourth of which the Rothschilds, whose original and parent house is there, own and control.

The highest elevator in the world is that just completed in the Washington monument. It is 176 feet high, is capable of bearing ten tons, and was erected at a cost of \$20,000. It is run by an eighty-horse-power, engine, and will be used in carrying the stones to the top of the shaft. A railroad from the workshop runs to the foot of the monument, where a derrick hoists the stone and places it on the elevator. At the top railroads convey the stones to their places. An iron stairway has also been put in at a cost of \$16,000. Both the stairway and elevator will be permanent. As the work proceeds sections will be added to the elevator.

The defeat of the Compensation Bill on its second reading in the House of Lords, by 262 to 51, although not unexpected, appears to have created a profound sensation. A thousand troops have been ordered to Ireland at once. It is, however, stated that the Government does not anticipate any serious rising in that country. Some outrages on individuals have taken place, but the troops are sent in order to restore public confidence.

The present Governor of New Zealand, Sir Hercules Robinson, has been appointed Governor of the Cape of Good Hope. It is stated that the cause of Sir Bartle Frere's recall (was in consequence of the failure of confederation.

The Porte is expected to cede Dulcigno to Montenegro, so that there will probably be no necessity for the naval demonstration by the Great Powers.

There are sixty thousand British troops now engaged in the Afghan war, forty thousand of whom are within the frontiers of the country. These do not include the recent reinforcements. Additional troops are being pushed forward to Candahar. The prospects of the war bear a very ugly aspect.

During the last three or four years £110,000 stg. have been collected for the Truro Cathedral—most of it within the limits of the old Diocese.

A piece of land in Douglas is to be given as a site for a cathedral for the Isle of Man.

Mrs. Fraser, wife of the Bishop of Manchester has recently laid the foundation stone of a new church in Greenheys, Manchester. It will cost about £10,000 stg., and will be dedicated to St. Clement.

The Church is making progress in the Island of Guernsey. At a confirmation there, a larger number of candidates was presented to the Bishop than was ever known before. The first surpliced choir in the island was introduced at St. Stephen's on the 18th ult. The offertory was unusually large on the occasion. There are weekly as well as other Festival celebrations of the Eucharist.

The Rev. G. E. Jeff, son of the late Dr. Jeff, Principal of King's College, has been appointed by the Lord Chancellor to the Canonry of Rochester, vacant by the death of the Rev. Canon Miller.

The Irish Representative Church Body met on the 21st for the last time before the recess. The Archbishop of Dublin took the chair and only sixteen out of the sixty members were present.

The Bishop of Meath held an ordination on the 18th, at the parish church of Kells, when two graduates of Dublin obtained Deacon's orders.

The Bishop of Cashel met his Diocesan Synod on the 23rd. There was a full attendance and the business was got through in half a day.

The memorial to the late Bishop Gregg in Cork Cathedral is nearly finished. The late Bishop laid the foundation stone of that church in 1865, consecrated the building in 1870, and laid the top stone of the spire in 1878.

A service of unusual nature was held recently in the parish church at Fontstown, Kildare, in recognition of the singular fact that three incumbencies, of incumbents in a direct line of descent, have together lasted for exactly one hundred years. The Rev. Walter Bagot was instituted in July, 1780; his son John, in 1807; and his grandson, Rev. R.

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W. Bagot, in 1854. The sermon was preached by Archdeacon Stack, grandson of the Rev. Walter Bagot.

A new town hall and court house have been opened in Kingstown. They cost £16,000 stg. The valuation of Kingstown has trebled during the last forty years, and the population has risen from 8,000 to 21,000.

In the Royal Irish Constabulary there are eight thousand Roman Catholics and three thousand non-Romanists. The superior officers and, therefore those holding the Commission of the Peace, are mostly non-Romanists.

The fact that there has been a large increase of deposits in the Irish Savings Banks is regarded as throwing doubt on the magnitude of the distress in Ireland.

The new occupant of the throne of Cabul, Abdul Rahman, is grandson of England's old friend, Dost Mohammed. He has been for some time under the protection of the Russians at Bokhara. It is hoped that he may exhibit the honesty and straightforwardness of his grandfather, although it must not be forgotten that, as a rule, the Afghans are very treacherous as well as very daring. It is remarked that those who eat the bitter bread of exile are well satisfied with the treatment of their hosts, so that the influence of Russia in this case may not be so great as some would anticipate.

At the last monthly meeting of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, a total of £850 stg. in ten grants, varying from £25 to £150, were recommended by the Standing Committee for Sunday Schools and Mission Rooms, subject to certain specified conditions.

The second of a series of organ recitals took place in Llandaff Cathedral, on the evening of Monday, 19th. The Dean, Dr. Vaughan, occupied his stall in his surplice and said a prayer at the beginning and end of the recital. An immense congregation assembled and listened with profound attention to the programme drawn up by the Cathedral organist, Mr. C. L. Williams, Mus. Bac. Oxon. *Instrumental*—Slow Movement, Spohr; Sonata, Gladstone; Andante in E, Guilmant; Funeral March, Chopin; Postlude in D, Stuart. *Vocal*—As the Hart pants, Gounod; Evening Prayer, Mendelssohn; Come unto Him, Gounod; God is a Spirit, Bennett; Hymn 81, Ancient and Modern. The highly-trained choir sang all their vocal music without accompaniment, in the Lady Chapel, and the effect of their voices coming through the space over the altar, was most beautiful. In the last five bars of Gounod's anthem, "Come unto Him," the pianissimo was enchanting. The fact of the Cathedral not being lit up added to the solemnity of the occasion.

THE THIRTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

IT is Christianity that has taught us that we are neighbors to the distresses of every man, because not one of human kind has a charter of exemption from any of the ills to which flesh is heir. And it is by the Lord having become the Good Samaritan Himself when man had fallen into the hands of his spiritual foes, that we learn the fullest extent to which benevolence can be carried. Out of the love which Christ bore springs our love both to Him and to our neighbor. We love Him because

He first loved us; and our love for others is the necessary fruit of our love to Him. It is the application of this principle which forms the teaching of the parable in the Communion Office for this Sunday. And the necessity for the mercy and love of our Lord Jesus Christ was heralded and pre-figured by the law which was as a school-master to bring us to Christ, by imparting a sense of our sinfulness and our consequent need of a Saviour. By a careful study of the law we have broken, we come to learn the constant need we have of the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ—the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ in all the events, the trials and the sorrows of life. In declining age as well as in the torrents of trouble that sometimes break over our path and overwhelm the soul, it is then we need the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ. And impressed with this feeling we must come up to Heaven's gates, for unless come there as contrite sinners we can never hope to enter, or to look for the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ unto eternal life. The very last step taken in this world must be one of joy and consolation, connected with a lively hope; but it must also be one of contrition and penitence for sin, or we cannot come into the condition of those who are permitted to depart with Christian peace, looking for the salvation of God. Let those look to merits who have any on which to rest. According to the Epistle of this day's Communion Office, the idea of any man being able to perform an action with anything strictly meritorious about it, will be seen to be quite out of the question. We are to be judged according to our works, and good and pious actions are to be rewarded in the world to come; but that is solely from the free and unmerited grace and mercy of God, through our Lord Jesus Christ. Let those look to their sufferings who can find anything meritorious about them. Let those look to their good works who have done more than their Master has required of them. It is for true Christians to say, We are unprofitable servants: we have done no more than was our duty to do.

THE EDUCATION OF YOUTH.

As at this season of the year preparation is accustomed to be made for securing educational advantages to young people, it is very necessary that attention should be specially directed to this subject.

There are schools enough in the country, so far as numbers are concerned, for all the young people among us. But a considerable difference exists in the opinion formed as to what education means, and as to the mode that should be adapted in securing it; and a consequent difference likewise exists as to the kind of education provided, and the kind of fostering it should have. The Government of the country has only endeavored to provide that kind of education which may be necessary to prepare for secular pursuits in the apparently total ignorance that has furnished an instrument just as powerful in the interests of wickedness and vice as it can possibly be for the promotion of religion and virtue. The sharper the sword placed in the hands of the untried, so much the more mischief may be done by the indiscreet use of it. The "judicious" Hooker remarks that, "it is the business of education to enable us both the sooner and the better to judge rightly between truth and error, good and evil." It must therefore connect itself very largely with the authority and influence of religion. We therefore conclude that anything which guides the teaching and the sanctions of religion, is in no respect worthy the name it as-

sumes, and may very possibly do just as much harm as good. It is especially of Churchmen to see that the system of education they select for the little ones of Christ's flock shall teach the principles of the Church of which they are members, otherwise they will have secured the mint, the anise, and the cummin, while they have neglected the weightier matters—judgment, mercy, and truth, or they have led their offspring to believe that they count of far more value the vile dross of earth than the fine gold of heaven.

What the Government of the country has failed to do, the parent is bound to supply if indeed he wish in any respect to satisfy the responsibilities of his position. The advertising columns of the DOMINION CHURCHMAN contain notices of Institutions of extreme value to this country in an educational point of view, and the education they furnish is not merely that of a secular character such as the Government of Canada has furnished, but embraces also those higher features which will satisfy the principles enunciated by Hooker. The Heads of these Establishments will be glad to reply to any communications addressed to them in reference to their respective Institutions.

CHURCH THOUGHTS BY A LAYMAN.

No. 24.

THE RELATION OF THE SUNDAY SCHOOL TO SOCIETY.

(CONTINUED.)

We continue the Centenary Essay commenced last week:—

Now, we Canadians are a Society—we are all under mutual obligations of mutual protection; we have each sacrificed his personal freedom in order to insure the larger, the more certain liberty of the social sphere,—and no one will deny that we are a Society organized on a Christian basis.

Of each of us it may be said, in the words of Rousseau, "The engagements in which we are bound to society are obligatory because they are mutual, and their nature is such that we cannot, in discharging them, labor for the good of others without, at the same time laboring for our own good."—(*Contract Social, chapter iv*).

A thousand proofs of this will spring to your minds if you reflect. Take one: during last winter large numbers of the children in Canada were stricken with fever, and many died, because we, as a Society, scandalously neglected to cleanse our cities, so typhus, and scarlatina, and measles, came to punish us for avoiding a social or society duty. Look at the terrible cost and shame which vice and crime inflict on our Society, which is a direct consequence of the refusal or neglect of citizens to observe the obligations of society. On the brighter side see how beautiful a sight is the action of those benevolent forces which sustain our Hospitals and Homes, all inspired and nourished by the sense of a society bond embracing every citizen.

Now, we ask, in what relation Sunday Schools stand to each of us, as members of society?

That relationship seems to us not speculative but positive, definite, manifest and recognized.

It is a *positive* relation, for the work of the Sunday School gives a palpable direction to the conduct of scholars as members of society.

It is a *definite* relation, because no confusion or dispute exists as to the claims or objects of our schools, or, in our idea of their service to society.

It is a *manifest* relation, because the work of the Schools is done openly, before the eyes of all, and its effects are manifest in the life influence exercised over the children as members of society.

It is a *recognized* relation, because without the shadow of any force or compulsion, the vast mass of the children of society are sent to our schools to be taught their duty to society; or, in the grand old Catechism, taught "to do their duty in that state of life unto which it has pleased God to call them."

Now, a relation so *positive*, so *definite*, so *manifest*, so *recognized*, must be an easy one to state.

It is easy to state. The Sunday School stands to society in that happy relation of a Teacher, the aim of all its work being to spread Christian knowledge and diffuse Christian influences amongst the young members of society. Every child who is in a moral and spiritual sense uncared for—I care not how clever it may be made by secular education—is a pupil of Satan, whose mission is to dissolve society, by creating those vicious habits by which it becomes disintegrated into anarchy.

The Sunday School relation is also that of Missionary Shepherd to the stray Lambs of Society, whom it seeks to draw from the wild pastures of evil, into the fold of Christ, which is the highest School of Society.

In a very real sense society is a debtor to the Sunday School for the enlightening and reclamatory forces it brings to bear in saving society the shame, the misery, the cost, the degrading pollution of those children whom it redeems from ignorance, from vice, and from crime by Christian teaching and influences.

As an illustration of this, we may quote the words of the vicar of a Leicestershire parish, reported in a recent number of "Church Bells," he said that the moral influence of his Sunday School on the children of the parish was most gratifying; that, although a rough population and poor, the law was seldom broken, and peace, good order, and respect for property characterised the class of youths who, when left without religious training, were universally found to yield a sad percentage of criminals and law-breakers. Lord Thesiger, at a recent School Conference, said that his experience at the bar and on the bench has convinced him of the inestimable value of Sunday Schools as a check upon the development of criminal character and habits. Our own experience tallies with the above. We have known boys in schools we have taught who, when fast drifting into a criminal career, were induced to join the School, and who were gradually drawn away from vicious associates and are now honorable citizens and ornaments of Society and the Church.

The shore of Time is strewn with the wrecks of families, societies, yea, even Churches and Empires, which went to pieces from the rotting of selfish vices. All the science, all the philosophy, all the secular education, all the skill in war and genius in government, with which ancient kingdoms shone so resplendently, were of no service in keeping those nations sound and united; as societies they fell for lack of those elements which it is the mission of the Sunday School to infuse into society, the elements of Virtue which preserve and the element of Righteousness which exalteth a nation.

There is in all society a tendency to oppress the weak, to outrage the sensitive, and to exalt the selfish and strong. In the struggle for wealth and position incidents and deeds occur as cruel as ever drew forth the cry and moans of the wounded on a battle field. What is usually called "Society" is inspired by intense vanity, vulgar self-seeking, and mere animalism, the self-constituted members of which, with utterly inhuman stolidity, insult all whom they have the desire or power to repel from their own narrow and unlovely circle.

This spirit of contemptuous, scornful isolation pervades all classes, and, but for some counteracting antiseptic, the wells of society would be bitter and poisonous, and its yoke unbearable. The Sunday School is like a sweetening bough cast into society's bitter waters. Scholars and teachers there learn a nobler lesson than society, be it ever so refined, be it ever so lofty, can teach, for in that sacred service of Humanity all ranks learn the charm of Christian service, the dignity of Christian self-sacrifice, which ennoble the humblest and place all upon a loftier plane than "Society" ever treads. In the sphere of Sunday School work,

"Signs of holiness like stars
Shine on all deservers."

In the unseen depths of the humblest range of that work there shine "full many a gem of purest ray serene," Christian heroes and heroines who are transforming the half-savage street arabs, the natural enemies of society, of both sexes, into gentle, pure, virtuous social beings. If the eyes of society were opened, there would come on these workers from its heart the Old Man's blessing in Macbeth:—

"God's benison be with you and with all who would make
Good of bad and friends of foes."

It is a common boast of lands like ours, where laws are so broadly based on the popular will. "How peaceable are our people, how full of self-respect, how little we hear of bitter social feuds or strife." But whence this respect for law, whence this gentleness, whence this patience of the poor with their wretchedness? No political arrangements can inspire men with those virtues which are the bonds of society. The Sunday School Teacher who opens up the lesson of the Good Samaritan to his or her class is doing a better work for ensuring social order and stability than all the wisdom concentrated in the literature of politics.

The Sunday School sends out into the darkest and poorest homes—into homes wherein uncared-for poverty would breed civil disorder—a healing flood of social, loving, consoling, elevating, binding influences. Thus is seen another relation of the Sunday School to Society. It is the Reconciler of social differences, the Conservator of social unity and the Witness of social brotherhood. Like a loving physician, too, it seeks to heal the wounds of society by the balm of loving sympathy and kindly help in time of need. But for the help of social forces which spread out from Sunday Schools, society would be disintegrated by class jealousies, rent by class hatreds, and be in danger of falling to pieces by the corruption of selfish pride.

PLYMOUTHISM AND MODERN EVANGELICALS.

WE say "Modern Evangelicals" for two reasons. One is because we wish to distinguish between the true, the broad, and expansive evangelism of the Gospel, and the miserable, narrow caricature of it which has of late years assumed this sacred name; and another reason is because we wish also to distinguish between the modern "Evangelicals" and their predecessors who took the same appellation. The original Evangelicals were *Churchmen*; what the present race who claim the name of Evangelicals, wish to be considered, we are at a loss to understand. Most of them, that is the main body of them, as a "party," abjure all the distinctive principles of the authoritative teaching of the Church. Their system all tends to the belief that one Christian organization has just as much authority as another (which is as much as to say that the Church has no Divine origin), and yet when their principles are carried to their practical conclusion, which is

Plymouthism, they rail at it just as much as if it was the very antipodes of their belief, instead of being, as it really is, the legitimate outcome of their own teaching—which mainly consists, in its negative aspect, in denying the value of Christ's Sacraments, and the organization of the Church originated by the Lord Jesus Christ Himself—and which are therefore essential parts of His Gospel. An article, overflowing with bitterness, may be written with much gusto in their periodicals, against Plymouthism; but when twenty or thirty pages are devoted to denunciations against most of the teachings of the Church, the one page given to a tirade against the "schisms and divisions" arising from a practical exemplification of their own most favorite principles, as they appear among the Plymouth Brethren, is simply ridiculous.

An admirable article recently appeared in the *Scottish Guardian*, on "Evangelicals and High Churchmen," which is worthy of the widest circulation, and has considerable bearing upon the subject of these remarks. We shall probably allude to the article again. At present we content ourselves with the following quotation:—

"The intervention of the Episcopal or Sacramental office in its application and distribution of Sacramental grace, seems sometimes to repel the Evangelical. If he be thoughtful and intelligent it will not do so. A preacher is declaring the good news of salvation by Jesus Christ, his mode of utterance is regulated according to the unvarying laws of nature, by the action of which it also comes to pass that the sound of his words penetrates the ear of a man in the congregation. The words he hears are, perhaps, nothing new to him. But, when the sermon is over, the force of those words will make the man go home and change his whole course of life. What gave to words, in themselves perfectly familiar, conveyed to the mind by the natural processes of speaking and hearing, such unwonted and extraordinary power? The Evangelical can explain. And how much of the efficacy of those words is to be ascribed to the preacher who uttered them? What was the preacher's position and share in the transaction? These questions, also, the Evangelical can answer; and let him think again that just as men cannot (ordinarily) receive certain gifts from God without a preacher, and yet the excellency of the powers of God and not of man, so men cannot (ordinarily) receive gifts from God without a priest, and yet the excellency of the power is of God, and not of man. It was acutely said, the other day, that the raid against sacerdotalism is in truth rather an attack on *ministertalism*;" and the writer might have said, also, it is attack on the most cherished principles of the Gospel.

BOOK NOTICE.

LOVELL'S Advanced Geography will be issued on the 18th inst., containing 45 Colored Maps, 210 Illustrations, and a number of Statistical Tables. Price \$1.50.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We should feel obliged by correspondents writing their communications to this paper as legibly as possible, especially when proper names occur. It is sometimes a matter of considerable difficulty for printer and proof-reader to decipher what is written *currente calamo* unless the subject is one with which they are familiar. We regret extremely the occurrence of mistakes, but they will necessarily occur where the copy is not particularly clear.

PLAIN REASONS AGAINST JOINING THE
CHURCH OF ROME.

ROMAN CREATURE-WORSHIP.

1. "Hail, Queen, Mother of Mercy, our Life, Sweetness, and Hope, all hail! To thee we cry, banished sons of Eve, to thee we sigh, groaning and weeping in this vale of tears. Turn then, O our Advocate, thy merciful eyes to us, and after this our exile, show us Jesus, the blessed fruit of thy womb, O loving, O sweet Virgin Mary."

"V. Make me worthy to praise thee, O sacred Virgin.

R. Give me strength against thine enemies."

2. "We fly beneath thy shelter, O holy Mother of God, despise not our petitions in our necessities, and deliver us from all perils, O glorious and blessed Virgin."

3. "Heart of Mary, Mother of God.....worthy of all the veneration of angels and men.....Heart full of goodness, ever-compassionate towards our sufferings, vouchsafe to thaw our icy hearts.....In thee let the holy Church find safe shelter; protect it, and be its sweet asylum, its tower of strength.....Be thou our help in need, our comfort in trouble, our strength in temptation, our refuge in persecution, our aid in all dangers....."

4. "Sweet Heart of Mary, be my salvation."

5. "Leave me not, my Mother, in my own hands, or I am lost. Let me but cling to thee. Save me, my Hope; save me from hell."

6. "Michael, glorious prince, chief and champion of the heavenly host.....vouchsafe to free us from every evil, who with full confidence have recourse to thee."

7. "Benign Joseph, our guide, protect us and the holy Church."

8. "Guardian of virgins, and holy father Joseph, to whose faithful keeping Christ Jesus, innocence itself, and Mary, Virgin of virgins, were committed, I pray and beseech thee by these two dear pledges, Jesus and Mary, that being preserved from all uncleanness, I may with spotless mind, pure heart, and chaste body, ever most chastely serve Jesus and Mary. Amen."

These are only a few specimens culled out of the many, and it is easy to test their true nature by substituting the names of the Father and Christ for those which occur in them; so nothing less can be said than that they encroach sorely on the incommunicable attributes of God. Even if they did not, the whole practice of the Invocation of Saints is founded on pure guesswork. Not one syllable can be discovered in the Old or New Testament which gives the least ground or suggestion of it; God has never been pleased to reveal it, nor can the smallest evidence or trace of it be found for nearly four hundred years after Christ. It is at best a mere conjecture that the Saints do know what passes on earth, and can hear and join in the prayers of the faithful. It may be so, but God has not chosen to make it known to us, and it is a very perilous thing to fly in the face of His holy Word on the mere chance that a guess of ours may be correct; a guess, too, which casts a doubt on the perfect sympathy of Christ.

It may, perhaps, be argued that expressions of devotion, even if somewhat unguarded, are not to be rigidly weighed and judged. Some extracts from a formal theological work, Liguori's "Glory of Mary," are therefore added here:—

"Queen, Mother, and Spouse of the King, to her belong dominion and power over all creatures."

"She is Queen of Mercy as Jesus is King of Justice."

"In the Franciscan chronicles it is narrated that Brother Leo once saw a red ladder, on the top of which was Jesus Christ; and a white one, on the top of which was His most Holy Mother, and he saw some one who tried to ascend the red ladder, and they mounted a few steps and fell; they tried again, and again fell. They were then advised to go and try the white ladder, and by that one they easily ascended, for our Blessed Lady stretched out her hands and helped them, and so they got safely to heaven."

If this be not blasphemous against the Lord Jesus Christ, and a formal denial against His power to save and His being the way to heaven, there are no such sins possible.

Yet, even before Pius IX. made Liguori a "Doctor of the Church," the Congregation of Rites decreed in 1808 that, "in all the writings of Alphonso de Liguori there is not one word that can be justly found fault with."

It may be just remarked here, as showing how modern this sort of thing is, that the most popular of all devotions to the Blessed Virgin, the Angelus, does not appear to have been used at all till Pope John XXII. instituted it in 1316; while its latter clause, "Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sin-

ners now and in the hour of our death," cannot be found earlier than 1507, and was first sanctioned for general use by a bull of Pius V., July 7, 1568, while the use of the Ave Maria before sermons is due to St. Vincent Ferrer (1419).

This is quite in accordance with what we may expect, seeing how clear is the evidence in the early Christian Fathers against any practice of invocation of the king now popular. Here are a few samples:—St. Irenæus (A. D. 180): "As the Church has freely received from the Lord, so does she freely minister, nor does she do anything by invocation of angels...but by directing her prayers clearly, purely, and openly to the Lord, Who made all things, and calling on the name of our Lord Jesus Christ."—"Cont. Hær." ii. 32).

St. Clement of Alexandria (A. D. 200): "Since there is only one good God, both we ourselves and the angels supplicate from Him alone."—"Stromat." vii. 7).

Origen (A. D. 230): "Every prayer and supplication, and intercession and thanksgiving, is to be sent up to God, Who is above all, through the High Priest, Who is above all angels, He being Word and God. For it is not reasonable that they who do not understand the knowledge of angels, which is above man's, should invoke them. If their knowledge.....were understood, this very knowledge would not suffer us to dare to pray to any other but to God, the Lord over all, Who is sufficient for all, through our Saviour, the Son of God."—"Cont. Cels." vii).

"To those who place their confidence in the Saints, we fitly produce as an example, 'Cursed is the man which hopeth in man;' and again, 'Do not put your trust in man;' and another, 'It is better to trust in the Lord than in princes.' If it be necessary to put our trust in anyone, let us leave all others, and trust in the Lord."—"Hom. i. in Ezek." xvii).

St. Athanasius (A. D. 370): "It is written, 'Be my protecting God, my house of refuge and saviour, and 'The Lord is the refuge of the poor;' and whatever things of the same sort are found in scripture. But if they say that these things are spoken of the Son, which would perhaps be true, let him confess that the Saints did not think of calling on a created being to be their helper and house of refuge."—"Orat. cont. Arianos," i).

Council of Laodicea (circa A. D. 360)—the same which settled the canon of Scripture—"Christians ought not to forsake the Church of God, and depart and invoke angels, and hold meetings, which are forbidden. If anyone, therefore, be found giving himself to this hidden idolatry, let him be anathema, because he hath left our Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God, and hath betaken himself to idolatry."—(Canon xxxv).

It is true that just after this time we find the first germs of the practice at the close of the fourth century in St. Gregory Nazianzen (A. D. 390) and St. Gregory Nyssen (A. D. 396); but their slight apostrophes are very unlike the newer ones, even if their example could set aside a Divine principle: and yet later, St. Chrysostom (A. D. 407), commenting on Coloss. ii. 18, says that the "voluntary humility and worshipping of angels" there condemned by St. Paul, refers to "such as say that we must not approach God through Christ's mediation, that being too great a thing for us, but through the angels,"—exactly the popular Roman plea.

Diocesan Intelligence.

TORONTO.

SYNOD OFFICE.—Collections, &c., received during the week ending August 14th, 1880.

MISSION FUND—July Collections.—Brooklin, 1.50; Columbus, 1.22; Allister, 2.00; Barrie, 5.00; Coldwater, 77 cents; Vasey's, 28 cents; Victoria Harbor, 58 cents; Waubauskene, 50 cents; Batteau, 2.18; Duntroon, 1.95; Singhampton, 1.40; Uxbridge, St. Paul's, 10.55; Goodwood, 1.00; Greenbank, 65 cents; Albion and Mono, St. James', 1.11, Mono Mills, 1.05, St. John's, 38 cents, St. George's, 82 cents; Scarborough, Christ Church, 2.22, St. Paul's, 2.00, St. Jude's, 40 cents; Cookstown, 2.12; Pinkerton's, 85 cents; Breden's, 58 cents; Darlington and Bowmanville, 6.04; Ennis-killan, 1.15; Christ Church, York Township, 7.77; Kettleby, 70 cents; Nobbleton, 81 cents. January Collection.—Uxbridge, 3.00. Parochial Collections.—Uxbridge, balance, 5.62. In answer to \$1,000 Offer.—William Gamble, balance of subscription, 20.00.

ALGOMA FUND.—From Society for Promotion of Canadian and Foreign Missions, 33.00. Day of Intercession Collection.—Uxbridge, 8.33.

WIDOWS' AND ORPHANS' FUND—Donation.—James Sydney Crocker, 5.00.

VICTORIA HARBOR.—Efforts are being made at this mission to build a school house and church. Subscriptions have been received towards the building as follows:—Perkins, Ince & Co., \$10; H. S. Howlands &

Sons, \$5; Childs & Co., \$5; Denison, Scott & Co., \$5, Galt Bros. & Co., Montreal, \$10; Rev. Geo. Hallen; \$4; Mr. Edgar Hallen, \$1.

The Rev. Septimus Jones acknowledges with thanks \$21.39, from the St. George's Church, for the Sunday School Cent. Fund. Please address Rev. S. Jones, Toronto (not Yorkville).

NIAGARA.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

The indefatigable Bishop of this Diocese has employed his spare time during his brief visit to England, by advocating the cause of Missions in the Algoma Diocese, through several parishes in the north of England, and with very successful results. He intends, after a short visit to his uncle, General England and to Lord Hatherleigh, to start for home on the 23rd of this month.

GUELPH.—St. George's Church.—The annual Sunday School Picnic at the beautiful grounds of Rosehurst, has grown into a great Parochial Festival. At the last, a few days since, there were on the grounds at one time over a thousand children, with their parents, &c., and at the tables over 800 sat down and were well supplied with tea, fruit, cakes, &c., in the greatest profusion, while many sat in picnic style under the trees. Such entertainments have an excellent effect in bringing all classes of a congregation together.

Correspondence.

All Letters will appear with the names of the writers in full

THE RELATION OF WESLEYANISM TO THE CHURCH.

DEAR SIR,—I clip the following letter from the Church Review, of May 21st. I think it would be attended with advantage if the information it contains were circulated among the churchmen and semi-churchmen of this Diocese. I therefore send it to you, with a request that you will give it a place in your columns.

Yours faithfully,

JOHN FLETCHER.

Unionville.

SIR,—Wesley intended the society founded by him to be in the English Church what the Tertiaries or Third order of St. Francis is in the Roman Church—a people who, though living in the world, are bound by certain semi-monastic rules. Nor is this mere assertion. If your readers will refer to your issue of December 20th last, they will see what the ancient disciple of the Methodist society was like, and the passages given below will clearly show in what relation that society, or order, or guild, stood to the Anglican Church. It will not be out of the way to observe here that most of the founders of religious societies, with the same opposition and persecution as did that venerable priest and saint of God, John Wesley, at the outset of his revivalistic efforts. The first of the following quotations is from a sermon on the "Ministerial Office," preached by him to his preachers at Cork, I believe, about two years before his death:—

"Two young men sowed the Word of God not only in the Churches, but literally, by the highway side, and, indeed, in every place where sinners had ears to hear. They were members of the Church of England, and had no design of separating them. And they advised all that were of it to continue therein, although they joined the Methodist society, for this did not imply leaving their former congregations, but only leaving their sins. Not long after a young man, Thomas Maxfield, offered to serve them as a son in the Gospel, and then another Thomas Richards, and a little after a third, Thomas Westell. Let it be well observed on what terms we accepted these, namely, as prophets, not as priests. We received them wholly and solely to preach, not to administer sacraments. And those who imagine these offices to be inseparably joined are totally ignorant of the constitution of the Jewish as well as Christian Church. Neither the Romish or the English ever accounted them so, otherwise we should never have accepted the services of Messrs. Maxfield, Richards, or Westell. In 1744 all the Methodist preachers had their first conference. But none of them dreamed that the being called to preach gave them any right to administer sacraments. In order hereto one of our first rules was given to each preacher, 'You are to do that part of the work which we appoint.' But what work was this? Did we ever appoint you to administer the sacraments, to exercise the priestly office? Such a design never

entered our minds. It was the farthest from our thoughts, and if any preacher had taken such a step we should have looked upon it as a breach of this rule, and, consequently, as a recantation of our connection. And in doing this you renounce the first principles of Methodism, which was wholly and solely to preach the Gospel. Now, as long as the Methodists keep to this plan, they cannot separate from the Church. And this is our peculiar glory.....With the Methodists it is far otherwise. They are not a sect or party, they do not separate from the religious community to which they at first belonged, they are still members of the Church; such they deserve to live and die. And, I believe, one reason why God is pleased to continue my life so long is to confirm them in their present purpose not to separate from the Church. But notwithstanding this many warm men say, 'Aye, but you do separate;' others are equally warm and say, 'I do not.' I will nakedly declare the truth as it is. I hold all the doctrines of the Church of England. I love her Liturgy. I approve her plan of discipline, and only wish it could be carried into execution. I do not knowingly vary from any rule of the Church, unless in those few instances where I judge there is an absolute necessity. For instance, (1) as there are few clergymen who open their churches to me I am under the necessity of preaching abroad; (2) as I know no form that will suit all occasions, I am often under the necessity of praying extempore; (3) in order to build up the flock of Christ in faith and love I am under the necessity of uniting them together and dividing them into little companies that they may provoke one another to love and good works; (4) that my fellow labourers and I may more effectually assist each other to save our own souls, and those that hear us, I judge it necessary to meet the preachers once a year; (5) in these conferences we fix the stations of all the preachers for the ensuing year. But all this is not separation from the Church. Nevertheless, as the generality even of religious people who do not understand my motive of acting, and who, on the one hand, hear me profess that I will not separate from the Church, and, on the other hand, that I do vary from it in these instances, they will naturally think that I am inconsistent. And they cannot but think so unless they observe my two principles: the one that I dare not separate from the Church, that I believe it would be a sin to do so; the other, that I believe it would be a sin not to vary from it in the points above mentioned. I say, put these two principles together, both of which I have openly and constantly maintained for upwards of fifty years, and inconsistency vanishes away. I have been true to my profession since 1780 to this day. I wish you, who are vulgarly termed Methodists, would seriously consider what has been said, particularly you whom God has commissioned to call sinners to repentance. It does by no means follow that ye are commissioned to baptize or administer the Lord's Supper. Ye never dreamed of this for ten or twenty years after you began to preach. You did not then, like Korah, Dathan, and Abiram, seek the priesthood also. You know 'no man taketh this honor to himself, but he that is called of God, as was Aaron.' O contain yourselves within your own bounds, be content with preaching the Gospel. I earnestly advise you bide in your place."

The above is one of Wesley's last announcements to his society. The following is only confirmatory of what has gone before, taken from magazines issued thirty years and more after Wesley's death:—

"Mr. Wesley denied from the beginning that they were Dissenters. 'Do we separate from the Church?' was asked in the Methodist Conference of 1744, and it was answered, 'We conceive not. We hold communion therewith for conscience' sake, by constantly attending the Word preached and the sacraments administered therein. What then do they mean who say, 'You separate from the Church?' We certainly cannot tell."

"In the Conference of 1766 we find the subject again discussed: 'Are we not Dissenters? Answer.—We are irregular, (1) by calling sinners to repentance in all places of God's dominion; (2) by frequently using extempore prayer. Yet we are not Dissenters in the only sense which our law acknowledges. We will not, dare not, separate from the Church. We are not seceders, nor do we bear any resemblance to them. We set out upon quite opposite principles. They laid the very foundations of their work in judging and condemning ourselves. They begin everywhere by showing their hearers how fallen the Church and ministers are; we begin everywhere by showing our hearers how fallen they are themselves."

"July 29, 1788, the forty-fifth Conference was held in London. Mr. Wesley's account of it is:—"One of the most important points considered at this Conference was that respecting the Church. The sum of a long conversation was—(1) that in a course of fifty years we had neither promeditately nor willingly varied from it, either in one article of doctrine or discipline; (2) that we are not yet conscious of varying from it in any point of doctrine; (3) that we have in

a course of years, out of necessity, not choice, slowly and warily varied in some points of discipline by preaching in the fields, by extempore prayer, by employing lay-preachers, by forming and regulating societies, and by holding yearly conferences.' This Conference was held but little more than two years before Mr. Wesley's death.

"In a letter which bears the date of September following he says:—"The question properly refers to an immediate and total separation, such as that of Mr. Ingham's people first, and afterwards that of Lady Huntingdon's, who all agreed to form a separate body without delay, to go to church no more, and to have no more connection with the Church of England than with the Church of Rome. Such a separation I have always declared against, and certainly it will not take place, if ever it does, while I live."

"In a paper which is dated Dec. 11, 1798, about six months before his death says:—"I never had any design of separating from the Church. I have no such design now. I do not believe the Methodists in general design it when I am no more. I do, and will do, all that is in my power to prevent such an event. I declare once more that I live and die a member of the Church of England, and that none who regard my judgment or advice will ever separate from it."

"It is quite unnecessary to multiply quotations here to show that the Methodists did not separate from the Established Church during Mr. Wesley's life" (*The Methodist Magazine*, October, 1820).

"It must not be forgotten that Mr. Wesley regarded the societies of his day as mere appendages to the Church of England, and his 'assistants' and 'helpers' as mere lay preachers, whom he forbade to administer the sacraments and to preach in what were called 'church hours'; and that he would have limited their mission to the single one of awakening sinners and reviving vital godliness in the Church of which he was a minister. The duties of bishops and elders he left to be discharged by others, and discouraged the notion that his lay preachers were competent to act as ministers." (*The Methodist Family*, April, 1873).

"Wesley was such a steadfast adherent of the Establishment that he shunned Dissent as a sin, and forbade his own ministers, though the holiest and most useful men in the land, to administer the sacraments, even to their own spiritual children—souls they had brought to Christ; and forbade also any public worship to be held by his people within those hours of the Sabbath when the churches held Service. This was a sad grievance, and was not removed till after Wesley's death." (*The Methodist*, Feb. 5, 1875).

I need not lengthen this letter, already perhaps too long, for here is conclusive and sufficient testimony as to the relation of Wesleyanism (proper) to the Church.

AN EX-METHODIST.

TORONTO LIBERALITY.

DEAR SIR,—At the Missionary Meeting during Synod, in St. James' School Room, Mr. Darling, of Holy Trinity, made some appropriate remarks concerning the liberality of the Churchmen of Toronto. Allow me to add a few words, confirmatory of Mr. Darling's, although they really need no confirmation. Apart from the general and public subscriptions by which the missionary work of the Church is largely maintained, there is another channel in which their liberality flows very freely. I do not speak of the liberal and exceptionally kind hospitality which, judging by my own experience, is extended to clergymen visiting Toronto, but to the constant drain upon the funds of the friends of the Church for help for the various purposes of the Church in missionary districts. In this way large sums are contributed for the help of needy places, which are never, or very rarely, made public. For myself I can say, and I feel sure other can say the same, that I have frequently been at a loss to express the strong feeling of grateful pleasure for the manner in which I have been received, not by the liberal amount given, but by the very kind and sympathizing interest taken in my object. A statement in a recent number of the *DOMINION CHURCHMAN* shows one result of my application to the friends of the Church in Toronto, in the shape of a valuable parsonage and glebe for this mission, the property being conveyed to the Incorporated Synod of the Diocese.

In this connection allow me to express the highest approbation, with very grateful feelings, for the work prosecuted, under many difficulties—which I trust are fast passing away—by the Church Woman's Mission Aid, of Toronto. I know that they are doing great good, and they deserve the hearty co-operation of all friends of the missionary work of the Church.

Yours faithfully,
PHILIP HARDING.

Statement of receipts and expenditures connected with the parsonage and glebe for the Mission of

Apsley, Diocese of Toronto, being 114 acres with frame house and outbuildings.
Oct. 1877.

SUBSCRIPTION RECEIVED.

Amount collected by Mrs. Hewon, Hinchcombe, Gloucestershire, England, and remitted to the Bishop, 160.88; Bank interest to January, 1879, 8.12; the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop Bethune, the Ven. Archdeacon Whitaker, and A. P. Pousetto, Esq., \$10 each, 30.00; James Henderson, Esq., 25.00; The Rev. J. D. Cayley, and Messrs. C. Robinson, H. Rowsell, Major Leigh, B. Jones, Clarkson Jones, F. Perkins, Ince & Young, Robt. Roddy, Murray & Barwick, John Carter, E. Henderson, A. Boswell, and Hon. W. Cayley, \$5 each, 70.00.

RECEIPTS.

To amount brought over, 294.00; Messrs. J. W. G. Whitney, E. H. Kertland, Judge Wilson, and F. Farncombe, \$4 each, 16.00; Messrs. Beatty, Chadwick & Biggar, and A. McLean Howard, \$3 each, 6.00; Messrs. Geo. Buckland, F. B. Osler, S. H. Harman, P. Paterson, A. Friend, A. Widow, Col. Bernard, B. Morton, G. L. Tizard, I. P. Lockie, Gwatkin & Son, Mrs. Hagarty, R. H. B., and Rev'ds Canon Stennett and Prof. Jones, \$2 each, 30.00; Rev'ds John Langtry and Canon Givins, Mrs. Perram, Mrs. Cumberland, Messrs. Rannie, A. J. B., A. Friend, Geo. A. Mackenzie, I. H. Spencer, A. H. Campbell, J. Young, Col. Donison, John Catto, J. Hallam, and Cash, \$1 each, 15.00; H. Fulford, 50c.; Bank interest on \$170 to January, 1879, 8.50. February and March, 1880.—Received from sale of pine on the globe, 24.00. Total, \$394.00.

EXPENDITURES.

October, 1877.—Expenses of collection, 12.53. January, 1879.—Paid purchase money, 100.00; Pousette & Roger, on account of mortgage, 100.00; paid interest on mortgage, 96.00; expenses to Peterborough connected therewith, 3.10; cashing cheque, 25c. Oct. 14.—Balance of interest on mortgage to January, 1876, when the property was acquired, 22.30; Pousette & Roger, getting owner's signature in Guelph and registration, 3.40; collections and repairs of house and outbuildings, 25.00; clearing five acres of land, 50.00; paid on account of back taxes, granted by the Council towards making a road, 7.00; 73 rods new fencing, at 25c., 18.25; a verandah, 24x6, 7.00. Total, \$444.83.

THE LATE BISHOP STEWART.

DEAR EDITOR.—The late Bishop Stewart, in answer to the question, Why he never got married? replied,—“When I took Orders in the Church I thought it my duty to give my whole energies to the service of God, and I determined that I would not divide my allegiance between Christ and a wife and family.”

I think it a duty I owe to his memory to record the above facts, more especially in this age of “fashionable religion,” worldliness and vanity. Instead of a fashionably furnished house for himself, he supplied the widows and orphan children with cows, clothing, provisions, and a valuable family Prayer Book at his own expense.

Yours truly,

DANIEL PERRY.

HURON CONSTITUTION.

DEAR SIR,—The “Cacoethes Scribendi” seldom attacks me, but an article in the last number of the *DOMINION CHURCHMAN* has brought on an attack which I cannot resist. I refer to the article on the proposed constitution of the Diocese of Toronto. I do so simply for the purpose of calling your attention, and that of your readers, to the very free and easy way in which you speak of the Standing Committee of the Diocese of Huron. The article says:—"The Standing Committee is composed, as to the clerical element, of the dignitaries and Rural Deans chiefly, if not exclusively." If this were true, it would show the confidence of the Synod in these men, and the belief of the Synod that they were the men best fitted to take charge of the financial affairs of the Diocese. But is it true? I think not. The Bishop is the only dignitary who can claim a seat in the Standing Committee without election by ballot. The other members are chosen, not on account of their "honors or dignity," but on account of their supposed fitness for the position. My Reports for several years were mislaid or lost in the bustle of a removal last winter; but for the purpose of comparison I have the Synod Journal for 1877, a year which returned an unusually large crop of dignitaries. It shows that nineteen out of thirty were dignitaries and Rural Deans. The Clerical Guide shews in the committees of Toronto Synod for the same year the following proportions:—

Executive Committee, six out of ten; Commutation Trust Committee, two out of nine; Endowment,

Rectory Lands, &c., one out of five; Mission Board, nine out of fourteen; Widows' and Orphan's Fund, one out of six.

These, being the committees of the Diocese of Toronto which discharge the duties discharged by the Standing Committee of the Diocese of Huron, are the only ones to which I need refer. Between these a comparison is allowable. If to be a dignitary or a Rural Dean unfits a man for the duties to be done by these committees, then the comparison for that year is a little (not very much) in favor of Toronto. The principal work of the Standing Committee of Huron is that of the Mission Board of Toronto, and in these the proportion is almost exactly the same, viz.: nine dignitaries out of fourteen on Mission Board, and nineteen out of thirty on Standing Committee. But an analysis of the names on these five committees makes the comparison a little more favorable to Toronto, shewing the names of twelve dignitaries and rural deans out of a total of twenty-seven names. But then if Toronto had had more dignitaries and rural deans they would, doubtless, have been elected or appointed. Huron had, at that time, one more archdeacon and five more rural deans than Toronto. The five R. D's would certainly be on the Mission Board. Then the comparison would stand—Toronto, seventeen dignitaries out of twenty-seven; Huron, nineteen dignitaries out of thirty. So much for assertion number one.

Now read assertion number two:—"It is a fact that all the business of the committee is managed by a few of its members there in London, or within easy reach of it."

I ask, is this a fact? I have, for a number of years, attended its meetings, and I have not found that the business has been "run" by Londoners, or by those within easy reach of London, unless, indeed, such places as Amherstburg, Owen Sound, Southampton, Goderich, Galt and Simcoe can be said to be within easy reach. Any one who looks at the composition of the committee in any year will see how impossible this is if the members elected attend the meetings. In the year 1877, the clerical members of the Standing Committee were from the following places:—London, Windsor, Woodstock, London Township, Galt, St. Thomas, Goderich, Stratford, Lucan, Owen Sound, Warwick, Mitchell, St. Mary's, Southampton, Delaware, Chatham, Tyrconnel, Amherstburg and Wingham. I cannot lay my hands on another complete list of the Standing Committee, but I have a report of the last quarterly meeting which opposes the charge of centralization with the fact that the twenty-seven clerical members who were present were from the following places:—London, London Township, Brantford, Chatham, St. Thomas, Windsor, Invermay, Wingham, Bothwell, Thamesford, Seaford, Galt, Stratford, Port Dover, Amherstburg, Haysville, Simcoe, Strathroy, Goderich, Kincardine and St. Mary's. I shall be met, I know, by the assertion that this meeting was held in Synod week, and was very large and altogether out of proportion to the other three quarterly meetings. An examination of the reports will, I am sure, shew that, though the attendance is not always so large, there is always a fair representation from places far away from London. This disposes of the centralization question.

Finally a word is necessary on the hint thrown out about undue Episcopal influence in the committee. What is the foundation for such a hint? Not in the choice of the committee, for it is chosen by ballot from and by the whole Synod; not in the preponderance of dignitaries and rural deans, for—remember—to nineteen of these we have eleven plain parsons and thirty laymen; not in tempting emoluments which the Bishop is able to offer to those who are most ready to please him by their votes, for the Bishop, we all know and many of us regret, has nothing to offer, since the patronage is in the hands of the laity; finally, not in the proceedings of the Standing Committee, for such is the independence of its members that no one comes in for more vigorous opposition than the Bishop himself.

I ask you to insert this letter, not because I wish to enter into the controversy now going on in the Diocese of Toronto, but simply to remove the misapprehension of facts into which you have fallen and may lead others.

Yours truly,

FREEMAN HARDING.

Haysville, Aug. 9, 1880.

ERRATUM.—In our last issue, page 376, column 2, 18th line from the bottom, for "So may God," read "So may Synods."

THE SUNDAY SCHOOLS OF TORONTO.

LETTER TO THE ARCHDEACON OF OTTAWA.

MY DEAR ARCHDEACON,—I promised to continue the subject of Church Music this week, but I know you will willingly let me change the subject, and speak, instead, of our Sunday Schools.

The centenary proceedings have, throughout the world, infused a new life into the Sunday School authorities of the Church of England. We feel the new pulsation here, and the air is thick with the usual self-congratulations on our Sunday School work. It would be amusing, if it were not painful, to contrast the glitter and show of our public gatherings with the squalid appliances of our inner Sunday School life. I have the authority of my own eyes, supported by the confession of excellent clergymen, for saying that the Church of England Sunday Schools of Toronto are very far indeed behind the times. I will, of course, mention no names, but when I said, a few days since, to one of our esteemed clergymen, that I intended to obtain an accurate statement of the subjects taught in the twenty odd Schools of this city, he said, "You will find our Sunday Schools in a very bad state, little system and less organization." I think I am within the truth when I say that there are no two schools of these twenty, teaching the same lessons, and that in many of them the teachers of similar grades of pupils treat different subjects and use different books. Will you believe that in this, the See of the most important Diocese of the Dominion—a city for nearly a century under the supervision of a Bishop, the Church of England has been degraded by the absence of her Catechism from one, at least, of her Sunday Schools, and the introduction of the hymnology popularly known as "Moody and Sankey's Hymns!" I must, in justice to the present Incumbent, add that this inheritance of error was left him by his predecessor, and that the necessary reforms will immediately be made. I need not tell you that the Sunday School literature known as the "International Series"—American publication—and being Presbyterian, or Methodist, or Congregational—I know not which—in their teachings, but certainly carefully eschewing everything distinctive of the Church of England, are used in many of our Church Schools; and I regret very much to observe that it is, at this moment, proposed to give these publications an authoritative existence in the Diocese of Huron, by formally adopting them as the basis of a new Diocesan system of school teaching within its bounds. I sincerely trust that this suicidal act may not be accomplished. The present moment is a supreme one. The new energy of our Church is being thrown into Sunday School extension, but if the grand old Church be poisoned at the very fountains of her life—her Sunday Schools—by the introduction of systems which do not impress her distinctive character on the minds of the young, she must lose her power, and her very existence will be jeopardized. Now, now, now, is the time to be wise. I venture to predict that more will be done in Sunday School organization during the next decade than has been done in the last half century, and as the Church of England in Canada has a terrible gap to fill up before she can take her proper place in the race with the other religious bodies of the country, whose power she has most unwisely underrated. It is of the very highest consequence that what she does now, be well and wisely done. The fatal effects of an erroneous policy, now, will be felt a century hence. Where is her strength? Most assuredly in her youth. Where shall they be taught her doctrines, her discipline, her history? At home, of course—in Church, certainly—but in incomparably the best and most fitting place, her Sunday Schools. I concede the worth of the International Series; I admire the beauty of Mr. Sankey's hymns, but I want the children of my church to become intelligent supporters of the Church of England; I wish them to be pure in descent, and not hybrids; and this literature will make them supporters, not of their own, but of some other church. I cannot say what that other church may be, for these books will fit them for Presbyterianism, or Congregationalism, or Plymouth Brethrenism, or Methodism, or any other "ism" you may choose to name. So, in my mind, the duty of every adherent of the Church of England is to do everything in her interest, not interfering with other religious bodies, but attending to her own affairs—and allowing them to attend to theirs. The teaching of her Catechism, her Collects, her Gospels, and her Rituals; the singing of her Hymns, her Canticles, and her Psalms; and the careful study of her Book of Common Prayer—a study most dreadfully neglected in all our Sunday Schools—are, in my humble judgment, supreme duties of her clergy and Sunday School officers.

You ask me, "To what end are you aiming?" To this end, and I hope you will assist us by your example in the Diocese of Ottawa. A movement is on foot to establish a Diocesan Sunday School Association, one of whose leading objects will be the introduction of a general system of Sunday School management and teaching throughout the Diocese. By the kindness of Messrs. Rowsell & Hutchinsos, I have before me nearly one hundred samples of the very excellent publications of the Church of England Sunday School Institute, with a catalogue of the issues. They are far superior to the American literature of which I have spoken, and comprise everything a Churchman should teach, or that a Church of England Sunday School pupil needs to be taught. They

are cheap and can be readily procured from England by these dealers.

So soon as His Lordship the Bishop returns from the sea-side, which will be in less than a month, active steps will be taken to form the organization I have mentioned, and we hope, within six months, to have perfected a complete system of Sunday School teaching, in the lines of the Institute, which will put to shame the present shams of Sunday Schools, which are a disgrace to the Church in Canada.

I shall endeavor to introduce the modal system, which is working so well in your school, and I have already secured the assent of the Rev. Mr. Lewis, the excellent Incumbent of Grace Church, to show him its effect in one of his classes, which he has kindly placed in my charge. I hope to be able to do much through this gentleman, as he is one of the most zealous of clergymen, an admirable administrator, courteous, kind and affable, fired with a laudable ambition of building up a large and devoted congregation of people who shall be emphatically Churchmen and Churchwomen; determined to make his Sunday School the model one of the Diocese—a labor which he is fast performing—and anxious to introduce a system of Sunday School organization which, being first Diocesan, may end in being National. Such a man is a power wherever he may be, and I congratulate myself on being allowed to work under him. I will keep you advised of our proceedings.

I may add that I have had a conversation with Mr. Wootten, proprietor of the DOMINION CHURCHMAN, who intimates that if the various Dioceses of the Dominion, or even two or three, adopt the Church of England Sunday School Institute literature, he will publish the weekly lesson for the benefit of the Schools, and would be able to furnish all the leaflets at a low rate. This is a good idea, as it would enable us to obtain our educational material at the moment of need.

Yours truly,

WM. LEGGO,
386 Sherbourne St.

Toronto, Aug. 14, 1880.

Family Reading.

BISHOP LOWTH.

DIED 1787. AGED 77.

Dr. Robert Lowth, Bishop of London, wrote several works which have always been very highly esteemed. His "Treatise on the Sacred Poetry of the Hebrews," and his new translation of Isaiah, with a Preliminary Dissertation and notes, are duly appreciated by every biblical scholar.

The uncertainty of human life, and the duty of constant preparedness for death, were very forcibly shown in the family of this learned and pious prelate. His eldest daughter, of whom he was passionately fond, died, aged only thirteen. His second daughter, Frances, died as she was presiding at the tea-table. She was going to place a cup of coffee on the salver; "take this," said she, "to the Bishop of Bristol;" immediately the cup and her hand fell together upon the salver, and she instantly expired. His eldest son, also, of whom he was led to form the highest expectations, was hurried to the grave in the bloom of youth. Amid these scenes of distress, the venerable Bishop, animated by the hopes which the religion of Jesus Christ alone inspires, viewed with pious resignation the king of terrors snatching his dear and amiable children from his fond embrace; and at length himself met the stroke of death with fortitude, and left this world in full and certain hope of a better.

How awfully true this language of our Liturgy, and how loud the call for an immediate attention to religious duties!

"In the midst of Life we are in Death."

"The uncertainty of human life, and the duty of constant preparedness for death, were very forcibly shown, in this family."

Snatch'd sudden from th' avenging rod,
Safe in the bosom of thy God,
How wilt thou then look back, and smile
On thoughts that bitterest seem'd erewhile,
And bless the paugs that made thee see,
This was no world of rest for thee!

Deceit and falsehood, whatever conveniences they may for a time promise or produce, are, in the sum of life, obstacles to happiness. Those who profit by the cheat distrust the deceiver; and the act by which kindness was sought puts an end to confidence.

OUR NEW NEIGHBOR.

CHAPTER XI.

She interrupted him, and he knew at once that his fate was sealed. The soft melancholy eyes looking into his were not the eyes of love, and in place of springing forward as he had intended, and grasping her hand, he sat like one turned into stone, staring out vacantly before him.

And again the tears filled her eyes. "I am sorry, so sorry," she said; "if I could have given you love for love, I would. But it is impossible. Yes, I must not let you hope falsely. What you wish cannot be."

There followed a short silence. He had expected this, and yet it hurt him. Probably none of us know the strength of our own hopes. But, happily for himself, Sir Walter's love was unselfish, and he managed to say, presently, "Yes, I thought so. I knew I was a fool to expect it. But I may be your friend; I won't intrude, I assure you. I'll never mention this subject again—never, I give you my word. But it would grieve me to think that I might never see you again, might never do anything to help you."

Deeply touched, Adeline answered, "You have helped me already. I was feeling lonely and sad, as you thought, and quite cut off from sympathy; your visit to-day has been like a cordial to my heart. Yes, we are friends; we must remain friends."

Stammering out some boyish words about her goodness, Walter Harcourt rose to his feet. He believed it was time the interview should end. Rejected suitors had nothing to do but to go away; besides, his heart was full, and he did not wish—as he would have expressed it—to make a fool of himself. After all, had he not accomplished his purpose? With her own lips she told him that his visit had done her good; that was something to hold to in the dreary future opening out before him.

But Adeline, who saw the look of repressed pain on his face—pain which she was determined to heal if she could—began to beg him to sit down again. She had an abundance of tact, and the fine manners of a highly-bred lady. Before they had been half an hour together, Sir Walter Harcourt was almost at his ease in this new friendly relationship.

Jeanette, who came in presently from her walk, helped to remove any lingering embarrassment. She invited them into the garden, and they walked about amongst the flowers, talking of indifferent matters, just as if that stormy little interlude, when the tears had rained down Adeline's face, and Sir Walter had felt that his heart would surely break, had never been.

When the sky grew red in the west, and he prepared to take his leave, she said, seriously,—

"You have called yourself my friend, and I have promised to be your friend. I will begin by treating you with confidence. I wrote to Lady Egerton, to ask her advice her advice about the state of affairs; she is up in Scotland. She asks me to pay her a visit. You know," with a smile, "that Sir Harry married the heiress."

"After having been affected as I was," said Sir Walter, reddening.

Adeline answered—
"If he had been as truly unselfish as you, I should not have left his mother. However, everything is right now. I hear he and his wife are perfectly happy together, and I am free to see my dear old friend once more."

"When do you start?" asked Sir Walter.

"To-morrow. Will you say good-bye to Sibyl for me? By-the-by, does she know about your visit?"

"Yes, and she sympathised with me passionately. She said she envied me. I believe she is as much in love with you as anybody."

Adeline blushed with pleasure. She loved the frank, true-hearted girl, who had come to her in her loneliness, and the fear that she thought ill of her

had been a distinct element in her pain. That evening she was happier than she had been for many days. Thinking of Sir Walter and Sibyl, and the happiness she believed to be in store for them, she was able to forget her own troubles.

These were those who were thinking about her, and with sad and sorrowful hearts.

John Darrent was later than usual in his study that night. He had some private letters to write, and they took longer than he had imagined. Long after Mrs. Darrent had gone to bed, he sat before his desk, writing rapidly. When the last letter was finished, he looked at his watch.

"Two o'clock! Now, who would have thought it?" he murmured.

As he got up to light the bedroom candle, he heard sounds in a neighboring room, and a look, not so much of annoyance as distress, crossed his face.

"Something must be done," he murmured; "he can't be allowed to kill himself."

Noislessly he crept out of his study, and opened the door of the room whence the sounds proceeded. His brother did not hear him. A microscope, drawing materials, a profusion of specimens, pens, ink, and paper, lay scattered about him. He was hard at work upon some arduous calculation; but his flushed face and painfully-knit brows showed that he was working with extreme effort. Advancing into the room, John Darrent stood over him; then, being unperceived, he touched him on the arm.

"Wait a moment," said the student, still carrying on his calculation.

John Darrent sat down. Presently the result was reached and recorded; then his brother turned to him.

"Come to say good-night, old fellow?" he asked.

"Are you aware of the time, James?" "I heard twelve strike a few minutes ago."

"Two hours ago."

"Then that last calculation has taken me an unconscionable time."

He looked down on his paper again, as if anxious to be left to his studies.

John covered the paper with his hand.

"James," he said, "do you think you are right?"

"What! do you see an error in my sum? Give it to me. Let me go over it again."

"No," replied the brother, "I will not give you the paper. I will take it. Yes, old fellow, I do see an error, a very great error, in your calculations. If you don't look out, it will be irremediable soon. James" as, like one suddenly awakened, his brother looked up at him, "will you forgive me if I talk very seriously to you?"

"Say what you like, John. I know you too well not to be sure you mean kindly."

"Thank you, old fellow; that gives me courage to go on. Now, you take an earnest view of life. So do I. We both believe that the world—our own and future generations—has a certain claim upon us. Believing this, would it not be something like cheating on our part to squander our lives?"

"What do you mean?" said James Darrent, with some indignation in his tone.

"I will speak more plainly. You are the last man in the world, James, whom any one would accuse of wasting his body by excess. But what about the mind? It is more delicate than the body; it requires more careful treatment. Treat it well, and it will serve, not only yourself, but your generation for years; and your mind, remember, is an exceptional one. You will, I believe, leave a goodly heritage behind you. But, if so, there must be no excess, no squandering of the necessary energy."

James Darrent leaned his head upon his hand, and looked out before him thoughtfully. He was worn and haggard, and the expression of sadness, which Maggie had remarked in his face, had certainly deepened.

"Work is telling upon you already," said his brother. "Be wise in time, old

fellow. Take things moderately. There is no necessity for you to have your book out at once. If you are in want of ready money, you know I will lend you whatever you like on it."

"Thank you," said James Darrent in a subdued voice, and a tear that he rose from his seat, and began to pace the room excitedly, his brother watching him, with deep concern in his face.

At last he sat down again, drew his chair close to his brother's, and said—

"You are very good to give me this advice; you both think of me, you and Eleanor, more than I deserve. I will try and do as you wish; but see—old fellow!—I must work, I must indeed. It makes no difference. It's anxiety, not work, that is eating into my flesh and making me this horrible pale object that frightens you. The fact is—it is hard to speak about it, but you deserve I should be frank with you—I want money. I never wanted it before. I have missed glorious chances, as you know. Many other men with my experience would have had a good round sum comfortably invested. I didn't care for that kind of thing. When my discoveries brought me in money, I spent it in making further investigations. But now I want it. No—not a loan, my dear old fellow; I know how generous you are. But a loan wouldn't do. It must be my own, my very own money, something certain; and this, I think, my book will bring me. Your face asks why I want this. John, a new necessity has arisen. I have heard a story, a lying story—you have heard it—you know how strangely the falsehood in it is mingled with fact. I love that solitary and injured woman. She is—well, I mustn't rave. Imagine all that, if you like. What I have to tell you is my hope. It is to ask her to come to me. I will love her. I will shelter her. But the money, don't you see?—her money—she does not know it, of course—is a stained and poisoned thing. I must be dropped, put out of sight. Anybody who likes may have it. The main point is to save and justify her. Now, half-smiling, "you know the meaning of my sudden rapacity for money. Till my book is out, I must work; else the suspense would kill me."

"And meanwhile—"

"I have thought what it will be best to do. I believe it is right: to be silent; another may come forward; he can offer her, from the world's point of view, more than I. I have watched him narrowly; he is commonplace, but this love is changing him; I believe he is unselfish and good. If she has no feeling for any one else, I think she may be moved by his candour and true-heartedness. Should this happen, I shall only rejoice that I kept myself out of the way. Don't look at me so pitifully, John; under no circumstances could I die of grief. Have I not my mistress, my great mistress, Science, to console me?"

To which question John Darrent made no answer, possibly he felt himself incapable of speech.

Recovering himself, he was peremptory on one point at least; his brother should enter upon no more calculations that night.

He found his wife wakeful, and told her the whole story.

"And now," he said, in conclusion, "what is to be done? We can't see two lives ruined."

She answered, in a voice unusually faltering, "Can it be possible that Mrs. Rosebay does not know she has no right to her money?"

"Perhaps she has a right, a perfect right; she has rich relatives. It is quite possible that her income is not derived from her late husband's estate at all."

"I wish I knew the truth," said Eleanor Darrent, sadly.

Her husband answered, "I think you might find it out."

"How?"

"By going to her, telling her the truth—our frankly, and asking her if it rests on any foundation of fact."

"You think it would be possible to do this?"

"I would not be possible for every one. It would be possible for you."

After that no more was said. Eleanor fell into a fit of musing which ended in decision. The task was an unpleasant one, but that was no reason why she should shrink from it.

Late in the afternoon of the following day—she had been kept at home by visitors during its early hours—she started for Fairfield House.

She was too late. Half an hour before, Mrs. Rosebay, with one servant and her little Jeanette, had started for London, to take the night mail thence for Scotland.

Eleanor paid another visit, and then drove on to the station to meet her husband.

"Well?" he said, inquiringly, when he had taken the reins.

She answered—

"Mrs. Rosebay has gone."

"What! entirely?"

"I fancy not. She has left some of her servants behind. It would be impossible to write what I have to say. Things must take their course for a time."

If the idea crossed Eleanor Darrent's mind that the course of affairs might so turn as to draw her brother-in-law's attention from the woman whose past and present were doubtful, to the enthusiastic young girl who had been brought up under her own influence, and whom he had so strangely and deeply moved, we must not blame her. It was in the nature of things.

(To be continued.)

JESUS WOULDN'T DO IT.

It was Sunday morning, and as was our custom, the missionary-box was placed upon the breakfast table, for servants and children to give in their weekly offerings.

My little Blanch had tripped away to her nursery to fetch nurse's forgotten penny, and she lingered on the way down again.

I was wondering a little what could have delayed her, when a flushed little face appeared in the doorway, and two tear-filled eyes looked imploringly into my face.

"Come here, Blanch," said I. "Where have you been? What has made you so long?"

"Oh mamma, said the little penitent, coming and standing before me in the deepest humility—"mamma, I went into your room to steal some pennies from your table to put into the missionary-box, and—and—then I thought *Jesus wouldn't do it*, so I came running away, and I am so ashamed to think I thought of it!"

Dear little woman! Her chest was heaving, and the tears rained down her cheeks now as she buried her head on my shoulder, and I answered soothingly.

I am so glad you thought of Jesus, darling. If you never do anything you do not think Jesus would do, you will be such a happy little girl. It was the Holy Spirit who made you think of Jesus."

Jesus wouldn't do it. What a lesson for all who love the Lord Jesus Christ! If Christian lives were regulated by this principle, how many things would be left undone that are now done; how clear and definite would be the life utterances of believers!

Reader, pause, and put a question in place of a statement—no, "Jesus wouldn't do it," but, "What would Jesus do?" Are there not many times in the day when, thus bringing your deeds to the light that they may be made manifest that they are wrought in God, you would feel obliged to exclaim with my little daughter, "I'm ashamed to think I thought of it!"

DAVONENNAS CREAM.—Put new milk into a pan; let it stand for twelve hours; then put it on a slow fire or stove in the same pan in which it has stood. Let it heat slowly until one can just suffer the finger in it; let it then stand in a cool place for twelve hours, after which skim it.

CHURCH MUSIC.

Soft, through the illumined panes,
All down the aisle the sunlight rains,
And sets in red and purple stains.

And amid this glory from the skies,
We hear the organ-voice arise,
Its wings the waking spirit tries.

It flutters, but it cannot soar,
O heavenly music, let us pour
Our woes, our joys, in thee once more.

All wilt thou take. Thou mak'st no
choice,

Hearts that complain, hearts that rejoice,
Find thee their all-revealing voice.

All, all the soul's unuttered things
Thou bearest on thy mighty wings
Up, up until the arched roof rings;

Now soft—as when, for Israel's King,
Young David swept his sweet harp-string
Now loud as angels antheing.

Oh! tell what myriad heads are bent,
Oh! tell what myriads hearts repent,
He will look down; He will relent.

It dies. The last low strain departs.
With deep "Amen" the warm tear starts.
The peace of Eden fills our hearts.

PRACTICAL RESOLUTIONS.

The most cruel thorns which can pierce the head of our Blessed Saviour are of our sins; and it is a truth that each time a Christian consents to a deadly sin he renews, in some sort, all the sufferings and shame of the scourging and the coronation with thorns. If, therefore, thou lovest this tender Friend of our souls, carefully avoid, not only deadly sin, for alas! that is so frightful a monster that the mere thought thereof should inspire thee with horror; but likewise avoid little sins, however slight they may appear to be. Watch attentively over thyself, in order never to commit one deliberately, for this is possible by God's grace.

1. *Govern thy tongue.*—Therefore avoid slight sins of the tongue, as those petty slanders so usual in the intercourse of life. No more of those inconsiderate speeches, those words of vanity. Away even with idle words; for of these thou must one day render an account.

2. *Govern thy eyes.*—Therefore no more unnecessary gazing upon the objects around us; above all if they may become snares to thee.

3. *Govern thy mind.*—Therefore judge no one, unless duty obliges thee to it. Be not easily suspicious of evil, cherish not a secret self-complacency, nor boast of what thou doest.

4. *Govern thy heart.*—Therefore have no inordinate or too worldly attachment for creatures, whoever they may be, and have no paltry jealousies; and, in a word, watch without ceasing, watch over all. Permit not thyself in any light distractions, or slight fretfulness, or loss of time; nor in any immoderate laughter, nor useless visits, nor desire of show, nor even in any slight excess in eating and drinking, nor yet in sleep, nor in play; and, above all, say not in thine heart, "These are only little faults; I care not whether I correct myself of them." Alas! this would be to cause grief to the heart of our dear Lord, and ill to acknowledge all His love for thee. O Christian, whoever thou art who readest these words, make this resolution from to-day; commit no more any sin that is wholly voluntary. Pray to our Lord to help thee, and He will assuredly do it.

A FULL CUP.—When the saintly Payson was dying, he exclaimed, "I long to hand a full cup of happiness to every human being." This was the language of a heart thoroughly purged of all selfish affections, and filled with the spirit of that love which led our Jesus to give His life for human redemption. If every Christian would go out daily among men, filled with such longing for human happiness, what marvelous changes would soon be wrought in human

society! The selfish element would be eliminated from the dealings of the Christian business men. Not justice merely, but benevolence would enter into his every act of trade. The same spirit would rule his home and Church life. He would become an incarnation of good will toward all, and would so preach the Gospel by his deeds that man would see his good works and glorify his Heavenly Father. The spirit of Payson is worthy of every man's imitation. Happy he who can truthfully say, "I long to hand a full cup of happiness to every human being."

A prominent clergyman of Chicago, after enumerating the variety of valuable matter usually found in a religious weekly paper, closes with the following remarks: "I suppose some Christian families feel that the price of a good religious paper is more than they are able to pay. But the value of such a paper, when taken and read is above all price in money. The cost at the most is only six pennies a week. There are many mothers who so prize the assistance of such a paper in the education of their families that they would sooner wear one hat less a year than dispense with their paper. There are fathers who would buy a coat cheaper by the cost of the paper, rather than be deprived of its blessing. So deeply do I feel the need of such a paper as an educating force in my own life and home, that I count it not at all among the luxuries but necessities of my table. And I am sure that where it is taken and read, and not laid upon the shelf to stay there, it will be an invaluable educator of both the home and the church into that life which we live by the faith of the Son of God."

CLING THE CLOSER.—We heard a comforting and delightful sermon recently, from the text: "And a little child shall lead them." The minister used this illustration: We take our little child in our arms, out of the bright gas-lighted parlor, to carry it to bed. The hall is dark, and almost unconsciously the tiny arms tighten, the head nestles closer in its trust, because we have come away from the light. So God, for the sake of having us cling more closely, sometimes carries us in the dark. Perhaps it is a loss of property, or the going out of our dear ones forever from home, or the weary struggle for bread, or the coldness of those who have been valued friends. Perchance we may have been misjudged, or harshly criticized, or unappreciated. God is carrying us in the dark. Do we cling closer and trust more fully?

THE DOG AND THE STICK.

A remarkable Newfoundland-dog was seen daily, some years ago, at No. 9 Argyle Street, Glasgow. It seems that being, like many children, sometimes too fond of mischief, he received occasional discipline, and for that purpose a handle of a whip was sometimes applied to his back. The dog evidently did not like this article, and was found occasionally with it in his teeth moving slyly toward the door. One night he thrust the small end under the door, but the thick end refused to go. A few nights afterward the stick disappeared, and was never seen again. On the dog being asked where it was, he looked very guilty, and slunk away.

It is hardly necessary now to call attention to the celebrated "White Shirts," made by White, of 65 King Street West. Being made of the best material, by skilled labor, and mathematically cut, they recommend themselves to all who wish a really fine article. Every shirt warranted to give satisfaction. A. White, 65 King Street West, Toronto.

Children's Department.

LITTLE MISCHIEF.

Who knows little mischief?
He lives in our house,
Now upstairs, now-downstairs,
As restless as a mouse.

This morning, very early,
He tumbled out of bed,
Screamed for half a moment
Because he'd "bwoke" his head.

Tangled were his golden locks,
Smearing his nose and chin—
It looked as though a blacking-pot
My Lord had tumbled in.

Now he's in the kitchen,
Dancing here and there,
Breaking, peeping, laughing,
Without a thought or care.

Then some sudden fancy
Took him out of sight;
Soon we found him cleaning,
Shoes with all his might.

Who would be the owner
Of such a naughty boy?
Yet he's mother's darling,
He plague, her care, her joy.

THE EARLIER HE EASIER.

An old man one day took a child on his knee and talked to him about Jesus, and told him to seek the Saviour now, and pray to Him and love Him. The child knew that the old man was not himself a Christian and felt surprised; then he looked up into the old man's face and said, "But why don't you seek God?"

The old man was affected by the question, and replied, "Ah, my dear child, I neglected to do so when I was young, and now my heart is so hard that I fear I shall never be able."

Ah, my little reader, believe Him! "To-day, if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts." It will be more difficult to hear to-morrow; and weeks and months and years hence, how high and strong a barrier will gradually be rising between you and Christ! Will you not resolve, "I will begin now to seek my Saviour?" Listen to the words of wisdom: "They that seek me early shall find me."

ONWARD.

A PARABLE FROM NATURE.

Far away, amongst the grand hills, one fresh Spring morning, a tiny spring of water burst upward with its pleasant, bubbling noise.

Dark had been its underground passage, but it had heard a voice ever calling it upward, and now it was sparkling in the sunshine.

So small was it at first that it seemed in danger of being lost in the grass and earth around it; but gradually it began to form a little channel for itself, and so commenced its journey down the hillside.

"I wonder where I am going to?" murmured the little stream.

"Ever onward, until you reach your end in the mighty ocean," replied the calm, strong Voice; "you shall not lose your way."

So the streamlet danced merrily along making its pretty, tinkling music, and keeping up a continual undercurrent of song, which blended sweetly with the glad carols of the birds, and the fragrance of the flowers. Thus, each in their own way, they praised the Father on high.

Through the cool, shady wood it travelled onward, its banks fringed with delicate mosses and blossoms; the sunbeams making wonderful traceries on its waters, through the Spring foliage which shaded it.

Many a fall did it get, and much chatter and bustle did it make over every stone, or hindrance that came in its way.

On through the sunny meadows, a broader stream now, and reflecting the bright heaven above.

Many other rivulets flowed into it; our stream refused them not, for they too had their origin from the same Father on high, and while widening and deepening its channel, they helped it the better to journey onward.

And next the stream's course lay through a village. Gleeefully the children ran in the Summer evenings to float their tiny boats upon it, and merrily were the faces that its waters reflected. Care-worn men and women sometimes paused for brief moments of rest upon its cool banks, and sorrowful faces were imaged back.

Not that the reflection of either joy or sorrow was perfect, the stream was in such haste to make its own way that its surface was often broken and uneven.

But what is that dark object just ahead? The stream recoils, its waters are troubled as they have not been yet, its song of praise is lost in sullen murmurs. It hears the Voice again; "That seeming obstacle lies straight in your course to the ocean, you must not turn aside. Fear not."

So the stream went bravely on, and its waters turned the wheel of the village mill. From many a small home glad songs of thanksgiving ascended to the Father on high, who caused the stream to flow that way. While the stream learned that the obstacle had only been to it means of usefulness, and on its broadened channel it reflected still more of the clear heavens.

Oftentimes it went, as it seemed, far out of its way; but always the Voice whispered to it some errand of love to do, if only to sing its softly murmured song of praise beside some lonely home.

But our stream could not always reflect the bright heaven above it, for in the evening a heavy mist hung over it. This rose from its own waters, and made everything very dark, hiding its friends the trees and flowers, shutting out all that was bright and beautiful; until the sun arose, absorbed the mist, and all was clear again.

Still onward went the river; and ever by night as well as by day, flowed its service of silent praise. Varied were scenes through which it passed. Now through pleasant villages and the peaceful country, where the cattle stood about lazily in the cool shallows, and the fresh breeze gently ruffled its surface; where the chief sounds heard were the laughter of children and songs of birds. Now through towns where all was bustle and turmoil; where, instead of the quiet moon and stars, the glaring lamps of its quays and bridges were reflected, and sights and sounds of misery were on all sides.

Ever onward rolled the river, deepening and widening, therefore reflecting more and more of the heaven above it. It loitered not, for the Voice told it that stagnation would be death. But its course was not to be hurried, and instead of chafing and murmuring at the difficulties in the way, it silently overcame them in its strong, quiet course.

Then the many different burdens that it bore upon its tide! Heavily laden barges, gay pleasure boats, and even children's tiny vessels still; and in true, beautiful sympathy the river could not reflect on its calm surface the faces of the toiling ones, or the merry-hearted ones, or the trusting little ones.

Storms swept over it on its onward course, at times the wind lashed its surface into troubled confusion, dark clouds obscured the brightness of the heavens, and all appeared most dreary.

But the deep current of the river could not be troubled or hindered. Steadily it flowed onward, until it reached its appointed end in the mighty ocean there to swell the eternal song of praise which is as "the sound of many waters."

THE COST OF IT.—About a pint of tears go to every pleasure, taking the world over.

OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.

Little feet may find the pathway, Leading upward unto God, Little hands may learn to scatter Seeds of precious truth abroad.

Little ones, though frail and earth-born, Heirs of blessedness may be, For the Saviour whispereth gently, "Suffer such to come to Me."

"GOOD-NIGHT; BUT GIVE ME YOUR HAND."

Such were the words of a dear little girl to her father as he sat by her couch one evening, and had bidden her good-night.

"Good-night; but give me your hand." She wished to feel the clasp of that father's hand till she fell asleep.

How sweet to know that if an earthly father delights to take the hand of his little daughter as she is about dropping to sleep, much more does our heavenly Father love to hold our hand in His as we go at night into the silent land of unconsciousness.

How blessed to feel that, in answer to the prayer, "Good-night, Lord; but give me Thy hand," He will not leave or forsake us; that in the grasp of that Father's hand his children may sleep the sleep which God gives to his beloved.

If we take in ours that hand which was pierced for us upon the cross, even the night of adversity will be to us a good night. And in the valley of the shadow of death we will fear no evil.

A DOG WITH A CAGE.

I was struck with the appearance of another dog I saw to-day. This one was not small like the other animal. Oh no! It was somebody's great Newfoundland. It was not in a hurry either, like the other. By no means. It was standing stock still. Indeed, you would have taken it to be a wooden or bronze dog but for the wink of its eye.

It had the queerest thing on its head. It was something like a cage. Just as if some one had put a wire hood on its head, and it had slipped down over its nose. But this strange looking wire contrivance was not what called my attention to my canine friend. It was the sad, woe-begone look which was upon the countenance of the dog. Poor old fellow! He seemed to have lost his last friend.

Looking at the animal, you would say, "Surely, this poor dog will never bark, or skip, or play again. It knows well enough that the cage will not come off. It has spent several sleepless nights at work to find that out. It is fastened on too tight. So the old fellow has settled down to hopeless despair and misery. If it knew anything about suicide it would end its melancholy life at once."

Well, now, the dog does not know it, but that ugly cage is necessary to its existence. The police have orders to destroy any such dogs they find without it. The good master of old Ponto has put it on his dog to give it safety. How foolish of the animal to resist, and complain, and be sad!

And yet, I wonder again whether we young folks don't treat our good parents and the wholesome restraints they place upon us in something like the same way. We ought not to, ought we?

GOD'S LOVE.

"I have loved you; saith the Lord."—MAL. 1, 2.

Is this not a sweet pillow to rest upon? But a pillow is of no use if you only look at it; that does not rest you. You must lay your head down upon it, and then you rest. So, do you not only think, "Yes that is a very nice text;" but believe it, and lay your heart down restfully upon it; and say, "Yes he loves me!"

How different these words are from what we should have expected! We should have expected God to say, "I will love you, if you will love Me." But no! He says, "I have loved you." Yes, He has loved you already, poor little restless hearts, that want's to be loved! He loves you now, and will love you always.

But you say, "I wish I knew whether He loves me!" Why, He tells you so; and what could He say more? There it stands—"I have loved you, saith the Lord." It is true, and you need only believe it, and be glad of it, and tell Him how glad you are that He loves you.

But you say, "Yes, I know He loves good people; but I am so naughty!" Then He has a special word for you: "God commendeth His love toward us, in that, while we are yet sinners, Christ died for us." He says nothing about "good people," but tells you that He loved you so much, while you were naughty, that He has sent the Lord Jesus, His own dear, dear Son, to die for you. Could He do more than that?

When you lie down, see how many proofs of His love you can count up; and then go to sleep on this soft, safe pillow, "I have loved you; saith the Lord!"—Little Pillows.

THE LOVE OF GOD.

How pleasant it must have been to have God walk with them in the garden," said Susie, "I wish that such a thing would happen now-a-days!" "Why, Susie," replied her father, "don't you remember the promise of Jesus to His Disciples just before He went up into Heaven, 'Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world.' That was meant for us too. Jesus' always seems so near when we are in the midst of His beautiful works?" "How kind and loving it was in God to give Adam the promise of a Saviour as soon as he became a sinner," said Mrs. Howard; "he no sooner felt himself in satan's power than he was told his enemy would one day have that power taken away from him, when Christ, the second Adam, should bruise the serpent's head. The Bible is full of God's love from beginning to end, and so are our lives from first to last. Why is it that we do not love Him more?"

PRAISING AND GIVING.

Many hundred years ago a rich youth in Rome had suffered from a dangerous illness. On recovering his health his heart was filled with gratitude, and he exclaimed, "O, Thou all-sufficient Creator; could man recompense Thee, how willingly would I give Thee all my possessions." Hermes, the herdsman, heard this and said to the youth, "All good gifts come from above; thither thou canst send nothing. Come, follow me." He took him to a hut, where was nothing but wretchedness and misery. The father lay on a bed of sickness, the mother wept, the children were destitute of clothing, and crying for bread. Hermes said, "See here, an altar for the sacrifice; see here the Lord's representatives." The youth assisted them bountifully; and the poor people called him an angel of God. Hermes smiled and said, "Thus turn always thy grateful countenance first to heaven and then to earth."

In these days there are some who would not adventure the tip of their little finger in the fire for Christ's sake, but it was not so of old time. When a

Roman emperor wanted amusement, he ordered Christians to be thrown to the lions. During the first three hundred years of the Christian Church there were ten persecutions. The last was during the reign of Diocletian, which continued for ten years, when "Diocletian's fiery sword worked busy as the lightning." He caused a medal to be struck, bearing the motto, "The Christian religion is destroyed, and the worship of the gods restored." In Spain two pillars were erected in his honor "for having everywhere abolished the superstition of Christ, and extended the worship of gods." But it was all to no purpose. Those who had been with Jesus triumphed; His Gospel spread as the leaven made the meal to swell, and as the mustard seed became a great plant. The gospel increased, its enemies decreased. The mighty emperor who persecuted the Church perished. Diocletian was driven from his throne and died a madman; Nero perished by his own hand; Domitian was murdered by his servants; Hadrian expired in agony; Severus, through his son's treachery, Decius, perished in a marsh; Valerian was flayed alive by the Persians; so the fighters against God were found to be liars, and perished, all the sort of them. Jesus, the little Babe of Bethlehem, Jesus, the worker in the carpenter's shop, the despised and rejected, the Man of Sorrows acquainted with grief, proved stronger than all the kings of the earth, although they and the rulers take counsel against Him. Jesus conquers because He is God as well as Man, and they who trust in Him are more than conquerors "through Him who loved us and giveth us the victory."

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MARRIED.

LIGHT-PRESTON.—At the Church of All Saints, in this city, on Thursday, 12th August, by the Venerable Archdeacon Wilson, uncle of the bride, assisted by the Rev. Johnstone Vicars, Henry Wilfred Crofton-Light, of Gloucestershire, England, to Emmeline Matilda, daughter of the late Thomas J. Preston, Esq., of the city of Toronto.

RICKER-BLANDFORD.—In the Parish of St. Thomas, Hamilton, on the 11th of August, by the Rev. R. S. Radcliffe, Parish Priest in charge (pro tem), Emma, eldest daughter of Mr. H. Blandford, of Hamilton, to Mr. Joseph Lehman Ricker, of the same place.

DIED.

JOHNSTONE.—Died at Jarvis, Ont., on the 10th inst., Reginald Heber, infant son of the Reverend Gabriel Johnstone, aged 4 months and 17 days.

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