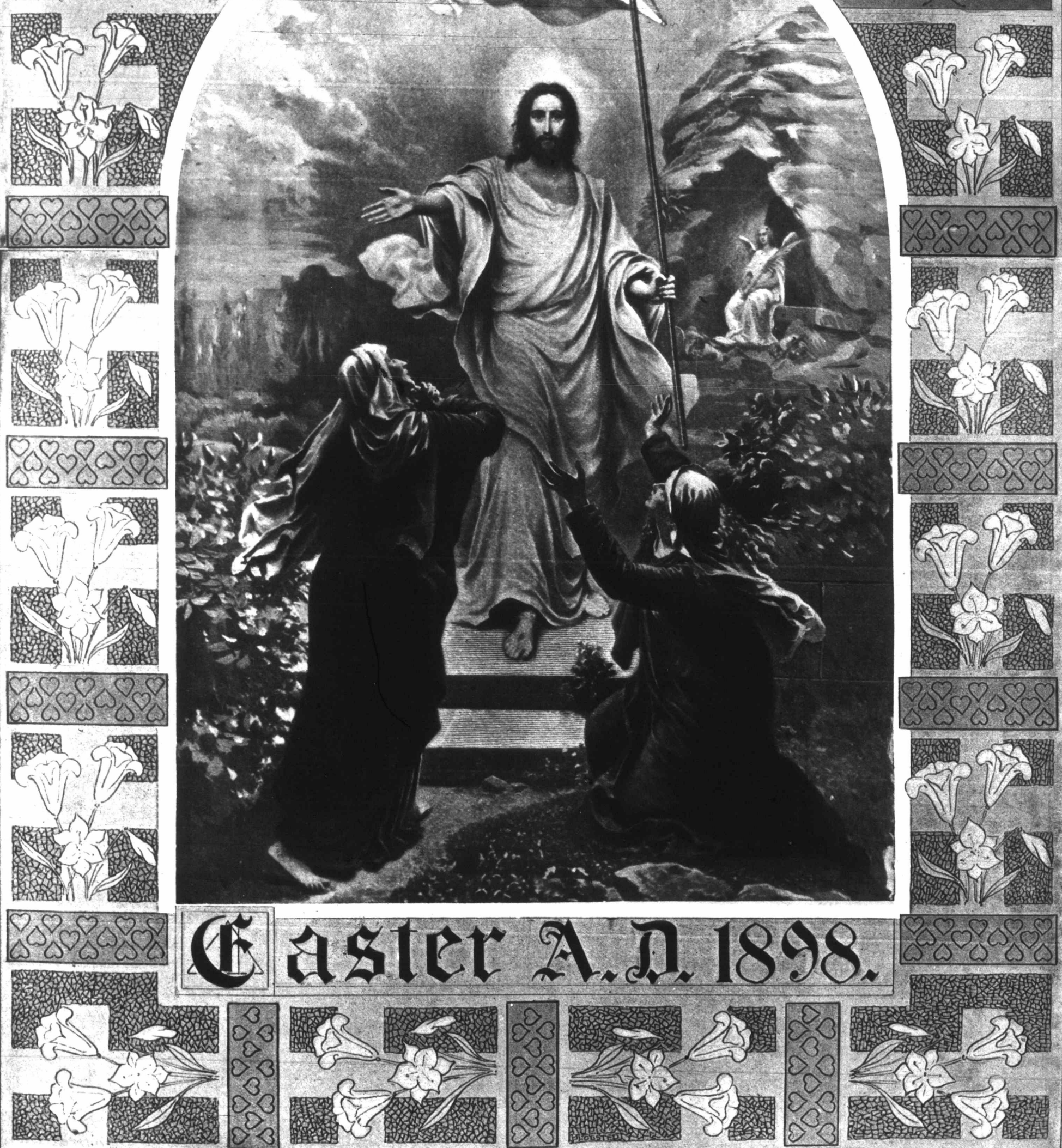




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Easter A. D. 1898.



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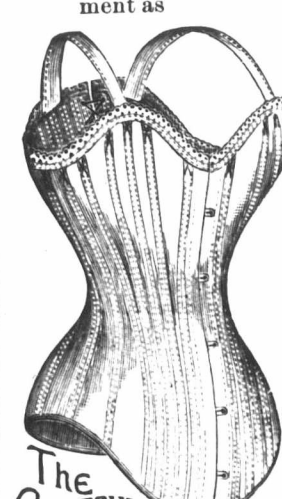
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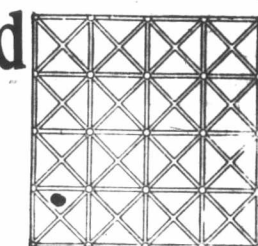
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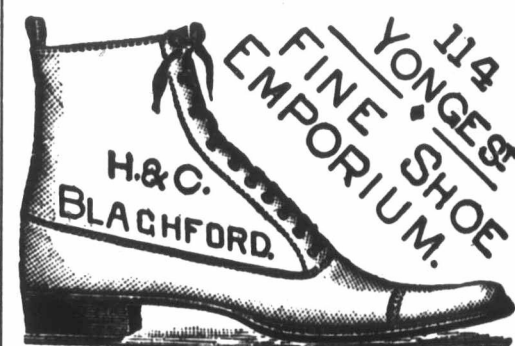
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TORONTO, THURSDAY, MARCH 31, 1898

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NOTICE.—Subscription price to subscribers in the City of Toronto, owing to the cost of delivery, is \$2.50 per year, if paid strictly in advance \$1.50.

LESSONS FOR SUNDAYS AND HOLY DAYS.

April 3.—SIXTH SUNDAY IN LENT.

Morning.—Exodus 9. Matthew 26.
Evening.—Ex. 10 or 11. Luke 19, 28; or 20, 9 to 21.

Appropriate Hymns for Sixth Sunday in Lent and Easter Day, compiled by Mr. F. Gatward, organist and choirmaster of St. Luke's cathedral, Halifax, N.S. The numbers are taken from H.A and M., but many of which are found in other hymnals:

SIXTH SUNDAY IN LENT.

Holy Communion: 119, 120, 309, 314.
Processional: 99, 100, 107, 467.
Offertory: 98, 117, 122, 494.
Children's Hymns: 98, 332, 340, 575.
General Hymns: 109, 112, 184, 188, 241, 495.

EASTER DAY.

Holy Communion: 127, 316, 499, 555.
Processional: 125, 131, 134, 140.
Offertory: 130, 137, 138, 498.
Children's Hymns: 136, 337, 339, 573.
General Hymns: 132, 133, 135, 299, 501, 504.

NOTICE

All subscribers to the late "Church Evangelist" must pay their arrears to The CANADIAN CHURCHMAN, who are one year or less in arrears previous to the 1st March, 1898.

OUTLINES OF THE GOSPELS FOR THE CHURCH'S YEAR.

BY REV. PROF. CLARK LL.D., TRINITY COLLEGE.

Gospel for Palm Sunday:

St. Matt. xxvii. 54: "Truly this was the Son of God."

To-day we enter upon the most solemn week in the year. Well and needful to consider its significance—more especially who is

that august Being to whom we seek to do homage. A week of deep humiliation and suffering, ending in shameful death. Who is He who thus suffers and dies?

i. Consider Him on Palm Sunday.

A new attitude towards Israel.

1. Formerly avoided the question of Messiahship. Sometimes forbade men to speak of His miracles. Declined expressions of homage and the like.

2. But now presents Himself as claiming to be their King. Deliberate preparation. Solemn procession. Approval of the ascriptions of the children and the multitude. It was a time of decision.

3. So far it was merely the claim of a King.

ii. But it is not merely a human King, who is presented to us in this week: it is the Incarnate Son of God.

1. Our Lord does not force the knowledge of His divinity upon the people. For a time He keeps back all such knowledge.

2. Yet He does indirectly claim an authority which could be justified only on such an assumption. This made itself felt more and more.

3. Consequently one of the accusations against Him that He made Himself equal to God. (1) The accusation of treason a mere blind. His enemies cared nothing for this: but could not otherwise obtain the co-operation of the Roman Government. (2) The essential accusation was blasphemy.

4. The charge was finally sanctioned by Himself. The High Priest put Him on His oath. "I adjure Thee." Christ practically took the oath. "Thou hast said." "I am," and further confirmed His testimony by His subsequent words.

5. Here the key to the words of the Roman Centurion. "Truly this was the Son of God." He knew of the charge, and had followed the events of the trial, condemnation, death. He had seen the portents accompanying the crucifixion. At first, probably thought the Sufferer an impostor or an enthusiast. By degrees interested, reflecting, marking all the accompaniments, and the sublime and divine composure, sense of power, love of the Crucified One, and then the testimony (as it were) of nature. The charge is true, he seemed to say. This was the Son of God.

iii. Consider the light thus thrown on the Work of Christ. Jesus Christ is God. Surely, then, His work no ordinary work. Not a mere phenomenon in human history. A manifestation of God: an Incarnation: God taking man's nature into union with His own: becoming second Adam, Head of Human Race. Prophet, Priest, and King. Thus God in man satisfying God.

iv. Learn how the solemnities of Holy Week should be celebrated.

We are following the footsteps of the God Man, hearing His words, witnessing His acts, contemplating His sufferings. Finding Peace at His cross, Purity through His Blood, Strength in His fellowship.

Gospel for Easter Day.

St. John xx. i.: "Now on the first day of the week cometh Mary Magdalene early... unto the tomb."

St. John does not say, in so many words, that the first appearance of Christ was to Mary of Magdala. It appears, from St. Mark that this was the case. Some lessons to be learnt.

i. The love which led Mary to the cross.

1. She was certainly not the "woman who was a sinner," a notion arising from a double confusion—that of Mary of Magdala with Mary of Bethany, and the latter with the sinful woman. No immorality chargeable to Mary Magdalene.

2. Yet under the deepest obligations to Christ. Out of her had been cast seven demons. We cannot be quite sure of the meaning of this possession. The number indicates a high degree of demoniacal influence. Probably some kind of frenzy the effect—cutting her off from social intercourse with men, and from the peaceful fellowship with God. From this terrible affliction (of whatever nature) Jesus had delivered her.

3. And her heart was filled with gratitude and love. (1) She was among the women who "ministered unto Him of their substance." Her gratitude not a mere internal sentiment, nor did it find its only expression in words: it led to sacrifice, to acts. (2) So after the burial of Jesus she was among the women who came to the tomb to testify to their love by care of the sacred body.

ii. The love of Jesus for His faithful disciple. Mary showed her love—last at the cross—first at the grave—longing, weeping, inconsolable.

1. To her the high honour of first saluting the risen Lord. (1) We are surprised. Why not John, the beloved? Why not Peter, the head of the Apostolic College? Yet these not forgotten. "Go," He said, "tell the disciples and Peter," and it was Peter and John who heard from her. (2) Yet not to them, but to Mary, the first sight of the risen Lord given.

2. And granted in the most gracious manner. How merciful, how considerate! Not all at once. She might have been alarmed, hurt. She thought it was the gardener, and she asked. But that tender, loving voice taught her the truth. "Mary!" and she answered, "Rabboni." She had found the living Lord.

iii. Manifold Lessons.

1. The reality of the Resurrection of Jesus Christ. These men and women knew the Crucified One. Their whole life changed by the revelation of the risen Christ.

2. We owe to Him the same debt which they sought to pay.

3. Do we love as we have been loved? Do we serve, as we have been served? "Now is Christ risen from the dead:" and we are "raised with Christ" to a life which is hid with Christ in God.

HOLY WEEK AND EASTER.

"To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under heaven. A time to weep and a time to laugh; a time to mourn and a time to dance." Feasts are good and fasts are good. John the Baptist came neither eating nor drinking; and it was well. The Son of Man came both eating and drinking, and it was also well. Holy Week calls upon us to mourn; and Easter calls upon us to rejoice; and both are well, and well pleasing to God. The Son of God became, for our sakes, a Man of Sorrows, and acquainted with grief. Shall we not share His sorrows? Shall we not watch and pray with Him for some hours during the Holy Week now approaching? Shall we not use those precious hours for some earnest self-searchings, which may bring us with deeper humility to the throne of grace, and make us more fervent in our resolve to live the life of Christ and of God in the future? "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted." Blessed are they that sorrow, for their sorrow shall be turned into joy. Let us spend the Holy Week in sympathy with the sufferings of our Saviour, and we shall not miss the joy which He brings by His resurrection.

EASTER.

It is the Day of Days: the Feast of Feasts: the Light and Glory of the Year. "Christ is risen," was the salutation of the early disciples of the Lord; and the response came back: "The Lord is risen indeed!" To the earliest of all it was not merely a joy, a relief, but a joyous surprise. We try to put ourselves in the place of those who had surrounded the Son of God during His life and ministry on earth; but it is hardly possible for us to do so. Let us remember the events in that short week from Palm Sunday to Easter Day. Surely the time was come—the time for the setting up of the Kingdom. All things pointed to this longed-for consummation. Long had the warning voice rung out: "The Kingdom of Heaven is at hand;" and day by day they were now looking for its establishment. Then came the day of hope, almost of glory. The Master seated, like a peaceful King, on the animal of peace, draws near to the Holy City, and the glad multitudes meet Him and surround Him, and follow Him. "Hosanna to the Son of David," seems to break from every throat. The whole world seems to welcome the Hope of Israel as King of Kings. Surely now at last the shadows will flee away and the Light of heaven will irradiate the earth. But, again, the darkness gathers, and all these bright hopes are dispelled, and doubts and fears settle down upon them; and the cross is raised, and He whom they were preparing to salute as a mighty King, is stretched upon the cross as a malefactor. Who can understand the terror, the horror, the despair of that moment? It was not mere cowardice that made one disciple deny his Lord, and nearly all the others take to flight. It was an overwhelming conviction that they had made a mistake—not that He had deceived them: "He was a Prophet mighty in word and deed"—but that they had misunderstood Him. And so He was laid in

the grave, and the weeping women prepared to discharge the last offices to Him they had loved so well. But the dawn of the first day of the week shot a ray of light into their hearts. The grave was reported to be empty. The women who had come thither had seen a vision of angels, and they said, He was alive. Then Mary of Magdala had seen Him, so had the other women, and He had sent a message to them. Finally, He appeared in the midst of them, and gave them assurance of His resurrection. "Then," says the Evangelist, "then were the disciples glad when they saw the Lord." Glad! O, the joy, the rapture of that moment! They had not been mistaken: they were not to be disappointed. He was not overcome by death. He had conquered death and the grave. He was alive for evermore. At that moment the disciples felt—even if they could not have uttered—that which St. Paul expressed so strongly afterwards: If Christ is not risen then is faith in Him vain. But now He is risen from the dead: risen to die no more: risen that men may rise, risen to tell that death is swallowed up in victory. Such were some of the thoughts of those who followed the Lord Jesus on earth. Although our thoughts cannot be as their thoughts, yet our interest in the meaning of Easter—in the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead—is no less real, no less profound, than theirs. If Christ be not risen, then is our faith vain, we are yet in our sins. If Christ be not risen, we are deprived of the pledge and assurance of our own resurrection. It is when we meditate upon thoughts like these that we become aware of the "power of His resurrection." What were our condition without the knowledge and hope which it imparts? We have been told that Jesus Christ is our Representative, the Second Adam, that He has stooped to our low and lost estate, that He might raise us up to the presence and fellowship of God. But what is the meaning of this stooping, if He has not been raised? What is the meaning of His humiliation, if He has not been exalted? By the mercy of God we do not need to dwell on such doubts and questions. We can exclaim with an Apostle: "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who according to His great mercy, begat us again unto a living hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead." Yes, He who was delivered for our offences, was also raised for our justification. He rose from the dead and went up on high that, everliving, He might make intercession for us. And what a train of blessings and joys, and hopes follows from this stupendous event! "Now hath Christ been raised from the dead, the first fruits of them that are asleep." Well may we raise our joyful songs with angels and archangels, and with all the company of heaven! Well may we proclaim with heart and voice: "Jesus Christ is risen to-day," and rejoice and give thanks to our Father in Heaven, who has thus visited us. Well may we, on this day of all the year, kneel in lowly penitence, in earnest faith, in joyful expectation, at the table of His love, and go forth refreshed and strengthened to run the race which is set before us, and to fight the good fight of faith!

MEDITATIONS ON EASTER EVE.

I. Joseph, a disciple of Jesus, but secretly for fear of the Jews, went in boldly unto Pilate.

One only disciple ventured to show such love. And this one, who, from fear of others, had his faith. No test is better than that we follow Him in peril and shame. St. Luke xvii. 18.

II. And there came also Nicodemus. St. John xix. 39.

He, too, like Joseph, had been a secret disciple, and now, together, openly profess their love. They cared for the body of our Lord: bore and tended it. And I may minister to His members, His suffering ones, His poor. Do I in love to Him? St. Matt. xxv. 40.

III. And laid it in his own new tomb. St. Matt. xxvii. 60.

Him we bury in our hearts, when by faith we receive Him. Still more so in the Holy Sacrament. Like Joseph, let it be a "new" (a renewed) resting-place—"in a rock," firm and faithful—guarded by devout thoughts and holy resolutions. St. John xiv. 23; Deut. xi. 8, 18.

THOUGHTS FOR EASTER DAY.

Read St. Luke xxvi. 1-9 (Rom. vi.)

I. He rose again the third day according to the Scriptures. I. Cor. xv. 4.

"Heaviness may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." Thirty-three years of sorrow, three days of bitter passion, brought in this glorious morn. So must we seek glory, first dying with Him. 2 Tim., ii. 11.

II. I laid me down and slept, and rose up again. Ps. iii. 5.

His body, His Spirit, companions in the passion, are again united in triumph. Oh, that I had a spirit to rejoice with Him, as did those of old. To insure this joy, I must abide in Him, and He in me, and be filled with His love. St. John xv. 9-11.

THE EASTER MESSAGE.

This sweet Eastertide, this season of new life, is ever whispering to us of the resurrection; of the resurrection of the body from the grave, and of the mind and soul from all that is vile and refuse, all that is stale, flat, and unprofitable. There are voices in every resurrection flower, which seem to whisper, "Seek ye those things that are above." The risen Saviour speaks to us, and says, "Arise!" He calls to us Prodigals in the far country, and bids us rise from the slavery of bad habits, of bad companions, of besetting sins. We have been too long groping in the ashes, too long buried in the mine where our earthly treasure lies, let us arise, and look up to Heaven. There are people who hope for Heaven hereafter, who never have a particle of Heaven in their lives here. What sort of Heaven can there be for the man who seldom, or never, mentions the name of God now, who says as few prayers as possible, who finds Church services a weariness, who has forgotten to read his Bible these many years?

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CHRIST IS RISEN.

"Christ is risen!" "The Lord is risen indeed!" This is the common form of the Easter salutation which one still hears all through Russia, Germany, and parts of England. Not only families and friends, but strangers, meet and greet each other in these words: "The Lord is risen." So we greet you on this Easter morning. As year by year the Easter season comes round, we grow so accustomed to the lessons of the resurrection that it is hard to make them seem real and full of meaning. Every time we repeat the Apostles' Creed we say that we believe in "the resurrection of the body," but we do not stop to think what a wonderful thing it is that we believe. In the Collect for to-day we say: "Almighty God, who through Thine only-begotten Son Jesus Christ hast overcome death, and opened unto us the gate of everlasting life—," but do we understand what this victory is that Christ has won for us, and what the rising from the dead means?

A child who had planted some flower seeds in her garden, watched every day to see them come up. One morning, in repeating the Creed, she stopped at "the resurrection of the body," and said: "That means coming up like the primroses." "How do you know that we come up like primroses?" asked her mother. "Because Jesus came up first, and made a way for us," she answered, "and nobody is afraid to die now, because the fact of being dead only means growing in heaven instead of here." Her

flowers had taught her the great lesson of Easter, and we must learn it, too, on this April morning, when new life is springing up all about us, and nature is keeping the feast. "For, lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone, the flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come."

All things speak of the resurrection, and so much brightness and gladness ought surely to "put into our minds good desires," and make

us pray earnestly that by God's "continual help we may bring the same to good effect." Only then can we truly enjoy Easter, truly "keep the feast."

THE FRIENDS OF JESUS.

The women come to the sepulchre. They do not expect the resurrection; they come to bring spices for the embalming and to weep

lightning, and his raiment white as snow;" yet that stone had been sealed by the seal of the Pharisees, and guarded by soldiers of the Empire. Power placed it there: a mightier power rolled it away. Impotent, indeed, is man's strength beside God's—the watchers quake and are as dead men. To the women the angel speaks. No, Christ is not in the tomb. They may see the place where the Lord lay,—only the place? What a joy to see even that! But angels' blessings are limited; the Lord shall show them more. And even now the messengers of His grace can only give to men partial ideas and partial blessings. They can only speak of what God has been to others. He Himself must make known to the soul His own presence. So first the women learn a doctrine, "He is risen as he said." They believe and hasten to bear the glad tidings to His disciples. With fear and great joy they run—the truth has given them wings. Had they tarried at the tomb in unbelieving love, grieving and sorrowing for One who was no longer present with them, they would have lost their greatest joy. It is while they are on their mission, running away from the grave, that Jesus meets them and cries, "All hail!" The revelation comes while in the way of work and duty; and so it is ever.

EASTER-DAY.

For 1800 years and more the whole Christian world has kept Easter. It keeps it yet, and keeps it in memory of a fact. The Church began to keep this very early, and has kept on keeping it all along ever since. In this way, we can hardly mistake about the resurrection of the Lord. His friends

beside Him whom they loved. Death has robbed them of Him, but love is strong as death, and love would still minister to Him. So, fearless of the soldiers, and in the early dawn, ere it was day, they wend their steps to the tomb. May we ever in the early Easter morn be found kneeling before the altar of that same Lord! And they see a marvellous sight: the stone is rolled away and upon it sits an angel. "His appearance was as

knew Him again and His Church set up this monument at once and has kept it up all the while from then to now. Nor would a band of men like the Apostles die for a lie. The risen Lord shrank from no demand of proof, and challenges search. Carved in deeply cut letters on her memorial stones, are the words, "He is risen," and with bloom and anthem, land over and Church over, and world over, the Feast of all Feasts is kept by her sons and



THE MOTHER OF OUR LORD.

daughters. Try the fact of the Lord's resurrection by any and all of the processes by which you test any other historic fact of equal antiquity, and it is all that can be asked.

EASTER.

Awake! sad heart whom sorrow ever drowns.
Lift up thine eyes that feed on earth;
Unfold thy forehead, gathered into frowns,
Thy Saviour comes, and with Him mirth.
Awake! awake!

And with a thankful heart His comfort take;
But thou dost still lament, and pine, and cry.
And feel'st His Death, but not His Victory.
Arise! sad heart, if thou dost not withstand,
Christ's Resurrection thine may be:

Do not by hanging down break from the Hand
Which, as it riseth, raiseth thee.
Arise! arise!

And with His burial linen dry thine eyes.
—George Herbert.

AN EASTER LILY.

By Mary Henshaw Grosvenor.

On that side of the street the glittering greenhouses of a fashionable florist; on this, a two-story bit of a brown house, where Betty and her father lived. Splendid carriages, out of which stepped finely dressed ladies, were an every-day occurrence with the florist; but never a visitor darkened the door of the little house, except the portly form of Mrs. Allen, a kind neighbour who had looked after the comfort of John Hardy and his little girl ever since Mrs. Hardy's death. This had taken place a few days after Christmas, and, although it was not yet Easter, scarcely three months, John Hardy fancied he saw marks of neglect about the child, and tried in bungling man-fashion to keep things neat within the house. Betty was only ten years old, and at that age hands seem made to upset more than to straighten: and so, in spite of all his efforts, her hair was seldom smooth and the black dresses were spotted and torn. Mrs. Allen helped with the cooking and washed the clothes, and in many ways lifted the burden of housekeeping, but Mrs. Allen had a home and children of her own, and so long as Betty had enough to eat and seemed in good spirits, she could not see that anything more was needed. Betty was a happy-hearted child, a streak of sunshine in that darkened home, and often as John Hardy bent over his shoemaking, her little song or bubbling laughter would chase away his gloomy thoughts. But deep down in her heart the child missed her mother sadly, and when she thought of the lonely grave in the cemetery just over the hill, something ached until she was obliged to run away and cry. Every Sunday afternoon the stooping, grave-faced man, and the little girl with her sunny smile and bright hair, in their black clothes, went hand and hand to stand beside that grave, and many a sympathizing glance was cast upon them and at the bare mound, unmarked save for a few slowly withering wreaths. It was a great sorrow to them both that no stone marked the spot, but Betty's eager questioning brought ever the same reply, "We have no money for it, little one;" and, child though she was, she knew that answer admitted of no further argument.

One of the bright spots in Betty's life was the opposite neighbours, and she would fairly devour with her eyes the beautiful blossoms the visitors bore away, often so carelessly. Sometimes a tall van with glass doors would back up to the gate and men would carry out strange, tropical-looking plants, and then she would know there was going to be a wedding or a ball, and would wonder about it all the afternoon. She often saw the owner of all this magnificence, a little man with a gray head, the sound of whose voice raised in anger

would come ringing across the street as he scolded some careless handling of his beloved plants, so Betty had made up her mind he must be very cross, and fairly shook in her little shoes when he caught her peeping through his gate. Old Tom Williamson, as he was generally called, was not a particularly good-tempered man, whose independent and often crusty manners would have lost him many customers had it not been for his beautiful flowers—no finer were to be found anywhere in the city. And his heart could open wide enough to the plants, his care being rewarded by a luxuriant growth and blossoming wonderful to look upon. His workmen declared he had names for them all, and that they often found him deep in conversation with some stately rose or gorgeous chrysanthemum: but whether true or not, one thing was certain, the old man was completely absorbed in his flowers, and he had neither time nor interest to spare for anyone or anything outside of those glass walls. On that memorable day, when their acquaintance began by his catching her peeping through the gate, little Betty scarcely knew whether to take to her heels or to stand her ground and be scolded: but finally, not being timid, decided upon the latter course, and so turned upon the old man a face not unlike the long-stemmed rose she held clasped in one little hand.

The sharp eyes saw the rose at once. "Where did you get that, child?" old Tom said, quickly. "I can't be fooled about flowers, and that one has not been long out of my rose-house." "I don't want to fool you," Betty answered. "I was playing across the street and saw the lady drop it. She drove away too fast for me to catch her, and so I picked the pretty thing up because it looked so lonely." "Lonely, hey?" the voice sounded more gracious; "that's not a bad idea. And what were you going to do with it, take it home?" Betty's blue eyes opened wide. "Why, it's not mine! I don't take things that don't belong to me!" proudly. "I was bringing it back when you came out looking so cross you frightened me. I should think you'd scare the flowers if you looked at them like that." The old man laughed in a creaky sort of way as though that part of his machinery needed oiling, and Betty joined in with her merry little pipe. "Would you like to see my flowers, child?" he asked, suddenly: "then you can tell whether or no they are afraid of me." "Oh!" the colour rushed to her cheek. "Will you truly take me inside? Can I see with my own eyes where those beautiful flowers live?" "Hands off, though," he said, inclined to repent his hasty offer; "you had better keep them behind your back where they'll be out of temptation." Betty obeyed him literally, clasping her hands so tightly the pressure was almost painful, and scarcely daring to breathe as they went from green-house to green-house, each new one seemingly more beautiful than the last. Many a glance did old Tom cast at the child's enraptured face, and when at length the circuit was completed and they stood again in the office, his eyes met hers with a kindly smile as he asked: "Well, little girl, what do you think of my children?" "It must be like heaven where mother is," she answered softly. "I don't know, I don't know," he said, with a sudden mist in his eyes: "I'm afraid I don't give many thoughts to that place. I didn't either until mother died. Mother loved flowers, and so does father—he used to be a gardener when he lived in Scotland—but we never had the money to buy any, and when I planted seed they never came up. Father says the ground is too poor, it grows nothing but rats. I like to think she has ever and ever so many flowers now. Don't you know where the hymn says 'never fading flowers?'" "To be sure, to be sure,"—he was talking more to himself than to Betty, after the fashion of one living much alone. "This is the little girl whose mother

died at Christmas. I meant to send some flowers when she was sick, but they were bringing such a good price I could not make up my mind to give any away. It's always money, money, money, with me. Here, child, you may have the rose you picked up, one of the handsomest in the whole lot. What will you do with it, hey? Throw it away when you are tired of it?" "I'll put it on mother's grave," she answered; "we'll go there to-morrow—we go every Sunday—and father will be glad to have the pretty thing to take. You are very good to me." "You've got more sense than most children," old Tom said in his gruffest manner, "and I'm going to let you come again. Slip over almost any day, and if I'm in a good humor we'll have another look at the flowers, and if I ain't—" "Oh! I'll know well enough. When you're cross you scold the poor men until I'm so sorry for them." "Sorry for them! You'd better keep your sorrow for me. My plants suffer, and I lose money by their stupidity." His voice was raised in angry remembrance of some particular act of carelessness, so Betty thought it quite as well to slip through the gate and run away home. Thus commenced a curious friendship between these two, which amused and interested her father, and caused Mrs. Allen the profoundest amazement, for such a thing had never been heard of since old Tom Williamson set up his greenhouses some ten years before. Scarcely a day passed that Betty did not cross the street to visit her new friend and join him in a tour of inspection among the flowers, and soon she grew as familiar with their beauty as he was, and amused him greatly with the fanciful and loving names she bestowed upon them. But she was a wise little thing, and soon learned that when the tall van backed up to the gate, "to take the flowers riding," the barometer was apt to stand at stormy and her room would be better than her company; and it was not until the moving was successfully accomplished, with the old friends back in their accustomed places, that old Tom, anxiously examining them for possible injuries, would feel the pressure of a warm little hand in his, and an eager voice would ask: "Are the dear things all right?" Many long conversations were held together among the buds and blossoms, and the old man felt his heart soften under the child's simple faith. Things were not very prosperous in the little brown house across the way, and John Hardy was finding it impossible to pull those two ends together, which used to meet, and even lap over under his wife's management. All this Betty confided to her friend, with an anxious, troubled expression. "I wish I was big enough to help father," she would say. "Mrs. Allen is real kind, but she don't manage like mother," the child's lips trembled, "father says I'll soon be big enough and I do help him now; but he gets thinner all the time, and at night he coughs and coughs." "Coughs, does he? Why don't he see the doctor?" "We can't pay the doctor any more money. It cost so much when mother was sick, and father says he can't take time to go to the hospital, it's so far away. We're trying hard to save up for something," sinking her voice mysteriously. "Is it a secret?" he asked, passing his hand clumsily over the yellow curls. "It is a secret, but I don't mind telling you, because I love you," and again the little hand gave his a soft pressure. "Love me, do you?" and in spite of his gruffness there was something glistening in his eye. "What do you see to love in any ugly, cross old man like me, hey?" "You're never cross to me, and I don't think you're so very, very old, and mother always said when we loved people they were never ugly to us. Oh! I wish, I wish I could see my mother just once again," and the child's tears, kept back so bravely until now, fell upon the old man's withered hand. "There, there," he said awkwardly consoling her,

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"don't cry. You never told me what you are saving up for." Betty struggled with her tears as she answered, "To put a stone on mother's grave. I'm so afraid mother will think we've forgotten her, but father says he's sure she won't. We thought to have it surely by Easter, but work's been so scarce we've had to use some of our savings, and now I don't believe we'll ever, ever have one," and again the tears fell thick and fast.

"Easter, to be sure," the old man said, briskly, "I've a whole bank of lilies being forced into bloom for that day. Come see them, and you'll forget all your troubles."

As they stood before the plants, the white buds nodding upon the slender green stalks, Betty said, thoughtfully, "What do they make you think of?" "I'm sure I don't know," he answered; "suppose you tell me what you are thinking." "One Sunday father read to me and told me all about the resurrection, and I think these lilies remind me of that, all dressed in their beautiful garments. I hope I'll have a beautiful garment then; don't you hope you will?" There was a long pause, and then, with a brightening face she spoke again: "Father is going to give me a quarter to buy a flower to put on mother's grave Easter Sun-

ently baring his gray head, "there is a time and that time is now." That evening, having watched until Betty had left the house on some errand, old Tom Williamson crossed the road, entered the gate of the little brown cottage and knocked lustily at the door. A tapping sound ceased at the knock and a weary voice said: "Come in." The little room seemed close and stuffy after the outside air, and by his bench sat John Hardy, pale and wearied, with a dangerous flush on either cheek. "Good evening," the florist said abruptly, "my name is Williamson, old Tom the neighbours call me behind my back. I live across the street." John Hardy rose with extended hand. "I'm glad to meet you, sir. I've long wanted to thank you for your kindness to my little girl. Betty is out, but I'm looking for her every minute." "Never mind Betty, it's you I've called to see on a matter of business. Do you know anything about flowers?" John Hardy answered eagerly, "I was a gardener in the Old Country, in Scotland, sir, but over here there seemed no work for me, and I took to this other trade. But my heart's never been in it." "Would you like to work for me? I want a steady man to take the place of one just leaving. I

"Five dollars," Betty sighed, as she looked at her money. "Never mind," she said, bravely, "I'll take a little flower and not look at these any more; mother'll know how much I wanted one for her."

The next afternoon John Hardy and Betty wended their way to the cemetery, the child's feet seeming winged, so eager was she to put the precious flower upon the grave. But as she drew near her hands almost lost their clasp, her face flushed, she trembled with surprise, her father almost feared she might faint with the joy of the surprise. No longer unmarked, a simple stone bore the name and dates, while upon the grave stood the tall white lily, in its beautiful garments.

THE GREAT ANNUAL FAST.

The great annual fast of Lent has again arrived. We cannot close our eyes to it, even if we want to, or dismiss it from the mind with the remark: "It is only a custom of the Episcopal Church." It is not true. As for centuries before Christ came, the Jewish Church preceded the offering of the Paschal Lamb by a solemn fast, so, ever since, the Christian



GOOD FRIDAY.

day, and of course I'm going to buy it from you. A quarter is a good deal of money," she added, wistfully. "Indeed it is, and I'll find it a great help!" he answered, with a smile at the thought of the hundreds of dollars he expected to make from his sales during the coming week. When Betty was gone, old Tom Williamson sat in his office for a long time, buried in thought, and at length in his usual manner uttered those thoughts aloud: "I'll do it! Cautious? Of course it's not, but I've been cautious so long my heart's turning to stone. Shoemaking is bad work for a man with a cough, and I need a good, steady workman. Easter! Ah, there was a time when that meant as much to me as it does to the child, and now I just calculate how much I'll make of my flowers. It's time I changed, and it seems as though that child had been sent to wake me up. Well! Easter's a good time, and these lilies are setting me a good example, waking up, shooting out of the ground, and getting ready for their beautiful garments. Am I ready for mine? Am I even sure of getting them? There was a time—" he paused. "No," slowly and rever-

give good wages, but I expect good work, and I'm here to offer you the place if you want to try it. Mind, I make no promises, you'll just work as the others do until I see what you are worth." "My references—" John Hardy began, but he was interrupted. "Betty is your best reference. Well, start in Monday, but don't tell Betty until Easter Sunday. Working for me is not play, Hardy, and I'm a cross-grained old chap, but somehow I believe we'll pull together," and he took himself off as abruptly as he had come. Saturday was a most busy day at the florist's, and the old man's voice was heard in peremptory command from morning until twilight, but Betty felt no fear as she followed him into the now depleted green-houses, clasping her money in her hand. She came to a stop before the bank of Easter lilies, in full bloom now, and scenting the air with their perfume. "Oh! if I could buy one of those." "Which?" he asked, with a sharp glance. "The tallest, looking over the heads of all the others. Oh! you beautiful, beautiful white angel!" "Bless the child! She's selected the cream of the lot. Why, I expect to get five dollars for that one."

Church, when she turns the eyes of the world to the cross of Christ—our Paschal Lamb—precedes the observance of the event with an appropriate and solemn fast. Lent comes to us with too many centuries of observance to be put aside or ignored because of the modern objections that have been raised against it by the Christian bodies who in these later times have not observed it. It is a season, proved and tried by the faithful of every age, and by the great body of the Church everywhere, and found to be too precious to be discarded—too full of help to be ignored.

Let not your prejudices, or a worldly mind, or the world's business, or Satan's snares, cause you to let this season of prayer, and self-examination, and self-denial, and repentance, and good works, pass without its permanent influence upon your life.

By our victories over temptation alone can we hope to gain clearness of moral vision to understand aright the true path of duty—the true purpose of life.

During this Lenten season we shall hear, and we ought to expect to hear, calls to great duties. Let us bring to their consideration an attentive ear and an honest heart.

OUR EASTER SERMON.

By Bishop Walsham Howe.

This is indeed, a great and glorious time—the greatest and most glorious in all the year. In olden times when Christians met on Easter morning, they used to say to each other: "Christ is risen." And well might they tell their joy in these words. For if the angel brought "Good tidings of great joy," when he came to tell the shepherds that Christ was born, surely the tidings are no less good and joyful which tell us that "Christ is risen." Oh! for hearts to feel how good and blessed a day this is! For the work of Redemption is done: Christ has lived; Christ has suffered; "it is finished;" all is over; and now death is conquered; and "the Lord is risen indeed."

"The Lord is risen indeed!" Do we care to hear this great news? Does it lift up our hearts to heaven in thankful joy? Does it speak a message of mercy and of hope to our souls? Does it seem like a festival to us? Do our hearts feel an echo to the words that greet our ears on Easter morning, "Christ our Passover is sacrificed for us; therefore, let us keep the feast?" This will be sure to depend a great deal on the way in which we have kept the solemn season just past. If during these forty days of Lent, and more especially during the Holy Passion Week, we have had Christ a great deal in our thoughts; if we have been dwelling much on His sufferings for us, and on our sins which caused those sufferings; if we have fasted, and prayed, and searched our hearts, and confessed, and mourned over our sins more than usual; if we have been able to join more often in the public worship of God's house, and if we have joined in it more fervently; if on Good Friday we stood in spirit by the Cross on Calvary, and learnt more than we knew before of the "love of Christ which passeth knowledge;"—then Easter-day is sure to be a bright and glorious day to us, full of thankfulness and praise. But, if we have thought little or not at all of Christ before, if His sad words pleaded with us in vain: "Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by? Behold and see if there be any sorrow like

unto my sorrow?" if Good Friday was spent as a mere holiday, or with a formal outward observance, while the heart was cold and dead to all the great and good things of that day, and felt and cared nothing about a dying Saviour's love; then, most surely, Easter-day can bring no joy—it will be nothing to us to hear that "the Lord is risen indeed."

But oh! it is a fearful sign if we can take no interest in such things.

And now there are two thoughts which Easter must always bring with it to the Christian mind. "Christ is risen," and Christians must rise too; and this in two ways. First, they must rise again at the last day. "When

dead, good and bad alike, shall be raised again before the judgment of the great day; but oh! what a difference there will be in that rising, when those "that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake, some to everlasting life, and some to shame and everlasting contempt!" Yes, such a difference, that Holy Scripture seems to speak of the Resurrection as if it were only for the "dead in Christ," and truly that is the only Resurrection which Christians can think of and hope for. Oh! if we be among the dead at Christ's coming may God give us a place in the glorious "Resurrection of the just!" Or, if we be "alive and remain," and it is our lot not to taste of death, may we be among those blessed ones "caught up to meet the Lord in the air," that so, either way "ever be with the Lord!"

But there is another Resurrection for Christ's people, a rising again to a new life. If ye be risen with Christ," writes St. Paul in to-day's Epistle, "seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right-hand of God." Yes, if we would rise with Christ at the last day, we must rise with Him now. This, as we are taught in the 6th chap. of the Epistle to the Romans, is the very meaning and purpose of Christian baptism. "Know ye not that so many of us as were baptized into Jesus Christ were baptized into His death?" "Therefore we are buried with Him by baptism into death: that, like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life." And again, a few verses farther on,

"Likewise reckon ye also yourselves to be dead unto sin, but alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord." Let us then ask ourselves: "Are we leading a new and risen life? Are our affections set on things above? Do we feel within us anything of that holy and heavenly life which is hid with Christ in God?" And, if not, dare we hope for the resurrection of the last Day? O Blessed Saviour, who didst rise from the dead as on this day, raise us now from the death of sin to newness of life in Thee, that we may rise again in glory at the last day, and live with Thee for evermore. Amen.



CHRIST ON THE CROSS.

Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with Him in glory." "Christ is risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept. For since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead. For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive. But every man in his own order: Christ the first-fruits: afterward they that are Christ's at His coming." Thus Christ's resurrection is the pledge and assurance of our resurrection. If the first-fruits are gathered in, the harvest will follow after. If the Head has risen, the body will rise also. We know, indeed, that all the

THE ARCHBISHOP OF ONTARIO'S
COMMEMORATION FUND.

1848—1898.

An influential meeting was held in the drawing-room of the Mansion House (London), on Wednesday, March 9th, in aid of a fund which is being raised for the purpose of placing in a satisfactory condition the Church in the Diocese of Ontario (Canada). The Lord Mayor presided. The Archdeacon of Ontario laid the claims of the diocese before the meeting. He explained at the outset that the effort was one by which it was intended to celebrate the Jubilee of the Archbishop of Ontario, his Lordship having now been fifty years in holy orders. The Archdeacon went on to state that starting thirty-five years ago, with 48 parishes and missions, and 55 clergy,

cultural and missionary one, and one cause of anxiety regarding its financial condition, was the steady decline of one-third already in the rate of interest on investments. The speaker, in his concluding remarks, said that the average income of their missionary clergy was only £80 or £90 per annum, and some of their parsonages were utterly destitute of all modern conveniences. He appealed to their brothers in the Old Country to give them in Ontario a helping hand financially, so that the great needs of the Church out there might be met. Judge McDonald, who had been commissioned, along with the Archdeacon of Ontario, to visit England and appeal for contributions towards the Jubilee Fund, also delivered an address, in which he based the claim for help on the unity of the Church in Canada and the Church of England, and on the one-

the Lambeth Conference. When they saw what a mark the Archbishop had made upon the history of the Church, he did not think it was possible for them to refuse to do their part to the very best of their ability in showing their sympathy to the Diocese of Ontario, and their gratitude for all that the Archbishop had done. The Marquis of Lorne, in seconding the resolution, said he was able to bear his witness to the necessity of raising money for the great diocese in question. In this connection the speaker mentioned that there was one matter on which Canadians were justly proud, viz., that they never allowed their poor to go on the public rates: there were no poorhouses in Canada. The result was, that towards the care and maintenance of the poor, the Church very largely had to contribute. Having mentioned that not only was there poverty



CHRIST ON CALVARY.

with 70 churches and 19 parsonage houses, the number of parishes and missions increased to 113, the clergy to 135, the churches to 230, and the parsonages to 84; whilst the amount raised for missionary purposes more than kept pace with the increase in the number of clergy. The division of the diocese, which was effected in 1895, though a mark of progress in the history of the Canadian Church, and most necessary as regards the interests of the Church generally, yet involved a most serious sacrifice on the part of what now forms the Diocese of Ontario. The half which Ontario lost on its becoming the Diocese of Ottawa, contained by far the most populous and the most prosperous territory of the old diocese. The present Diocese of Ontario was in fact an agri-

ness of the peoples, there and here, by nationality. The Archbishop of Canterbury moved "That the Church in the colonies has a righteous claim on the liberal assistance of English Churchmen; and that the appeal for the Diocese of Ontario merits our sympathy and a generous response, both for the relief of its own necessities, and in consideration of the eminent services of his Grace the Archbishop of Ontario to the Church at home and abroad." His Lordship remarked that this opportunity of showing their sympathy with the Church in the Diocese of Ontario was a very fitting one. He urged that they should join in the commemoration of the long and remarkable services of the Archbishop of the Diocese, who, he might tell them, originated

amongst the clergy in Canada, but also amongst the landowners and agriculturists, and hence the general inability to give to the support of the Church's work there, the speaker added, that in contributing towards the object they would be giving for the spiritual benefit of the people at home, as well as those in the Diocese of Ontario, for emigrants were constantly leaving this country for that part of the world. The resolution was carried unanimously. On the motion of Sir George Baden-Powell, M.P., seconded by Mr. F. A. Bevan, it was resolved that an Ontario Commemoration Committee be formed, consisting of the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Primus of Scotland, the Bishops of London, Manchester, Liverpool, and Southwark, the

Dean of Worcester, the Archdeacon of London, Revs. Canon Benham, F. W. Tremlett, D.C.L., and J. Storrs, the Marquis of Lorne, Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal, and Mr. W. E. Thompson Sharpe, M.P. The names of Sir George Baden-Powell, M.P., and Mr. F. A. Bevan were also added to the committee. A hearty vote of thanks to the Lord Mayor for presiding, proposed by the Archbishop of Rupert's Land (Canada), and seconded by Canon Benham, brought the proceedings to a close.

THE MEASURE OF THE CROSS.

There stands the Cross, teaching us by its very shape, as it points upwards and downwards and to either side, "what is the breadth and length, and depth and height" of the "love of Christ, which passeth knowledge." And there hangs the Redeemer, stretching

you are gazing on is none other than the dying of the Son of God for you, then can it be that you remain unmoved? If this will not draw you, nothing will.

PARADISE.

Let us meditate upon Paradise. It is there the Spirit of Jesus met the spirit of the penitent thief. It is the spirit-world, the abode of departed souls. Strange dim shadowy land! How little do we know concerning it! How little can we imagine the life of the spirit apart from that of the body! Yet between death and resurrection that life must be ours. We can understand the life of heavenly joy better, because there we shall have in some sort a bodily existence, our spirits being again united to our changed and glorified bodies. But that spirit-world—that mysterious ante-chamber of heaven—that Paradise of happy

will meet in the world unseen? Nay; Paradise has more inhabitants than the world has. And there is a blessed company waiting to welcome the passing spirit on the other side of the veil. Oh, what sights and sounds will then burst upon us! For we cannot doubt that there is in the spirit-world something answering to sight and sound in this world. But whom shall we meet there?

First of all, God, our Father, who has loved us, and adopted us as His children, and redeemed us, and forgiven us, and sanctified us—God will be there. He is everywhere; but there we shall have new revelations of His presence and His love. If this were all, we should not be alone in Paradise.

But this is not all. No, we are sure that Jesus, our dear Lord, will be there also. He, too, will in some special and very blessed manner make His presence known to the saints in the world of spirits. This seems



FIRST EASTER DAWN.

wide His holy arms, as though to gather the whole world in His all-embracing love. Did He not say: "I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto Me?" Art thou drawn unto Him, O, sinner, who gazest upon this wondrous spectacle? Is the Cross of thy Redeemer a magnet which attracts thee with irresistible power? Do those outstretched arms gather thee close to thy Saviour's loving breast? O cold, dull, stony hearts! how is it that ye can look upon this, and break not? The very picture of patient suffering, the very sight of dying Innocence, might melt you. The piteous cry He seems to utter, "Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by? Behold and see if there be any sorrow like unto My sorrow,"—even this might move you to tears. But, oh! when you know what this thing is which you behold, when you remember that the sight

souls waiting for their consummation of bliss how wonderful a thought it is!

We know little concerning the nature of this hidden place of waiting, but we know something of its inhabitants. We know at least this much for certain—that there immediately after death were the blessed Spirits of Jesus Himself and of the penitent malefactor. So we may be sure that death itself is but the gate to this blessed place of meeting. We, too, shall be gathered there when we die.

Does it to anyone seem lonely to die, because the unseen world seems to our ignorance so dim, and vast, and far, and strange? Nay; we are forgetting who will be there. The spirit will not sail forth in loneliness to search in the spirit-world for some familiar thing. True, it cannot take with it any companion from this world; but are there none whom it

pledged to us by His promise to the dying thief. And His faithful Apostle speaks of his "desire to depart and be with Christ." Oh! will not that be "far better" than to stay here, labouring, and sinning, and suffering?

But are there none others to meet behind the veil? Oh! who has not at the least some one loved and loving spirit waiting there—waiting for a blissful reunion—waiting to welcome the newly set free spirit to the joys of Paradise?

Then do not let us fear death. We are but following where our dear Saviour has gone before. He has trodden the solemn way, and it still glows with the soft radiance He has left in passing. It is not so dark a way since He has passed along it.

—It is half-way to knowledge when you know what you have to enquire.

EASTER DAY, AN INSPIRATION.

In all ways, the message of Easter Day is an inspiring one. It comes to us in our times of discouragement, and bids us be of good cheer. In the light of this glad resurrection hope, it bids us read the story of our own life's failure, of its scanty achievement.

True, we have not done all that we sought to do. We have been disappointed in this fond hope, and baffled in that earnest endeavour. But, then what matters it? Death is not an end, but a beginning. Failure here is not failure forever. Better to have aimed high and failed, than to have rested content with any aim lower than the highest. "A man's reach should exceed his grasp, or what's a heaven for?" Here is the place for unaccomplished longings, and purpose unfulfilled. The sphere of achievement, of finishing, is yonder! Here we shall inevitably be dissatisfied with our life's best labours. But what matter? There we shall be satisfied. What is the purpose of the life to come, if it be not earth's cherished plans, to round off life's rough corners, to complete its unfinished tasks, to satisfy its unfulfilled desires? Thus we may fearlessly begin the noblest tasks, and trust to God for the finishing. This, then, is the first great message of cheer that Easter brings; Christ is alive forevermore; therefore our labour is not in vain in the Lord. This life is but a beginning: the glorious end is yonder.

Yes, this life is only a beginning, but it is the beginning of eternity. This is the full weight of the Easter message of the ever-living Christ. Eternally important, then, is life's every action. Fraught with destiny is its every moment. Big with immortality is its every thought. Life begins eternity. Oh, live it well. Do your best

in each of its golden hours. Think your highest thought. Speak your kindest word. Do your noblest deed. Oh, my brother, wherever you are, whatever humblest work you are doing—to you, this Easter Day comes this glad, strong message of your risen Lord. "Behold, I am alive, forever more." It comes to strengthen your feeble arm, to

But is there any time like Easter Day to take a fresh start in life? Now, when the risen Lord makes all things new, let us face afresh life's duty and grasp with firmer hand its appointed task, whatever it be—pilgrim's staff or warrior's sword, spear or plow-handle, pen or hammer. Let us take up with new vigour the cross we have to bear, and the

old task with fresh courage and new hope. Let not the influence of Easter Day die with the setting of the Easter sun, and the fading of the Easter flowers: but let it send each man of us back to his labour and his life, with new courage, and a new song in his heart, a bright carol for dark days of discouragement and sorrow.

RESURRECTION.

In the end of the Sabbath as it began to dawn towards the first day of the week. . . Behold, there was a great earthquake: for the angel of the Lord descended from heaven, and came and rolled back the stone from the door of the sepulchre, and sat upon it. His countenance was like lightning, and his raiment white as snow; and for fear of Him the keepers did shake, and became as dead men." Such is St. Matthew's magnificent description of the outward terrors which accompanied our Lord's resurrection. He does not say that the stone was thus rolled away in order to make a way for the Lord to come forth. He who in His risen body could appear in the Upper Room, when "the doors were shut for the fear of the Jews," could come forth from the

sepulchre still closed and sealed. And it is the opinion of many of the great ancient writers that our Lord had already risen, and gone forth; and that the appearances of the angels, who had, doubtless, been attendant upon the resurrection, one opening the tomb and the others sitting within it, was for the sake of the women—as the angel and the



THE HOLY WOMEN AT THE TOMB.

confirm your faltering resolution, to tell you that your work is worth the doing, your battle worth the fighting, your life worth living, to thrill your heart with the inspiration of life's highest motive and most glorious hope. Easter-day is the Church's gladdest festival. Easter bells ring merrily. Easter flowers bloom happily. Easter songs sound cheerily.

attendant choir at the Nativity for the sake of the shepherds, and the two angels at the Ascension for the sake of the Apostles, and all these things ultimately for the whole Church. The most conclusive evidence of the Resurrection of the Lord is the existence of His Church, for the great doctrine on which it stands is His Deity, and the great fact is the Resurrection. It could never have existed and prevailed and continued if those foundations had not been sure. The Resurrection is the central miracle of all the miracles of the Gospels and Acts. If that be rejected, all the others go with it; if that be established, all the others are easy after it. If Christ did not rise, then we are of all men most miserable; if Christ rose, then shall we also rise through Him.

EASTER DAY.

"Are the gates sure?—is every bolt made fast?
No dangerous whisper wandering through—
Dare we breathe calm, and unalarmed forecast
Our calls to suffer or to do?"
O ye of little faith! twelve hours ago,
He Whom ye mourn, by power unbound
The bonds ye fear, nor sealed stone below
Barred Him, nor mailed guards around.

The Lord is risen indeed! His own have seen,
They who denied, have seen His face,
Weeping and spared. Shall loyal hearts not lean
Upon His outstretched arm of grace?
Shine in your orbs, ye stars of God's new heaven,
Or gathered or apart, shine clear:
Far, far beneath the opposing mists are driven,
The Invisible is waiting near.

J. Keble, *Lyra Apostolica*.

ENGLAND AND THE JUBILEE, AND WHAT WE SAW THERE.

Written for *The Canadian Churchman* by
Mrs. E. Newman.

(Continued from last issue.)

One hot, dusty day, before leaving Oxford, we drove with a party of friends to Woodstock, a distance of four miles, turned in at the gates of Blenheim park, and up a fine avenue to the porter's lodge, which is under the grand entrance gateway to the palace. We paid 1s. each and handed over our parasols. We were conducted across the court-yard by a splendid fellow in the Marlborough livery, with huge silver-headed baton, to the main entrance to the palace, where a mild young man in plain clothes (a sort of under-secretary ne appeared to be), raced us through the State apartments. The family were away; twice a week this part of the palace is thrown open to the public; crimson cloth is laid down through the suite of rooms to save carpets from the tramp of feet, and ropes of crimson silk part off the furniture: the money realized goes towards the support of the Radcliffe Infirmary in Oxford. A fine entrance hall with marble pillars, the floor in tiles of black and white, contains some fine old paintings of kings and queens, dukes and duchesses, handsome bronzes, and statues in marble on pedestals, suits of armour and antlered heads. In the dome-like ceiling is a very beautiful mythological painting, commemorating the battle of Blenheim. One of the party, evidently an American, asked the mild young man how much that painted ceiling cost? He was able, I believe, to gratify her curiosity. We then passed through an ante-room with glass cases lining the walls, filled with rare old china, into three state drawing-rooms, one in crimson, the other two in white and gold, and silk tapestry: the grand salon partly destroyed by fire just after the visit of the Prince of Wales, was closed. A fine billiard-room, and handsome dining-room and carved furniture made from

wood on the estate. Of course everything is gorgeous, white and gold ceilings, gilt furniture, Persian carpets, and exquisite hangings. I wish I could describe the beautiful tapestries lining the walls: they are marvellously beautiful, 100 years old, made in Brussels, commemorating famous battles fought and won (Blenheim, Oudenarde, etc.), by the first duke, his wife, seated on a prancing white charger. Many exquisite paintings, portraits by Sir Joshua Reynolds: the greater part of his valuable collection had been sold by the late Duke, as well as all his magnificent library. A beautifully executed portrait of the present young Duchess hangs in the state dining-room. The library is a very fine room, 100 feet long, with a gallery across one end, the walls lined with book-cases, filled in with crimson silk behind the glass doors to hide their emptiness: a fine organ, and handsome white bear-skins, with heads, and gaping mouths, grace the polished floor. At the entrance to this library is a life-size marble statue of Queen Anne, who gave the manor of Woodstock to the first Duke, in recognition of his splendid services, with £240,000 to build the palace. The private chapel, a plain little affair, but with the most remarkable monument erected by Duchess "Sarah," in memory of her husband, covering the greater part of one wall. We wandered through the lovely park, over a pretty stone bridge, and rested for an hour under some grand old beech trees by the side of a lovely lake and near "Fair Rosamund's" well, watching the swans. We found our carriage waiting for us at the lodge and a friend on his bicycle ready to escort us back to Oxford. We called on our way at a delightful country-house: such a sweet, cool drawing-room, filled with flowers, French windows opening onto a lawn surrounded by roses; roses everywhere. A smart young man-servant brought in tea, rare old china, antique silver, and such cream! It was an ideal repast. We left, laden with lovely bunches of roses and carnations.

Our visit to London I hope to give you in two parts, as we only spent two weeks there at the time of the Jubilee, and six weeks on our return from Scotland between London and Paris, when we saw as much as we could possibly crowd into the time. The country between Oxford and London is very lovely. We passed by many fine old country seats of nobility and gentry, with their beautiful parks and avenues of noble trees, those "stately homes of England." The bustle at Paddington station, and its immensity, opens Canadian eyes. We arrived there on the afternoon of June 15th, and drove to St. George's Road, Belgravia. After four o'clock tea, we walked over just for a peep into Westminster Abbey (we had not time for more that day), entering by the beautiful Solomon's porch, in the north transept, near St. Margaret's church. Over this entrance is the exquisitely lovely rose window, representing in the painted glass our Saviour, the twelve Apostles, and the four Evangelists. To those of my readers who have never been there, I fail to express through the feeble medium of my pen, the feeling of awe stealing over me as I entered that grand old building. I was so overcome that I felt positively hysterical at the first glimpse of its awful grandeur. After wandering through the grand old nave and choir, we stood in the "poet's corner," dear wish of my heart, to look upon the resting place of some of the greatest of the world's great men: dating back to Chaucer and Spenser, are monuments and tablets, and busts, deep in the dust of ages. Of the beautiful chapel of Henry VII. I must say something: it consists of nave, aisles, and four small chapels, the tomb of Henry VII. and his Queen at one end, recumbent brass effigies, surrounded by iron railings. The entire length of this chapel, 103 feet by 70 feet wide, the

finest example of the perpendicular style, the fretted vault-work of the roof, and fan tracery, all equally beautiful: the whole chapel surrounded by statues of saints, martyrs, patriarchs and confessors. Each stall is appropriated to a knight of the Order of the Bath, emblazoned with his coat of arms in brass, while his old torn banner hangs above the stall; below are the seats for the knights' esquires, the carving on the "miserere" or hinged seats of the monks, especially worthy of notice. And now down the wide steps of gray marble, under the portico, through the elaborately wrought gates of bronze, and up winding pulpit-like steps into the shrine of Edward the Confessor, pausing for a moment by the side of the old gray tomb in contemplation of the many pilgrims whose feet had helped to wear into hollows that old stone floor. Here is to be seen Edward's sword, a toy affair, only 17 feet long; and more interesting yet, the old coronation chair, with the stone from Scone under the seat, red sandstone, worn and broken at the corners, with a large ring at either end, by the adherents to the belief in Anglo-Israel believed to be Jacob's pillow at Bethel. There are chapels and tombs, brasses and memorials in stone and painted windows, far too numerous to mention, although I could write pages on them. The Chapter-house, once the meeting place of the House of Commons, from the year 1265 to 1547, is entered from the cloisters, under a beautiful old doorway: it is in shape octagonal, with massive buttresses, and stands on a Roman crypt. Various odd documents relating to the Abbey, including the great Charter of Edward the Confessor, are here preserved in a glass case, the walls adorned with paintings, and the old tile pavement covered with heraldic emblems: the windows, restored by Sir Gilbert Scott, represent scenes in the history of the Abbey, as a memorial to the late Dean Stanley. O, for the pen of a "ready writer," that I might tell you more of the grandeur and beauty of beautiful Westminster Abbey. So lost was I to all external surroundings, so living in a past generation, so completely for the time taken out of self, that on coming out into the warmth of the outer air, and amid the bustle in the street, I wondered where I was, and only after a few seconds realized that I was myself, and in old London. To give you some little idea of the size of the Abbey, the following are the inside measurements: Length from east to west, including Henry VII. chapel, 513 feet; breadth of transepts, from north to south, 200 feet; height from the pavement to roof of lectern, 140 feet, and height of towers, 225 feet. A curious old epitaph on a monument in the "Poet's Corner" to John Gay, from his own lines in a letter to Pope:

"Life is a jest, and all things show it:
I thought so once, and now I know it."

HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

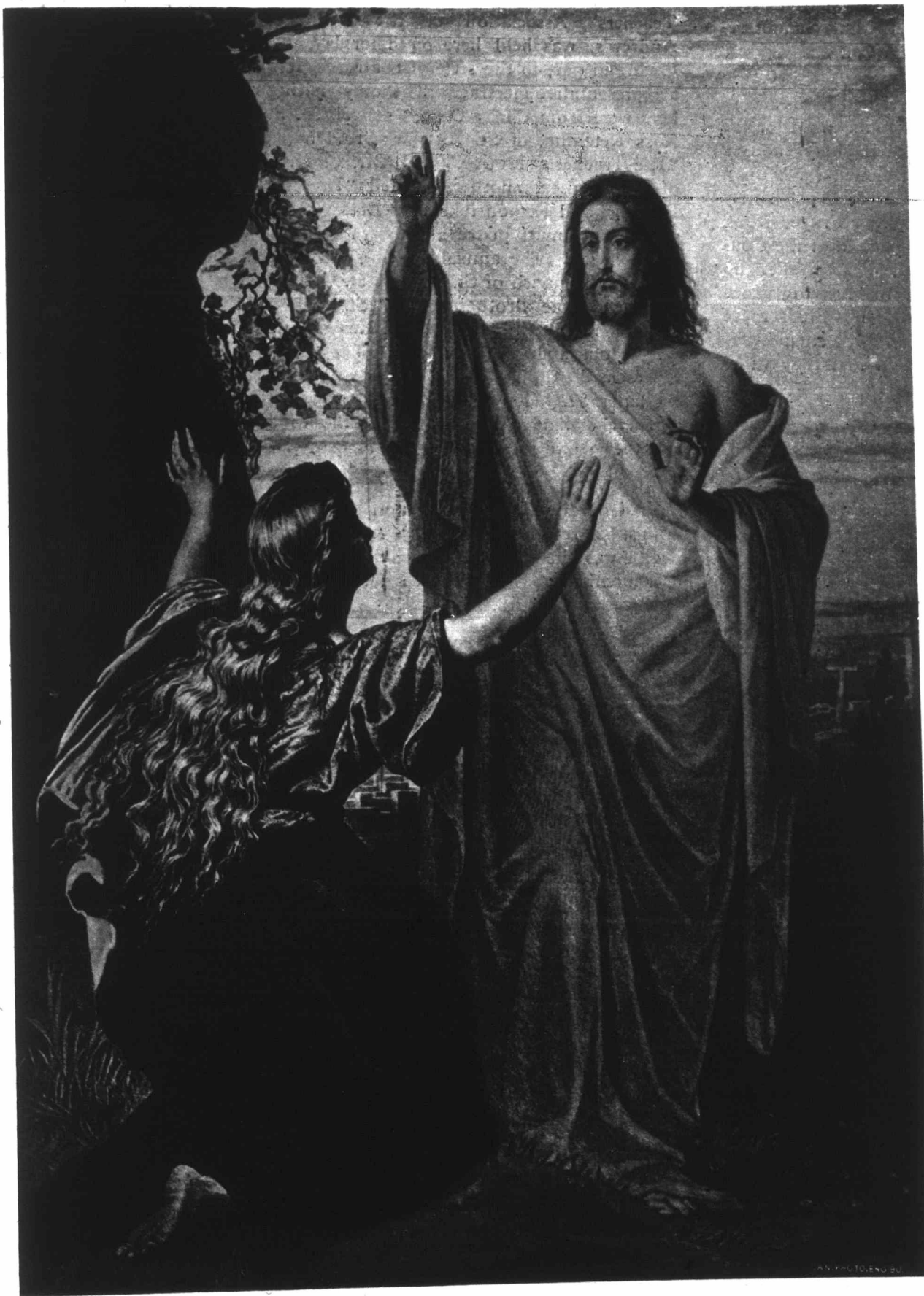
Puff Pudding.—Five tablespoons of flour, five tablespoons of milk, five eggs stirred smooth: turn on a pint of boiling milk, and bake twenty minutes. To be eaten with hard sauce.

Fig Pudding.—Five eggs, one-quarter pound of figs, chopped fine, one-quarter pound of bread crumbs, one-quarter pound of sugar (brown), one-quarter pound of suet, one-quarter pound of candied lemon peel and citron, one nutmeg. Mix thoroughly; put into a mould, and boil or steam four hours.

To Broil Fish.—Any small fish or the steaks of a large fish are nice broiled. Prepare as for frying, rub the bars of the gridiron with butter, then place the fish, skin down; do not turn until nearly done, and broil slowly. Turn up and lay in a dish with butter, pepper and salt.

EASTER EVEN.

Is it in the tomb of the dead that we must seek an immortal God, the Destroyer of Death and the Author of Life? Death is a punishment, the tomb is a disgrace, and both are the penalty of sin. Jesus is innocent, and Innocence itself. It is, however, there that Mary Magdalene goes to seek Him, because she knows that it is there that this Loving Saviour had allowed Himself to be placed by His own creatures, through his love and Humility; and He has permitted this, first, in order to confirm our faith by leaving no doubt as to the reality of His Flesh, His Death and Resurrection. Secondly, to engage us to acquiesce in deep humility and perfect resignation, in death, and the humiliation of the tomb, because we are sinners, and because our Saviour submitted to it, although He was without sin. Finally, to inspire us with a firm hope of resurrection of our bodies, by teaching us that as the grave, which received our Dead Saviour, restored Him Living and Glorious, so shall we share in the same blessing, and above all in the same glory, if we strive to conform our life to His. "For," says the Apostle, "ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God." Col. iii. 3. Pay serious attention to this important truth, which the Apostle Paul explains in so clear and consoling a manner when he says to the Roman Christians: "Know ye not, that so many as were baptized into Jesus Christ were baptized into His death? Therefore we are buried with Him by baptism into death; that like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we should walk in newness of life. For if we have been planted together in the likeness of His Death, we shall be also in the likeness of His Resurrection. Knowing this, that our old man is crucified with Him, that the body of sin might be destroyed, that henceforth we should not serve sin." Rom. vi., 3-6.



THE RISEN CHRIST AND THE MAGDALENE.

Picture to yourself then, that when Jesus Christ was laid in the sepulchre, you were laid there with Him. You were dead, too; and all your hopes of life were hidden with Him. The Adorable Body of the Saviour, dead and insensible as it was, contained in Itself the germ of life for Itself, and for you; and this life will be manifested when He shall rise again. Jesus Christ will issue from this sepulchre by His own virtue, as soon as His Soul is re-united to His Body, and He will

attract their admiration. Hide yourself from your own eyes, and see only your own wretchedness. In one word, be like the grain of wheat of which Jesus Christ speaks: hide yourself in the earth, and die there, if you would bring forth fruit to Life Eternal.

THE DATE OF EASTER.

A Festival of the Resurrection has been observed from the very foundation of Christianity. The time of keeping it, however, soon became the subject of fierce disputes. The Asiatic churches (owing probably to the lingering influence of that Judaising element once so powerful in their midst), commemorated the Crucifixion on the 15th Nisan—the date of the Jewish Passover—and the Resurrection on the 16th, without reference to the day of the week on which it might happen to fall. The Western Churches, in which the Gentile element had always been predominant, were careful to observe Easter on a Sunday. The former asserted that they followed the custom authorized by the example of St. Philip and St. John; the latter replied that theirs was the practice adopted by St. Peter and St. Paul. It is certain that where the Jewish element was strong, the Jewish festival more or less overshadowed the Christian. The Western custom, however, gradually prevailed; it was finally adopted and authorized by the Council of Nice (A. D. 325); and by order of the Council of Antioch (A. D. 341), all who refused to

then seek those sinners who were dead to grace, in order to give them life.

But do not presume to share in this blessed life, unless you first die, and hide yourself in the tomb. Die to yourself, die to all your sinful desires, to your besetting sins, to all that the world admires, die to its vanities, die to its pleasures. But this is not enough, you must be buried alive with Jesus Christ: that is, you must hide yourself from men; hide from them your talents, and all that can

conform were excommunicated, the question having then become one of Church discipline. Entire uniformity, however, as to the actual Sunday on which it should be observed was not secured in the Roman Church till A. D. 525, and in the Churches of Ireland and Wales till A. D. 800, this being one of the questions which perplexed Augustine.

Never be afraid of giving up your best, and God will give you His better.

Home & Foreign Church News

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENTS.

NEWFOUNDLAND.

LLEWELLYN JONES, D.D., BISHOP OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

St. John's.—Cathedral parish, St. John the Baptist.—The Church Lads' Brigade gave a most creditable display in their drill hall on Shrove Tuesday. Thanks to the energy of Captain Franklin and his officers, and to the kind interest taken in the Brigade by its Major, Captain Southey, A.D.C., this organization is in very efficient working order, and is, we believe, of great benefit to the lads who join it. The time has come, however, when the Brigade must face the question of a change of quarters. The present drill hall (the old pro-cathedral) cannot remain much longer in its present position.

Belle Isle.—When the Bishop visited the island in May last, mining work had just commenced for the season. The men wanted a dollar badly enough. Nevertheless, 35 Bell Isle Churchmen, gave up a whole day's work and consequent cash pay solely to honour their Bishop, to obey the Prayer Book rule that God-parents should be present at the Confirmation of their God-children, and to offer up supplications with those who were receiving grace through the "laying on of hands." Shall these earnest communicants not often receive that heavenly food which they have shown that they value more than money, time or toil?

The Bishop of Newfoundland acknowledges, with many thanks, the receipt of two cases (Nos. 20 and 21), containing clothing, illustrated papers and almanacs, forwarded by the St. Andrew's Waterside Church Mission on the steamship "Siberian."

NOVA SCOTIA.

FREDERICK COURTNEY, D.D., BISHOP, HALIFAX.

Annapolis.—The clergy of the Rural Deanery of Annapolis met on Tuesday and Wednesday of last week. All the members were present. There was a service at St. Luke's church on Tuesday evening, when Rev. G. D. Harris, rector of Weymouth, preached a sermon from the words: "God is love." The singing at this service was remarkable for its character and heartiness. The Psalms were particularly well rendered. At eight o'clock next morning the proper deanery service was held, which is what is called a corporate communion. The Rev. H. D. de Blois, Rural Dean, was the celebrant, and was assisted by the Rev. H. How, rector of Annapolis. At this service, in the unavoidable absence of Rev. L. Amor, rector of Wilmot, who was the appointed preacher, the rural dean gave a very appropriate and devotional address. As regards this service, it might be well to state that it is arranged to be held at such places and times as will best suit the chief objects the clergy have in thus meeting together. Such service is open to the laity, as are all services of the Church, but the wish and desire of the clergy are that the laity should try to make such time and places convenient and suitable to themselves as are selected as the better for the convenience of the clergy. The clergy met in chapter at the residence of the rector, when I. Tim. iii. was read in the Greek and carefully and critically discussed. Just before noon the chapter adjourned, and at the invitation from Mr. Bradford, made a visit to St. Andrew's School. The clergy were much pleased with the gymnasium and with the arrangements in the school. After dinner, the chapter again met, and after some little business, the Rev. G. D. Harris read a paper on the "Rural Lambeth Conference." This paper was also carefully discussed. The chapter adjourned at about 5 o'clock, to meet again 31st May, at Granville Ferry.

FREDERICTON.

HOLLINGWORTH T. KINGDON, BISHOP, FREDERICTON.

St. John.—We reported last week that the parish of Victoria (St. Jude's) was still without a rector.

Since then the Rev. Wm. Eatough, curate to Ven. Archdeacon Brigstocke, D.D., has been elected. It is understood that Mr. Eatough has accepted. The parochial mission has continued all this week at St. Mary's. Rev. Alfred Bareham, rector of Musquash, was preacher throughout. From reports given, one would judge that results were gratifying to the rector of the parish, Rev. W. O. Raymond. On Thursday evening, March 22, Dr. Morrison repeated his lecture on "Nansen" in the school-room of Trinity church.

Hampton.—The rector of this parish, the Rev. T. Dickinson, is still on a visit to England.

St. Andrew's.—A meeting of the Sunday School Teachers' Association of the Deanery of St. Andrew's, was held here on Thursday, 17th inst. Owing in part to the state of the roads, it was not a representative meeting. The only visiting members were from Christ Church school, St. Stephen. Miss Ketchum, of St. Andrew's, read a paper on "The Teacher's Motive," and Mr. C. N. Vroom, of St. Stephen, another, entitled "The Teacher's Privilege and Responsibility." Both were well received, and must prove a strength to those who heard them. The annual meeting will be held in June, in the parish of St. Mark's, St. George. The chapter of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew was visited on the 17th by Rev. O. S. Newnam, Mr. C. N. Vroom and Mr. Harding. The two former represented Christ Church Chapter, St. Stephen; the latter, St. Jude's Chapter, St. John. There was a general exchange of ideas as to Brotherhood work, and the meeting was both profitable and pleasant.

Fredericton.—The Rev. Canon Roberts, of St. Ann's, has returned from a trip to the South. Ill-health was the cause of his leaving his work several months ago. He is much better.

ONTARIO.

J. T. LEWIS, D.D., LL.D., ARCHBISHOP OF ONT., KINGSTON.

Wolfe Island.—Rev. F. T. Dibb had a narrow escape from drowning about a couple of weeks ago. He was returning from the foot of the island, and attempted to drive the canal. Shortly afterwards the horse and cutter went through the ice. The reverend gentleman got out to unhitch the beast, when the ice gave way and the next moment horse and master were floundering in the muddy water, with the horse on top. The canal here is only about four feet deep, but the miry bottom makes it more dangerous than deeper water. The reverend gentleman succeeded, in some way, in getting on his feet, but had great difficulty in getting out, as his feet mired in the bottom, and the ice all broke to pieces at every attempt to get on to it. After about a quarter of an hour of vain effort to extricate his horse, help arrived on the scene, and the horse and cutter were rescued.

TORONTO.

ARTHUR SWEATMAN, D.D., BISHOP, TORONTO.

Board of Degrees in Divinity.—Candidates for the voluntary preliminary examination and for the various steps in the degrees of B.D. and D.D., should send in their applications not later than the 1st of April. For information, candidates should write to Rev. Dr. Mockridge, secretary of the board, Watertown, New York.

Bradford.—For the past three months Mr. R. Henry Stacey, of Trinity College, Toronto, who has been in charge of the parish during the absence of the rector in England, announced that next Sunday will be his last in this parish. The great interest displayed by Mr. Stacey in the welfare of the parish and people has won for him many friends, who will look forward with pleasure to the good work which a man of his energy and ability is sure to perform for the Church as a whole.

NIAGARA.

JOHN PHILIP DUMOULIN, D.D., BISHOP OF NIAGARA.

Palmerston.—The Orange Grand Lodge of Ontario West, met March 15 at this place. Divine service was conducted by Rev. R. Gardiner, of Palmerston, in the absence of Grand Chaplain, the Rev. F. M. Baldwin at the funeral of his father, the late Mr. Morgan Baldwin, of Toronto. Revs. Walsh, Leake, and McCracken were in attendance at Grand Lodge. At the Wednesday evening service, which was conducted by Revs. Gardiner and Walsh, the Rev. Mr. Wright lectured on "The Life and Teachings of St. Patrick."

Mount Forest.—Rev. H. C. Burt, the rector, is at present laid up with grippe, and has been unable to conduct service for a couple of Sundays. Captain Jameson, of Palmerston, conducted the services, March 20th.

Guelph.—St. James'.—Rev. Provost Welch lectured in this parish, March 11th, on "Bunyan," and Rev. T. G. A. Wright, on March 15th, on "St. Patrick." Rural Dean Belt, the rector, expects to take a trip to England and Ireland soon after Easter in the interests of his church.

HURON.

MAURICE S. BALDWIN, D.D., BISHOP, LONDON.

Durham.—The Town Hall was crowded on St. Patrick's night, 17th March, by a large gathering assembled to hear a lecture on "St. Patrick" by Rev. T. G. A. Wright, of Millbank. Dr. Jameson, M.P.P., was chairman, and with him on the platform were the rector, Rev. F. Ryan, P.S. Inspector Campbell, and Rev. Mr. Jansen (Presbyterian). The lecture was interspersed with a "shamrock drill," beautifully performed, and songs by Mr. Telford, Mr. Ryan, jr., Miss Meredith, etc. The proceeds were devoted to the Church debt. At the conclusion of the lecture a vote of thanks to the lecturer was moved by P.S. Inspector Campbell, and seconded by Rev. Mr. Jansen and unanimously carried.

Stratford.—Home Memorial Church.—Bishop Baldwin recently lectured in this church on the "Holy Land." The offertory was \$64, and was applied to defraying the mission fund assessment for this parish, which was almost altogether met by the proceeds of the lecture. There was a very large crowd and the lecture was very highly appreciated.

Millbank.—The Rev. T. B. R. Westgate, C.C.M.A. missionary designate for South America, preached here Sunday, March 13th, and lectured in Crosshill, Monday; in Milverton, Tuesday, and in Millbank, Wednesday, on missionary topics. The lecture was illustrated with lantern views, and was highly appreciated. The rector, Rev. T. G. A. Wright, preached in Galt on the Sunday, and lectured on "St. Patrick," in Galt, Guelph, Palmerston, Durham and Mount Forest during the week.

ALGOMA.

GEORGE THORNELOE, D.D., BISHOP, SAULT STE. MARIE.

We had a rural-decanal meeting at Emsdale on 1st and 2nd of March. The Rural Dean, Rev. A. W. H. Chowne, B.D., lives there, and unfortunately, only a few members of the chapter were able to attend, namely: Rev. A. J. Cobb, North Seguin; Rev. D. A. Johnston, Magnetawan; Rev. G. Gillmor, Rosseau. The first day evensong in St. Mark's church, and a very able sermon preached by Rev. A. J. Cobb. The following morning, Holy Communion, celebrant, the Rural Dean; epistoler, the Rev. D. A. Johnston; Gospeller, the Rev. A. J. Cobb. The business meetings occupied the greater part of the day, and some very interesting papers were read by Mr. Johnston, on "The Object of Lent;" Mr. Cobb, on "The Church and Her Relationship with Schismatics;" Mr. Gillmor, on "Parochial Visitation." These papers drew forth much comment, and the Rural Dean's words and advice

thereon were greatly appreciated. The same day evensong once more, all the clergy being given the opportunity of a short address. It was a very hearty service, good congregation, and keen interest, as each missionary came to the chancel steps, and spoke earnestly for a few minutes concerning the work of the Church in the diocese, as it was specially known to him. These rural deanery meetings do good, and give the isolated lonely clergy a very pleasant time together. This is especially the case when the Rural Dean of Parry Sound fixes his own home as the place, for the excellent hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Chowne and family is well known. It was the warmest of warm welcomes, even a hundred thousand. It was so pleasant to sit and talk in his cosy study, and pore over and ransack his books and things. Such kindness makes the lonely, tired heart of the missionary freshen up, and he goes back to his own work all the stronger.

Correspondence.

All letters containing personal allusions will appear over the signature of the writer. We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of our correspondents. The opinions expressed in signed articles, or in articles marked Communicated, or from a Correspondent, are not necessarily those of the CANADIAN CHURCHMAN. The appearance of such articles only implies that the Editor thinks them of sufficient interest to justify their publication.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Sir,—Kindly allow me space in your valuable paper to ask your numerous readers to let me know, if a clergyman leaves one diocese for another, whether the amount he has subscribed to the Widows' and Orphans' Fund will not be put to his credit in his new diocese, and was there not a canon to that effect passed in the General Synod of the Church of England, held in Toronto in 1893? And if this is so, can a Bishop, acting on the canons of his diocese, refuse to let the amount thus subscribed be credited in such clergyman's new diocese? An answer to the above will greatly oblige.
A SUBSCRIBER.

A GOOD SUGGESTION.

Editor Canadian Churchman:
Sir,—The amalgamation of the "Church Evangelist" and your own paper forms an opportune time for making a suggestion. You have offered premiums from time to time for an increase of subscribers and it has occurred to me that your list would be very materially increased and the whole Church share your success if you gave a percentage of all paid-up subscriptions to the Diocesan Widows' and Orphans' Fund, or any other that any synod might determine. Each clergyman would then be a canvasser for the paper, and would be helping the diocesan funds. At our meeting of the Ottawa Clerical Guild this met with unanimous approval, and I was requested to write an open letter to you, inviting co-operation from others, and asking for any suggestions. Wishing you all success. Yours truly,
A. W. MACKAY,

Ottawa, March 21, 1898.

[We shall be pleased to hear the expressions of opinions of the clergy from the various dioceses on the above suggestion.—Ed. C.C.]

LAY READERS.

Sir,—“Enquirer,” in your issue of 10th March, asks questions in reference to lay readers. A lay reader's license distinctly places a lay reader “under the guidance and direction of the Rev. A.B., the minister in charge.” This gives very much broad liberty to the priest employing a lay reader, and in the case of candidates for holy orders at least it is the direction of the “minister in charge” that the sermon be the lay reader's own, or partly so. At least such was the rule when I served as a lay reader. When I preached extempore (!) it was at the instance of my rector, and when I wrote a ser-

mon it was under his guidance generally. With reference to lay readers being in “sole charge”: the thing itself is wrong entirely. No man can really have “sole charge,” or charge of a parish at all, but a parish priest. The nearest clergyman is therefore “supposed to be” the “minister in charge,” mentioned in the license. But in reality the “minister in charge” becomes the curate of the lay reader from the very necessity of the case. Now, no man ever is in charge of a parish except a candidate for holy orders, and they are generally the last to consider the rights of or respect due to a clergyman. Divinity students discuss the work of the clergymen who have employed them in the most superior way, and therefore when they have a clergyman visiting “their parish” they are hardly likely to defer very much to his priestly dignity. Here and there we find a bumptious layman who thinks he can run the spiritual work of the parish better than the man whose business it is to do so. But mostly gentlemen who hold lay readers' licenses are self-denying, good and humble men (sometimes, perhaps, too humble). With divinity students the rule works entirely the other way. These facts make it very plain that the whole system needs revising. That a layman should preach is not only right, but very desirable, especially in aggressive work, but that every lay assistant should preach, whether he can or not, is most undesirable. We have to pass examinations before we can obtain authority to exercise the work of the ministry, and for the sake of the Church I think lay preachers should be properly examined too, and not merely recommended for a license by the priest of the parish. Is not the offering of prayer (e.g., Evensong) a higher priestly function than preaching?
E. W. PICKFORD.

CHARITABLE BEQUESTS.

Sir,—The following statement respecting testamentary benevolence in the United States, compiled from the records of “Charitable Bequests,” published every month in “The Sheltering Arms,” a New York journal devoted to the interests of charitable societies, is interesting reading. The bequests to Church and missionary objects, according to religious denominations during the five years, 1893-1897, were as follows:

Episcopal (Church).....	\$3,739,700
Presbyterian	2,783,600
Congregational	1,793,600
Baptist.....	1,180,800
Roman Catholic.....	787,200
Methodist.....	562,700
Unitarian.....	256,500
Lutheran.....	222,900
Reformed.....	206,500
New Jerusalem.....	193,500
Universalist.....	107,500
Friend.....	39,500
Christian.....	26,500
Hebrew.....	20,800

I would also draw your attention to the fact that Columbia University, New York city (Episcopal), has just received from the Duke de Loubat a deed of property, consisting of Broadway real estate, valued at \$1,100,000. The gift is made subject to a life annuity to the Duke of \$60,000. This is one of the largest single benefactions ever made to an American institution of learning. The Duke, who is a native of New York city, has already been a liberal benefactor of the university.
G. V.

A GOOD RESOLUTION.

Sir,—It is a matter of deep thankfulness in that such a praiseworthy resolution condemning revolting posters, should emanate from so influential a body as the Teachers' Association. Blessings on the men who framed such resolution, thus strengthening the hands of those who have been striving to cleanse our city fences, in lanes and streets. May God forgive those of us who have sat idle and listless, seeming indifferent to what the little children, youths and lads, see pictured on our city walls.
ANNIE G. SAVIGNY.

British and Foreign.

The consecration of the new Anglican church at Jerusalem, which was to have taken place this spring, has been postponed to October 18th, St. Luke's Day, the works not having been completed in time.

Canon Knox Little, who has been dangerously ill at Manchester from pleurisy and congestion of the lungs, is advancing favourably towards recovery, but he will not be able to undertake any duty for several weeks to come.

The Rev. Vernon Staley, the well-known author of “The Catholic Religion,” has been appointed the first incumbent of All Souls', South Ascot. The Bishop of Oxford is the patron. Mr. Staley is chaplain to the Clewer Sisterhood.

Dr. Gregory, the present Dean of St. Paul's, is one of the last remaining members of the great chapter of which Dean Church was so long the head, and Canon Liddon was chancellor, has just entered upon his eightieth year, having been born Feb. 9th, 1819.

The death is announced of the Rev. Edward Allen, the centenarian priest. He could speak eleven languages, and it is interesting to note that he began the observance of saints' days before the Oxford revival. Mr. Allen died at Tiverton, in Devonshire, where he has lived for a number of years past.

The Bishop of Salisbury has returned from the Holy Land, where he was received with much courtesy by the Bishops and clergy of the Eastern Church, and was allowed to celebrate the Holy Communion in the Abraham chapel. He preached on his way back on Ash Wednesday at Constantinople.

The Bishop of London lately dedicated a chapel on the south side of St. Matthias', Stoke Newington, in memory of the late Professor W. H. Monk, of King's College. Professor Monk was one of the musical editors of Hymns A. & M. He had been organist of the Church of St. Matthias for a long time.

The Archbishop of York announces he is leaving England for the Continent. This step has, he says, been urged upon him by his medical attendants, in consequence of the state of his health. His Grace has arranged for two of his brother Bishops to discharge his duties during his absence from the diocese.

A memorial to Archbishop Benson, which will soon be placed in Canterbury cathedral, will be a most impressive affair. The designs for the main structure and effigy have excited the enthusiastic admiration of those privileged to see them. Mr. Brock, R.A., is doing the effigy, which will show the Archbishop in an attitude of prayer. This is in accordance with Dr. Benson's own wish.

A meeting was held at Harringay School, Green Lanes, N., to hear an interesting address from the Rev. G. Holmes, C.M.S. missionary at Lesser Slave Lake, Athabasca, N.W. Canada. Mr. Holmes has had twelve years' experience of missionary work in the district named, and gave a graphic account of journeys undertaken during that period.

A Christian Social Union Settlement is about to take up its quarters in the parish of Holy Trinity, Hoxton. Two houses have already been secured, one for the men's settlement, the other for the ladies'. If the Settlement flourishes, an endeavour will be made to form a quadrangle with the vicarage and church on the north and east and the Settlement on the south and west, the gardens being in the middle.

THE FEDERAL LIFE.

The report presented at the sixteenth annual general meeting of the Federal Life Assurance Co., breathes an air of general prosperity which must have been particularly gratifying to the shareholders. The income of the company, exclusive of capital stock, shows an increase of \$46,156 over the previous year, and the assets an increase of \$114,735, the income proper being \$381,798, for the year, and the assets \$722,448, exclusive of uncalled guarantee capital. The security for policy-holders, including guarantee capital, was at the close of the year \$1,331,448, and the liabilities for reserves and all outstanding claims \$618,481—showing a surplus of \$712,966. Exclusive of uncalled guarantee capital, the surplus for policy holders was \$103,966.

Nor is this all. During the past five years no less than \$7,000,000 of renewable term assurances have been replaced by higher premium policies—principally on limited payment life plans—through which means the premium income and reserve funds of the company have been largely increased, though but little addition has been made to the amount of assurances at risk. These assurances are also distributed over a greater number of lives in smaller amounts than heretofore. And thus the risk of loss to the company is proportionately reduced, while the new business amounts to \$2,104,000, at an average premium and average risk on each life much more satisfactory than at any previous period in the company's career.

Facts like these bear eloquent testimony to the skill, shrewdness and enterprise of a management which can show such results under such discouraging conditions as prevailed during the major portion of the period covered by the report. If the managing director, Mr. David Dexter, can achieve such results in a year which marked only the commencement of the upward turn towards prosperity, what may not be expected from him now that the general improvement in business furnishes larger opportunities for the exercise of his talents?—*Canadian Trade Review*, 11th March, 1898.

DOING AND BEARING.

One of the first conditions of health is a healthy view of things. If it be true that the sick body makes the sick mind, it is equally true that the sick mind makes the sick body. A sickly view of the world will go far to make the world look sickly. It has been the fashion to exaggerate the conscious and the unconscious wretchedness of mankind. This disposition to take a morbid and depressing view of mortal experience has been exaggerated by the natural craving for human sympathy. It is pleasant to share the fellow feeling of our kind; and the condition on which that fellow feeling is obtained is almost always suffering. Suffering, more than anything else, excites interest and compassion. Our word "sympathy" expresses fellowship in suffering. We have no similar word to express fellowship of joy.

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For  Easter Time

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HE IS RISEN.

Go quickly and tell His disciples that He is risen."

Tell all the world the Lord is risen,
The Easter message ever new;
The grave is but a ruined prison,
Invincible, the Life breaks through.

Earth cannot long ensepulchre
In her dark depths the tiniest seed;
When life begins to throb and stir,
The bands of death are weak indeed.

No clods its upward course deter,
Calmly it makes its path to-day;
One germ of life is mightier
Than a whole universe of clay.

Yet not one leaf-blade ever stirred
Bursting earth's wintry dungeons dim,
But lived at His creative word,
Responsive to the life in Him.

Since then the life that He bestows
Thus triumphs over death and earth,
What power of earth or death can close
The Fountain whence all life has birth?

And as the least up-springing grain
Breathes still the resurrection song,
That light the victory shall gain,
That death is weak and life is strong;

So, with immortal vigour rife,
The lowliest life that faith has freed,
Bears witness still that Christ is life,
And that the Life is risen indeed.

COURTESY TO BROTHERS.

Not all sisters realize what powers for good they may be in the lives of their brothers. They also forget or ignore the fact that courtesy is as much a brother's due as to any other young man.

An incident which came to my notice will serve as an illustration. A brother and sister, both students of a university, received invitations to an entertainment, and the brother offered himself as his sister's escort. Later, she received a like offer from a young gentleman whose company was both acceptable to herself and considered desirable by her young friends. She declined, saying "she had a previous engagement." The matter chanced to come up in family conversation, not in presence of her brother, and instead of regretting

Headache

Horsford's Acid Phosphate

This preparation by its action in promoting digestion, and as a nerve food, tends to prevent and alleviate the headache arising from a disordered stomach, or that of a nervous origin.

Dr. F. A. ROBERTS, Waterville, Me, says:

"Have found it of great benefit in nervous headache, nervous dyspepsia and neuralgia; and think it is giving great satisfaction when it is thoroughly tried."

Descriptive Pamphlet free on application to
Rumford Chemical Works, Providence,
R.I. Beware of Substitutes and Imitations
For Sale by all Druggists.

A PREACHER'S REPORT

Interesting Statement by Elder Joel H. Austin of Goshen, Ind.—He Gives Expression to His Thanks.

Elder Joel H. Austin is well known as a preacher, and he is also a registered attorney before every claim department of the Government, and has been more or less engaged in the prosecution of pension claims. He speaks as follows:

"I was a victim of catarrh and had almost constant pain in my head. The trouble was gradually working down on my lungs. I was weak and irresolute. My wife had the grip and Hood's Sarsaparilla cured her. After this I had the same disease and resorted to Hood's. In a short time the aches and pains were relieved and I also saw the medicine was helping my catarrh. In six weeks I ceased to have any further trouble with it and I am now a well man. I had no faith in a permanent cure, but up to this time since taking Hood's Sarsaparilla there has been no return of the disease, and I am thankful for a medicine so intelligently compounded and so admirably adapted to the needs of the system." ELDER JOEL H. AUSTIN, Goshen, Indiana.

Hood's Pills cure all Liver Ills and Sick Headache. 25c.

her engagement to him, she said, "I like to go with Charles; I always have a good time!"

It is pleasant to be able to add that when the young gentleman saw, on the evening of the entertainment, for whom his invitation was declined, he honoured her for her courtesy to her brother, but took care a second time to be earlier in his invitation. How many sisters would have considered a like engagement to a brother one that could not be broken, or at least excused?

A sister's influence may be second only to a mother's; in individual cases not even second. Sometimes common interests, congenial tastes, similar pursuits, make it possible for her to be first.

The best mother, of necessity, has lost something of her early enthusiasm, forgotten a part of her early ambitions, hopes and fears. The daughter, because of her youth, may be an invaluable assistant to her mother. She may enlighten the mother's understanding as to the needs of the son and brother. Together they may plan measures for his good, which neither could either plan or execute alone. Brothers of such sisters, in after years, will not only, in the words of the wise man, "Rise up and call their mothers blessed," but their sisters also. Girls, do you covet the blessing? Then go and do likewise.

CUTTING GLASS WITHOUT A DIAMOND.

All boys, and girls too, for that matter should learn to use hands and eyes as well as brain. A man without manual skill is, in a sense, as much a cripple as if he had lost his hands; one who has developed his body at the expense of his mind is to that extent an idiot. Nothing is more beautiful than to see the mind active and directing hands, feet, and eyes that use has made skillful. For boys who make aquaria or girls who contrive the beautiful glass handkerchief boxes which brothers love to receive on birthdays, it will be useful to know that it is not necessary to have an expensive diamond or run to the glazer's every time your glass needs to be trimmed.

A sheet of glass—a window-pane, for example—can be cut as easy as a sheet of cardboard. The secret consists in keeping the glass, the shears and the hands under water during the operation. The glass can be cut in straight or curved lines without a break or a crack. This is because the water deadens the vibration of the shears and the glass. If the least part of the shears comes out of the water, the vibration will be sufficient to mar the success of the experiment.

—How would you like to build a hospital, endow a university chair, erect a marble fountain? Do the duty that is nearest. You may not build a hospital, but you can visit some unfortunate sick. You may not endow a university chair, but you can help deserving young manhood by joining and visiting their associations. You may not erect the marble fountain, but you can carry a cup of cold water to the fever-parched lips in small ways. Do the duty that is nearest.

CATARRH CURED FOR 25 CENTS.

I suffered from Catarrh for years, and have found Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure the best that I have used, and gladly recommend it to sufferers.

Yours truly,
Harry Stone, Rainham Centre, Ont.

A CONSTANT GUEST.

Did you ever observe that the manners of even the best mannered families are a little improved by the presence of company? Do you not realize in your own case that you are less apt to give short answers, to be contentious, to speak sharply, to give way to selfish silence, to be moody, or unreasonable, or disagreeable, when there is a guest in your household? Especially is this not so

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They cannot digest it.

It upsets the stomach.

Knowing these things, we have digested the oil in Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil with Hypophosphites; that is, we have broken it up into little globules, or droplets.

We use machinery to do the work of the digestive organs, and you obtain the good effects of the digested oil at once. That is why you can take Scott's Emulsion.

50c. and \$1.00, all druggists.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

if the stranger is one of dignified and noble bearing, of high position and character, of sweet and winning manner, and very especially if it is one whom you love, and who loves you?

Now this thought seems to suggest a possibility of your wearing these "company manners" always, for always you have, or may have, such a guest with you—One who is more majestic in bearing than the kings of the earth, yet more tender and loving than a mother; One who is "crowned with glory and honour," yet bears himself toward you with matchless tenderness: one whom surely you must love, since He so loved you as to give His life for you. There can be no doubt of His willingness to abide with you, for he himself has promised, "Lo! I am with you *always*, even to the end of the world."

—Trust God in the present—you will not fear evil in the future. He who fears does not trust.

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Pure, Delicious, Nutritious.

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25c., 30c., 40c., 50c. and 60c. per pound. All Grocers.



THE AWAKENING: A SPRING AND EASTER LESSON.

It was a mild December morning; the sun shone brightly, the laurel leaves glittered, the little birds hopped merrily about, chirping their songs of gladness.

"A pretty enough little place, this," said a young sparrow to himself, as he looked from the top of a hedge into a cottage garden; and the consequential little fellow took a jump and perched upon a sprig of one of the laurustinus-trees at the gate, repeating, patronizingly, as he twisted his head from side to side,—

"A pretty little place, really; very pretty, indeed!" Then, descending from the laurustinus, he hopped about one of the beds in search of something good to eat. Presently he came to a little round brown ball lying at the foot of a leafless rose-tree, and, with his natural audacity, he hopped straight up to it to see if he could make it out. Tap, tap, went the little sharp beak, but it only made the tiny round thing's dry coat crackle and chip off; so he turned away scornfully. Presently he returned, hopping in a very determined manner, and going up to the strange little ball again, gave it a harder peck than before.

"Oh, dear! please don't!" said the bulb, in an imploring tone; "please don't."

"Then tell me what you are, for I will know," answered the sparrow, accompanying his last words with another hard peck, to show his determination.

"That is rather uncivil, I must say," replied the bulb, in the same gentle voice as before; but the sparrow only jerked his head, repeating,—

"I want to know what you are!"

"I am called Snowdrop," was the answer.

"Snowdrop! What, you drop down with the snow, I suppose? Well, you look as if you came from the clouds, I confess, for you are a queer little thing."

"I don't think I ever was up in the clouds," said the bulb; "and I may not be so ugly as I look."

"Not so ugly as you look? Well done, that is a capital idea! Ha, ha!" and the sparrow stood laughing until his feathers shook and he lost his balance, so that he would have fallen, only his tail caught the ground and checked him.

"It is quite true, I assure you," began the snowdrop, not seeming to notice the mirth of its little tormentor.

"Then take off that frightful old brown cloak, and let me see you."

"I may not," answered the bulb; "I must wait."

"May not?—delightful!" laughed the bird; and he hopped on, chirping some gay little notes. Then he flew away, and the snowdrop saw

Yours for Asking



A postal request will bring you by return mail a copy of the DUNLOP BOOK FOR 1898.

It tells all about tires, is an invaluable guide to buyers of bicycles and may save you many hours of time and worry. Shall be pleased to receive a postal card from every reader of this journal.

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Sec'y for Canada.

A \$1.00 Raisin Seeder for 50c.

Advertisement for a Raisin Seeder. Includes an illustration of the seeder and text: "We are tired of selling dealers and waiting 90 days for our money, so we will sell housekeepers at jobbers' prices. Send 50 cents and we will mail you postpaid one of our best BAY STATE RAISIN SEEDERS. Guaranteed to seed 1 lb. of raisins in 5 minutes. Simple to operate and easy to clean. EASTON SPECIALTY MFG. CO'Y, 64 Federal St., Boston, Mass."

Hood's Pills

Should be in every family medicine chest and every traveller's grip. They are invaluable when the stomach is out of order; cure headache, biliousness, and all liver troubles. Mild and efficient. 25 cents.

no more of him for half an hour; at the end of which time he came by again, and stopping for an instant, could not resist another peck at the old brown coat.

"What were you telling me about your being a beauty, little round-about?" he asked, saucily.

"I did not exactly say that," was the reply; "I only said, I should some day be better than I am now."

"That will be when you get rid of your old cloak, I suppose?" remarked the sparrow.

"Yes."

"And that will be,—when?"

"Oh, by-and-by; I don't exactly know when."

"And then what will you look like, may I ask?"

"Oh, I shall be pure and white and stainless, like the stainless snow."

"White?—a little white ball instead of a brown one?"

"No, no; not that; ever so much more fair. But it is of no use to ask me, for I cannot say what I shall be."

"Very good, very good! you don't know when, and you don't know what! and you believe all that yourself, and you expect I am going to believe it, too? Ha, ha!"—and the sparrow laughed again as rudely as before. "And you are going to wait here in the cold, no one knows how long, until this astonishing change comes to pass?" he said.

"I did not say no one knows," answered Snowdrop, quietly; "and I

Advertisement for New Life medicine. Includes an illustration of a man in a top hat and text: "Wonder! DR. PRESTON, says: 'The efficacy of 'NEW LIFE' medicine for rheumatism and sciatica, is settled beyond all doubt. Thousands of lives have already been saved by its use, and countless thousands will be saved in future.' Cure guaranteed. W. E. DOBSON Laboratory, 21 Jarvis St., Toronto. NEW LIFE COPYRIGHT 1897 \$1 bottle or 6 for \$5."

Advertisement for Foreign Stamps. Includes an illustration of a stamp and text: "Foreign Stamps Bought, Sold and Exchanged. Highest prices paid for old collections or rare loose stamps. We particularly want penny issues—Canada, Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and old U.S. Selections of rare or medium stamps sent on approval to all parts on receipt of references. Special offer—1,000 all different; no post cards, envelopes, fiscals or reprints. Every stamp guaranteed genuine and original. Price 20 - post free. H. A. KENNEDY & CO., 39 Hart Street, New Oxford St., London, W.C."

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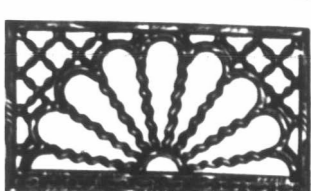
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Is the wish of every lady. Perhaps we can help you a little by improving some unsightly arch, a nice piece over a bay window, a screen for a stairway, a cozy corner, a handsome stationary or folding screen. The expense will not be much and would add greatly to the appearance of the rooms. We make these in Moorish fret work, Japanese fret work, Scroll or Grille work, all combinations of the different styles and makes, finished in any kind of wood desired. For further particulars address

Otterville Mfg. Co., Limited Otterville, Ont.

am not to wait where you see me for ever so long. I shall be hidden down in the earth for a little until the time comes; and then,—then you will see." And here the voice, so gentle and soft, seemed to gather a moment's strength and to rise through the clear winter air with a sound of joy and hope that floated heavenwards. There was something in that tone that checked even the rude laughter of the young sparrow; so he hopped away.

HEALTH IS BETTER.

"I had no appetite and could not sleep at night, and I was so tired that I could hardly walk. I saw Hood's Sarsaparilla advertised and procured four bottles. My health is now better than it has ever been since I was a child, and I have not been sick for a long time." Miss Jessie Turnbull, Cranbrook, Ont.

Hood's Pills are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla. Easy and yet efficient.

—The greatest battles of life are fought in the arena of man's own heart. His most powerful and his most insidious foes are within himself. The household of his daily thought and desires and purposes and imaginings contains enemies subtle and strong. In his own bosom the battle must be joined.

—If you are not feeling well, why don't you take Hood's Sarsaparilla? It will purify and enrich your blood and do you wonderful good.

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I will send FREE and prepaid to any sufferer a sample bottle of the Best and Surest Remedy in the whole world for the cure of all Lung and Blood Diseases. Write to-day and be made sound and strong. Address FRANKLIN HART Station E., New York.

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Advertisement for Easter Number. Includes text: "Our Beautiful EASTER NUMBER sent free to all new subscribers Extra Copies—Price 10c. each."

TONY

A gr farm-ho try. F the righ ing awa ed pastu and sum

A per beautif South (growing cowbell: White, drone o ran riot

But day's p seemed tle boy shady l No l beauty now an tall "S shine.

All th enjoyin way th and the east la Pool cry of l er, mot glorify arms a and wc

Hea friend Tony, sleep t

"Se Susan like it comed played played said sl so gid what i good : boys, me."

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"S boy a But l I cou had t went

I h ment e than a As I n from t and ci post p suffer gustin anyon A. LA

A stipal ache, Rheu testin been post- Good EGY.

TONY AND HIS "SUSIES."

A great, rambling, "old-timey" farm-house in the heart of the country. Fields of corn and cotton to the right and to the left, and stretching away to the north a bit of wooded pastureland, with its shady nooks and sunny corners.

A perfect day in June it was. A beautiful, restful, lazy day in the South country, with the rustle of growing corn, the tinkle of distant cowbells, the whirr and call, "Bob White," of quail, and the hum and drone of bees among the flowers that ran riot in the fence corners.

But how out of order with the day's peace and happy restfulness seemed the sorrowful face of the little boy perched on the fence up the shady lane.

No heed gave he to the quiet beauty about him, beyond a flick, now and then, at a passing bee, or a tall "Susan" nodding in the sunshine.

All the day he had rumaged around, enjoying in a listless, half hearted way the country sights and sounds, and then he had stolen away up the east lane to think awhile.

Poor, lonely little boy, the one cry of his heart was, "mother, mother, mother," and all he needed to glorify his small life, was mother's arms about him, and mother's kisses and words of cheer.

Heaven pity and comfort and befriend all the wee boys who, like Tony, have seen "mother" go to sleep to wake no more on earth!

"Seems 'most like this ain't Aunt Susan's at all, an' nothin' is glad like it was when mamma an' me comed down here. I jes' played, and played and played, and mamma, she played, too, and Aunt Susan, she said she was 'stonished at her bein' so giddy. I don't b'lieve I knows what it means, but I 'spect it is bein' good an' sweet an' chummy to little boys, for mamma was that ways to me."

Then the brown eyes grew misty, and a big tear was wiped away with a grimy fist, as he thought of the beloved and longed-for mother, who so lately had gone from him.

"But I'm 'most glad 'cause papa sent me down here to live, for I'd be lookin' for mamma all the time at home, an' feel so lonesome in my heart. But mamma said God knowed it was best, or He would never, never tell her to go home to heaven while I was so little.

"She said I must be a good, brave boy always, an' I tries to be good. But I wonders if it was brave when I couldn't sleep that night when I had to say my prayers by myself, an' went an' laid my head on mamma's

A Simple Catarrh Cure

I have spent nearly fifty years in the treatment of Catarrh, and have effected more cures than any specialist in the history of medicine. As I must soon retire from active life, I will, from this time on, send the means of treatment and cure as used in my practice, FREE, and post paid, to every reader of this paper who suffers from this loathsome, dangerous and disgusting disease. This is a sincere offer which anyone is free to accept. Address Professor J. A. LAWRENCE, 114 West 32nd St., New York.

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A positive, quick and lasting cure for Constipation, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Kidney and Liver Diseases, Poor Blood, Rheumatism, Corpulency, &c. Thousands of testimonials from grateful people who have been cured. We send the Medicine free and post-paid. You save doctor's bills and get well. Good Agents wanted. Write to-day. Address EGYPTIAN DRUG CO., New York.



Vapo-Cresolene Cures While You Sleep Whooping Cough, Croup, Colds, Coughs, Asthma, Catarrh.

During recent years an important change has taken place in the treatment of certain diseases of the air passages. While formerly it was the custom to rely almost entirely on internal medications in this treatment, the importance of direct applications of medicines to the diseased parts is becoming more and more generally recognized. Of this method of treatment, Cresolene is the most largely used, the most successful in its results, and the most convenient way of medicating the air passages.

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pillow, and said: 'Now I lay me, an' cried an' cried, an' was asleep there when papa got home? It was not mamma, but it was 'most like I was close to her, and seemed like I could hear her saying: 'Be a good boy, Tony; mamma's darling boy,' like she did 'fore she got so white 'an didn't move any more, only one time when she opened her eyes an' looked so glad, an' jes' said, 'Tony.' If Aunt Susan would jes' look at me that way, an' call me Tony like mamma did, I'd be 'most glad I had to live with her. But she's good, if she does call me Antony an' never kisses me or pats my head, for mamma said she was. I 'spect if God had made Aunt Susan a mother, she'd know how to love me, and maybe I ought to love her lots 'cause she ain't got any boys, an' is lonesome, too, like me."

With loyal, loving little Tony, this good thought meant a kindly deed, and down from the fence he scrambled to go and comfort Aunt Susan. A clump of gaudy "Black eyed Susans" growing near must have whispered a message to the brown-eyed boy, for snip, snip, snip, and every one of them was grasped in his hand as he sped away down the lane, through the gate, and up the flower-bordered walk, to the back parlor, where the old lady sat taking her afternoon nap in snatches, when her eyes grew tired of reading.

Into that quiet and calm dashed six-year-old Tony with his "Susies." "Mercy on me! Antony, is that the way a gentleman should enter the house?"

"Please Aunt Susan I forgot to be quiet, 'cause I found some 'Susies,' flowers what is called for you, an' I wanted to give 'em to you 'cause you ain't got any little boys to love you."

A lump came into Miss Susan's throat, as she took in hers the chubby hand and its golden offering. Looking into the innocent child face with its clear, tender eyes, she felt that God was giving her the dear child in recompense for the little ones denied her yearning mother love in years gone by.

"Tony, Tony, auntie's own darling boy!" And for the first time in many years, prim, precise Miss Susan was "rumpled" by the little arms around her neck, and into her heart there stole a peace she had never known in all her happy, tranquil life—the feeling that comes to us when we open our hearts to the trusting love and tenderness of a little child.

So many wee Tonys there are in quest of mothers! But God grant that each and every one may, like our Tony, find rest in a loving home—where beats a mother's heart brimful of mother-love.

—Thank God every morning when you get up that you have something to do that day which must be done whether you like it or not. Being forced to work, and forced to do your best, will breed in you temperance and self-control, diligence and strength of will, cheerfulness and content, and a hundred virtues which the idle will never know.

PILES CURED WITHOUT THE USE OF KNIFE BY DR. CHASE.

I was troubled for years with Piles and tried everything I could buy without any benefit, until I tried Dr. Chase's Ointment. The result was marvellous. Two boxes completely cured me.

Jas. Stewart, Harness Maker, Woodville, Ont.

—Be pure in thought, language and life—pure in mind and in body. Be unselfish. Care for the feelings and comfort of others. Be generous, noble and manly. This will include a genuine reverence for the aged and for things sacred.

BEWARE OF COCAINE.

Thos. Heys, Analytical Chemist, Toronto, says:—"I have made an examination of Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure for Cocaine and any of its compounds from samples purchased in the open market, and find none present." Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure is a cure—not a drug. Price 25 cents, blower included.

—God never mocks His children by keeping a promise to the ear, and breaking it to the heart.

Yorkville Fire Station, Toronto, March 3rd, 1897.

Dear Sirs,—Having used Dr. Chase's Pills for Costiveness, I am very pleased to say that I consider them superior to any pill I ever used, as they have perfectly cured me of this trouble. Thos. J. Wallace, Fireman.

LIFE'S LITTLE DAYS.

One secret of sweet and happy Christian life is learning to live by the day. It is the long stretches that tire us. We think we cannot carry this load until we are three-score and ten. We cannot fight this battle continually for half a century. But really there are no long stretches. Life does not come to us all at one time; it comes only a day at a time. Even to-morrow is never ours until it becomes to-day, and we

Garfield Fig Syrup

Babies Like It. It Cures Them.

It regulates the Stomach—It purifies the blood—It CURES constipation It is pleasant to take 15 cent bottle, 35 doses for Infants 25 cent bottle, 35 doses for Adults All druggists

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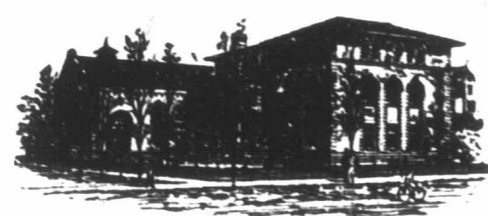
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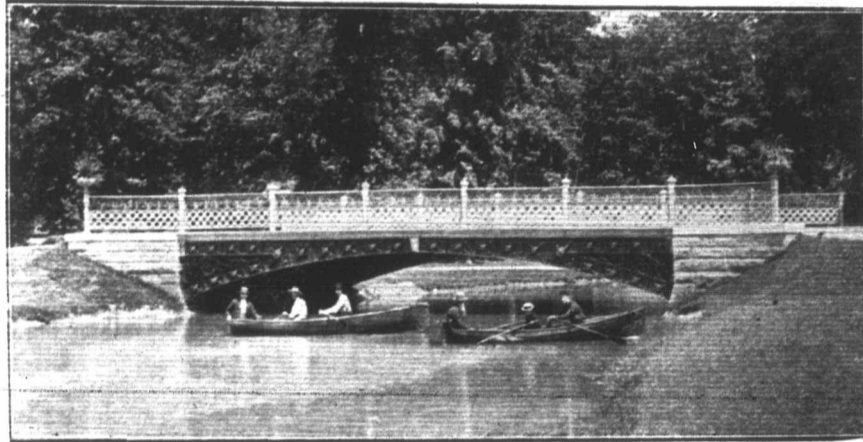
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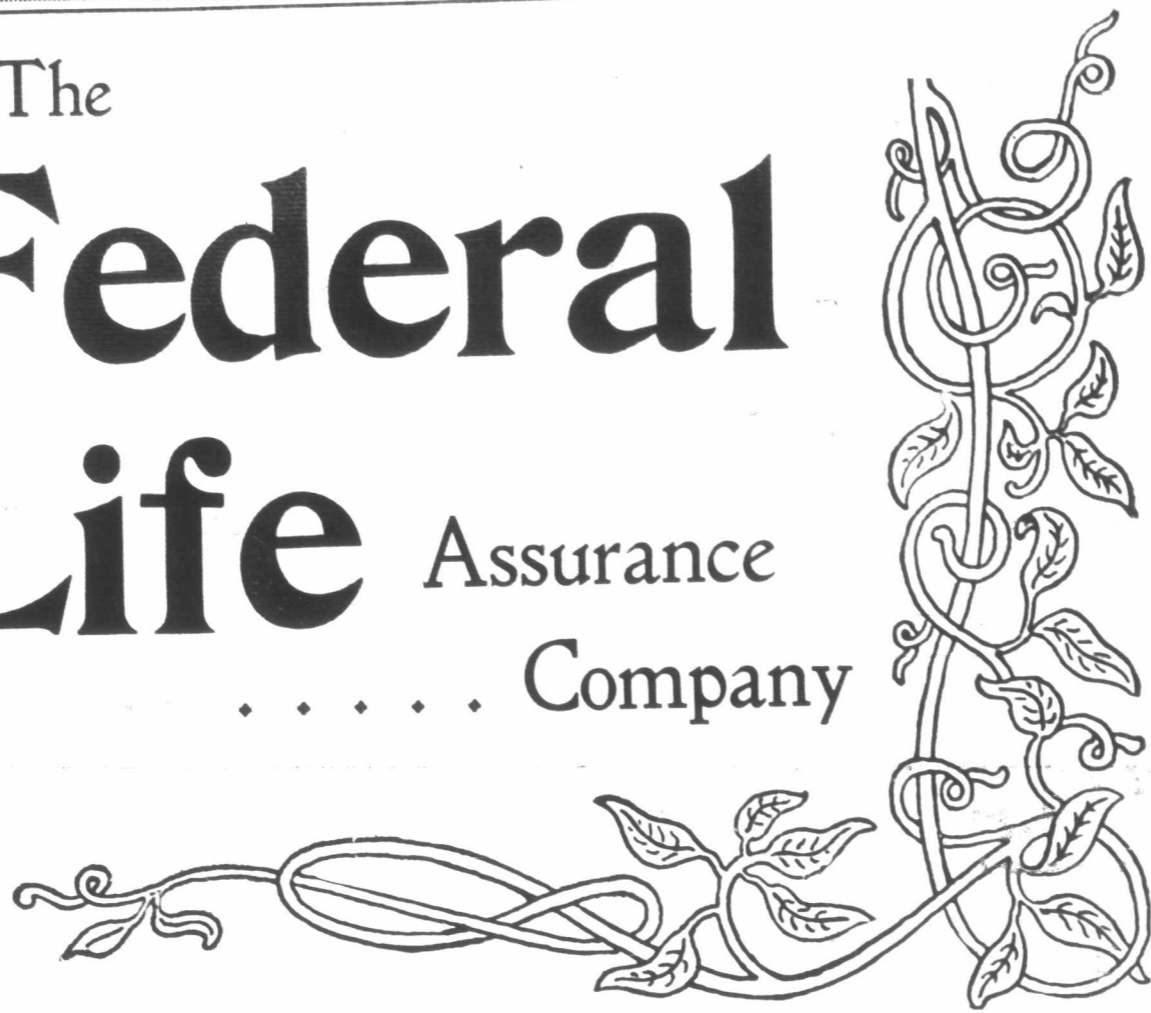
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	1895	1896	1897
Net Premiums received	\$257,647	\$312,398	\$349,588.62
Interest and Rents	19,929	24,344	32,209.79
Total Income, including Cap. Stock, 277,576	336,742	391,501.41	
Dividends to Policy-holders	30,141	42,756	39,246.47
Total Paym'ts to Policy-holders	115,224	131,865	157,667.08
Total Disbursements	211,024	229,824	277,119.45
Excess of Income over Outgo	66,552	106,918	114,381.96
Total Assets, exclusive of Guarantee Capital	498,471	607,713	722,448.27
Capital and Assets	1,119,576	1,226,416	1,331,448.27

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