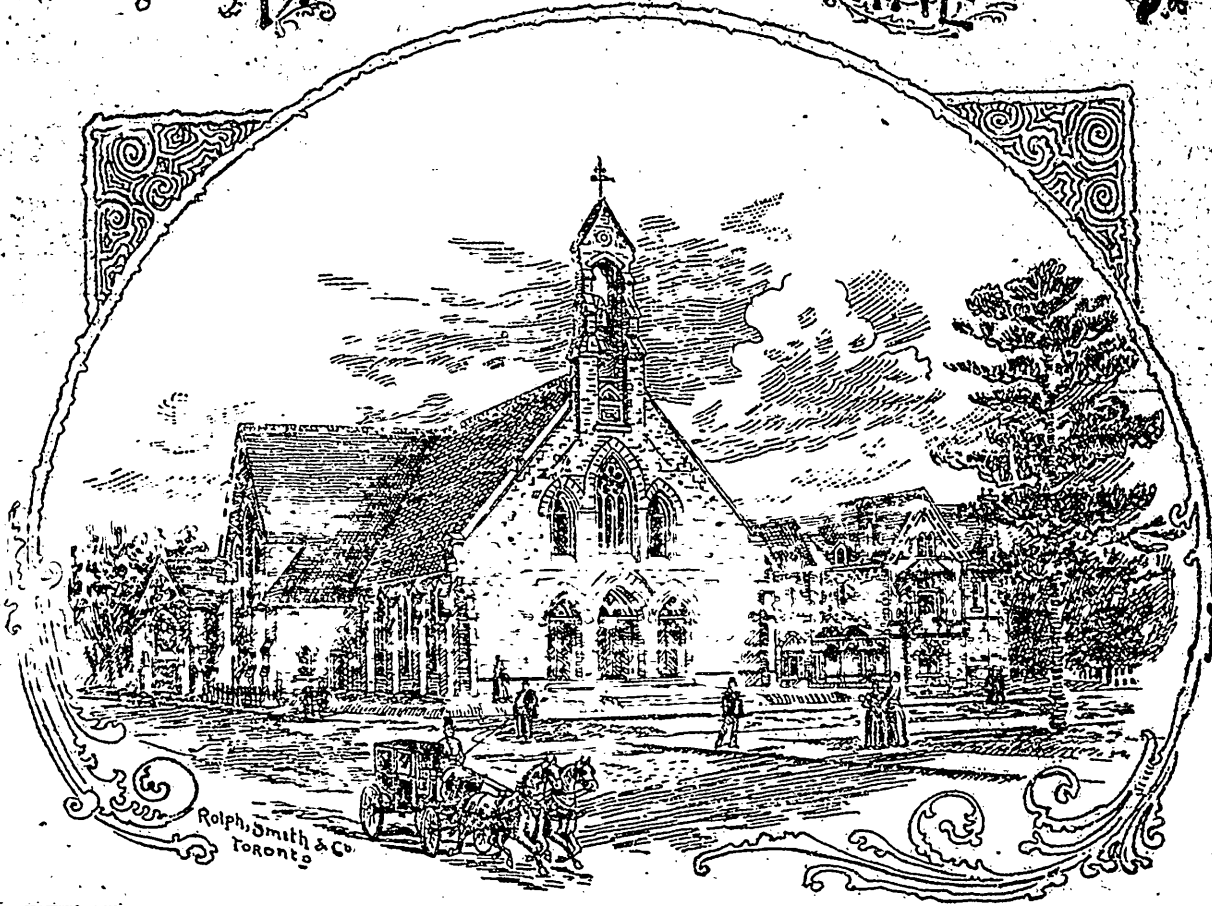


124 Miss Gumble.

P. 11 P. 12

CHURCH of The REDEEMER PARISH MAGAZINE



VOL. I

TORONTO, JANUARY, 1892

No. 3

RECTOR.—REV. SEPTIMUS JONES, M.A., RECTORY, 160 BLOOR STREET WEST.

ASSISTANT.—REV. GUS. ADOLF KUHRING, 185 MAJOR STREET.

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SERVICES

Sunday, 11 a.m., and 7 p.m.

Holy Communion, 11 a.m., first Sunday of each month.

" " 7 p.m., third " "

" " 8 a.m., every other Sunday.

Baptism, first Sunday of each month, 4:15 p.m.; or at the same hour on any other Sunday, or at any of the services if previously notified and arranged.

Sunday School, 3 p.m.

Adult Bible Class, 3 p.m.

Wednesday Service, 8 p.m., in School House.

CHURCH ORGANIZATIONS.

Monday—Men's Bible Class, 8 p.m.

St. Andrew Brotherhood, 1st Monday of each month, 8:45 p.m.

Monday—Girls' Friendly Society at 8 p.m., every Monday.

Tuesday—Young People's Association, each alternate Tuesday, 8 p.m.

Wednesday—Mothers' Meeting, 3 p.m.
Teachers' Meeting and Bible Class, 7 p.m.

Thursday—Women's Auxiliary to Missions, 3 p.m.

Friday—Boy's Bible Class, 7:30 p.m.

Saturday—Busy Workers, (Jr. Br. Women's Aux.) 10 a.m.

P. M. A. and District Visitors meet at the call of the Rector

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Church of The Redeemer PARISH MAGAZINE

VOL. I

TORONTO, JANUARY, 1892

No. 3

Church of the Redeemer Parish Magazine.

Subscription Price: 35 cents per annum
in advance.

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Manager.

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JAS. W. BAILLIE, Canada Life Ass. Co.

Address all communications of a business
nature, to the Business Manager.

We were pleased to have the closing exercises of the Ladies' Presbyterian College held in our school room, and to exchange a courtesy, remembering how kind the Rev. Principal was in placing his class rooms at our disposal when we were enlarging our school house.

A large number of the congregation responded to the invitation of the students of Wycliffe College to their "At Home" Friday Dec. 11th.

It is gratifying to see the bond of union that exists between the College and our Parishioners, seeing how much the future of our church depends on the men of Wycliffe College. The gathering we referred to enabled us to become better acquainted with the students and so more interested in them personally. Let our prayers therefore be more fervent on their behalf.

It has been decided to give the Sunday school scholars their annual entertainment in the fourth week in January.

For some time past the question has been discussed as to the advisability of giving prizes and entertainments to children who have good homes, and the opinion has so far developed as to reject the prize system entirely. It was deemed fair however, as the children expect their usual Christmas treat, to supply it, and, at the same time advise them that this would be the last.

In place of this in future the effort will be made to induce them to give rather than to receive. Meantime, let the Parishioners respond liberally to the appeal made by the teachers, and so lighten their heavy duties.

Words Spoken on the Occasion of the Funeral of the Late Sir Adam Wilson at the Church of the Redeemer, Dec. 31st, 1891.

DEAR FRIENDS—In the providence of God, a truly good man has passed away from among us, and I cannot refrain from offering a humble tribute to his memory. Concerning our dear brother, to whom all pomp and ostentation was peculiarly distasteful, I will say only a few words of simple truth, falling very far short of his merits, in which every heart will concur.

To you, his old tried friends, it is needless to describe those sterling qualities which distinguished his public and professional life. These are recorded in the annals of our city and country. Fidelity, integrity, practical ability, sound judgment, courtesy and indefatigable industry marked his conduct of affairs; and that kindness and largeness of heart and self forgetful consideration for others, which so endeared him to his friends, disarmed all personal hostility on the part of those whom he might feel it to be his duty publicly to oppose.

In the philanthropic organizations and institutions of the city he ever manifested a practical, generous and self denying interest; while in private life he poured forth a constant stream of secret beneficence.

A devout and habitual worshipper and communicant for more than twenty years in the Church of the Redeemer, he always evinced a warm interest in our affairs, was slow to find fault, and ever ready to help us with counsel and sympathy and liberal contributions.

To the congregation his removal is a heavy loss; to the pastor it is a grievous personal bereavement.

But when we remember his long and spotless life of nearly four score years, his happy home, the troops of loving friends that surrounded him, his extended career of usefulness, his green and beautiful old age, his Christian consistency of conduct, his many honors so meekly borne, his painless exit and the fragrant memory which he has left behind, we thank God for His goodness; and as with tears we tenderly consign his mortal remains to the faithful tomb in the sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection, we console ourselves with the thought that it is well with him and shall be evermore.

"Mark the perfect man and behold the upright; for the end of that man is peace."

"Let me die the death of the righteous and let my last end be like his."

CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR MR. EDITOR.

Through the columns of your paper, I wish to thank most sincerely the subscribers to the "S. S. Times" for the valuable books which came to me Christmas morning. I feel I am most undeserving of their kindness, but will endeavor to serve them more faithfully in the future.

M. GAMBLE.

Toronto, 72 Isabella Street,
Dec. 22nd, 1891.

DEAR MR. EDITOR.

Since I received your note this morning I have been trying to get my confused invoices of gifts, etc., in some kind of order. As you know the gifts of the Busy Workers were sent with those of the W. A., and are therefore rather scattered. Our dolls, scrap books, marble bags, work bags, candy bags and balls, made quite a valuable addition to the good things prepared by the Senior Branch for Mr. Allman's district, near Port Sidney.

Some six dolls and a few odd articles went to Mrs. Fry at Rosseau, who, as perhaps you know, wrote to Mrs. Benand, begging a few articles for her little band of children, who walked miles every Sunday to Sunday School. I am glad to say she got about thirty articles, instead of the fifteen or so she hoped for. Mrs. Gamble's class made up the bulk of the parcel sent to Mrs. Fry. I am sure there will be great joy among some poor children at Rosseau. In addition to the dress, hood, boots, etc., sent to Mary Bluebird, our Indian girl in the Industrial School at Middlechurch, near Winnipeg, we also sent some work bags, marble bags, books, and a game suitable for the Christmas tree there, as Mr. Bunnan says, Indian children are just like any others who look forward for months to the Christmas treat.

I am glad to say, too, that in the parcel sent for Mr. Allman himself, the Busy Workers lent a helping hand, sending warm mittens and socks. We have had twelve meetings this season, the average attendance being 16 out of a possible 24; the largest number present being 21, the smallest 9.

A pleasing and encouraging thing happened last Saturday. One little girl, a faithful worker last year, was and is unable to come this season, but still she did not forget the children, who seldom or never had a Christmas treat, and sent us a toy and a little money out of her own earnings. Also two others sent in some toys bought by money saved out of their own pocket money. This I think especially encouraging. I am sorry to say these children were not those who could best afford to give, but were children to whom it was real self-denial to give up anything. Do not think I am hard on those of richer parents, for some do of

their abundance give abundantly. Of the money value of things sent I have very little idea; perhaps somewhere in the neighborhood of \$20, more or less.

Hoping that this will give you some idea of the Busy Workers' work,

I remain,

Yours sincerely,

LUELLA SMITH.

—o—
CHRISTMAS OFFERING.

I desire to take this opportunity of extending to all the congregation the good old Christmas greetings and to wish them every happiness in the coming year.

Mr. Kuhring joins with me in gratefully acknowledging and reciprocating the good will and kindly consideration expressed towards us by your generous donation of \$124 (one hundred and twenty-four dollars) on Xmas Day.

May brotherly love ever continue. "Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift."

—o—
EPISTLE OF ST. PAUL TO THE ROMANS.
(Analysis Continued.)

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CHAP. III.

VERSES 21 TO 31.—Under these circumstances of fatal guiltiness, is there a means of mercy, a WAY of acceptance? All have sinned, and so sinned that "there is no difference" between man and man—in respect, not of amount of guilt, but of completeness of failure. For all men equally, therefore, the law has NO ACCEPTANCE; for its inexorable demand is nothing less than life-long and entire obedience, negative and positive. And meantime God, the Eternal Judge, is fully on the side of the law; which is no capricious demand of mere power, but the expression of His own absolute and necessary holiness. Thus, then, if there is a way of acceptance for man, it must on the one side stand entirely APART FROM THE LAW (ver. 21), independent (as to its terms) of man's obedience to the law—because a JUSTIFYING obedience on man's part is now impossible; and on the other side it must "MANIFEST THE RIGHTEOUSNESS" of Him who accords acceptance; it must make it plain that the Judge, while accepting the offender, still unchangeably ratifies, maintains and honors the sanctity of His own Law, His expressed Holiness.

Such a Way of Acceptance there is; foretold in the Old Scriptures, and now made actual in the Work of Jesus, the Messiah. He, by the Eternal Judge Himself, is now "SET FORTH" in the view of fallen men as their EXPIATORY SACRIFICE.

His death is that of a vicarious, or substituted victim; a death endured because sin (not His own, but man's) calls for the retribution of death. As such, and as the death of an infinitely sacred and perfectly voluntary VICTIM, it proves beyond doubt that God, who ordained that death, is indeed not indifferent to His own law. And again, as the death of a SUBSTITUTE, it is a redemption, a ransom; for those who obtain interest in it, it effects deliverance from legal doom, i. e., Acceptance before God.

And lastly, the way to obtain such interest is FAITH; sincere and direct TRUST in the person and the work in question, as the revealed propitiation;—Faith and no less, Faith and no more.

By this Way of Acceptance, now revealed, God (1) DECLARES (OR EXPLAINS) HIS RIGHTEOUSNESS in the pardon of sin, both in the ages before the Gospel (ver. 25) and now. And (2) He "EXCLUDES BOASTING" by transferring the element of merit in the matter of Acceptance, wholly and for ever, to the propitiatory substitute of the sinner; nothing being left to the sinner but the act of trustful acceptance—the act of faith.

And even this is left to him only that he, responsible being, may have a conscious and willing part in the matter; not with any suggestion that FAITH CARRIES ANY MERIT WITH IT. For in its proper nature it cannot; and this is especially plain in this case, where Faith is the acceptance of IMMENSE MERCY; and, in any view, the admission of the idea of merit would at once negative the "EXCLUSION OF BOASTING." But this "exclusion" is, says St. Paul, the direct and proper results of "the law (or, institute) of Faith." These terms of Acceptance are, evidently, as free for Gentiles as for Jews. God and His procedure in the matter alike, are One. (Ver. 30.)

31. An objection is here, in passing, stated and negated, and deferred for fuller treatment. That objection is that such terms of Acceptance appear to DISPENSE IN ALL RESPECTS WITH THE LAW. Is the sinner accepted only and absolutely on the merits of the propitiation, which

merits he obtains interest in on the sole condition of his own trustful acceptance of them? What becomes then of his future actions? Will he care to keep the rules of righteousness? Has he adequate reasons for so doing? Yes, says St. Paul, he has indeed; and they are such as will secure a fulness and reality of obedience unknown before. [But this is to be explained later (chap. vi.)]

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CHRISTMAS CAROLS.

CHILDREN'S SERVICE.

The scholars of the Sunday School celebrated the Xmas season by a service in the Church, on Sunday, 27th Dec.

The children had been practising at the carols under the able care of the choir master, Mr. Schuch. The carols were well rendered, especially when we consider how few children attend our regular service.

Services for children are held once a quarter, and that is as frequent as possible if we would maintain an efficient Sunday School instruction. It is to be hoped that parents will make an honest effort to bring their children with them to the regular morning, if not to the evening service as well.

What does it matter if there is a little more rustling and moving about, caused by the presence of children at our services. They are less conventional than their elders, and it is refreshing to hear their little voices singing or responding amidst the comparative silence of their elders.

By all means let us have the children. Out of 300 children who are capable of taking part in Divine worship we are safe in saying not 100 attend our services REGULARLY. Who is responsible?

OUR BOYS.

Can boys be interested in the study of the Bible itself and for its own sake, or is it necessary to add some amusement or attraction to secure and retain their interest? Without hesitation we answer, the Bible is a book for boys, that it contains truths and history sufficiently powerful and attractive in themselves to secure and retain the interest of boys, and that more successfully alone than when assisted by other agencies.

It is exhaustless as a source of variety.

It is attractive in its rebuke of vice and its reward of virtue.

It is inspiring in its examples of dangers braved, deeds of heroism performed, and lives sacrificed for the cause of truth.

It is permanent in its retaining power as the unchangeable character of God.

If you are not convinced of these truths, come to our Bible Class, which is held every Friday evening from 7.30 to 8.30, whether on the attractive frosty moonlight nights in winter, or the seducing warm light nights of spring, when winter or summer games are so attractive to boys, and you will find 26 boys, who have resisted the invitation of companions to enjoy the open air, studying the Old Testament, with no other inducement than the Scripture itself.

WOMEN'S AUXILIARY NOTES.

As a result of the work done by the members of the Women's Auxiliary since October last, six bales have been sent to the following places:—Port Sydney and Uffington, Rev. Arthur Allman; Pelee Island, Rev. Mr. Gander; Seguin Falls, Magnetawan, for Sunday School, Mrs. Fry; Asplin, Muskoka, Rev. H. P. Low; and Rev. W. A. Burman's Indian and Industrial School.

The bales contained good warm clothing of all sorts, mostly new, for men, women, boys and girls, such as quilts, overcoats, cloaks, hoods, capes, dresses, flannel shirts, boys' suits, woollen and cotton under-garments, flannel skirts, woollen socks and stockings, mits of all kinds and sizes, cuffs, mufflers, etc., also two or three pairs of boots, dolls, toys, books, illustrated papers, Xmas cards, candies, etc., etc., for Xmas trees. Not counting papers, cards, candies, etc., about 400 articles. The Busy Workers united with the senior branch in providing for the Xmas trees.

Missionary interest has been deepened from time to time by addresses, the last one being from the Bishop of Algoma. Among other things his Lordship spoke of the need of more men to work among our Indian brethren of Algoma, there being at present five mission stations vacant in that Diocese.

The W. A. has 67 members. Some of the meetings have had an attendance of over 40. Meetings will (D.V.) be resumed on January 21, 1892.

NEW YEAR.

We wish all our subscribers a Happy New Year.

Happy in being fruitful in good works.

Happy in God's love.

Happy in Domestic Relations.

Happy in Business enterprises.

Happy in all things that pertain to life and Godliness.

Happy in being called not only to believe on Christ but also to suffer with Him.

TOKEN OF REGARD.

The Sunday School teachers presented Miss Gamble, with a copy of "The Acts of the Apostles," by the Rev. Prof. G. T. Stokes, D. D.

This was given as a slight acknowledgement of their appreciation of Miss Gamble's kind attention to their interests in connection with the Sunday School Times.

These kindly acts are the outward signs of the harmony and kindly feelings that exist between the teachers.

A PLEASANT SURPRISE.

At the close of the choir practice, Wednesday, Dec. 23rd, James Jones, B. A., on behalf of the choir, presented Mr. Schuch with a purse, and expressed to him the pleasure and profit they had received under his able instruction.

Mr. Schuch replied briefly, expressing the interest he felt in the choir and its success.

We are glad to record this token of appreciation, for Mr. Schuch is second to none in the deep and continued interest manifested on behalf of the choir.

MISSIONARY ITEMS.

At Lucknow, where so many were murdered during the Sepoy rebellion thirty years ago, two thousand children, nearly all of Hindu-Mohammedan parentage, recently marched in a Sunday School procession.—ILLUSTRATED CHRISTIAN WEEKLY.

There is considerable suggestiveness in the fact that a young Jewess who has embraced Christianity has expressed a desire "to read church history to find out how and when Christians came to be so different from Christ." This is a question which every follower of the Saviour should prayerfully ponder.—MID-CENTINENT.

Judaism means something or nothing. Its forms have changed and are changing. Its essence is changeless and perpetual. Its customs, like its prayers, have grown with its history. Its traditions have kept pace with its wanderings. But back of rite and ceremony, one purpose and inspiration lights up its path—the diffusion of the monotheistic belief and the spreading of justice, love and mercy. That alone is Judaism: all else is incident and accident.—JEWISH MESSENGER.

The closing words in the second volume of "JOHN G. PATON," missionary to the New Hebrides are well worthy of our deepest attention.

"When pleading the cause of the Heathen and the claims of Jesus on His followers, I have often been taunted with being "a man of one idea." Sometimes I have thought that this came from the lips of those who had not even one idea!—unless it were how to kill time or to save their own skin. But seriously speaking, is it not better to have one good idea and to live for that and to succeed in it, than to scatter one's life away on many things and leave a mark on none?—And, besides, you cannot live for one idea supremely without thereby helping forward many other collateral causes. My life has been dominated by one sacred purpose; but in pursuing it the Lord has enabled me to be Evangelist as well as Missionary, and whilst seeking for needed money to seek for and save and bless many souls, has enabled me to defend the Holy Sabbath in many lands, as the God-given and precious birthright of the toiling millions, to be bartered away for no price or bribe that man can offer,—has enabled me to maintain the right of every child in Christian lands, or in Heathen, to be taught to read the blessed Bible and to understand it, as the Divine foundation of all Social Order and the sole guarantee of individual freedom as well as of national greatness."

—o—

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

In spite of the many changes that have taken place in the personell of the staff of Teachers, we are happy in being able to state that this staff is complete. Besides this we have added two new classes to the main school, the scholars for these graduating from the Infant class. It is

encouraging to notice that the number of men teaching in the S. School, is greater than ever

Mr. S. Stewart, has replaced Mr. Meek, as Assistant Secy.

Mr. King, has a new class.

Mr. Bailie, has taken W. Harberts, class.

Miss Pringle has taken another.

Mr. Curry has taken the balance of Mr. Evans, Class and also Miss Harris' class.

Mr. B. Molkhouse, has replaced Mr. T. Bronsdon, who was formerly Assit. but now librarian in place of Mr. Chas. Hewitt.

Mrs. Hall and Miss Hall, have also been added to our Teaching Staff replacing Mr. Stewart and Miss Trotter. To have such recuperative power, so as to be able to sustain such losses and successfully fill so many vacancies without any appreciable injury or hinderance to the work, is a strong testimony to the life of a church.

As we cannot control events that to observers are apparent we must say that in January, we shall need three teachers to fill three vacancies which will then occur.

We commend also to the earnest prayers of the Congregation our need of a Superintendent, and also an Asst. Supt. that God may send us "MEN AFTER HIS OWN HEART."

INFANT CLASS.

Since Miss Burch resigned the Infant Class to take a tentative position as Teacher in the main S. School. The class work was carried on, until lately by Miss Luella Smith, with such assistance as she could procure.

At her request and that of her assistants, it was thought best to reorganize the work. This has been done and the class divided into four sections, each section being in charge of a Secretary. During the past month we were fortunate in being able to secure the assistance of Mrs. Woodruff who has lately come from Woodstock. Those at present engaged in this work, are Mrs. Cotton, Miss Smith, Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Woodruff.

We have had several visitors lately who have expressed themselves as pleased with the Sunday School, its order, equipment and good singing.

Rev. Rural Dean Pollard, of Ottawa, gave us a few kindly words of advice.

PERSONAL.

The Right Rev., the Bishop of Mac-Kenzie River Diocese, has been pleased to appoint Rev. Rural Dean Jones, M.A., our Rector, as his "Commissary" for the Diocese of Toronto.

The choice is a good one, and we hope the members of the congregation will show their interest in a practical manner towards this Diocese, the largest in the world, and which has a special claim on the Canadian Church, seeing that it lies at our northern shore.

The Bishop expects to be in Toronto, 17th January.

—o—

CONFIRMATION CLASSES.

There are held at present two classes for the preparation of Confirmation candidates, one every Thursday evening at eight o'clock especially for adults; and one every Friday at half-past four, for younger persons.

The Confirmation Class forms a precious opportunity for influencing the young at a critical period, and it is a sacred duty of parents and sponsors to see that, so far as in them lies, it may be turned to good account. In the case of adults it is important that they should set a good example to the young, and those who have joined the Church in after life will find these classes an excellent opportunity for becoming better acquainted with her doctrine and ritual.

The candidates are requested to bring with them to the classes a Bible with marginal references, a Prayer Book, a note book and pencil. The Confirmation itself will take place not long after Easter.

—o—

BAPTISMS.

Dec. 6—Charlotte Elizabeth, daughter of W. S. Battin and Isabella Fearon Clarke, his wife.

Dec. 6—Brien de Courcy, son of Gerald de Courcy O'Grady and Geraldine Carter, his wife.

Dec. 6—Norma Kathleen, daughter of John Dechert and Eliza Jane Duck, his wife.

Dec. 6—James Ernest, son of Edward Chapman and Annie McNie, his wife.

MARRIAGE.

Dec. 2nd—Thomas Henry Pickford, of Washington, D.C., to Mary Ann daughter of the late James Sparrow.

CHURCH DECORATIONS.

On Monday evening, the 21st December, a number of the congregation met to make our usual Christmas decorations. The interior of the church presented an animated scene. Large coils of evergreen lay about, ladders of phenomenal length supported the young men as they skilfully festooned the walls, while here and there groups of ladies arranged those parts within reach from terra firma, or deftly converted unlovely pasteboard letters into mottoes of glowing green.

The usual arrangement has been generally adhered to throughout the church, the most notable variation being in the chancel, for which Mr. Storm had very kindly furnished a design. It consists of three gables, the centre being the higher and wider, and bearing in a background of scarlet the text, "Behold thy King Cometh," in letters of silver blue and gold, above which is placed a monogram, "A. O." (Alpha, Omega). The right gable contains the single word "Peace," and the left "Glory," over each being placed a crown in gold, while beneath the three gables runs the text, "Thou shalt call his name Jesus," and the whole design is flanked on either side by a network of evergreen wreathing.

YOUNG PEOPLES' ASSOCIATION.

The first meeting of the above, since the previous issue of the "Parish and Home," took place Dec. 8th, the Vice-President, Mr. I. I. Ashworth in the chair. The proceedings comprised a piano solo by Miss Saunders, songs by Miss Hackett, readings by Miss K. Symons, and violin, Rev. Septimus Jones, who was accompanied on the piano by Miss E. Jones. The annual "Pound Concert" was held in the school-house Dec. 23rd, the Rector, Hon. President of the Association, occupying the chair with his accustomed geniality. A very excellent programme was rendered by the following ladies and gentlemen. Pianists, Misses Symons and Saunders, vocalists, Miss Kleiser and Mr. D. E. Cameron and the University Octette Club; readings and recitations, Mr. Smiley. There was a good attendance, and during the evening, the chairman read out the list of contributions and cash receipts, all of which being distributed

amongst the poor people of the Parish on the following day.

The only meeting to be held in the coming month is January 15th, "An evening with the Poets."

BROTHERHOOD OF ST. ANDREW.
CHURCH OF THE REDEEMER CHAPTER.

The annual meeting of the Chapter was held on the first Monday in December. The election of officers resulted as follows:

Director, Jas. W. Baillie.
Vice Director, C. R. W. Postlethwaite.
Secretary, W. M. Campbell.
Treasurer, E. Monkhouse.
Council: Messrs. Alfred Willson, R. Parker, and W. G. Storm.

The usual Men's Bible Class was suspended, and Rev. C. C. Owen B.A., gave a most interesting and practical address on the text "Ye are not your own, ye are bought with a price." It was such an address as we need. Mr. Owen is always welcomed in our midst.

MISSION HALL.

Amount acknowledged list number \$187.00.

We have received another five dollars making in all \$192.00 subscribed. We will publish names later.

As the church of the Messiah have retained the keys of the old building, we have been unable to begin work. The keys are now handed over and we expect to have our first meeting in the third week in January.

VISITING.

There is no clergyman but who can say at the end of a days visiting, that it has not been used to the best advantage.

Is the fault then entirely that of the clergyman? We answer no. For well is he aware of his own failings, but when he has allowed for them or even removed them there is still a great deal of blame that must be borne by the Parishioner.

With few exceptions you never suggest to the clergyman that he could see the servant when he calls. He is received in the drawing room where he may expect at any moment to hear the bell announce another visitor. You never permit him

to have a private interview. The whole family keep together so that it is impossible for anyone to ask advice or to speak privately about their difficulties. Again, when through all these obstacles the way has been opened for a near and personal dealing with the soul, too often it becomes a duel, and every thrust is skilfully parried.

Beside these difficulties there is the difficulty of meeting the men of the congregation. The clergyman's evenings are nearly all engaged. The business man or clerk is not at home in the afternoon, and if his Pastor should call at the office or workshop, it is to find him busy. The only place for conversation being in the presence of others where pastoral work is unwise.

There is above all the natural diffidence to speak about those things which affect our inmost being. Too often when the word has not been read nor the prayer offered, it has been because of the actual or seeming unwillingness of the parishioner.

The IDEAL we seek is where the Pastor is regarded as a FRIEND, is conducted to a room suitable to the delivery of his message, where the mother brings him into contact with anyone who may need or wish to see him privately, where he may meet all that are at home and offer up prayer for and with them, or, if he seek the business circle, he is shown into the private office and permitted to enter into the discussion of those questions which perplex or should perplex the business man. How much more sympathy we should have did we know more of the trials of business and professional men, and how much more would we be able to help them if we did!

"Not at home," a card left, does not constitute a Pastor's call. Help them therefore in their arduous work. When it is known that over 1,000 calls (besides the study for and attendance at services must be made if each family in the Parish is called on twice a year by the clergyman, the work will be seen, but if it is remembered that in order that a fair interest be sustained in the various organizations connected with the Parish to the above at least 600 visits more must be made, then the work will be better understood. But this is not all, room must be found for visits to the sick and afflicted. Whole afternoons given up to funerals and many hours given up to those who have difficulties of the soul.

We plead therefore on their behalf for charity, for sympathy, for co-operation.

Parish and Home.

VOL. II.

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CALENDAR FOR JANUARY.

LESSONS.

- 1—Circumcision of our Lord. *Morning*—Gen. 17, v. 9; Rom. 2, v. 17. *Evening*—Deut. 10, v. 12; Col. 2, v. 8 to 18.
- 3—2nd Sunday after Christmas. *Morning*—Isaiah 42; Matt. 2. *Evening*—Isaiah 43 or 44; Acts 2, to v. 22.
- 6—Epiphany of our Lord. *Morning*—Isaiah 60; Luke 3, v. 15 to 23. *Evening*—Isaiah 49, v. 13; to 24; John 2, to v. 12.
- 10—1st Sunday after Epiphany. *Morning*—Isaiah 51; Matt. 6, to v. 19, v. 7. *Evening*—Isaiah 52, v. 18, and 53 or 54; Acts 6.
- 17—2nd Sunday after Epiphany. *Morning*—Isaiah 55; Matt. 10, to v. 24. *Evening*—Isaiah 57, or 61; Acts 10, to v. 24.
- 24—3rd Sunday after Epiphany. *Morning*—Isaiah 62; Matt. 13, v. 53 to 14, v. 13. *Evening*—Isaiah 65 or 66; Acts 15, to v. 30.
- 25—Conversion of St. Paul. *Morning*—Isaiah 49, to v. 13; Gal. 1, v. 11. *Evening*—Jer. 1, to v. 11; Acts 26, to v. 21.
- 31—4th Sunday after Epiphany. *Morning*—Job 27; Matt. 17, v. 14. *Evening*—Job 28 or 29; Acts 18, v. 24 to 19, v. 21.

EVERY YEAR.

Yes, the shades of life are shifting
Every year;
And we are seaward drifting
Every year;
Old places changing fret us,
The living more forget us,
There are fewer to regret us,
Every year.

But the truer life draws nigher
Every year;
And its morning star climbs higher
Every year;
Earth's hold on us grows slighter,
And the heavy burden lighter,
And the dawn immortal brighter,
Every year.

—Selected.

For PARISH AND HOME.

"Look!"

"Do we wish for a happy New Year?"
Then let us take four "looks" to ensure this.

1. *Look back.* The first Christmas Day is the hope of the world. The incarnation means a reconstructed humanity. By this alone can mankind be brought back to God's image. Let us trace our stream of blessings back to

the little rivulet flowing from the "House of Bread":

It is the calm and solemn night!
Angel voices sweet ring out and throw
Their joyous peals abroad, and smite
The darkness, charmed and holy now!
The night that erst no name had worn,
To it a happy name is given;
For in that stable lay new-born
The peaceful Prince of Earth and Heaven.

Jesus Christ reconstructed society through a reconstructed individuality. We become "new creatures" alone in Christ Jesus.

2. *Look down.* That is, into our hearts. What a sad sight! Past failings and sins are thick as the fallen leaves. Do we speak of the "dead" past? Nay; it lives before God. We must face it again when the books are opened. So, too, it "lives" in what we are to-day. It has helped to form character, which is shaping our eternal destiny. Have we met with any of God's loving chastisements? Has He deflected the stream of our life from the channel in which it was running? Has it passed through the "green pastures," or, again, "through the valley of the shadow of death?" Wherever He has led, it is well if we but know our weakness and our sin better than at the commencement of 1891. So we can sing:

We've shut the Old Year out, friends,
With its sorrow, its failing and sin;
But with Hope endued, and with Love imbued,
We've ushered the New Year in.

3. *Look up.* "He that sitteth upon the throne saith, 'Behold, I will make all things new.'" Looking down will discourage; looking up will inspire. "Look up," cried the captain to the sailor boy, who, high up in the rigging, cried out that he should fall; "look up and you are safe." "Behold!" says the captain of our salvation, "look to Me by prayer, by the reading of My Word, by every church service, by the use of all the means of grace." Yes; let us "look unto Jesus." Above is the throne. It is the place of power. And, thank God, it is occupied. Christ is upon it. Therefore we can say, "I will direct my prayer unto Thee and will look up."

4. *Look forward.* Why is a new heart given to us? If we are new creatures in Christ Jesus, for what purpose is it? It is that we are to become radiators, and not mere absorbers. Why is not the church a mightier power? Because, largely through our fault, men and women have so seldom seen what the living witness for Christ should be. A cold, half-dead faith like ours is, alas, too often conquered by such trivial things. A sneer, a look, a contemptuous word! How often we bear them. May our witness-bearing in 1892 not be hindered by fears within, or fightings without. Shall we "look forward" to the same failures as in the past? God forbid. But how shall we escape them? Chiefly through private prayer. He who talks with God walks with God. It is said that when Moltke was asked how he won the campaign against the French he said, "In my closet." There, in his chamber, with map before him, he had studied, planned, fought and won. He could "look forward" to victory. So I bid all take courage. The lukewarm, the lapsed, the drunken, everyone.

I hold it true with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones
That men may rise on stepping stones
Of their dead selves to higher things.

Yes; take courage. Look forward hopefully. Like the English king who commenced each letter with the words, "In nomine Jesu," so let us commence each day "In the name of Jesus." Let His dear name be the inspiration of each act. Then our Christianity will not be dwarfed into individualism, or be a selfishness expanded into infinity. As miners deep down in the earth wear a little light in the cap, so let each Christian carry as it were a star before him. But let it be Christ's light. Let it shine on the brow of each. Then we shall "look forward" to "newness" of life; then shall we make it manifest that we have a "new," a Christ-like heart. The "new" name will be borne witness to; a "new" song will be in our mouth; we shall behold a "new," a transformed earth and

"new" Heaven, sweeter, purer, nobler, wider-reaching than we ever before conceived will be opened to us in this "HAPPY NEW YEAR."

—W. J. TAYLOR.

OUR OWN.

If I had known in the morning
How wearily all the day
The words unkind
Would trouble my mind
I said when you went away.
I had been more careful, darling,
Nor given you needless pain;
But we vex "our own"
With look and tone
We may never take back again.

For though in the quiet evening
You may give me the kiss of peace,
Yet it might be
That never for me
The pain of the heart should cease,
How many go forth in the morning
That never come home at night!
And hearts have broken
For harsh words spoken
That sorrow can ne'er set right.
We have careful thoughts for the stranger,
And smiles for the sometime guest:
But oft for "our own"
The bitter tone,
Though we love "our own" the best.
Ah, lips with the curve impatient!
Ah, brow with that look of scorn!
'Twere a cruel fate
Were the night too late
To undo the work of morn.

—Selected.

THE POWER OF PRAYER.

"No," said the lawyer, "I shan't press your claim against that man; you can get some one else to take the case, or you can withdraw it, just as you please."

"Think there is't any money in it?"

"There would probably be some little money in it; but it would come from the sale of the little house that the man occupies and calls his 'home.' But I don't want to meddle with the matter, anyhow."

"Got frightened out of it, eh?"

"Not at all."

"I suppose likely the fellow begged hard to be let off?"

"Well, yes, he did."

"And you caved in, likely?"

"Yes."

"What in creation did you do?"

"I believe I shed a few tears."

"And the old fellow begged you hard, you say?"

"No, I didn't say so, he didn't speak a word to me."

"Well, may I respectfully inquire whom he did address in your hearing?"

"God Almighty."

"Ah, he took to praying, did he?"

"Not for my benefit in the least. You see, I found the little house easily enough, and I knocked on the outer door, which stood ajar, but nobody heard me, so I stepped into the little hall, and saw through the crack of the door a cozy sitting-room, and there on the bed, with her silver head high on he pillows, was an old lady who looked for the world just as my mother did the last time I ever saw her on earth. Well, I was on the point of knocking, when she said: 'Come, father, now begin: I'm all ready.' And down on his knees by her side went an old, white-haired man, still older than his wife, I should judge; and I couldn't have knocked then for the life of me. Well, he began. First he reminded God that they were still His submissive children, mother and he, and no matter what He saw fit to bring upon them they should not rebel at His will. Of course, 'twas going to be very hard for them to go homeless in their old age, especially with poor mother so sick and helpless, and, oh, how different it all might have been if only one of the boys had been spared! Then his voice kind of broke, and a thin, white hand stole from under the coverlid, and moved softly over his snowy hair. Then he went on to repeat that nothing could be so sharp again as the parting with those three sons—unless mother and he should be separated! But at last he fell to comforting himself with the fact that the dear Lord knew that it was through no fault of his own that mother and he were threatened with the loss of their dear little home, which meant beggary and the almshouse—a place they prayed to be delivered from entering, if it could be consistent with God's will. And then he quoted a multitude of promises concerning the safety of those who put their trust in the Lord. In fact, it was the most thrilling plea to which I ever listened. And at last he prayed for God's blessing on those who were about to demand justice."

The lawyer then continued, more slowly than ever: "And—I—believe I'd rather go to the poorhouse myself to-night than to stain my heart and hands with the blood of such a prosecution as that."

"Little afraid to defeat the old man's prayer, eh?"

"Bless your soul, man, you couldn't defeat it!" said the lawyer. "I tell you he left it all subject to the will of God; but he claimed that we were told to make known our desire unto God; but of all the pleadings I ever heard that beat all. You see, I was taught that kind of thing myself in my childhood. And why was I sent to hear that prayer? I'm sure I don't know—but I hand the case over."

"I wish," said the client, twisting uneasily, "you hadn't told me about the old fellow's prayer."

"Why so?"

"Well, because I want the money the place would bring. I was taught the Bible straight enough when I was a youngster, and I hate to run counter to what you tell me. I wish you had not heard a word about it, and another time I wouldn't listen to petitions not intended for my ears."

The lawyer smiled.

"My dear fellow," he said, "you're wrong again. It was intended for my ears, and yours, too; and God Almighty intended it. My old mother used to sing about 'God moves in a mysterious way,' I remember."

"Well, my mother used to sing it, too," said the claimant, as he twisted the claim papers in his fingers. "You can call in the morning, if you like, and tell 'mother and him' the claim has been met."

"In a mysterious way," added the lawyer, smiling.—*Boston Globe.*

THE FIRST OFFER.

NOT long since, as a clergyman was visiting one of his parishioners, who was a man of business, the following conversation occurred:

"It is true," said the merchant, "I am not satisfied with my present condition; I am not of a settled mind in 'religion,' as you express it. Still I am not utterly hopeless; I may yet enter the vineyard, even at the eleventh hour." "Ah! your allusion is to the Saviour's parable of the loitering labourers, who wrought one hour at the end of the day. But you overlooked the fact that these men accepted the first offer." "Is that so?" "Certainly; they said to the lord of the vineyard, 'No man hath hired us.' They welcomed the first offer immediately." "True, I had not thought of that before. But the thief on the cross, even when dying, was saved." "Yes, but it is likely that

even he had never rejected the offer of salvation, as preached by Christ and His Apostles. Like Barabbas, he had been a robber by profession. In the resorts to which he had been accustomed the Gospel had never been preached. Is there not some reason to believe that he, too, accepted the first offer?" "Why, you seem desirous to quench my last spark of hope." "Why should I not? Such hope is an illusion! You have really no promise of acceptance at some future time. Now is the accepted time! Begin now!" "How shall I begin?" "Just as the poor leper did when he met Jesus by the way, and committed his body to the great Physician in order to be healed. So commit your soul to Him as a present Saviour. Then serve Him from love. The next, even the most common duty of life, that you have to perform, do it as a service to Him. Will you accept the first offer? Your eyes are open to the peril. Beware of delay—beware." "You are right; may God help me. I fear I have been living in a kind of dreamy delusion on this subject."—*Selected.*

"DUST TO DUST."

Oh, blessing, wearing semblance of a curse,
We fear thee, thou stern sentence—yet to be
Linked to immortal bodies were far worse
Than thus to be set free.
For mingling with the life blood through each
vein
The venom of the serpent's bite has run
And only thus might be expelled again—
Thus only health be won.
Shall we not then a gracious sentence own,
Now since the leprosy has fretted through
The entire house, that Thou wilt take it down,
And build it all anew?
Build it this time (since Thou wilt build again)
A holy house where righteousness may dwell;
And we, though in the unbuilding there will be
pain,
Will still affirm—'tis well.
—Richard Chenevix Trench.

LAUGHING AT A CHILD IN HIS PRESENCE.

Nor long since I visited a Kindergarten where there were a great many children belonging to wealthy families. One little fellow would not join in the play or the work, preferring to sit in an outside room doing his work alone. About half an hour previous to the closing exercises, the mother and grandmother came in. The mother succeeded in getting him to go to a table and string some of the "Hail-

mann beads" with the other children, which made him very happy.

As the teacher was having the children come to her and bid her good-morning, she asked this little fellow if he would come. He walked up like a little man and said: "Good morning; this has been a very pleasant day, hasn't it?" in a very loud, important voice, as though he had been taught to say this for special occasions. The teacher paid no more attention to it than she did to the sweet remarks of the other children, but the mother and grandmother were so very much amused they were obliged to retire to another room. They took the boy with them, and I happened to be in the door very near them and I heard the mother say in a loud voice: "I didn't think he would go anywhere near her," and laughed as though it was the greatest joke she had ever heard; in the meantime she was putting on the child's wraps.

He was five years old, and the reason for his not joining with the other children was very apparent. He appreciated the entire situation, and will take advantage of it.

If some people really thought their children had as little discernment and appreciation of what was going on about them, as they seem to give them credit for, they would be very likely to disown them.

If we expect the children to be little men and women we must not treat them as we would dumb animals. It is such an easy matter and requires so little self-sacrifice and self-control to wait and enjoy the brilliancy of their remarks after they are out of our presence. But having had them with us since they were babes, it is hard to realize how soon they begin to appreciate their surroundings, and know they are being talked about and made the subject of special consideration.

How often is the sweet simplicity, which is the rightful inheritance of every child, stolen from him through laughing at it in his presence.—*The Kindergarten.*

THE effect of example is one of the most terrible things in life. No one can tell how far it extends. One man's life or one man's thought—influencing in turn multitudes of others—may go down through ages gathering its tremendous harvest of good or evil.

SIN AND SALVATION.

WE hear people talking sometimes of giving up sin by degrees, but that is not God's method. Fancy a man in a burning building, or one on a sinking vessel, taking such a method as that. It is said that an ancient warrior was once presented by an enemy with a beautiful garment. Not suspecting evil, he put it on at once, but discovered the next moment that it was lined with a deadly burning poison which stuck to his flesh like flaming pitch. He did not wait and take it off by degrees. It fairly tore the flesh, but it had to come off instantly. And so must sin be treated by him who would be saved.

WEARY THE WAITING.

THERE'S an end to all toiling some day—sweet day!
But how weary the waiting—weary!
There's a harbour somewhere in a peaceful bay
Where the sails will be furled and the ship will lay
At anchor, somewhere in the far-away—
But it's weary the waiting—weary!
There's an end to the sorrows of souls oppressed,
But it's weary the waiting—weary!
Somewhere in the future, when God thinks best,
He will lay us tenderly down to rest,
And roses will bloom from the thorns in the breast—
But it's weary the waiting—weary!
There's an end to the world, with its stormy row,
But how weary the waiting—weary!
There's a light somewhere that no dark can drown,
And where life's sad burdens are all laid down;
A crown—thank God!—for each cross a crown,
But it's weary the waiting—weary!
—Frank L. Stanton.

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

LAUGHTER.

THIS is a festive season. Gaiety is at its height. Merriment is in the air. There is much truth in the old adage, "Laugh and grow fat." Who does not enjoy a good hearty laugh? And yet it has been noticed that Christian people do not usually laugh so loud or so long as worldly people. Are they less happy? Surely not, for they have a "peace which passeth all understanding." They have a rest of soul which springs out of trust in the Lord who looks after their highest interests both in this world and the next. Even in the midst of sorrow they possess that which is an unailing source of consolation.

Though there are some Christians who bring disgrace upon their religion by going about with long, doleful faces, yet it must be admitted that the brightest, happiest and most restful faces we see are those of earnest Christian people. And yet it is a fact that Christian people do not laugh so loud or so long as worldly people. Why is this?

We are told that Jesus wept; we are not told that He laughed; yet He speaks of His joy. We can imagine our Lord often smiling; we can scarcely imagine Him in a fit of boisterous laughter.

There was a deep seriousness running all through His life. He had come to seek and to save the lost. He was surrounded by sin and suffering and misery. His soul yearned to relieve all who were thus burdened. "Come unto me," was his loving invitation to such, "and I will give you rest." On the one hand He was not blind to the sin and misery about Him. He fully realized it. On the other hand He knew there was a sovereign remedy for all who would make use of it. "Earth hath no sorrow that Heaven cannot cure."

So there could be thrilling joy without boisterous laughter.

Christians must in some degree enter into their Master's spirit. Many about us are on the broad road that leadeth to destruction. Jesus Christ can save all who turn unto Him. He is the gate to the narrow way that leadeth to life eternal. We can rejoice with great joy over those who turn to Him, but when we think of the many who are turning away from this loving Saviour a feeling of sorrow steals into our heart. We fully appreciate the bright side of life and can be the happiest among the merry. Yet we cannot—we dare not—close our eyes to the dark side. For us, then, amidst all our true happiness there is a seriousness in life, and though we can thoroughly enjoy a good laugh our laughter is modified by our view of life. We pause to recollect ourselves.

This brings up another reason why Christians do not usually laugh so loud or so long as people of the world. The object of laughter. This may be pure and innocent, but it often is not. We see a stout man walking along a slippery street, he falls and flounders about. He may be writhing in pain with a broken leg, but our first impulse

is to laugh. Our next better impulse is to rush to his assistance. This is a very literal illustration. We are inclined to laugh at the man's fall. Much of the laughter of the world is at the slips and falls of others.

Intellectual slips. A man has made a blunder; he has said perhaps the opposite of what he means; he is confused. We are naturally inclined to laugh. It may not be at the man, but it is hard to separate things so closely connected. In any case our laugh may wound his feelings.

Moral slips. A shrewd young man has got the better of a staid old partner and fleeced him of his wealth. It was cleverly done. Again, we are inclined to laugh until our moral sentiment rises in condemnation of the act. Think of all the boisterous laughter in the world over the moral fall of the once innocent and fair. How low and degrading, how utterly unworthy of man such merriment is, fit only for the fiendish glee of the demons of hell.

Religious slips. The inconsistencies of professing Christians is the object often of peals of laughter among the worldly. In short, the greater a brother's fall the more merriment some find in it.

Surely it is well, then, for those who are striving to be followers of the meek and lowly Jesus, who never needlessly wounded the feelings of anyone, who came to lift up the fallen, to pause before they go into a fit of uncontrolled laughter in order to reflect a moment whether it be at a brother's expense or not.

These are some of the reasons why Christian people, though the happiest people on earth, do not usually laugh so loud or so long as people who are living entirely for this world.

A man once went to consult a doctor about his health. He complained that he suffered from such overwhelming depression that his life was unbearable. The doctor examined him, and after a little while remarked that he wanted nothing except some lively amusement to divert his thoughts from himself. "Try a lively novel." The man shook his head as if doubtful of the prescription. "Well, go to the theatre and see what that will do for you." Again the man shook his head. "Well, I can I can only think of one thing else. Go and see that great clown who has lately arrived and is drawing such

crowds with his merriment. If he cannot cheer you up I do not know who can." "Doctor," sadly replied the man, "I am that clown." Those who laugh the loudest often do so to conceal an aching heart.

—F. H. DU VERNET.

AFTER ALL.

GRIEF is strong, but joy is stronger
Night is long, but day is longer.
When life's riddle solves and clears,
And the angels in our ears

Whisper the sweet answer low
(Answer full of love and blessing),

How our wonderment will grow
At the blindness of our guessing;
All the hard things we recall
Made so easy—after all!

Earth is sweet, but heaven is sweeter;
Love complete, but faith completer;
Close beside our wandering ways,
Through dark nights and weary days

Stand the angels with bright eyes
And the shadow of the Cross

Falls upon and sanctifies
All our pain and all our loss.
Though we stumble, though we fall,
God is helping—after all!

Sigh then, soul, but sing in sighing
To the happier things replying,
Dry the tears that dim thy seeing,
Give glad thoughts for life and being;

Time is but the little entry
To eternity's large dwelling.

And the heavenly guards keep sentry,
Urging, guiding, half-compelling,
Till the puzzling way quite past,
Thou shalt enter in—at last!

—Susan Coolidge.

FAITH IN LOVE.

ONCE in an hour of great peril an officer showed such courage that his wife said afterward to him, "How could you help being afraid?" He drew his sword and rested the point at her heart. "How can you smile?" he said. "Because," she answered, "he who holds the sword loves me better than his life." "It is the same with me," he said, as he returned his sword to its sheath. "He who holds the winds in the hollow of His hand loves me infinitely."—*Christian Intelligencer*.

HE is a weak man who lets public opinion do all his thinking for him, and who relies for all his views and estimates on the newspapers and other people. Public opinion is simply the sum total of what everybody thinks, and the true man will resolve to be a positive, independent factor in the creation of public opinion, and to do his share toward mending in the right direction.—*St. Andrew's Cross*.

Casal Novo.

A GOLDEN DEED.

THERE is something exceedingly interesting in knowing what a brave and generous man, who had never flinched from any danger, looked back upon in his last days as the one golden deed of his life; and, therefore, among the many noble and spirited actions during the war by which the British arms chased the usurping French out of the Peninsula, that one is selected of which the doer spoke thus forty-seven years later, when he thought himself upon his death-bed.

"As I lie here and think of my past life," said Sir William Napier, "I feel small, very small, indeed. I try to remember if I have done any good, but the evil far over-balances it. We shall all be weighed in the balance and found wanting. In the eye of the great good God, earthly goodness can have no positive existence, yet He has and makes allowances for us all, giving more credit for good and less blame for evil than our fellow-creatures' worth judging would have done. We should strive after those priceless virtues of patience, wisdom, charity, self-sacrifice. In looking back on my life, it would be a comfort to me now if I could remember to have done a perfectly self-sacrificing act—if I could think I had been ready and willing at any moment to lay down my life for another person's good. I try to remember, but I can't remember that I ever did. I have often run into danger, and exposed myself to pain sometimes, to save others. Yes, I have done that! But there was always a springing hope, a sort of conviction that I should escape; and, that being so, away flies the merit. The nearest thing I ever did to absolute self-sacrifice was at Casal Novo, when I received in my back the ball that is there still."

The old soldier's deliberate judgment of all the noblest deeds of a long life was the realizing of the truth that all our righteousnesses are as filthy rags, and no eye but his own would have looked at them so critically. But let us see the manner of the one thing that "came nearest to self-sacrifice."

It was in the year 1811, when Wellington had entrenched his army on the slopes of Torres Vedras, in Portugal, and there, by his patience and sagacity, had repulsed the French army under Marshall Massena, and was following

his retreat out of the Kingdom of Portugal. The English and Portuguese troops had to rise at three in the morning and march at four; and, on the fourteenth of March, when the army was setting out in the morning twilight, there was a heavy fog covering all the valley in front. Sir Wm. Erskine, the general in command of the Light Division, consisting of the 52nd and 43rd Regiments and the rifles, all the very flower of the army, was an incompetent man, and, fancying the French were in full retreat, ordered his troops to move forward on their march. Some of the officers objected to the rashness of plunging into the mist without precaution, but they were not heeded, and the order to advance was given.

The 53rd moved forward first, in a column of sections, and were to be followed by the rifles. Down the hill-side they went, then across the narrow ravine at the bottom, and were mounting the steep road on the other side when there was a sudden hail of round shot and bullet close upon them. The fog cut off their view, but the bugles continued to sound the advance, and they pushed on through walled fields, the enemy giving way before them, till they gained the ridge of the hill, though with loss of men and with three captains wounded—one of them George Napier, and another, "Jack Jones," afterwards the hero of the powder magazine at Ciudad Rodrigo.

The mist suddenly drew up and displayed to the English troops the hill-side covered with dark masses of the blue-clad French soldiers, and, in the midst, what looked like a red pimple on the ridge, being in fact, the 52nd in the very middle of Marshal Ney's division, so near the Marshal himself, the bravest of the brave, that, if they had only been able to see him, they might have made him prisoner by his own bivouac fire.

The rest of the Light Division were put in motion to support them, and Captain William Napier was sent forward with six companies of his regiment, the 43rd, to aid them on the left. When he came to a round hill he halted, and left four companies to watch, while with the other two he descended into one of the narrow ravines to join the left of the 52nd, whom he heard, though he could not see, over the ridge of the hill. Part of the regiment had charged, but not the whole, and thus Napier coming up into a walled field, where he expected

to join the left side of the 52nd, found only Captain Dobbs and two men of the 52nd cut off from the rest of their regiment.

The French came gathering fast about them and cutting off their retreat. The two officers agreed that the boldest course would be the safest, so they called to the two companies behind them to follow and sprang over the wall, meaning to force their way on to the 52nd in front. But only the two 52nd men followed. Both the companies of the 43rd held back, and when the two captains had reached a second wall they found merely this pair of men with them, and a great body of the enemy in front closing upon them and firing.

The wall gave a moment's protection, and Napier declared he would either save Dobbs or lose his own life by bringing up his two companies. Dobbs entreated him not to attempt it, saying that it was impossible to make two steps from the wall and live. Still, however, Napier, who was stung by the backwardness of his men, dashed back unhurt. His men were crouching under the wall, they had perhaps failed before from being out of breath from their charge up the hill with their heavy knapsacks on their backs, and still more from the mismanagement of the two lieutenants in command of them, both dull, rude men, tyrannical in their behaviour. One, who was noted for fighting duels, was lying down with his face to the ground, and when the captain called—shouted to him and bade him remember his uniform and come on with the men—he did not, till, in extremity of provocation, Napier threw a stone at his head. This made him get up and scramble over the wall with the men, but on the other side he was wild with terror—eyes staring and hands spread out—and when Napier ordered the men on to where Dobbs was, and ran forward himself, they, under their lieutenant's cowardly leading, all edged away to the right, out of the fire, and again Napier reached his friend alone.

Maddened at the failure, he again sprang back to lead them, but ere he could reach them was struck by a bullet in the spine and fell. The French most ungenerously continued to fire at him as he lay, and his legs had been paralyzed by the effect of his wound, so that he could only drag himself by his hands towards a heap of stones, behind which he sheltered his head and shoulders.

No less than twenty shots struck the heap in the moment before Captain Lloyd, with his own company of the 43rd and some of the 52nd, came up and drove off the enemy. Napier was carried away from this spot and laid for a time under an olive tree while the fight lasted and the French were driven on from ridge to ridge.

While he was lying there helpless and exhausted the Grenadier Company of Royal Scots were hastening forward, and their captain seeing the wounded man ran up and said, "I hope you are not dangerously wounded." He could not speak, but only shook his head; and being asked again, "Can I be of any service to you?" made the same sign; but when Captain Wilson offered him some cold tea and brandy from his flask he raised his head with a sudden flash of pleasure, and gladly drank two tumblers' full, then thanked with his eyes and hands. "Heaven protect you," the captain said, and hurried on to overtake his men.

Napier was a singularly handsome, noble looking man, with perfect features, jet-black hair and dark-gray eyes, and, though now deadly pale, the remarkably beautiful outlines of his features and the sweet and noble expression of his countenance made a great impression on Captain Wilson; but while on active service they were not again thrown together, and did not know each other's names.

Napier was thought to be mortally wounded, and his brother Charles, who, half recovered from a wound, had ridden ninety miles to join the army, met a litter of branches, covered by a blanket and borne by soldiers. He asked who it was, "Captain Napier of the 52nd, broken arm!" Then came another litter, "Captain Napier of the 43rd, mortally wounded!" Charles Napier looked at his brothers and passed on to the battle.

The brothers were placed in a house at Combeixa, but besides their wounds they, like all the army, suffered terribly from famine, for the French had destroyed everything before them, and the villagers themselves were absolutely starving. A tallow candle that the brothers found in the house was eaten up with the utmost relish. By some chance a loaf of bread came into the hands of Captain Light, a cavalry officer, at the end of a long day's march. Hungry as he was he would not eat it,

but mounted again and rode twenty miles to Combeixa, over the mountains, and there, fearing a refusal, he flung the loaf into the room where the brothers lay and rode back to his regiment.

William Napier soon partially recovered, but the bullet could never be extracted, and caused him agonies at intervals throughout his life. The story of the combat, which he felt as that of his greatest deed, was told by him in his great "History of the Peninsula War," but without a hint of his own concern in the matter.

Sixteen years after the battle he met at a dinner party a gentleman, who, apropos of some mention of handsome men, said that the very handsomest he had ever seen was one whom he had found lying speechless under an olive tree at Casal Novo and had succoured as above describe? Sir William Napier sprang from his chair, exclaiming "My dear Wilson, that glass of tea and brandy saved my life!" He had already become acquainted with Sir John Moril-lyon Wilson, but till that moment neither had known that the other was his partner in the adventure of the olive tree. Assuredly that stony field was a scene to look back on from old age with thankful satisfaction. And no less worthy of honour was, it seems to us, that twenty miles' ride of the hungry, weary officer to bring his wounded comrades the loaf of bread.—*Charlotte M. Yonge in "A Book of Golden Deeds."*

FARMERS' WIVES.

Too many farmers' wives are wearing out under the strain of mind and body. They say they cannot find time to visit, to read or to write; but if these same women would arrange their plans, instead of letting things go hit or miss, they would find time for some recreations.

Each day's work should be arranged the previous evening, and carried out next day as far as circumstances will permit.

To be an agreeable life partner, the wife should not overtax herself. She should not give up all her former friends and live only in the atmosphere of home. To be able to do the best for her family and self, she needs to mingle with others outside of the home. The wife who rises early, and has her hands and mind both taxed, needs a short nap daily and time for reading in the

evening. Thus strength will be retained, the body better able to perform the labours, and the mind at ease, thus securing happiness in the home. Real troubles may find their way there, but we should not always be "meeting them half way," and then we shall have reserved strength to bear them more bravely when they do come.

The wife should be ready to go with her husband to dine, or to picnic now and then, or to spend a social evening out. We should keep ourselves interested in our friends while we work. With pleasant surroundings the life of a farmer's wife need not be the dull, monotonous one which it is thought by so many to be.

Farmers' wives, see to it, before it is too late. Learn to enjoy. Take time to admire the view which surrounds you. Enter into the pleasures of social life. Enjoy the luxuries of your home. Look upon employment as the best preventive of worry, and you will look better, live happier, and die better than some others whom fortune has smiled upon and the world deems more enviable.—*Union Signal.*

PLEASANT PEOPLE.

SOME men move through life as a band of music moves down the street, flinging out pleasure on every side through the air, to every one far and near who can listen. Some men fill the air with their presence and sweetness, as orchards in October days fill the air with perfume of ripe fruit. Some women cling to their own houses like the honeysuckle over the door, yet like it sweeten all the region with the subtle fragrance of their goodness. They are trees of righteousness which are ever dropping precious fruits around them. There are lives which shine like star-beams, or charm the heart like songs sung upon a holy day.

How great a bounty and a blessing it is to hold the royal gifts of the soul so that they shall be music to some, and fragrance to others, and life to all! It would be no unworthy thing to live for—to make the power which we have within us the breath of other men's joy; to scatter sunshine where only clouds and shadows reign; to fill the atmosphere where earth's weary toilers must stand with a brightness which they cannot create for themselves, and which they long to enjoy and appreciate.—*Selected.*

Parish and Home.

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A CLERGYMAN was once giving an exposition of the twenty-third Psalm and he began thus: "The Lord is my Shepherd." Then he paused. "Ah, David, thou wilt be much the better for that." "Yes," saith David, "I shall not want."

MANY of our week night church meetings are not models of liveliness and attractiveness. In some churches the Wednesday evening meeting drags terribly. "I am compelled to announce, brethren," observed a Chicago clergyman, taking off his glasses and wiping them, "that our regular Wednesday evening prayer meeting will not be held this week. I shall be on hand, of course, but the janitor will be unavoidably absent that evening, and it takes two to make a prayer meeting. We will sing the doxology and be dismissed." What is to be done about it?

A PUNGENT American writer says: "Pity the church that has dwindled into a sort of spiritual restaurant, expecting the clergyman to furnish two square meals on Sunday and a lunch in the middle of the week. "Feed the sheep," said a good old man to me, and I declare I felt a little like using the butt end of the shepherd's crook as I said to him, "I have fed the sheep until they are so fat now they can hardly walk. What they need is to exercise a little and work off their superfluous flesh." Perhaps this shepherd's tone as to his own feeding of the sheep is a little too

self confident, but there is undoubtedly a lazy listening to the good things which may be offered from the pulpit as if the hearer's work were done when he had—listened. He who teaches has a responsibility in teaching. He who hears has as great a one in hearing. "We can be healthy," said Dr. Johnson, "only so long as we are well," and we can be well spiritually only so long as we are taking active exercise in working out in our lives the Christian truth we have learned.

AMONG our exchanges none are more welcome than our Jewish contemporary, *The Visitor*. The terrible sufferings of the Jews in nominally Christian Russia have had at least one gleam of brightness. All over the world the sympathy of those who have the spirit of Christ has been evoked. We are glad to hear *The Visitor* speaking so kindly of this genuine Christian sympathy while bitterly denouncing the cruel oppression of a nominally Christian country.

As Christians we owe much to God's ancient people, the Jews. More than half our Bible is made up of the Hebrew Scriptures, which were preserved for us through the watchful care and religious zeal of the Jews. They are being most critically examined. In some instances no doubt preconceived opinions unfounded upon truth have to give place, but we are realizing as never before the beauty and value, the meaning and power of this portion of God's Holy Word.

"A SHIP," says an ancient writer, "may be overladen with silver even to sinking and yet have space enough to hold ten times more; and so a covetous man, though he have enough to sink him, will never have enough to satisfy him, like the miserable caitiff mentioned by the Grecian poet who wished he had a thousand sheep and then cried for cattle without number."

THERE are some clocks that tell time, and some that only tell the right time twice every day. These are the dummy clocks which jewelers often have for signs in front of their stores. Have you ever seen them? and if so, have you noticed that almost all of them point to the same time—seventeen minutes after eight? Perhaps if you have thought of them at all you supposed as I did, that they were made

to point to any hour that the workman who made them might fancy; but that is not so. A gentleman standing near one the other day said: "I never see one of those clock faces that I don't think of Abraham Lincoln."

"Why so?" said his friend.

"Because those clocks mark the hour and moment when he was shot. The Jewelers' Association after his death decided that all such clock faces should be set at 8.17, and this has been done so generally since that you scarcely ever see one which is not in this way a sad reminder of the tragic death of a great man.—*Christian Advocate*."

ANOTHER YEAR.

ANOTHER year is dawning!
Dear Master, let it be
In working or in waiting,
Another year with Thee.

Another year of leaning
Upon Thy loving breast
Of ever-deepening trustfulness,
Of quiet, happy rest.

Another year of mercies,
Of faithfulness and grace;
Another year of gladness
In the shining of Thy face.

Another year of progress,
Another year of praise;
Another year of proving
Thy presence "All the days."

Another year of service
Of witness for Thy love;
Another year of training
For holier work above.

Another year is dawning
Dear Master, let it be
On earth or else in Heaven
Another year for Thee!

—*Frances Ridley Havergal*.

A POSTAL CARD.

At this season when New Year cards are flying in every direction with their kind wishes, it may be well to put the question, Why not make more use throughout the year of another little message bearer. We mean the ordinary postal card. It can never take the place of a letter to a friend, but it can carry many a message in the service of Christ which would otherwise never be sent. A writer in *The Young People's Union* remarks on this subject:

"Did you ever think how much a postal card may be made to do for Christ? It is the product of this swift age when we haven't time to waste with the envelope and the sealing and the stamping. In a moment it is

written and away on its mission. And it is not only swift-footed, a natural traveler, and with its pack quickly adjusted, but it is terse and intense, short and usually to the point. It has an object, and goes for it with single eye and purpose. But see what it will do. It will inform your pastor that you are sick, or that a friend or neighbour is sick, and that a call from him would be acceptable. You may be wondering why he has not called. But the postal card is wondering why you have not sent it to tell him. Again, it will tell your pastor of that new family that moved in, etc.; indeed, anything that he would like to know. It will carry a message of comfort to the sick, of encouragement to the timid, of counsel to the tempted, of incidental suggestion and help to the forgetful, reminding of duty, etc. Once more, it will be of immense personal benefit, in saving you that long walk to deliver a single message, in relieving the anxious friend who is interested equally in the work you are doing, in binding workers together in sympathy and helpfulness, in enabling one to perform both services when there is apparent conflict of duty, in helping you to plan a meeting so that it will secure the largest results, etc. It will—but what may it not do? It is a mighty little agent, and should be captured and utilized for Christ and His kingdom. Remember the postal card won't work itself. It must be made to do work for Christ. But the sanctified heart and brain and hand can work wondrous ministry by it. Think of it. Try it. Use one to-day.

THE CHURCH WALKING WITH THE WORLD.

THE Church and the World walked far apart,
On the changing shores of Time;
The World was singing a giddy song,
And the Church a hymn sublime.
"Come, give me your hand," cried the merry
World,
"And walk with me this way";
But the good Church hid her snowy hand
And solemnly answered, "Nay,
I will not give you my hand at all,
And I will not walk with you;
Your way is the way of endless death;
Your words are all untrue."
"Nay, walk with me but a little space,"
Said the World with a kindly air;
"The road I walk is a pleasant road,
And the sun shines always there;
Your path is thorny and rough and rude,
And mine is broad and plain;
My road is paved with flowers and gems,
And yours with tears and pain.

The sky above me is always blue,
No want, no toil I know;
The sky above you is always dark;
Your lot is a lot of woe.
My path, you see, is a broad, fair path,
And my gate is high and wide—
There is room enough for you and for me
To travel side by side."

Half shyly the Church approached the World,
And gave him her hand of snow;
The old World grasped it and walked along,
Saying, in accents low—
"Your dress is too simple to please my taste;
I will give you pearls to wear,
Rich velvets and silks for your graceful form,
And diamonds to deck your hair."
The Church looked down at her plain white
robes,
And then at the dazzling World,
And blushed as she saw his handsome lip
With a smile contemptuous curled.

"I will change my dress for a costlier one,"
Said the Church with a smile of grace;
Then her pure, white garments drifted away,
And the World gave in their place
Beautiful satins and shining silks,
And roses and gems and pearls;
And over her forehead her bright hair fell
Crisped in a thousand curls.
"Your house is too plain," said the proud old
World;
"I'll build you one like mine;
Carpets of Brussels and curtains of lace,
And furniture ever so fine."

So he built her a costly and beautiful house—
Splendid it was to behold;
Her sons and her beautiful daughters dwelt
there
Gleaming in purple and gold;
And fairs and shows in the halls were held,
And the World and his children were there;
And laughter and music and feasts were heard
In the place that was meant for prayer.
She had cushioned pews for the rich and the
great
To sit in their pomp and pride,
While the poor folks, clad in their shabby suits,
Sat meekly down outside.

The Angel of Mercy flew over the Church,
And whispered, "I know thy sin";
The Church looked back with a sigh and longed
To gather her children in.
But some were off at the midnight ball,
And some were off at the play,
And some were drinking in gay saloons;
So she quietly went her way.
The sly World gallantly said to her,
"Your children mean no harm—
Merely indulging in innocent sports."
So she leaned on his proffered arm
And smiled, and chatted, and gathered flowers;
As she walked along with the World;
While millions and millions of deathless souls
To the terrible pit were hurled.

"Your preachers are all too old and plain,"
Said the gay old World with a sneer;
"They frighten my children with dreadful
tales,
Which I like not for them to hear;
They talk of brimstone and fire and pain,
And the horrors of endless night;
They talk of a place that should not be
Mentioned to ears polite.

I will send you some of the better stamp,
Polished and gay and fast,
Who will tell them that people may live as they
list

And go to heaven at last.
The Father is merciful, great and good,
Tender and true and kind;
Do you think He would take one child to heaven
And leave the rest behind?"
So he filled her house with "cultured" divines,
Gifted and great and learned;
And the plain old men that preached the Cross
Were out of the pulpit turned.

"You give too much to the poor," said the
World,
"Far more than you ought to do;
If the poor need shelter and food and clothes,
Why need it trouble you?
Go, take your money and buy rich robes,
And horses and carriages fine,
And pearls and jewel, and dainty food,
And the rarest and costliest wine.
My children they dote on all such things,
And if you their love would win,
You must do as they do, and walk in the ways
That they are walking in."
The Church held tightly the strings of her purse
And gracefully lowered her head,
And simpered, "I've given too much away;
I'll do, sir, as you have said."

So the poor were turned from her door in scorn
And she heard not the orphan's cry;
And she drew her beautiful robes aside,
As the widows went weeping by,
The sons of the World and the sons of the
Church
Walked closely hand and hand,
And only the Master, who knoweth all,
Could tell the two apart.
Then the Church sat down at her ease and said
"I am rich and in goods increased;
I have need of nothing and nought to do
But to laugh and dance and feast."
The sly World heard her, and laughed in his
sleeve,
And mockingly said aside,
"The Church is fallen—the beautiful Church—
And her shame is her boast and pride!"

The angel drew near to the mercy-seat,
And whispered in sighs, her name.
And the saints their anthems of rapture hushed
And covered their heads with shame.
And a voice came down, through the hush of
heaven,
From Him who sat on the throne—
"I know thy works, and how thou hast said,
I am rich; and hast not known
That thou art naked, and poor and blind
And wretched before My face;
Return, repent, lest I cast thee out,
And blot thy name from its place!"

—Matilda C. Edwards.

DIVISIONS.

"How is your church prospering?"
asked one friend of another. "Oh," re-
plied the other with grim humor, "our
church seems to have been born to
illustrate the infinite divisibility of
matter, for we have now forty mem-
bers and seven churches!"

BARON ROTHSCHILD'S MAXIMS.

THE late Baron Rothchild had the walls of his house placarded with the following curious maxims :

Carefully examine every detail of your business.

Be prompt in everything.

Take time to consider and then decide quickly.

Dare to go forward.

Bear troubles patiently.

Be brave in the struggle of life.

Maintain your integrity as a sacred thing.

Never tell business lies.

Make no useless acquaintances.

Never try to appear something more than you are.

Pay your debts promptly.

Learn how to risk your money at the right moment.

Shun strong liquor.

Employ your time well.

Do not reckon by chance.

Be polite to everybody.

Never be discouraged.

Then work hard and you will be certain to succeed.—*From the Agenda Printemps.*

A MODERN LOCOMOTIVE.

IN a modern locomotive there are nearly six thousand pieces. Some of these are very small. Isolated and alone, how useless and valueless, but organized into an engine, and that vitalized as it may be, what a mighty force is secured. So in our churches are thousands of young people. As individuals and alone they regard themselves of no service, but organized and then consecrated to service, what a might they may become in leading back this lost word of Christ.—*Northern Messenger.*

"AM I MY BROTHER'S
KEEPER?"

NEVER were those words from "Holy Writ" so impressed upon my mind as when listening to our "silver-tongued orator," Wendell Phillips, a short time before his death. A band of reformed men had gathered one evening in the old Bethel church in Boston, to listen to words of encouragement from several gentlemen. The audience was composed mostly of the lower class of working men and women,—those who were trying to live better lives and become temperate.

After speaking as none other could speak to such an audience, he paused, and in lowered, impressive tones, asked to be pardoned for an incident in his own life, he wished to relate as a note of warning to those of his hearers who might be tempted, as he had been, to neglect to speak to a brother-man he might possibly save. Said Mr. Phillips: "When I was a young man, which would have been in the early part of this century, I was with a friend with whom I had a business talk sitting under a piazza in Charlestown. As we were in conversation, I thought I noticed a smell of liquor, and felt sure that it came from the breath of the young man at my side. My first impulse was to speak to him, for although all, or nearly all, at that time drank more or less, I had decided fully that it was an evil, and that young people especially should not drink intoxicating liquors. My second thought was that it would do no good to speak to him, and so I left him. Seventeen years after that," said Mr. Phillips, "I was called to give a temperance lecture in a small town about thirty miles out from Boston, for I had then become deeply interested in the work of trying to reform men, and if possible save the youth. After delivering my lecture to a large and attentive audience, and as the people were leaving the church, I noticed a man pressing his way up to the place where I was standing talking with others who had waited to speak with me. As he came nearer, the poor man in his worn, soiled garments, took me by the hand and, in tones of reproof I can never forget, said to me, "Wendell, Wendell, why didn't you say to me seventeen years ago what you have said here to-night, and you could have saved me. Now it is too late for you or any one else to save me from a drunkard's grave! Oh! Wendell, I am too far gone!" "Those terrible words," said Mr. Phillips "caused me to decide, then and there, that another chance to speak to one whose breath gave signs of strong drink should never be neglected, for the poor man before me was none other than the young man who years before sat beside me on the piazza. My vow then made has never been broken. And now, dear reformed brothers," said he to those before him, "take warning from bitter experience, and never pass any one who needs a word of kindly warning or gentle reproof or brotherly

help. You may have power to save them!"—*Union Signal.*

I HAVE LEARNED.

To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing often times
The still, sad music of humanity,
Nor harsh, nor grating, 'hough of simple power
To chasten and subdue. . . have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man.
—Wordsworth.

It is said that the late Isaac Errett, when speaking in the interest of the American Christian Missionary Society, went to a country church in the Blue Grass region of Kentucky. It was harvest time, and the weather was warm. The "audience" which had assembled consisted of five or six rich farmers—no ladies being present.

"We won't try to have a meeting," said the good brother with whom Dr. Errett had been stopping.

"Ah, but," said Dr. Errett, with gentle firmness, "I always keep my appointments. I shall hold a meeting."

He held a meeting. He melted those rich farmers to tears as he told of the needs of the missionaries and of the heroic work they were doing, and at the end of the service each one of his hearers contributed five hundred dollars to the cause for which he had pleaded.

The preacher who thinks he can do nothing with a small congregation will generally fulfil his own expectations. The man who is strong and of good courage will not labor in vain nor spend his strength for naught.—*Selected.*

IN the early days of California, the wild Spanish cattle on the plains near the foot-hills would at times engage in fierce conflict. The lords of the herd, with their blazing eye-balls, tails in the air, and mighty bellowings, would rush upon each other with terrific fury. The dust-filled air re-echoed the tumult, and the extermination of all the combatants seemed to be at hand. Suddenly there was a wonderful change. Every taurine duel ceased *instantly*; wheeling and facing toward the foot-hills each long-horned warrior stood with lowered head, confronting a big black bear that with evil intent had approached the herd.

Moral: The big black devil of sin, the common enemy of all, is in sight. Let the leaders of our people cease to push and gore each other, and make common cause against the powers of darkness. Let it not be said that the bond of cohesion among the followers of Christ is weaker than that which holds a herd of Spanish cattle together.—*Christian Advocate.*

SOMEWHERE we have read of an Irishman who said: "We have no need of the sun; it is light enough in the daytime. The moon is all right; it shines at night." The moralist says: "We have no need of Christianity. Morality is all right; it shines in dark places," forgetting that as the moon borrows its light from the sun, so morality borrows its light from Christianity. Without the sun there would be no moon; so without Christianity there is no morality worthy of the name.—*Pittsburg Christian Advocate.*

"Who'll rent my house?" the bluebird cried, "It's snugly finished and warm inside. I'm going South for a few Winter weeks, But the sparrow's my agent, if anyone seeks."

Boys and Girls' Corner.

KEEP THE GATE SHUT.

A FARMER was one day at work in his fields, when he saw a party of horsemen riding about his farm. He had one field that he was especially anxious that they should not ride over, as the crop was in condition to be badly injured by the tramp of horses. So he dispatched one of his boys to the field telling him to shut the gate, and then keep watch over it, and on no account to suffer it to be opened.

The boy went as he was bidden, but was scarcely at his post before the huntsmen came up, peremptorily ordering the gate to be opened. Thus the boy declined to do, stating the orders he had received and his determination not to disobey them. Threats and bribes were offered, alike in vain, one after another came forward as spokesman, but all with the same result, the boy remained immovable in his determination not to open the gate.

After a while one of noble presence advanced, and said, in commanding tones. "My boy, do you know me? I am the Duke of Wellington, one not

accustomed to be disobeyed, and I command you to open that gate, that I and my friends may pass through."

The boy lifted his cap and stood uncovered before the man whom all England delighted to honour, then answered firmly: "I am sure the Duke of Wellington would not wish me to disobey orders. I must keep this gate shut and not allow any one to pass, but with my master's express permission."

Greatly pleased, the sturdy old warrior lifted his own hat, and said: "I honour the man or boy who can be neither bribed nor frightened into doing wrong. With an army of such soldiers I could conquer not only the French but the world."

And, handing the boy a glittering sovereign, the old Duke put spurs to his horse and galloped away, while the boy ran off to his work, shouting at the top of his voice: "Hurrah! hurrah! I've done what Napoleon couldn't do, I've kept out the Duke of Wellington!"

Every boy is a gate-keeper, and his Master's command is: "Be thou faithful unto death." Are you tempted to drink, to smoke, or chew tobacco? Keep the gate of your mouth fast closed, and allow no evil company to enter. When evil companions would counsel you to lie, to deal falsely, to disobey your parents, keep the gate of your ears fast shut against such enticements. And when the bold blasphemer would instil doubts of the great truths of revelation, then keep the door of your heart locked and barred against his infamous suggestions, remembering that it is only the fool that hath "said in his heart there is no God."—*Selected.*

A GOOD HEART

A WAIF of a boy was eating a stale half-loaf from the street corner yesterday, with the air of a starveling, says the *Detroit Free Press*, when a stray dog came along and crouched at his feet. The hungry look remained in the boy's eyes, but he glanced down at the vagabond dog, and said in a friendly way:

"Wot you want? This ain't no bone. Git!"

The dog moved off a little, and again it crouched and looked wistfully at the food.

"Say, do yer want this wuss nor I do?" asked the waif. "Speak, can't yer?"

The dog gave a quick bark, and the boy threw him the rest of the loaf.

"Nuff said," he remarked, as he watched him ravenously. "I ain't the feller to see a pard in trouble."

And the boy went off one way and the dog he had befriended another, both the better for the encounter.

IF AND PERHAPS.

IF everyone were wise and sweet,
And everyone were jolly;
If every heart with gladness beat,
And none were melancholy;
If none should grumble or complain,
And nobody should labour
In evil work, but each were fain
To love and help his neighbour—
O, what a happy world 'twould be
For you and me—for you and me!

And if, perhaps, we both should try
That glorious time to hurry
If you and I—just you and I—
Should laugh instead of worry;
If we would grow—just you and I—
Kinder and sweeter-hearted—
Pe-haps, in some near by-and-by
That good time might get started,
Then what a happy world 'twould be
For you and me—for you and me!
—*Harper's Young People.*

TALKS TO MY GIRLS—HOME LIFE.

You know, girls, that, after all, home is the place that commands, or ought to command, our first and best thought. We shall be outside in the world, in the school, and in social life, pretty much what we are in our homes. And as the girl grows up and adjusts herself to the home duties and the amenities of the family circle, she will get into a similar attitude in regard to outside responsibilities and social customs. Let me see a girl one half-day in the centre of her home, and I can tell you pretty nearly what sort of a woman she will make when she graduates from that home. Any of us, not especially gifted in character-reading, could do it. It does not take long to decide—does it?—as to mental and moral qualities when there is not attempt to veil them.

Home is popularly supposed to be a sort of dry-dock, as it were, where the family craft, from the big schooner that toils with the heavy waves in the midst of life's sea to the tiny boatlet sailed by a childish hand, can put in for repairs. When sickness comes, with its train of ills following, then mother's nursing and father's energy in accomplishing extra work to earn money to pay the doctor's bill are beautiful indeed, and are worthy of the highest appreciation. And home

is "the nursery,"—another popular phrase. It is a beautiful idea, and presents the picture of a circle of children cared for and trained in the shelter of home by the patient mother and self-sacrificing father, who give their best days and years to this work, looking forward to the future. These thoughts present two touching pictures of home life, which might be supplemented by countless others.

Now why not have a picture equally beautiful in which the young girl of sixteen or eighteen is the active centre? Memory of a happy childhood and budding girlhood makes, or ought to make, a grateful daughter, for as the years go by there should come into that girl's heart a growing sense of the beauty of the care that has followed her all her life with unremitting, uncomplaining watchfulness, until she is ready to give of her best to make that family a joyous place.

I believe I am getting into danger, and am beginning "to preach." Now I began with a resolve that under no circumstances would I talk *at* you, girls, so I will stop, and will tell you a bit of a story out of my own experience that will illustrate my meaning.

Mary Louisa was a dear young friend of mine, about seventeen years of age. From her childhood her father, by dint of very hard work and much self-sacrifice, had provided her with musical instruction of the best quality, for the little tot was supposed to be blessed with the love of melody. Did she not toddle to the piano at every chance she could get and try to bring out the tuncs in her baby head? So her family wisely decided to encourage this love, and, as the child grew older and evinced a decided taste for the study, every extra bit of money that would have eked out the family income was saved for Mary Louisa's musical education. And this gift was not wasted, for Mary Louisa was by no means an idle girl, but she improved her opportunities until, when she was seventeen, it was a delight to hear her renderings on the piano, the expression and technique was so fine. Knowing this so well, as I heard her often at friends' houses where she delighted us all, I said involuntarily, one day, to small Effie her sister, "What charming evenings you must have at your house, Effie dear, Mary Louisa plays so beautifully!"

Effie opened those great brown eyes of hers at me. "O, Miss H——, Mary

Louisa don't play at home, don't you know better'n that? She only practises."

This was long years ago, and since that time I have made a sort of study of some girl musicians; and I will tell you what I saw in some instances. No matter how much money had been taken from the family purse, wisely or unwisely, to educate the girl; no matter that the father and mother, having been obliged to forego society while the children were little, now had lost either the love for it, or the power to adapt themselves to it, and were therefore thrown back upon home resources for enjoyment; no matter that there were younger children to be pleased and in their turn influenced by music; I was astonished and grieved to find that these elder sisters never thought of such a thing as giving out their best music to the home circle. They would practise any amount, bravely and long, for a musicale at a friend's house, or for "sweet charity," but as for playing at home on the evenings when only the family were drawn up around them, the idea never occurred to them.

"I have spent some two thousand dollars, first and last, on my daughter's musical education," once said a gentleman to me, "yet if I want a bit of music of an evening, I have to drag on my boots and go to the concert or the opera and buy a ticket like any man who hasn't a musical child. And I'd much rather stay at home and hear Emily; only she's never ready to play. She always tired, or doesn't feel like it, or she's off playing at some other house, and I've given up asking her."

Now, girls, I know you will not for an instant understand me to mean that girls, as a rule, misuse their musical gifts in this way. Far from it. I know many, and so doubtless do you, who are unselfish and sweet, and untiring in their efforts to make the home people have a good time. And they succeed, too, admirably. But there are others: and, alas! many, too, who do not know how good a time they might have in cultivating their own family circle; and more's the pity of it, for oh, their lives would be so much the richer!

Now in these talks to you, I can only touch on one little phase of girl life. So this hint to the musical girl has to "point a moral," and "adorn a tale" for all girls, no matter what their gifts and accomplishments may be. The

girl who is a good talker, charming every one outside of her own family circle by her ready wit, makes the great mistake of her life that she does not try that same fascination on Brother Tom, who sits silent at the table because there is no one present who thinks it worth her while to entertain him. By and by Tom gets restless in the home, and one day he is off to another city to try his luck in a business life. Now why not keep him always for a good friend, through the memory of the close comradeship of the old times at home, instead of wasting all one's eloquence on outsiders who in a year forget all about one's very existence?

So with the girl who is good at games; the girl who is sympathetic, and has a good disposition, without being an adept at anything, only possessing the art of making an excellent friend, as one girl confided to me of another, "I like Ellen immensely; she's always ready to do what the others want to." And this, by the way, is no mean accomplishment; for a cheerful, obliging disposition does more than anything else to make the wheels of life move easily and agreeably. All these girls may take this little suggestion to themselves, just as much as the musical girl, but my talk is over for this time; only remember, dear girls this one little word, "Home."—*The Golden Rule.*

WHY HE FAILED.

"WANT a boy?"

"Yes, I have advertised for one. Are you looking for a situation?"

"That's what I am! What do ye pay?"

"You will not do for us at any price, so there is no need of entering into any particulars."

"Won't do? How d'you know 'thout askin' any questions? I'm older'n I look, an' strong an' smart—smart as a steel trap, if I do say it myself, an' if you want to know more, just —"

"Never mind any reference. You are not the sort of a boy we require."

The young applicant was sorely disappointed, and would have pressed his plea still further but the gentleman turned from him so decidedly that he knew the interview was closed and went slowly out of the door, where a companion was waiting to hear of his success.

"Huh, no good! short as pie-crust

they be in there. Reg'ler old crank the one that talked to me was. I wouldn't work for him at no price."

"Don't they pay enough, Jim?"
 "Dunno; didn't come to money matters at all. The old man jest looked me over an' said I didn't suit. Wonder what he wants in a boy, anyhow. Wore my best clothes, too, so as to make a good impression."

"You *look* all right, Jimmy; but mebbe you ain't big enough to suit."

"Oh, well; I don't care much. only—say, be you goin' in to try your luck?"
 The new-comer nodded his head.

"Well, you can save your breath. I've jest come out, an' they're lookin' for a reg'ler saint, or a man instead of a boy, so no use of your tryin', for you ain't as big as me by long odds."

The boy stood irresolute for a minute, but the thought of his need and a sort of natural bent for doing what he set out to do overcame his timidity and he started on.

"Hullo! goin' to try it after all?"

"Why, yes; that's what I came for, and I can't more than fail, anyhow."

"Well, if you want to be looked through an' through an' git snubbed 'fore you've said half your say, then go on. I've give you fair warnin'. I wouldn't go in agin for ten dollars, nor work for 'em if they begged me."

But in spite of this discouragement the boy went on and entered the office door with cap in hand and a courteous bow and "Good morning"

"I heard that you wanted a boy, and I called to see if I could get the place, if you please."

"Yes? Well, we do want a boy, we've had several applications, but none of them seemed to just suit. Are you at work anywhere now and want to make a change?"

"Oh no, sir. I've always been to school, but now pa's dead, and so— and so—"

"Yes, I see, you are going to take his place as bread-winner as well as you are able. Our work isn't hard, but it requires attention and trustiness. Have you references?"

The boy produced two, one from his day school teacher and the other from his Sunday-school teacher

The gentleman read them and said: "These are satisfactory. I know one of these writers very well indeed."

After a little more talk the boy was engaged at fair wages, and was asked

to begin his labour the next morning, to his great delight and also to his surprise.

"Thank you, sir. I'm so glad, for I didn't much think I'd get the place."

"Why not? Had you tried so many?"

"Oh no, sir; but a boy just came out of here saying it was of no use, and he was larger and stronger than I."

"That had nothing to do with his rejection. Shall I tell you what was the reason he was refused? He came in and slammed the door, stood with his hat on his head and hands in his pockets, and talked loudly and slangily; and, as part of the work we want done is errands to other offices, such manners would not do at all. So you see he earned his dismissal, and your acceptance; and if you enter other offices as politely as you did ours you will be a credit to us as well as yourself.—*The Golden Rule.*

A CHILD'S MORNING HYMN.

Jesus, keep me all this day
 When at school and when at play;
 When I work and when I rest,
 Bless me, and I shall be blest.

Keep my body free from pain,
 Keep my soul from sinful stain,
 Bread supply for daily need,
 Help me on Thy Truth to feed.

May I do all things I ought,
 May I hate each evil thought,
 Let no false or angry word
 From my lips this day be heard.

Faulty I have often been,
 Pardon, wash me, keep me clean,
 Give to me a holy heart,
 Never let me from Thee part.

Keep me in the narrow way,
 Neither let me slip nor stray,
 Guide Thy little Pilgrim band,
 Bring us to the promised land.

May I serve Thee here below,
 Serve Thee when to heaven I go,
 Serve and love and trust in Thee,
 Now and through eternity.

—*Rev. Newman Hall, D.D., in S. S. Times.*

A POCKET COMPANION.

KEEP good company or none. Never be idle. If your hands can't be usefully employed, attend to the cultivation of your mind. Always speak the truth. Make few promises. Live up to your engagements. Keep your own secrets if you have any.

When you speak to a person look him in the face.

Good company and good conversation are the very sinews of virtue.

Good character is above all things else. Your character cannot be essentially injured except by your own acts.

If anyone speak evil of you, let your life be so that none will believe him.

Drink no kind of intoxicating liquors. Ever live (misfortune excepted) within your income.

When you retire to bed, think over what you have been doing during the day.

Make no haste to be rich if you would prosper.

Small and steady gains give competency with tranquility of mind.

Never play at any game of chance. Avoid temptation through fear you may not withstand it.

Earn money before you spend it. Never run into debt unless you see a way to get out again. Never borrow if you can possibly avoid it.

Do not put off till to-morrow what should be done to-day.

Do not marry unless you are able to support a wife.

Never speak evil of anyone.

Keep yourself innocent if you would be happy.


Save when you are young, to spend when you are old.


Carry these maxims in your pocket and read them over at least once a week.—*Selected.*

THE *Kindergarten Magazine* for December comes out with a beautiful Christmas frontispiece, "St. Anthony and the Child Christ," and the sweet story of the wonderful vision. The papers and serials of the entire number ring with the Christmas "joy to the world" This magazine is strikingly in the lead of the ideal publications of America and in its Christ-like doctrine of education it reaches down to the simplest mother with her babe on her knee and up to the highest educators of the land. The *Kindergarten Magazine* is handsomely gotten up, and its moderate price (\$1.50 per year) brings it within the reach of every mother and teacher. Kindergarten Publishing Co., Chicago.

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